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VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2310.

168001

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 2, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. L. & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Luntano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, at Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, 14th and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Western Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Why Stop at the Searchlight?

Now that a campaign is on foot to crown Mt. Tamalpais with a blazing searchlight why not take advantage of the new spirit now abroad to embellish the two remaining peaks in keeping with the same idea? If there is such revulsion of feeling from that of our forefathers, who in their purblind age looked to the mountain at sunset as the spot "where longest, loveliest rests each fleeting ray," why not also awake the "silence that is in the starry sky, the sleep that is among the lonely hills" by an even song of modern jazz? This might easily be arranged by the erection of a giant calliope on the middle peak which could be operated from the same electric current. On the third remaining peak, to complete the three graces of the mountain, let us have a moving-picture projector such as was used by the Germans when they ingeniously terrified the superstitious Russian peasants by throwing flaming figures of saints and warriors upon the clouds over their heads. Instead of taking delight in watching "a sable cloud that turns her silver lining on the night," why not, on the opening night, treat us to a view of the beneficent faces of those who conceived this glorification of nature, this painting of the rose, in order that we may fall to and worship their airy visions as did the Russian peasants. What a pity it is that Bret Harte had not lived fifty years later, so that instead of his smile of San Francisco wrapped in the foggy hood of her Franciscan Brotherhood she might instead have been crowned with this flashing night-cap.

Still another thought to make more at home the many Easterners we are endeavoring to attract to our Switzerland of America, and who so frequently lament the lack of their Eastern thunder storms after the hot days, why could we not improvise glorious smoke screens to be lit and pierced by the lightning rays of our searchlight and made vocal with the roar of our deep-piped calliope for the thunders of Jove? These are but a few thoughts raised by the boundless possibilities that open before us in the improvement of our great heritage in the virgin slopes of Tamalpais, those forest places which through the formation of our water district some of us had hoped to perpetuate forever in their natural beauty. In all seriousness let us trust our hopes are not to be consigned to a watery grave.

The "American Plan" in Industry.

• In speaking of labor contentions in San Francisco some two weeks back the *Argonaut* fell into the error of confusing the "American Plan" movement, now enlisting the energies of conservative elements, with recent negotiations between the Builders' Exchange (an association of contractors and material men) and organized labor as represented by the Building Trades Council, of which P. H. McCarthy is the head. In a sense the recent negotiation under the principle of arbitration and the more recent movement are related, but only in the sense that the one is sequel of the other and designed to achieve relief of San Francisco from restrictions long imposed upon local industry. And here it is pertinent to define the American plan, which in brief affords each man the right to work at his trade at a pre-determined wage, uniform and obligatory for all employers—this without regard to race, color, religion, fraternal, industrial, or other affiliations.

It will aid understanding to review the situation as it has obtained here during the past dozen years or more with steadily increasing exactions on the part of organized labor, resulting in excessive cost of buildings, restrictions of output, with broad reactions upon community welfare. The issues as they have presented themselves have not been entirely local. The country over, organized labor has steadily strengthened its grip both upon general industry and upon the building trades, and what San Francisco has suffered is only universal experience. It is to be said for the San Francisco trades unions that, apart from the political scandals of a dozen years ago which must stand to their permanent discredit, their course has been in accord with that of organized labor throughout the country, that in large measure increasing local aggressions have been under orders of their national and international affiliations.

Wages in the various trades active in San Francisco may not on the whole have been onerous in view of inflated costs of living if working conditions had been left to natural and common-sense rules. It is the restrictions that have been placed by unionism in the various crafts that have done most serious damage in limiting the output of labor and in piling up the community burden. A few sample instances will illustrate the point: Under natural conditions a painter uses whatever size brush may best suit his purpose and accomplish the most work. Under a rule enforced by the painters' union a workman is limited to the use of brushes not to exceed four and a half inches in width for oil paints and varnishes. A comparatively recent development in the painting trade has been the application of paint by mechanical spraying devices, greatly reducing the amount of labor required for many kinds of work. The unions of San Francisco have arbitrarily prevented use of this invention, insisting upon the costlier method of application by hand and brush. At the last session of the legislature effort was made under union inspiration and urgency to enact a law prohibit-

ing the use of spraying machines and it was only defeated by the combined efforts of painters, contractors, and manufacturers of Los Angeles, who resorted in force to Sacramento and presented protests in the name of liberty and industrial progress.

Another instance: The plasterers' and lathers' unions of San Francisco have for years declined to work more than five days per week, not because any species of hardship is involved in the six-day week, but to the end that more men may be employed in these operations. In these trades it has been insisted and enforced that wages for five days shall be at a rate sufficiently high to cover six days' normal labor; and here there has been a distinct disproportion between rates of wages and the normal requirements of the workmen, even at a period of inflated prices of living. A further abuse is illustrated in the lathers' trade, where the product of a day's labor has been limited to a low output, individual workmen not being permitted to produce the amount of work of which an efficient man is normally capable.

In the building trades there are about fifty crafts, divided and subdivided to a degree which puts special imposition upon industry in its broader relations. A concrete illustration will exhibit the iniquity of this rule. Let it be supposed that a window in any brick structure in San Francisco is desired to be enlarged. It may not be done by a reasonable gang of capable workmen already on the job, but there must be brought to it a multitude of specialists. First, if brick work has to be removed a brick mason and helper must be specially employed; if a steel lintel must be raised or lowered—something that any capable man should be able to do in brief time—it must be done by a structural iron worker and helper; if a plastered wall has been damaged in the process, calling for repair, this work must be done by a plasterer and helper; when a window frame must be enlarged or diminished, if of metal this job calls for a metal worker and helper, if of wood by a carpenter; if there is to be a change involving glass work a glazier must be called in; if a bit of flashing must be put over the window it must be set by a sheet metal man, and so on until the job is finished, calling perhaps for a dozen or more trades, for double that number of men, and for a large consumption of time for what normally should be a simple job done by an experienced, all-round workman. Although each of these operations should take only a little time, each of the several tradesmen brought to it will demand certainly not less than half a day's time. Thus the cost of very simple operations is vastly increased by jurisdictional restrictions imposed by individual unions. A very serious incident of this system of over-diversification of trades and jurisdictions is loss of time under which workmen in these many specialized branches practically are not employed more than one hundred and fifty days per year and are thus idle half of their working time. Wages of course must be adjusted to practically half-time spent in idleness, while incidentally the man-power of the country is reduced.

Restriction of apprentices is another practice not only reflected in the cost of building operations, but in the far more important matter of preventing the youth of the country from getting the opportunity and discipline essential to efficiency in life. Here in San Francisco we have several well-equipped trade schools, but the unions deny to the product of these institutions membership in their guilds with privilege of working at trades duly acquired. The unionist requirement is that a graduate, says of the Wilmerding School, who in addition to technical competency is more or less an educated man, may not enter any one of the trades as a journeyman without going through the exact process required of a beginner, including an apprenticeship within the union of four or five years. And here there is a

further restriction due to the fact that many of the unions are closed to recruits upon the theory that the number of men now on the membership rolls is sufficient during slack periods for all the work the city provides. Thus the utility of trade schools, some of them established by private benefactions, others supported by public taxation, is nullified by unionist restrictions.

But most serious of the many restrictions imposed by unionism is the diversification of trades already indicated by what is above set forth. They make for increased cost, for restriction of output, for delay in execution, and in a broad sense for demoralization of the workmen themselves. A man who is called unnecessarily to a trivial job which he does at many times its normal cost becomes in a definite sense a grafter. His individual *morale* is deteriorated and ultimately lost. Thus the social tendencies of the system in their final effects are as mischievous or even more so than the financial waste involved in this truly iniquitous system.

Another serious social effect of this utterly bad system is that young workmen are practically debarred from participation in industry here. The average age of the carpenters' union, least closely knit of the several building trades, is said to be forty-two years. Comparatively no young men are coming into the trade life of San Francisco because of union rules which restrict the entrance of new men into the several crafts. It is truly a deplorable situation when our home-bred youths may not have liberty to earn their living in industries essential to the welfare of the country and in a broader sense essential to individual welfare.

In the slow developing system of unionist aggressions, with its ruinous diversification of trades, of its exactions as to limited periods of work, of its exactions in relation to overtime, of its exactions enforcing delay, of its exactions in the limitation of apprentices, of its multiplied exactions as they work out in increasing the community burden, the controlling factors have been the highly developed organization of unionism and the weakness of the various organizations of contractors. What the contractors might have done in the way of checking the advance of unionist demands need not here be considered. What they did practically was to concede unionist demands, even while comprehending the wrongs that they imposed upon industry and their effect upon community welfare. There came, however, late in 1919 a situation in which the employers—in other words, the contractors—balked. The contentions which followed make a story difficult to follow in its details. It is sufficient to say that early in 1921 an agreement was reached between the contractors and the unions by which their differences were referred to a board of arbitration consisting of Archbishop Hanna, ex-Associate Justice Sloss, and Mr. George L. Bell, an industrial consultant, formerly executive officer of the State Board of Housing and Sanitation. The selection of this board was the outcome of many consultations. There was definite satisfaction all round. The problem appeared to be solved. It has since been claimed that the jurisdiction of the board of arbitration was a limited one relating as concerned the greater majority of crafts only to demands for advance in wages. However, the arguments presented by both sides took the widest possible range, one side arguing for increase in wages, the other for decrease. Never during the progress of the investigation was the scope of the jurisdiction of the arbitrators for one moment in question. At all points the widest jurisdiction was conceded. The *Argonaut* has been permitted to study the reports of the proceedings and it finds throughout all a distinct and definite reference of the whole issue to the arbitrators. Efforts to discredit the result by belated theories of limited jurisdiction are positively nullified by the record.

The result of the investigation was a unanimous verdict by the arbitrators reducing wages in the seventeen crafts directly involved by $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This result was based upon data of the United States Bureau of Labor statistics. On behalf of the trades unions Mr. P. H. McCarthy, the head of the Building Trades Council, asked for reconsideration on the plea that the board had exceeded its jurisdiction. Thereupon the board suspended the effective date of its decision until it could reconvene on the return of Archbishop Hanna, who had gone East. Upon reconvening the board of arbitration confirmed its original decision. Thereupon the Building Trades Council rejected the award. Thus the whole effort came to nothing, with

the implied effect of discrediting and, as far as San Francisco is concerned, disarding the principle of arbitration.

Upon this situation the contractors reaffirmed loyalty to the principle of arbitration and concurrently refused employment to any workmen who would not accept conditions fixed by the arbitration board. In the meantime the building industry suffered a radical decline, due to unwillingness on the part of the several crafts to accept the award. On June 2d the contractors by their various organizations made public announcement that on and after June 13th building operations would resume under the American plan with a fixed wage scale for all trades based upon the arbitration award. At this point it became evident to the leaders of unionism that their stand against the award was a lost cause, and on June 11th, late Saturday evening, the head of the Building Trades Council, without previous intimation of his purpose, declared that the crafts would accept the award and return to work under its conditions. Surrender came too late. In the period following positive rejection of the award machinery had been set for going to work under the American plan. Sufficient capital to finance operations had been arranged for, workmen had been engaged, materials had been assembled, obligations had been entered into—all arrangements made for opening upon the American plan on Monday morning, June 13th.

It is necessary here to recapitulate: The award of the arbitrators was made on the 31st day of March, to take effect April 11th. It was reaffirmed April 28th, effective on May 9th. On May 10th it was rejected by the Building Trades Council representing labor. On June 11th the contractors were notified by an official of the Building Trades Council that the arbitration award would be accepted "under protest." On June 2d the contractors by definite action gave notice that all procedures under the award were ended and that they would reestablish the building industry upon the American plan, effective June 13th. On June 11th, Saturday evening, prior to the date fixed for reopening the industry on the American plan, the Building Trades Council acceded to the award. This action on the part of the Trades Council was obviously an effort to resuscitate burnt powder. The movement for the American plan had gone too far for recession, even if it had been desired on the part of the contractors to go back to the system which the unionists themselves had already definitely put into the discard.

As the situation stands there is now on in San Francisco a fight—for it is a fight—for liberation of industry under the American plan. It is an order of things in the industrial sphere established concurrently with the foundation of the country, taken for granted in the organization of our government, and sustained through many generations with advantage to the public, to workmen, to employers, to capital. Under it America has advanced in its conditions from a wilderness to the most equitable development in social life that the world has known. It is related directly to the principle of individual liberty, and therefore fundamentally to the spirit of America as well as associated with our whole history up to the time when the extravagant pretensions of advanced unionism sought to supersede it by methods sufficiently indicated in preceding paragraphs of this writing.

Let us look at it from the standpoint of the workman. Is there any reason why any man, without regard to race, color, creed, or affiliation should not be permitted to earn his living? Is there any justification in economics or in morals for a system which imposes a selfish will against the right of the individual citizen? Has any one the right to say to a man who is able to work and willing to work—to earn a living in the sweat of his face—that he shall not work without subjecting himself to an arbitrary authority and to be taxed arbitrarily in its support? Is it not in truth the first duty of the state to give support to the full of its organized power to the primary right of a man who seeks to work upon his own contract? Has a state which declines to support its citizens in the fundamental right to work any justification or excuse for its existence? Is not an arbitrary limitation upon any man's capacity to work to the full extent of his propensities and powers a patent violation of the primary rights of a human being? Is not a system which denies to the youth of any country the privilege of acquiring working skill with the discipline of industry a deteriorating and ruin-

ous system, tending directly and inevitably to social demoralization? These questions answer themselves. They admit of no argument because any argument tending to their refutation is denial of a spirit fundamental in human nature and essential to human welfare.

Is there any reason why that form of stored-up energy that is styled capital shall be so restricted in its legitimate employment as to limit its efficiencies and break down its accumulated values? Is there not a hundred reasons why accumulated values should be conserved and employed in production? Is there any right, on the part of anybody to so nullify invention or to so restrict operation of its developments as to enforce laborious and costly processes as against simple and effective expedients? Has anybody a right so vested in things obsolete as to be permitted to stay the hand of progress? What is to become of America's competitions with the world if she is to be restrained from ways and means adapted to produce more goods at less cost as distinct from ways and means that produce less goods at greater cost? If there is to be permitted to anybody a right in selfish interest to reject or discard the findings of science, skill, and invention, then should it not be required in logic that we throw away the unnumbered processes which in the past hundred years have brought America and other advanced countries to higher and higher standards of production, and with higher standards of production more generous standards of living? Is the world to be held in bondage to what is ancient and primitive because new and better calculated economic means tend to disturb fixed habits? Is the country to have leave to go forward, or is it to be held to a condition of stagnant backwardness because some trade or craft, or some arrogant boss of labor, or any other kind of a boss, wishes in insolence and selfishness to stay the hand of human progress? Would labor consent for a single instant that improved methods in industry should not be employed because forsooth it might affect the interests of capital? Summing the matter up, is this a nation of free men or is it a nation of slaves bound in chains of habit and custom economically destructive and morally fatal?

The interest of the public is sufficiently implied in the questions above recited. It is one of many sides and phases. It will not be disputed that the public welfare calls for establishment in this fruitful land of a large population and that those who abide here or who come here shall have liberty, while contributing to the commonwealth, to earn an individual livelihood. The public interest requires that the developments of progress shall be acquired at least practicable cost of human effort. The public interest requires that the youth of the land shall have opportunity and privilege which only training and industry can yield. Unless the fundamental rights of man and the guaranteed rights of American citizens are a fanfare of delusions and lies the public interest requires that there shall be liberty of the individual to live and work, and there is no means of living without the right to work. The answer to all these queries and suggestions, the logic of these several propositions, is all summed up in what has happily been styled and named, since its embodies principles fundamental to America, the American Plan in industry—a fair day's work for a fair day's pay without respect to race, to creed, to color, to affiliation. This is not to deny the right of men to organize in enforcement of their rights. It is to deny the right of any class or group under any theory to impose their will in restrictions and denials upon other men.

For a dozen—or for a score—of years San Francisco has been under the domination of unionized labor. We will pass over the scandalous record of organized labor in politics, as illustrated in the career of Schmitz and Ruef, to consider more direct industrial effects. We have only to glance at our neighboring communities—our sister city across the bay and the greater city that has grown up in the south—to discover multitudinous evidences of the relative backwardness of San Francisco in the sphere of industry. When capital is invited to San Francisco it turns away, unwilling to venture where conditions of industry are subject to an inhuman and demoralizing tyranny. Has anybody observed the development here of a manufacturing industry comparable with that on the freer side of San Francisco Bay, or more particularly in the freer atmosphere of Los Angeles? Does not everybody who takes

pains to look about him see that while industry languishes in San Francisco it thrives and magnifies itself elsewhere? Is it or is it not within common experience that men of brawn and industry coming here, attracted by the advantages of our climate and general situation, unable to find work here, drift away to more hospitable and congenial centres? Look into the oil fields, look into our agricultural districts, look anywhere in California or in the regions which turn to California as a centre and you will find, not the name of San Francisco stamped upon the implements and machinery of industry, but the names of Oakland, of Stockton, of Los Angeles.

Look into the cost of great buildings or of humble homes in San Francisco, compare these costs with the cost of similar structures in Los Angeles or Oakland, and you will find that here again the record both penalizes San Francisco and enhances the prosperity of her rivals. Compare the records of construction in its various departments in San Francisco and Los Angeles and you will find that within the past year Los Angeles has more than double the achievement of San Francisco. Look into the figures that illustrate growth in industry, in construction, in population, and in the enlargement of public facilities, and here again you will find San Francisco a laggard as compared with Los Angeles. Look into social conditions in Los Angeles and you will find in the rank and file of her population—those who earn their living by the sweat of their faces—an ambition for domestic independence, for freedom from what is squalid or sordid—conditions vastly to the credit of the southern city. Is there anything that will explain these contrasts outside of comparison of the conditions of industry in the two cities? Diligently the *Argonaut* has sought to find it; verily it may not be found. In one community there is freedom, there is opportunity, there is welcome to energy and brawn; in the other there is the shut door—shut and held fast by the hand of a selfish and remorseless unionism which has regard for no rights, however founded or guaranteed, only for what it deems to be its own narrow and selfish interest.

There is a way to open a door here in San Francisco that has long been tight shut. It is only needed that the hand of selfishness shall be removed—that San Francisco shall be made free as Los Angeles is free. There is but one way by which this issue can be forced; it is the way of united counsels and of common effort. Now, men and brethren of San Francisco, courage has at last been found to take issue in this good cause. Mighty forces, strong men, have girded on the harness of battle and are marshaling for the fight. If we, the rank and file of San Francisco, have in us the spirit of justice, of humanity, of individual and civic honor, we will range up behind them and stand firm in their support.

Spilling the Beans.

No great step in the progress of mankind is ever made until somebody "spills the beans." Jesus Christ spilled the beans when he challenged the Doctors of the Temple. John Ball spilled the beans when he asked, "When Adam delved and Even span, who was then the gentleman?" Patrick Henry spilled the beans when he told the Virginia House of Burgesses that taxation without representation was tyranny. Abraham Lincoln spilled the beans in the solemn prophecy that this nation could not live half slave and half free. So down the long line of human progress, every epoch of advancement is identified with some bean-spiller.

But not every bean-spiller is the forerunner of a new dispensation. Bean-spillers are to be numbered by tens of thousands; their multitude is equaled only by those who think they have heard a call to preach, when in truth the fancied call was some other species of noise. In illustration the case of a Missouri youth who in a vision saw the letters P C in the morning sky and interpreted it as a command from heaven to "Preach Christ." "You are mistaken," said a wise old elder of the flock. "P C meant 'Plow Corn.'" Mighty effects flow from bean-spilling only when the beans are ripe for spilling—when the spiller in supreme wisdom or by accident falls upon an hour and a condition when multitudes are waiting to hear something drop. There must be accord between the spilling beans and the vibrations of the public mind.

There was such conjunction when Admiral Sims declared over a British dinner-table that Sinn Fein

"asses" in America, "technically Americans, but none of them Americans at all, * * * have the blood of British and American boys on their hands for the obstructions they placed in the way of the Allied naval forces during the war." Consciously or subconsciously, this was in the public mind of America at the hour when Admiral Sims was dining in London. Millions in America heard the rattle of the beans—heard it with a sense that something that was timely and right to be said had been said, and said, not with the doubtful sincerity of studied art, but with the power of overwhelming truth and with the winged force of a happy colloquial vulgarity.

By an expression which has brought down upon him an honorable "censure" at the hands of the Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Sims has focused the mind and conscience of America upon that which sums up a thousand acts of contempt to our flag and the authority it symbolizes in a smashing indictment of treason. There is revealed even to the careless as by a flash of lightning the disloyalty and wickedness of those who, under the protection of fraudulent American citizenship, are playing the vicious and cowardly part of aiding and abetting treason against this country, against civilization, against humanity.

In spilling the beans Admiral Sims has set in motion a mighty force of public judgment that will not fail to appraise duly the mischief of those who "are like zebras, either black horses with white stripes, or white horses with black stripes, but who we know are not horses, but asses." The last of this incident is not yet. We see but the beginning—but the touching of a match to a mass of powder whose connections are in the hearts of America.

Already we see effects that are to expand into mightier effects. Secretary Denby in a fortunate moment of amazing stupidity poured fuel upon flames that are rising high and higher. His official censure of a bold and patriotic man has reacted to his own confusion. The President has seen the need of exhibiting to the country his views of the matter by receiving Admiral Sims "pleasantly" within the hour of his official "humiliation." In similar spirit press and people of the country have rendered judgment. Admiral Sims, over a London dinner-table, has done for his country and for civilization a service greater than that rendered by him in the war. He has spoken that rarest of rare things, an honest mind. He has drawn a line between patriotism and criminality. To the American people—to the real American people—he has made plain their duty.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sims and Denby.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 25, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Now that we've had the "Denby" rebuke of Admiral Sims, by all means let's have the "General Public" rebuke of Denby. The newspapers of January 26, 1921, informed the world that in Boston on the previous evening at a mass meeting arranged by the Loyal Coalition Admiral Sims of our navy said of the Sinn Fein (an organization of Irish): "How any American of Irish descent can support a party that was our implacable enemy during the war passes my understanding."

He asserted that Sinn Fein activities necessitated the diversion of vessels from the convoy of troops and said: "You people here in America have a great many of your sons at the bottom of the sea today because we were forced to divert those vessels and could not give adequate protection." Now, either Admiral Sims was right or he was wrong, but despite the fact that a howl went up from Sinn Fein supporters in America when the admiral's words were first made public he has so far not been controverted.

To put it plainly the Sinn Feiners in America, who in January loudly clamored for Sims' scalp and who publicly by inference called Sims a liar, have not given proof that he lied and it does not appear that they have made much effort to do so, all of which is very significant. Now there is absolutely no use mincing words. We not only want the truth, but every citizen of the U. S. A. is entitled to have the truth.

If Admiral Sims lied in making the above statements he is a most damnable liar and per contra if he told the truth. Well, words fail me in condemnation of the Sinn Feiners among us, but briefly and frankly, judging by their lack of proof since January to the contrary, they (the Sinn Fein) are guilty of treason to the U. S. A.

At the beginning of this letter, believing that Admiral Sims told the truth, I asked for the "General Public rebuke of Denby." In the same belief I not only ask for the rebuke of the Sinn Fein, but I ask for their obliteration and the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic with them.

One word more. In the present clamor of Sinn Fein supporters here against Sims it was stated by them that on Sims' return this week from London he would be confronted with an authenticated list of 5000 names of Irish-Americans who died on the battlefields of France. Therefore, in justification of Sims' recent use of the language of an exasperated man, inasmuch as his accusations that the Sinn Fein were knifing us in the back remain uncontroverted since January, his epithet of "jackasses" applied to the Sinn Fein supporters in America was particularly appropriate, as logically the Sinn Feiners and the 5000 Irish-Americans must have been fighting each other. Incidentally the list of 5000 names has not appeared, although the admiral is back.

M. H. TRUE.

EXILED AND MURDERED QUEENS.

The subject of queens, past, present, and future, is quite an interesting one at the present time, and for various reasons. In the first place we ought to remember that a queen—as the schoolboy said of his father—is, after all, a human being, and sometimes a most interesting human being, particularly when she is also a mother, as she usually is, curiously enough. Then again we may consider queens in their relation to the feminist movement, and here we may find much material for profitable reflection. At a time when the feminist movement had reached what may be called its acme of fury and when we were being reminded in season and out of season—usually out of season—that the influence of women in government would be the panacea for all our ills, at that very time it was actually true that nearly the entire human race was governed despotically by two women, the Queen of England and the Empress of China, but without any notable diminution of our woes. Both these eminent women died peacefully in their beds, and doubtless with tranquil consciences, although they had lived by no means peacefully nor tranquilly. But since that time there has been some rough sledding for queens. The late Empress of Austria was assassinated. So was the Empress of Russia. The Empress of Germany died in exile. The present Empress of Austria is now in exile and, with her husband, has been ordered to leave Switzerland, thus giving occasion to much alleged humor from cheap and commonplace minds, who seem to suppose that Nemesis is staging a sort of grim drama for the edification and amusement of democracies. But if there is any chivalry left on earth, which is much to be doubted, it should surely be invoked by the plight of the Empress Zita, than whom it would be hard to find a more guiltless person. Young, beautiful, and a mother, almost a Frenchwoman in sentiment, she was known to be hotly anti-German and to be moving heaven and earth for the attainment of peace. Switzerland in this respect has shown herself less magnanimous than Holland, which allowed the German Empress to live and die in sanctuary. Perhaps Holland has a fellow-feeling for queens, having one of her own.

The greatest of all tragedies so far as queens are concerned—and queens and empresses from this distance look very much alike—is that of the Empress of Russia. Now the Empress of Russia, so far as her renown is concerned, was rather fortunate in being assassinated. It gave to her career a single and concluding touch of romance and of color that otherwise would have been wholly lacking. The Empress of Germany will leave not the faintest mark upon the pages of history, but we are likely to have plays written about the Empress of Russia. As soon as we can clear away some of the bloody debris with which the war has choked our minds there will still remain a picture of that awful shack in which the imperial family of Russia were butchered. It may even be that some sort of ghostly halos will be presently discerned around those doomed heads and we may hope that they were held erect and unafraid.

The empress was never popular, either in Russia or abroad. One felt that she had no right to be an empress, no right to be anything but a mother. We may chatter as much as we will about ideal motherhood, but we do not want it upon thrones. One can not be an ideal mother and at the same time an ideal empress, any more than one can serve two masters. The mother and the empress are incompatible, seeing that ideal motherhood rightly and properly implies a sort of fanatical and ferocious selfishness that can see nothing and hear nothing beyond the family circle, and that will cheerfully sacrifice the human race to save a baby from an ache or a pain. It is as intelligent to praise an empress for her ideal motherhood as it would be to praise a bank manager for his single-eyed devotion to baseball.

That was the fault of the Empress of Russia. It should be one of those faults that "every woman understands." It was the fault also of the Empress of Germany. Their respective worlds demanded empresses and were given mothers.

When the Empress of Russia came to the throne she began at once to have babies. Empresses always do. It is a duty, and it is expected of them, since thrones imply heirs. Now if a boy or preferably two or three boys had soon been born to the empress it might have changed the fate of the world. She might then have found time to be also an empress, although the German Empress never did. But at least she would have a chance, and she was a much more intelligent woman than Augusta. But she had only girls, and it will be remembered that in Russia boys were almost essential to the Czar business. To have a boy became a sort of mania with her. She had daughters in 1895, 1897, 1899, and 1901. It seemed as though the supply of imperial boy babies was exhausted, as though the German Empress had a sort of "corner" in boy babies. Is it any wonder that the empress became superstitious? If indeed we must apply that word to all who take their religion literally, as they do in Russia? The women of the Bible always petitioned the Lord when they

wanted boy babies, and indeed it seems to be quite a sensible thing to do—if we take our religion literally. Certainly there is no one else that one can petition. And the correct procedure was to find a "man of God" and secure his intercession. That is what the empress did, and in the meantime she forgot to be an empress. She forgot to be gracious and benevolent and public-spirited. She went to fortune-tellers and spiritualists, to mediums and necromancers. And she compelled her husband to do the same, and it was a much more serious thing in his case because he was actually the Czar, and it was not a good thing to break up a cabinet meeting in order to keep an appointment with a medium, and particularly when the medium, personating God, recommended iniquities.

Then at last came the boy, and then the empress became the fanatical mother with a vengeance. The starry orbs of heaven moved around that boy. She would have crucified the human race to save him from a toothache. The ideal mother always will, and that is why the ideal mother should never be allowed to work at any other job than that of motherhood.

When the boy was ill the empress sent in feverish haste for the nearest mountebank. It happened to be Rasputin. The world is full of Rasputins, men who have weird psychic gifts, who can peep and peer into ghostland, and who use their knowledge of human nature to beguile the unwary. There are Rasputins here in America who first win the confidence of their dupes by some little bit of cheap telepathy and then sell them some worthless oil stock. The more adventurous hold classes on "cosmic consciousness" or some such rubbish and fill our public halls at \$50 per. Rasputin lived up to his opportunities. In America he would have been an advertising "healer" and would have promised unlimited wealth to those who would "come through" and who could "hold the thought." But Rasputin had an empress in his net and he acted after the manner of his kind. Rasputin said he could cure the boy, and the boy got well. Boys do. Then he went too far and was disgraced. He said the boy would be taken ill again and he had him poisoned. As a result he came back into favor and henceforth was omnipotent. He did what he pleased with the imperial family, and particularly with the empress. She was supposed to be pro-German. Probably she was nothing of the sort. She was not pro-anything, except pro-boy. Every question must be decided, not by its merits, but by its bearing on the fortunes of her darling son. She may have thought, under the instigation of Rasputin, that a German victory would be good for the boy. Certainly she became infuriated by any suggestion that autocratic government was not the be-all and end-all of human evolution. She would listen to nothing that smacked of liberalism, not because she had an intelligent objection to liberalism, but because liberalism might limit the future power of her son. She believed that Russia was created for his benefit, that Providence called him into being by some special act of grace and then fashioned Russia for his support and amusement. She had waited for him a long time, and now she became a sort of maternal fury. She completely dominated the poor little Czar and compelled him to make and unmake ministers with a single eye to the future of her precious boy. All the ideal mothers are like that. That is why they ought to be sternly restricted to the duties of maternity. Beyond the confines of maternity they become dangerous explosives. It was the empress who raised to power such thick-headed reactionaries as Trepoff and Protopopoff, and she might have "got away with it" at any other time, but Russia was on the brink of revolution, and it was the empress who pushed it over the brink. It is all very well to marvel at her wrong-headedness and at her superstition, but these are the universal attributes of the ideal mother. We see them everywhere, but usually they can not do very much harm. If the empress had had two or three boys early in her career her mind would have been at ease about the succession and she might have made a creditable showing in her public position. But the craving for a boy became an obsession, and then came the superstitions that swept her from her feet, and after the superstitions came the tyrannies and the search for bad men whose vile policies should be a guaranty of the autocracy that she regarded as her son's birthright and as her own most sacred trust. But Russia was not the victim of tyrannies, or only in a secondary degree. She was the victim of maternity and of the most ferocious form of the maternal egotism.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29, 1921.

The popular supposition that most of the radium now produced is being used for luminous watch-dials and similar devices is contradicted by Mr. Hamilton Foley of the Standard Chemical Company of Pittsburgh, who writes: "Last year this company produced over eighteen grams of radium, and of this amount only 1.2 grams went into luminous material. 'All of the rest went into the hands of the medical profession. This company has made more than half the total supply of radium available in the world at the present time, and its first thought is for the medical profession.'"

A new type of airplane hangar adopted by the United States government is composed of concrete and steel, has ventilating windows and doors that can be closed instantly in case of fire inside or outside.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James A. Fowler of Knoxville, Tennessee, newly-named special assistant of Attorney-General Daugherty, has charge of prosecutions of leaders of the alleged building material combinations, maintained to keep prices high. During the administration of President Taft, Mr. Fowler figured prominently in similar actions.

Mrs. Martha McKelvie, wife of Governor McKelvie of Nebraska, the "youngest governor," has a twenty-one-room house and takes care of it all by herself. She keeps no servants. She does all her own housework, does all the cooking, does the washing and ironing, mends her husband's clothes, designs and makes her own gowns and digs the dandelions out of the McKelvie lawn. She is an accomplished musician, an artist of more than local reputation, is one of the best-gowned women in Nebraska, finds time to write stories and edit a motion-picture magazine and attends to all the multitudinous social duties of the wife of a governor.

President Harding has appointed E. Montgomery Reily of Kansas City governor of Porto Rico. With the retirement of his predecessor, Arthur Yager, Porto Rico loses her first and only Democratic governor. With the return of a Republican régime there will be a return to the business man as chief administrator. Governor Yager was a college president. Every governor before him was an out-and-out business man, with the exception of Governor Hunt, who came from the Supreme Court of Montana to the office. Mr. Reily is listed in the telephone directory of Kansas City as a "financial broker," and has been in the real estate business for several years.

The first official recognition of an American poet by a law-making body came during the recent session of the legislature of Nebraska, when the Senate and the House passed a joint and concurrent resolution declaring John G. Neihardt Poet Laureate of Nebraska. This official action by a great Western state was taken by way of recognizing the significance of the American epic cycle upon which Neihardt has been working steadily for seven years and of which "The Song of Hugh Glass" and "The Song of Three Friends" have now been published. Neihardt is now engaged on the third part of the cycle, to be called "The Song of Indian Wars."

Eleanor Painter, who sings the rôle of Vera Lizaveta in the Oscar Straus operetta, "The Last Waltz," at the Century Theatre, New York, first attracted attention with her voice when she was a girl of fourteen, out in the isolated communities of the Rocky Mountains. Born in Walkerville, Iowa, she was brought up and educated in Omaha and Colorado Springs. As a young girl she took part in church and school cantatas. One day a singing teacher, captivated by the beauty of the girl's voice, advised Eleanor's mother to take the child to New York to study. Two years later mother and daughter went East and Miss Painter began lessons in voice, helping to support herself by singing in a church choir. A year later she determined to go to Europe to study. With a guaranteed income of \$50 a month she placed herself under the tutelage of Mme. Nikisch, wife of the famous orchestra conductor.

Brigadier-General, the Honorable E. G. Bruce, who will probably attempt the ascent of Mt. Everest, has the reputation of being the strongest man, physically, in the Indian army. His feats of strength, skill, and endurance are among the most popular topics of officers in the Indian army from Kashmir to Bangalore. That he has sought the honor is well known among the members of the Royal Geographical Society. In a paper presented by him before that society at its latest meeting the doughty adventurer made no secret of his wish to be the first to scale the highest peak of Joma Kang Kar, local name of Mount Everest. And he knows what the adventure means, for in this paper General Bruce made a résumé of previous attempts to conquer the mountain. The Indian army will enjoy the proudest day of its existence if General Bruce is given the opportunity to create a mountaineering record by the conquest of Everest. He is nearly fifty-five years old, the opposite of the popular idea of an Indian army general. In civilian clothes he might be taken for a bluff gentleman farmer. Six feet in height, a huge chest and a heavy mustache forbid this mistake, however, and suggest the brigadier. He is a brother of Lord Aberdare and has had a distinguished military career, having been wounded in the war, where he saw service in the Dardanelles.

Mr. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, is the head of the American Gorsedd, the Gorsedd being the great society of Welshmen. He is very fond of talking of the Welsh, regards himself as an excellent type of men of that blood. The Welsh are real Britishers, he is fond of explaining. This Welsh ironworker is a personality. In the first place he is as handsome as any matinee idol that ever fluttered the heart of impressionable maidens. His wavy, brown hair is tossed back in crinkling masses. His eyes are big and brown and as deep as the pool at the bend of the creek. His nose is just aquiline enough to give his face the look of masterfulness. This is softened by a mouth showing a quick, sympathetic nature. And he is gray at the temples. It is the finishing touch. Those other mere men of affairs

who make up the cabinet are staid, drab business men when compared with him. There must be something in puddling in the steel mills that breeds good looks. Or may be it is a heritage from original British stock. And Davis is genial. He is a fluent and interesting talker, a raconteur, a man of the world at home in any company and able to hold up his end.

OLD FAVORITES.

Old King Cole.

"Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,
A jolly old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his fiddlers three."

"Play one, play all," commanded the king,
For a lover of music was he;
"And a gift for the one who plays the best thing,
So now show us your minstrelsy."

The first fiddler made his old fiddle play
A thundering hattle-piece,
The noise of the cannons and sounds of the fray,
Were so loud that the king called for peace.

The next musician gave proof of his skill,
The gayest of dances played he,
And the king and his courtiers not one could keep still,
But danced round as gay as could be.

Fiddler the third was wretchedly clad,
Shrinking away out of sight;
"Turn him out," cries a knight: "his appearance so bad,
To the king is a wilful slight."

"Now hark," said the king, with voice so low,
"There's a story in that for me,
Of sorrow and suffering, of want and woe.
In my kingdom can such things be?"

"Nay, 'tis hut a romance drawn out from his brain
To show us his music's power.
A pest on such dolor, a livelier strain
Best befitted a festive hour."

"Let the man play," said the good King Cole,
"And give us a taste of his art:
'Neath a velvet coat oft lurks a craven soul,
While old rags hide a noble heart."

Then so tender and sad, before the throne,
Did the sweet sounds fall and rise,
That the pitying tear-drops brightly shone
In the monarch's kindly eyes.

So spake up the knights, hut the king raised his hand
And heckoned the fiddler near:
"Take my ring, honest man, hut now I command
The tune that you played to make clear."

"O king, dost thou know," the fiddler said,
"How the tax has been laid upon flour,
And the price that the poor man paid for bread
Has been raised till it's double or more?"

"The fathers in hattle bleed and fall,
While the starving children cry:
The women toil, hut their pay is small,
And the bread is very high."

The jolly old king was angry then;
"Whose work is this?" quoth he.
"He that takes the bread from the working men
For his greed shall answer to me."

"The truth is what kings do seldom hear,"
Said the player in tones so low:
"But as man to man I'll tell without fear
The cause of the poor man's woe."

"'Tis the grandeur of court and camp to maintain,
To pay for the armies all,
And the cost of the hattles where blood flows like rain,
That the tax upon bread doth fall."

The knights and the courtiers started and stared,
And whispered of dungeons drear
As the fittest place for one who dared
Tell such truths in the royal ear.

But "O player so wise," said old King Cole,
"Your debtor I ever shall be;
For your music and words have wakened my soul
To my people's misery."

"I will call hack the armies who fight for naught
Save honor's empty show,
And we'll have no splendor so dearly hought,
No hollow pomp and show."

"And now for reward this night you shall take
The news to the people forsooth,
That the tax has been lifted from bread for your sake,
Because you dared tell me the truth."

—Mrs. M. C. Hungerford.

The Soldier's Dream.

Our hughes sang true—for the night-cloud had lowered
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me hack.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my hosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn";
And fain was their war-hroken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—Thomas Campbell.

THE EDUCATION OF ERIC LANE.

Stephen McKenna Writes Another Novel in Which We Find Some Old Friends.

The British aristocrat as seen on the stage is usually a caricature. At least we are told so by those who profess to know. In these matters there is a certain tradition that must be observed, and it would be violated by a theatrical lord who looked and talked like a man. But how about the novels of aristocratic life in England, and written by Englishmen, too? Are these also caricatures? Take, for example, Mr. Stephen McKenna. Can we trust him? How about Sonia? And George Oakleigh and Eric Lane and Lady Barbara Neave? Must we adopt a classical precedent and say we don't believe there aint no sich persons? Or must we accept Mr. McKenna as a faithful chronicler?

Mr. McKenna has a way of his own with his novels. The heroine of one story appears in the next, but she takes a back seat. The members of his little group are brought forward one by one to the footlights and then sent to the rear, where they may still be seen, but not much heard. Thus we see a voiceless Mrs. O'Rane and George Oakleigh in "The Education of Eric Lane," but Lady Barbara Neave, whom we have met before, is as talkative as ever and her added years have brought no access of discretion. Quite the contrary.

Eric Lane has written a successful play and has become a society lion. He meets Barbara at Lady Poynter's house, and of course she Barbarises him. She begins by laughing at his play and suggesting that his true métier is that of journalist:

"You're forgetting your play—for the first time since it was produced! I felt that, however bad it was as a play, it was first-rate journalism. I've told you that I kept thinking how clever of you it was to write it. You mustn't think I didn't enjoy myself. The construction's quite tolerable, and the dialogue's admirable—not a word too much, not a syllable put in for cleverness, no epigrams for epigrams' sake. And you've got a good sense of the theatre."

"I was a dramatic critic for some years. Hence my good press."

"Ah! Well, I felt that night that, if you weren't too old and set, you might live to write a really good play." He bowed slightly. "Have you a cigarette? I bated people smoking in the middle of meals; but Margaret's begun, and I must have something to drown it. Now that, I suppose, would be called an ironical bow, wouldn't it? I mean, in your stage directions? You must guard against that kind of thing, you know."

"I will endeavor to do so, Lady Barbara."

"Try, not 'endeavor.' And you mustn't talk like your own characters; you've no idea how debilitating that is. It's had enough when you try to drag us into the world of your plays, but it's intolerable if you try to drag your plays into the world."

Lady Barbara decides that Eric is worth cultivating, although we can not quite see wherein that gentleman's attractiveness lies. But who shall account for a pretty woman's vagaries?

Barbara seemed to have talked away her listlessness. The champagne had brought color into her cheeks and eyes. Eric looked at her with new interest, waiting for the next abrupt change.

"I'm not finding you as thoroughly dull as you warned me to expect," he observed, borrowing the candor of her speech. "I should think not! I'm never dull when it's worth while taking any trouble. I didn't think you were worth while, till you began talking. Then I saw that in spite of the play—"

"I didn't think I should be spared that," he murmured.

"And the poses—"

"Poses?"

"Oh, my dear child, you've postured and advertised yourself till every one's sick of you! A good press—I should think you had! You're never out of it! An announcement that you've left London—and the intolerable effrontery of telling us all about it! The only way you could escape from your mob of adorners."

"I don't think I used the word 'adorners'; and I've got to find time somehow to rehearse my new play."

His voice had grown a little stiff. Barbara smiled to herself and discovered suddenly that the desire to hurt him was dead.

"When's the new play coming out?" she asked.

"In the middle of next month."

"You can't make it later?"

"Are you afraid you won't be able to attend the first night?" he laughed.

"God forbid! But I shan't have time to complete your education in a month. Now, I'm talking seriously. Put that play off! You're only a child, you've made a mint of money out of this present abomination. If you'll wait till I've educated you—"

Her pupils had dilated until the irises were swamped in black. The early warm flush had shrunk and intensified into two vivid slashes of color over her cheek-bones. Neurotic, Eric decided; but arresting and magnetic.

"And what do you propose to teach me?" he inquired.

As he spoke, he was conscious of a lull in the conversation. Without looking round, he knew that every one was watching them and that both their voices had risen a tone.

"Life!" she cried. "You've never met men and women. I told George Oakleigh so that night. That's why the public loves your play."

There are no half-way measures about Lady Barbara. She is still the *enfant terrible* of Mr. McKenna's earlier story. But without asking if it is usual, we may ask if it is imaginable that an attractive young woman should insist on visiting a bachelor in his rooms at midnight:

"Where d'you live?" she demanded peremptorily; and, when he had told her, "Put your head out and tell him to go there."

"But we're almost in Berkeley Square now."

"Do as I tell you! I'm coming to pay you a call."

He disengaged her hands and lay back in his corner.

"It's a little late for you to be calling on me," he said.

With a quick tug and push she had opened the window on her own side before he could stop her.

"Oh, will you drive to 89 Ryder Street first, please," he

heard her say. Then she sank back with a pursed-up smile of triumph. "I've no intention of going to bed yet," she explained.

"I've no intention of opening the door till I've taken you home," he rejoined.

She made no answer till the carriage drew up opposite his flat.

"It would be deplorable if you made a scene on the pavement," she observed carelessly.

Then she stepped out and told the driver to go back to Belgrave Square for Mrs. O'Rane.

It was a moon-lit night between half-past eleven and twelve. Ryder Street had roused to life with a widely-spaced but steady stream of men returning to bed from Pall Mall and sparing the fag-end of their attention for the unexpected tall girl who stood wrapped in a long silk shawl in the shadow of a bachelor doorway. The brougham turned round and drove away. Eric lighted another cigarette.

"Am I right in thinking that you're being obstinate?" Barbara inquired after some moments of silence.

"If you want me to take you home, I'll take you home. Otherwise I shall leave you here, go round to the club, explain that I've lost my latch-key and get a hed there."

"You're almost Oriental in your hospitality," she laughed.

"I've no hospitality to spare for a girl of twenty-two at this hour of the night."

She stretched out her arm to him. In observing the beauty of her slender, long fingers and the whiteness of her arm against the long fringe of the shawl, Eric forgot his guard. She switched the cigarette from his lips and laughed like a child, as she blew out a cloud of smoke. Cigarette, shawl, and manner suddenly reminded him of Carmen.

"You're so conventional," she sighed.

Eric became suddenly irritable.

"Lady Barbara, you're behaving idiotically!" he cried. "I know you'd do anything for a new sensation, but I'm not going to help. Possibly I'm old-fashioned. If you think—"

"I'm so thirsty," she interrupted. "Have you any soda-water?"

"You're sure to find plenty in Berkeley Square."

"But you're afraid to give me any, afraid of being compromised?"

"I've too many things to be afraid of without bothering about that. Lady Barbara, you've several brothers, I've one sister. If one of your brothers saw fit to invite my sister to a bachelor flat—"

"But you haven't invited me!"

"I should borsewhip him," Eric resumed jerkily.

She considered him curiously with her head on one side.

"You know, I don't feel afraid of you," she told him. "I could trust you anywhere. You're not old enough to understand that yet, but you will."

"Then for the present it's irrelevant. Come along, Lady Barbara."

"But, Eric, dear, you can't have lost the key," she expostulated, purposefully clear.

Over the shawl her eyes were gleaming with mischief and triumph.

The officer looked quickly from one to the other.

"Hullo! You locked out?" he inquired sympathetically.

"Rotten luck! Here, let me put you out of your misery! Hope you haven't been waiting long?"

"That is sweet of you," said Barbara. "Long? I seem to have been standing here all day. Come on, Eric; I'm frightfully tired; I want to sit down."

She walked into the hall, beckoning him with a jerk of her head. The officer bade them good-night and limped to a ground-floor flat at the end.

"I'm going to my club, Lady Barbara," said Eric with slow distinctness from the doorstep.

"Then I shall bang on every door I see until I find your flat," she retorted promptly. "I've told you, I want some soda-water. And, Eric—"

"Yes, Lady Barbara."

"Eric, I always get what I want. Who lives here, do you suppose? We'll try his door first."

Eric came in and walked to the foot of the stairs. Barbara slipped her arm through his, but he shook it away.

"I'm tired," she explained. "I wish you wouldn't be so rough with me."

She replaced her arm, and, rather than engage in a childish brawl, Eric left it there, though the touch of her fingers on his wrist set his blood tingling. They walked slowly, for he was trying to set his racing thoughts in order. This, then, was the true Lady Barbara Neave. He had never believed the fantastic stories about her, but she was now gratuitously showing him that he was one of those who stopped at nothing.

He felt the sudden unipitying disgust of a disappointed idealist. She was very young, with expressions which made her wholly beautiful at times. . . . "Virginal" was the word he was trying to find. . . . He wondered how to rid himself of her without a scene.

"If you'll let go my arm, I'll open the door," he said with stiff patience.

She walked into the small inner hall and looked round with unaffected interest.

"I've never been in a man's rooms before," she remarked and Eric knew that she was speaking the truth. An extraordinary sense of power came to him, rushing to his head. The tired eyes and wistful mouth, the haggard cheeks, the cloud of fine hair, the white arms and slender hands fed his hungry love of beauty. And he had attracted her until she lay at his mercy. . . .

"I want to see everything, Eric," she said gently.

He hardly heard the words; but her tone was confiding, and she slipped her hand into his. A latent sense of the dramatic came to his rescue.

"You seem to have put yourself pretty completely into my power," he observed, closing the front door behind them.

"I know you so much better than you know me," she answered.

"I don't quite follow"

She laughed gently to herself, then put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"No. . . . And you won't for years. . . . not till I've educated you. . . . Am I right in thinking that you've forgotten all about my soda-water?"

The courtship, and incidentally the education, of Eric Lane proceeds apace. Eric is a good deal of a prig and a great deal of a selfish boor, and he does not like being either courted or educated, but this makes no difference to Barbara, who insists on being present at the rehearsal of his new play:

"I can't see very well," Barbara answered. "If I had a chair on the little platform—"

Manders wasted an unseen wink on her.

"Well, you mustn't talk to Eric, that's all. And, if you see you're making him nervous, you must run away."

He helped her up and accommodated her with a property footstool by Eric's chair, leaving her for a moment's resentful scrutiny by a young woman who had been arguing with winsome persuasiveness about a speech which Eric under pressure from Manders had consented to cut.

"Who's that, Eric?" Barbara whispered, as he settled into place.

"Mabel Elstree."

"H'm. She doesn't seem to like my being here. . . . Does everybody call you Eric?"

"You're well placed to answer that. Now, Lady Barbara, remember your promise: no talking!"

The act was played a second time, taking form and life as all warmed to their work. Eric watched with critical narrowed eyes, no longer scattering pencil-marks in the margin of the script, restrained, impassive and absorbed. Barbara sat with her hands clasped round her ankles and her head resting against his knee. Only when the act was ended did he seem to become aware of her; then he edged away and stood up.

"Better! Very much better! Just turn to the place where—"

He rustled back into the middle of the act and had it played through to the curtain.

Half-an-hour later Barbara emerged into sunshine. Eric was tired and rather husky, but pleased and hopeful. His earlier irritability was forgotten save when it obtruded itself reproachfully to remind him that he had been scantily civil to the girl by his side.

"The next thing is a taxi," he murmured, as they came out into Shaftesbury Avenue.

"You wouldn't dream of taking me home and offering me some tea?" she suggested.

"I would not, Lady Barbara," he answered cheerfully.

"Your practice of visiting young unmarried men in their rooms should be promptly checked. But I'll drop you in Berkeley Square, if you like."

"That would be more—respectable. It's curious how you seem to have made up your mind not to do anything I ask you."

"It doesn't seem to make much difference to the result."

She ceased pouting and smiled self-confidently for a moment. Then her assurance left her, and she slipped her arm timidly through his.

"Am I being a nuisance, Eric? You said so, and—oh, it did hurt! I honestly enjoyed myself this afternoon; and I wasn't so very much in the way, was I? Don't you like me to enjoy myself? Don't you like to see me happy? Are you sure you're not a little bit sorry you were so brutal to me?"

"My conscience is quite easy, thanks. Lady Barbara—"

He hesitated and felt himself flushing.

"Yes?"

"Lady Barbara—, I don't understand you, I don't begin to understand you."

"You won't write a good play till you do," she laughed.

"All your women are romantic dolls. We're much better and much worse than you think. But that wasn't what you started to say."

Having been present at the rehearsal, Barbara henceforth speaks of "our" play, which naturally gives rise to surmises that the collaboration is not wholly a theatrical one. But she is case-hardened against scandal. It has been her daily diet for years. A most desperate young woman, this. But she is moved to real feeling on the opening night of the play:

They dined with unnecessary haste. For all his philosophy, Eric's nervousness showed itself in over-frequent consultation of his watch, and they entered their box before the stalls were half full. Barbara sat forward, bowing to friends in the familiar, first-night gathering; but he preferred to stand at her side, hidden by a curtain, while she called back the names of the new arrivals. This was a greater ordeal than the evening when his first play was produced, for he was known now, and the critics would judge him by the success and standard of the earlier play; instead of a handful of old colleagues, he was now on nodding terms with a third of the audience; it was a personal trial, and he did not want to fail under their eyes; most of all he did not want to fail before Barbara.

As the curtain went up he sat down beside her and, after a quick glance at the stage, began to inspect the house. Her hand slipped into his, and he heard a whispered "Cheer up! It's going to be a tremendous success. I will it to be!" Then his attention went back to the house. Why the devil couldn't people take the trouble to arrive in time? Pushing their way in late, blocking the view. . . . Mrs. Shelley, of all people. He knew her well enough to speak plainly about it. . . . The house was very quiet, very cold; expectant, perhaps, but they ought to be warming now. . . . A slip—and another! It was curious that a woman like Mabel Elstree could go on rehearsing and being pulled up over the same thing again and again without ever learning—a moderately intelligent woman, too—working at her own job. . . . The last week had been thrown away. . . .

But in all the rehearsals he had never noticed how this opening dragged. Manders had never criticized it (one of the few things he hadn't tried to cut about); and it was dragging. In a moment people would be yawning and talking to one another; the pit would become noisy with its feet; already there was a rustle; if they would only look at the stage instead of trying to learn their programmes by heart! They should have done that before! And still the house was cold. . . . God in heaven! small blame to it!

Eric sat back with tightly shut mouth, then grew suddenly rigid. There was a single quick laugh, the herald for gusty laughter rising simultaneously from a dozen different parts; instead of stopping, it swelled and engulfed the house. Ah, thank God! that sea of vacant, stiff faces had broken! The house was alive and warm. The players, pausing of necessity, breathed thanksgiving before returning to dialogue which had become suddenly imbued with new strength and finish.

Eric felt Barbara's lips at his ear.

"Didn't I say I'd will it for you?" she whispered.

"It might go quite well," he answered, unsuccessfully nonchalant. "Every one's in a good temper now."

"And you can let go my hand for a minute!" She winced and put one knuckle into her mouth. "I stood it as long as I could, but you've been driving my rings into my unhappy finger—All right, darling! kiss the place to make it well. I could see you weren't enjoying yourself, but you wanted me to feel it, too. So sweet of you!"

Mr. McKenna fully intends that we shall read his next story, as indeed we shall certainly do. It will be, remembered that the bewitching Barbara has already half committed herself to Jack Waring, who changed his religion for her sake and went desperately to the war when she then refused him, leaving the lady conscience stricken. Jack has been among the missing for a year, but he may turn up again, and indeed he does turn up again in the final pages, and so what is poor Barbara to do? And what is poor Eric to do? But then our sympathy with Eric is not of the pronounced kind.

THE EDUCATION OF ERIC LANE. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending June 25, 1921, were \$118,500,000; for corresponding week of last year, \$153,300,000; a decrease of \$36,800,000.

Business at the beginning of 1921 faced three primary obstacles to the conduct of affairs on anything like a normal plane. Commodity prices were still in many cases grossly inflated. Wages were still on a war basis. The banking position was obviously strained. These obstacles are not to be regarded as entirely overcome, but much progress has been made (says the National

Bank of Commerce in New York in its June monthly magazine).

Six months ago it seemed scarcely possible that by this time prices for many raw materials would have reached a point of approximate stabilization; that wage reductions would have been accepted by workers in widely diversified industries in the realization that they were just and necessary, and finally that the banking position as a whole could have improved to the extent indicated by the substantial reduction in the borrowings of reporting member banks at the Federal Reserve Banks. Such borrowings have declined nearly 40 per cent. from the maximum reached last fall.

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Sentiment with respect to business will

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naturally fluctuate in times like these. The reaction from the spurt in spring business has caused disappointment. The end of the premature revival in the automobile industry and the renewed downward movement in the prices of some commodities, notably sugar and petroleum, have been factors in bringing about a spirit of pessimism which is not entirely justified when the improvement in fundamental conditions is considered.

On the other hand, it is unwise to expect other than quiet business during the summer months. Satisfactory recovery can come only after a protracted period, during which price liquidation must be completed as to manufactured and semi-finished goods and confidence in the future restored. Closely con-

ected, too, with domestic business is the state of trade abroad, and especially in Europe, where political considerations must be a powerful influence in shaping the future. But in this direction also encouragement may be found in the fixing of a definite schedule of reparations payments as well as the now plainly discernible determination of most of the peoples of Europe to resume productive enterprise as rapidly as possible.

The attitude of labor as expressed in wage disputes, especially in New England and the Middle West, has seriously retarded building operations, although increased activity resulted in a larger total of contracts awarded in May than in April. The F. W. Dodge Company's valuation of contracts awarded during May in twenty-five northeastern states is \$23,000,000 as compared with \$221,000,000 in April and \$247,000,000 in May, 1920. The valuation of building permits granted in the principal cities of the United States during May shows a decline from the April total of about 6 per cent., indicating that the usual seasonal decline in building operations is in effect.

Progressive increases in the weekly totals of revenue freight loaded on the railroads of the United States, which have advanced from 667,000 cars for the week ending April 2d to 787,000 cars for the week ending May 28th, indicate that railway traffic once more is approaching levels which will make possible operation without loss. April statements of gross and net earnings, now available for most of the principal systems, also exhibit improvement over the average for the first three months of the year. It must not be forgotten that comparison with the corresponding month of 1920 is with the period of the switchmen's strike when freight movement was greatly disorganized throughout the country and was almost at a standstill on many lines. The favorable showing made in the reduction of operating expenses during April is also at least in part the result of the determination of many railroads to postpone maintenance and other work ordinarily undertaken in the spring until the new wage scales announced by the Labor Board are put into effect on July 1st. The reductions announced by the board on June 1st, while less than the demands of the railway managers, are large enough to be of material assistance when coupled with increased traffic.

Liquidation in a good many of the commodity markets has been proceeding of late just as in the securities markets. The restricted buying power, especially for export purposes, to say nothing of the disposition of the larger consuming interests in this country to buy from hand to mouth, has reacted seriously in a great many markets.

The effort to bolster up the Cuban sugar situation by big loans is similar to the transaction that was carried through in behalf of our copper-producing companies. In the case of copper it was soon found that the mere allocation of vast quantities of the red metal for export purposes has not improved the situation a particle. There has been increase in copper exports on this account. The only thing that was gained by that transaction was the temporary alleviation of the serious situation confronting the big producers of copper. It is impossible to see how the sugar

situation is going to benefit materially by this loan arrangement. The surplus sugar is still in existence and must be consumed before the trade can regain its feet again.

The overproduction of rubber has again brought especially low prices for that commodity and, indeed, prices are far below the cost of production, but, when liquidation is snapping its whip, the cost of production means very little. It is improbable that the rubber situation will clear up for six months more at any rate.

In the steel and iron trade there is still a lack of demand, and a pretty large supply has been piled up. In the background lies Germany, with her industrialism intact and persuaded that she can rule the markets of the world on account of her low cost of labor.

Incidentally coal prices are much too high, and in order to bring about reduction of production costs in our various industries there must be a downward readjustment and a drastic one in our coal trade.

The cotton and grain markets bend at times sharply to weather and crop news, but nothing in the situation suggests the advisability of attempting to run a bull campaign in these commodities at present.

The recent action of Congress with reference to peace with Germany lends interest to a statement by the National City Bank of New York on the growth of our trade with that country in the fiscal year 1921, which ends with the current month, as compared with earlier years. The total trade with Germany, says the bank's statement, in the fiscal year 1921 will aggregate about \$450,000,000 against \$247,000,000 in the fiscal year 1920 and \$10,000,000 in the fiscal year 1919. The total exports to Germany in the fiscal year 1921 will aggregate about \$370,000,000 against \$202,000,000 in 1920, \$9,000,000 in 1919, and nothing in 1918. The imports from Germany in the current fiscal year will stand at approximately \$90,000,000 against \$45,000,000 in 1920, and less than \$1,000,000 in 1919. This total of our trade with Germany in 1920, \$450,000,000, will be but little below the high record pre-war year, 1914, when the imports from and exports to Germany aggregated \$535,000,000, though it should be remembered that the 1921 figures are those of present values of the articles in question, and presumably at materially higher prices per unit of quantity than in 1914.

The principal articles forming our rapidly growing exports to Germany are chiefly food and manufacturing material. Wheat and flour exports to that country in the full fiscal year will aggregate about \$65,000,000, wheat alone amounting to about \$50,000,000 and flour approximately \$15,000,000. Bacon will show a total of \$15,000,000 and lard about \$40,000,000; condensed milk exported to Germany amounts to about \$6,000,000 in value, oleo oil slightly less than \$2,000,000, and cottonseed oil about \$1,000,000. In manufacturing materials, cotton, copper, and paraffin hold highest rank in the exports to that country, cotton alone amounting for the full year to about \$100,000,000, copper approximately \$20,000,000, and paraffin slightly less than \$1,000,000. In petroleum products, lubricating oil to Germany will amount in the full fiscal year to about \$12,000,000, illuminating oil about \$3,500,000, and gasoline, naphtha,

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etc., about \$4,500,000. The value of cotton sent to Germany in the ten months ending with April, 1921, was \$91,546,000 and exceeded that to any other country except Great Britain; copper ingots and bars exported to Germany \$16,275,000, and exceeded that to any other country except France.

On the import side figures of articles as presented by the monthly reports of the Department of Commerce are extremely meagre; the chief articles enumerated as imported from Germany in the ten months ending with April, 1921, being dyes, \$1,588,000; gloves, \$2,190,000; decorated china, \$1,015,000, and cotton laces and embroideries, \$788,000. Figures of the department covering the calendar year 1920, however, in which year our total imports from Germany were \$88,836,000, show for that year coal tar colors and dyes, \$1,800,000; cotton laces and embroideries,



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\$1,700,000; cotton knit goods, including gloves, hosiery, etc., \$3,100,000; beads and head ornaments, \$1,088,000; aluminum manufactures, \$1,600,000; fertilizers, including kainite, manure salts, and potash, \$22,000,000; furs, \$3,850,000; sugar beet seeds, \$2,152,000; beet sugar, \$5,437,000; dyes, \$4,225,000; wood pulp, \$1,750,000; gloves of leather, \$1,785,000, and silk manufactures, \$1,750,000. Exports to Germany in the fiscal year 1921 will exceed in value those of any year prior to the war.

The stock market has been under enormous liquidating pressure so far this month and, except for recurring rallies, may still be expected to drift lower.

In a great many cases the prices quoted for stocks seem almost unbelievably low when one considers a fair estimate of their asset value, but at the same time when a major liquidating market is under way no notice whatsoever is given to values, and at such a

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time as this a great deal of attention is paid to the fact that earnings are generally very poor, and in many cases have been replaced by deficits so far as common or even preferred stocks are concerned.

What makes the situation worse is that liquidation is coming from abroad and from

cerned, one may go through the list and pick up stocks that certainly will eventually double in price and much more. Some of the public utilities seem to be in this class, and certainly some of the stocks of the reorganized railroad companies, to say nothing of certain selected industrial issues.

So many financial institutions are loaded up with commodities bought at high prices that the so-called frozen credit situation continues a disturbing factor, and a serious one. —*The Trader.*

Mr. A. P. Giannini, president of the Bank of Italy, was the host to about one hundred newspaper and magazine men at a luncheon on Friday, June 24th, in the bank's handsome new home at Powell, Eddy, and Market Streets, the purpose being to give an opportunity to inspect the new banking quarters before they were thrown open to the public.

Before being conducted through the various departments of its seven floors, the guests were served luncheon in the lounge room reserved for women employees, the cooking being done in their kitchen.

Speaking for Mr. A. P. Giannini, Vice-President W. W. Douglas welcomed the guests and introduced Vice-President James Bacigalupi, who outlined the history of the bank since its modest beginnings in 1904, and spoke of its pioneer work in branch banking. He said that the building was made as Californian as possible by the use of California granite and other materials wherever possible. The guests were then shown the automatic telephone switchboard on the seventh floor, operating 640 phones in the building, and the quarters on the lower floors. These included the large assembly hall, with hardwood floor for dancing purposes, the various rooms and offices and the special women's banking department, down to the fifty-ton door to the safety vaults.

The new building is 140 feet high, or as high as most ten-story buildings. Its decorative effects are beautiful without being over-ornate, and display a handsome collection of marbles and iron grilling. Lighting effects are especially effective, all rooms being flooded with daylight. The artificial lighting is largely indirect.

The new bank has many novel features, such as school savings and women's departments, and it represents the latest ideas in construction and arrangement.

The Bank of Italy has thirty-four banking houses, representing twenty-seven of the leading cities and towns of the state.

The bond department of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank is offering a \$500,000 issue of California Central Creameries first mortgage 7½ per cent. ten-year bonds, due April 15, 1931, interest payable without deduction of Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. and exempt from California taxes. The price is 99.45 and interest, to yield, according to date of call, maximum (one year) 10½ per cent. and minimum (ten years) 7¾ per cent.

The California Central Creameries is the largest manufacturer of butter, Swiss cheese, sugar of milk, dry milk, and casein in the State of California. It manufactured approximately 14,000,000 pounds of butter in 1920.

A first closed mortgage on real estate, factory, refrigerating, and other buildings and machinery and equipment, of an appraised value of \$1,489,429, being approximately three times the amount of this loan.

The Bank of Italy's new head office at Powell and Eddy Streets was formerly opened Monday, June 27th, by A. P. Giannini, president of the institution, bearing the keys, escorted by Governor John U. Calkins of the Federal Reserve Bank; John H. Perrin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board; Jonathan S. Dodge, state superintendent of banks; William H. Crocker, president of the Crocker National Bank, and James Rolph, Jr., mayor of San Francisco. This party escorted Mr. Giannini through the bank, after which the public was permitted to view the building.

Importers of manufactures are the only American patrons of foreign producers who are omitting to cut down their imports in the fiscal year 1921. Manufacturing material imported in crude condition (says a statement by the National City Bank of New York) is in this fiscal year less than half in value that of 1920, manufactures for use in manufacturing also show a slow down and so do foodstuffs in crude condition, but manufactures ready for use and foodstuffs in manufactured condition show increases. The total value of manufacturing material imported in the fiscal year 1921, which ends with the current month, will be but a trifle over \$1,000,000,000 against \$2,142,600,000 in the immediately preceding fiscal year, and will be less in value than in 1919, 1918, or 1917. Manufactured articles for further use in manufacturing will be but about \$540,000,000 against \$801,000,000 in 1920. Foodstuffs in crude condition will be but about \$460,000,000 against \$622,000,000 in the immediately preceding year. It is in the manufactures ready for use and in manu-

factured foodstuffs that the importers have increased their takings from abroad in 1921 as compared with 1920.

To what extent this increase in importation of finished manufactures as against a reduction in imports of raw materials is due to a prospective change in the tariff can not, of course, be determined, though the general understanding, which has prevailed ever since the presidential election of 1920, that a new and higher tariff law would be enacted, may probably have led many importers to lay in stocks of standard manufactures, while they could bring them in at the low tariff which has prevailed during the past several years. The value of finished manufactures imported in the year which ends with the current month will be about \$750,000,000 as against \$745,000,000 in 1920, while in all the other groups of articles there is a tremendous fall off, the fall being in raw material over one-half as compared with the immediately preceding year, and when it is remembered that prices at which merchandise is now being imported are far below those of a year ago, it makes it quite apparent that the slight increase in value of finished manufactures imported means in many instances a large increase in quantity.

The principal articles forming the groups "manufactures ready for use" and "manufactured foodstuffs," which are the only groups showing an increase over the preceding year, are cotton, woolen, and silk goods, manufactures of fibres, art works, printing paper, clocks and watches, vegetable oils, printing and other paper, gloves and other manufactures of leather, manufactures of wood, cigars and cigarettes, sugar, and meats. Cotton manufactures, of which the imports in 1920 were \$112,000,000, show in the 1921 period for which figures are available a slightly larger total than in 1920; woolen manufactures, in which the imports of 1920 were \$44,000,000, show an increase of \$20,000,000 in the 1921 figures as compared with those of 1920; manufactures of fibres, which totaled \$141,000,000 in 1920, show a decline of about \$10,000,000 in the 1921 figures; manufactures of silk show a fall off of over \$30,000,000 in the 1921 total; sugar, a partly manufactured article, shows an increase of \$175,000,000 in 1921 when compared with 1920, while the group "chemicals, drugs, and dyes," composed largely of manufactured articles, show a slight increase in value in the 1921 figures when compared with those of the corresponding months of 1920.

On the other hand the fall off in crude material imported for manufacturing will be over a billion dollars, in crude foodstuffs about \$150,000,000 decline, and in manufactures for further use in manufacturing a fall off of about \$200,000,000.

The manufactured articles in which the 1921 imports show larger quantities than in 1920 include jute bags, burlaps, handkerchiefs, embroideries, tapestries, cotton plushes, cotton knit goods, glass and glassware, cutlery, building forms of steel, needles, steel sheets and plates, upper leather, boots and shoes, cameras, photographic paper, motion-picture films, printing paper, cigars and cigarettes, women's dress goods, carpets, and woollens and worsteds.

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To meet demands for high wages and high cost of materials they have been compelled to reduce dividends, some paying none whatever.

In many cities jitney competition has compelled street-car companies to abandon service and tear up thousands of miles of tracks.

In the long run, summer and winter, successful utilities are indispensable to a prosperous growing community. Yet few are extending.—*Industrial News Bureau.*

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acceptance by the company and enable it to divert its profits to dividends instead of using them for working capital.

Net railway operating income of the Southern Pacific Company again shows a decrease from the income of 1920 in the monthly statement of earnings and expenses issued by the company for the month of May. The net railway operating income of the company for April, according to the report issued last month, showed an increase in the net income over April, 1920, when there was a big deficit, partly caused by the switchmen's strike, which started in April, 1920, and extended into May.

The fact that the May, 1921, net railway operating income shows a decrease from that of May, 1920, despite the effects of the switchmen's strike on the May, 1920, income and the rigid economy being observed by the company, is evidence of the continued business stagnation and lack of traffic.

Shipments of fruits and vegetables throughout the United States this season are greater than last, according to reports received by the Bureau of Markets of the Department of Agriculture. Carload shipments for the season up to June 4, 1921, the reports show, total 267,741, compared with 309,181 during the corresponding period in 1920, or an increase of 58,560 cars.

Only three out of twelve fruits and vegetables listed by the Bureau of Markets in the *Market Reporter* of June 11th showed decreases so far this season compared with the corresponding period in 1920. These three were cabbage, onions, and apples in boxes. The shipments of apples in barrels have been much larger this season than last and the total shipments of apples, in boxes and barrels, is greater this season than last.

Movement by freight of interstate deciduous fruit shipments from Northern California this season is much greater than last, according to figures on such shipments via all lines given out by C. M. Secrist, vice-president of the Pacific Fruit Express Company. The shipments by freight for the season up to and including June 22d from Northern California total 1095 cars as compared with 516 cars to the same date last year.



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The Islands of Desire

The critic who regretted that women did not develop a feminine art as representative of their sex as man's work is of him would have rejoiced in the charming, clever, distinctively feminine novel, "The Islands of Desire," by Diana Patrick. That is to say that Miss Patrick does not ape masculinity—she represents the world from a feminine viewpoint and her work should be hailed as a step in the right direction. A woman's imitation of a masculine outlook is obviously worthless, artistically. It may or may not have psychological value. But an imitation is patently not art. Miss Patrick, if she ever was in any danger of this pitfall, has successfully skirted its edges—perhaps because she rather flies than walks. Certainly "The Islands of Desire"—the least successful part of which is its name—is genuine.

Not that women novelists have nothing to learn from men—even in self-expression. Most feminine novels are marred if not ruined by details—"The Islands of Desire" perhaps less than most. But "The Islands of Desire" is a silly title that would surely guide most readers safely past it. Even though the author objected to the Galsworthian title "Compensation" that her novel immediately suggests—perhaps "Nemesis" would be closer still—she might have reverted to the good old English custom of a proper name or even of

a sentence descriptive of her theme. Women's novels are apt to be weak in titles and in the names of characters. What reader searching for good fiction would select a novel one-half of which is labeled "Rose" and the other half "Pearl and Vivien"? One is immediately reminded of the "lavender and old lace" brand of fiction. Miss Patrick has done her really excellent life-size book a grave injury by sending it into the world with such a handicap.

Another error that feminine writers commit is showing an all too obvious like and dislike for their created characters. Even so exemplary a woman writer as Ethel Sidgwick commits this artistic crime. And Miss Patrick is no exception to the general rule. It might be argued that that is part of the feminine viewpoint—that women and emotionalism are inseparable, but there is a fine distinction between sympathetically portraying a character and publishing one's sympathy.

In addition to its importance as a harbinger of the new feminine note in art, "The Islands of Desire" has several other distinctions. It is poetically, even beautifully written; and it is clever. In fact it is too clever—for in this respect Miss Patrick reminds one of the prevailing fault of such great ones as Bernard Shaw and Henry James, all of whose people are equally as brilliant as Bernard Shaw and Henry James, respectively. One knows that Miss Patrick is a very witty woman, for even the humbleness of her Yorkshire spinsters have a Shakespearean facility in punning. And as for the principal characters, the Bard, indeed, might have taken lessons in this "lowest form of wit" from them. In fact, punning is the chief form of wit in this graceful book, but it is clever punning. Miss Patrick's characters are perhaps suggested rather than delineated; and it is rather personalities than characters that are suggested. One feels the subtle call of their personalities; but one is not intimately acquainted with these people. So evanescent a quality hovers over "The Islands of Desire," so poetically ephemeral is it, that the book is entirely removed from the region of verisimilitude. Lovers of realism may not care for it, but even they should welcome its fresh charm. But to all those who realize a delicately poetic prose, a delicate transcendental philosophy, and a sincere interpretation of the feminine point of view, Miss Patrick's latest novel will afford genuine pleasure.

THE ISLANDS OF DESIRE. By Diana Patrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Clair de Lune.

The old nursery rhyme that "I loved John and John loved Bee, Bee loved Jim and Jim loved me" floats to mind in reading Michael Strange's play in two acts and six scenes, "Clair de Lune," which is, however suggested, according to the author, by Hugo's "L'Homme qui Rit."

The slight plot consists of the machinations of a group of courtiers and another group of mountebanks interested in each other in the extraordinary fashion of the nursery jingle. The act division is rather odd, since the action is fundamentally that of a one-act play, with the necessary additions here, due to the somewhat clumsy theme, of a prologue and an epilogue. There is no logical division into two acts, since the bulk of the play between the first and last explanatory scenes is a unified whole—one complete incident. The division has evidently been arbitrarily made in the middle of the six scenes. It is a pity for the drama to begin to follow in the technical wake of most of the other arts, since it is the beauty of its accomplishment within recognized limitations that gives it significance.

As an acted play Mr. Strange's lightful fanciful poetic drama has possibilities. There is plentiful opportunity for the subtler acting of suggestion rather than that usually associated with "action." And properly staged according to the author's exquisite directions, "Clair de Lune" should be a very attractive production. Application for acting rights should be made to the author.

CLAIR DE LUNE. By Michael Strange. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

Our Social Heritage.

It is frequently announced by psychologists and historians that our civilization is decadent—that it is unnatural and that it continually gets further from nature, and that, in short, it is doomed to failure. Mr. Graham Wallas' profound study of "Our Social Heritage" not only convinces the reader that this is so; it also suggests an antidote. While putting his finger so accurately on the spots where civilization is wrong, Mr. Wallas forwards a theory for healing them.

"Our Social Heritage" is a collection of twelve essays (some of which were originally given as a course of Dodge Lectures on the "Duties of Citizenship" in Yale University) treating the various phases of modern civilization—government, professionalism, science, the church.

One of the author's chief instruments in working reform is unionism. All trades, professions, and occupations should be organized, not in medieval guilds nor in the prevailing

type of union used as a political tool by strong leaders—but organized by government in order to secure the maximum benefits of cooperation for citizenship. In this way the law would be modernized—it is the most archaic of the professions—medicine would be specialized with obvious benefits to the public, and such special professions as teaching, for instance, and the army would be allowed to vary their routine with other occupations.

Professor Graham Wallas is a celebrated English educator. Graduated from Oxford in 1881, he was a classical schoolmaster till 1890, when he found his real work as lecturer on economics and civic problems. He has been a member of the London school board, the London county council, and similar bodies. Since 1895 Professor Wallas has been a lecturer at the London School of Economics, a member of the Senate of London University, and a university professor in political science. During the years 1912-1915 he was a member of the Royal Commission on Civil Service. His long career as publicist and student of economics and civics has admirably suited him for his present study of social conditions. "Our Social Heritage" is a brilliantly clear analysis of these conditions.

OUR SOCIAL HERITAGE. By Graham Wallas. New Haven: Yale University Press.

The Hills of Arcetri.

Leolyn Louise Everett is the author of these eleven delicate pastel sketches in free verse, to which she has given such titles as "Grey," "Gold," "Sepia," "Mauve." Written in worship of the Italian hills of Arcetri, these verses seem to carry the very essence of the beauty of Italy. They are in fact like a litany of the beauties of Italian sky and hill and plain:

The mists have folded
Round the city
Like soft white veils.
The old brown gates
And the bell towers
Are lost.
Only the mountains above
Remain
Intensely blue
Against a colorless sky.

If *vers libre* were always as graciously simple as this it would have fewer enemies surely. But perhaps Mrs. Everett's poetry is not characteristic free verse. It does hauntingly remind one of the clear silhouette and pure tones of Arthur Symonds' beautiful word pictures.

Leolyn Louise Everett (Mrs. Timothy Spelman, Jr.) has had many poems published in Eastern magazines. She has long been a contributor to *Life*. Her husband, a musical composer of some note, has set many of her verses to music, and is at present at work on an opera to be produced soon in London.

THE HILLS OF ARCETRI. By Leolyn Everett. New York: John Lane Company.

Tennis was ever a distinguished sport. It has been favored by the nobility. In a recent tournament at Cannes the King of Sweden and the ex-King of Portugal handled their rackets with skill and dexterity in mixed doubles with Mlle. Lenglen and Mrs. Bemish for partners. Mlle. Lenglen and King Manuel won the first set from Mrs. Bemish and the King of Sweden; in the second King Manuel and Mrs. Bemish were defeated by Mlle. Lenglen and the King of Sweden. Thus honors were even in that each king had a victory, though Mrs. Bemish was twice defeated.

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The Waseda University of Japan has a baseball team which plans to play American colleges across the country from the Pacific to the Atlantic, meeting Yale and Harvard this summer. They have planned to postpone the Pacific Coast games until the close of the tour, so as to play the Middle Western and Eastern colleges before they close.

All the wasps of a nest die in the winter except a few females, which hibernate in a hole or under a stone.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Satan's Diary.

This last work of Leonid Andreyev, known particularly by his numerous brief literary etchings of Russian life and character, was completed in 1919, only a few days before his death. He died an embittered and disillusioned man, and "Satan's Diary" satirizes the human life and human character that the experiences acquired in the war had made Andreyev regard with such jaundiced vision. It is saddening to think that a man animated by the purest love of country, one who was intensely in sympathy with the hound Russian giant's efforts to free itself, and whose works were acclaimed with enthusiasm, not only by the younger generation of Russia, but by the intellectualists of that hapless country, should have gone broken-hearted to his grave, his last work an intensely bitter arraignment of man.

Andreyev depicts Satan as having temporarily shed his Satanic powers in order to assume human shape. He wishes to visit the earth and amuse himself.

Satan's assumption of the form of an American multi-millionaire has some sardonic significance, no doubt, because of Andreyev's condemnation of the United States' failure to aid Russia in her struggle for emancipation before the war. "The European nations and the Americans," he said in 1908, "are just as much to blame as the Russian government, for they look on in silence while the most despicable crimes are committed."

Andreyev's sorrow and death in exile in 1919, after witnessing the vastness of the

Russian tragedy, accounts for the intense bitterness of "Satan's Diary."

For he shows how the human beings whose power over the more helpless ones of earth was a vast and ruthless force for evil were too much for the devil. He found woman depraved, religion a form of hypocrisy, and man cruel and rapacious. Satan, deprived of his supernatural attributes on account of his assumption of the human shape, is shown as tricked, helpless, and ridiculous, and being mortal, dies in defeat.

The book, although giving many evidences of Andreyev's literary power, shows too plainly the bitter disillusion of the author, who was not able to preserve an artist's detachment in writing it.

SATAN'S DIARY. By Leonid Andreyev. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A Detective Story.

J. S. Fletcher, known as an excellent retailer of mystery yarns, has produced another one, entitled "The Chestermarke Instinct," in which two conservative country-bank partners occupy the limelight centre of the story. It is located in a country town in England, the atmosphere and the queer personalities of which are agreeably preserved.

Mr. Fletcher, who has won high favor because of the cleverness with which he weaves and unweaves apparently baffling mysteries, apparently makes a disappearing bank manager the heart of the mystery, but he contrives so to pique the interest of the reader in those enigmatic personalities the two Chestermarkes that one's suspicions are always kept on the alert.

Scotland Yard plays a part, and so does young love. The lover of detective yarns knows he is being managed and bamboozled by the ingenious author, but he likes the sensation; and, indeed, to a tired mind there is something refreshing in the willing surrender of the interest to the ingeniously contrived windings of a tale of this kind.

THE CHESTERMARKE INSTINCT. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A Conservative Novel.

"Imprudence," by F. E. Mills Young, is the story of a young girl, daughter of a second marriage, who, reared among the uncongenial surroundings created by her very disagreeable sisters, escapes being a Cinderella because of her father's affection and her own rebellious nature.

Prudence's name is inappropriate, for she continually yields to disastrous impulses. The reader likes her and wishes her well, but is obliged to admit that, on the whole, she has not had enough initiative to make her life into a dramatic story. What she does is to snatch at that obviously conventional thing a marriage with a liked but unloved suitor in order to escape an uncongenial family environment.

How it works out the reader who likes a placidly flowing tale with a rebellious heroine and an English environment may find out for himself, but he is warned to expect neither thrills nor profound psychology.

IMPRUDENCE. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90 net.

The publication of James Bryce's "Modern Democracies" received the public attention deserved by an event of equal literary and historical interest. For it is not only that a celebrated author has written a book of more than 1000 pages which will rank as an authoritative study of the subject treated, but that the book should be the work of an octogenarian author, a memorial to his genius given to the world at an age long past that of most men's productivity. This is the kind of achievement credited to the great masters of literature and art of an earlier age and its performance by a modern is all the more notable. What a long and sustained record of literary industry indeed is that of James Bryce! America was only in the second year of its civil war when he wrote his "Holy Roman Empire." Cleveland was in his first term as President when he published his "American Commonwealth," and "Modern Democracies" comes from his untiring pen thirty-three years later and just before his eighty-third birthday, which occurred on May 10th. Three great contributions to the study of political history made at intervals almost of a generation and a lifetime occupied with duties as professor, ambassador, and public man. Certainly an enviable and inspiring record of industrious achievement.—*New York World*.

Fans are carried by men and women of every rank in China. It is a compliment to invite a friend or distinguished guest to write some sentiment on the host's fan as a memento of any special occasion.

A daily newspaper is to be printed on the airplanes traveling between Paris and London. They will be distributed by means of parachutes.

The year 1919, it is reputed, was one of undiminished prosperity for the Union of South Africa.

A CAMBODIAN ADVENTURE.

In the finely-proportioned and lofty pyramidal temple of Takeo I had once a curious adventure that brought me into direct and disturbing relations with the gods. On the first platform of the edifice, in a corner where laborers had recently been working to clear away some of the ruined walls, I came suddenly upon two remarkable statues of dark basalt. One was of Siva, standing in a lordly attitude of repose, with garments carved in an archaically simple dignity and a face that was an exceptionally fine example of the early Khmer style. The other statue was of Parvati, the wife of Siva; and the instant I set eyes on it I knew it to be the most superb work of Khmer sculpture at its prime that human eyes are ever likely to see. From a delicately but powerfully moulded woman's body rose the head that was the statue's chief glory; a head severe and magnificent, noble and sensual, disdainful and exquisite. Among all the sculpture I had ever looked at, nothing had ever moved me as did this. The only comparable heads that I knew were one or two of the primitive Greek heads of priestesses in the Museum of the Acropolis. I looked at its strange beauty with increasing wonder.

Then suddenly I saw that the head had, in some remote age, been broken free from the body and now merely rested on the shoulders. I touched it, it came free; I lifted it from its place, hid it in my portfolio, and, shivering with excitement, went quietly out of the temple.

* * * * *

I did not sleep at all that night. My triumph, and the desire to look incessantly at the beautiful cold proud face, kept me awake. For me, the might and majesty of Angkor was all concentrated in that head. It was, indeed, the most superb work of art I had ever possessed. It was one of the most triumphant things in the whole world.

But the more beautiful and unique I realized it to be, the more an uneasiness began to possess me. I was not touched in the slightest degree by any ordinary remorse or moral misgiving; I did not mind stealing a thing so imperial as this;—and yet I was profoundly disturbed by the thought that the head and the body of this remarkable statue were now to be separated forever.

Could I have returned to the temple and stolen the body, too, I should have been set completely at rest; but the size and weight of the torso prohibited such a possibility. A sense of a terrible and irreparable injury done to a great work of art began to press down on me. I thought of the Winged Victory which now stands headless at the top of the great stairway of the Louvre. Where was that head now? Where would this head be when the Louvre held this Khmer torso? . . . How easy it is to diminish the world's beauty by more than one has ever been able to add to it!

So I found I could not endure it, after all. And in the early dawn, with a kind of disgusted relief, I took back to Takeo the head



THE STANDARD OF DRINKS

of Parvati, the wife of Siva. To this day I regret her, and think that I was somewhat of a fool to give her up.—*Arthur Davidson Ficke in the North American Review*.

A report on "Infant Welfare Work in Europe" recently issued by the United States Department of Labor describes the development of infant welfare measures in six foreign countries and points out the close relation existing between this work and a reduction in infant mortality. In England and Wales during the decade 1891-1900 the infant mortality rates was 153 while for the ten-year period 1901-1910, the time of growing activity in infant welfare work, the rate fell 128. Within over a year, owing to the aid of government grants, the number of health centres increased from less than 850 to 1278. Between 1914 and 1918 the number of "health visitors" rose from 600 to more than 3000. This expansion in infant welfare work was accompanied by a steady decline in infant mortality. In 1916, in spite of war conditions, the rate was the lowest ever before recorded. In Austria and Germany prior to the war large cities in general lost fewer babies per 1000 born alive than rural districts or small communities. The decrease in infant mortality in towns in these countries dates from the introduction of modern infant welfare measures. The condition of young babies in Belgium was late in the war described, according to the report, as better than normal, owing largely to the work of the health centres which, during the war, increased from seventy to over 700. In France the lowest infant mortality rates are for Paris, where the greatest development of infant welfare work has taken place.

The duckbill, or platypus, is one of the strangest and most paradoxical of all the animals of nature. It is sometimes called nature's joke. It has a bill and webbed feet like a duck and can swim and dive like a fish. The most unexpected trait of the animal is that it actually lays eggs. He makes long tunnels in the banks of streams in his native home in Australia. These are made barely large enough for his body to pass through; so that if he desires to return at any time he simply hacks out, which he is enabled to do, since his fur is like that of the common mole, set in such a way that no matter what direction he moves his fur neither hinders him nor gets full of dirt. The duckbill is all that is left of a large family.

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IBANEZ' "FOUR HORSEMEN."

The immense number of people who have read the Spanish novelist's most successful novel (it is estimated that 10,000,000 people in the United States have read "The Four Horsemen") have formed part of a great, new peace army; an army whose weapons are a determined opposition, an invincible resistance to bloody war. For Ibañez' novel contains, of all the war novels, the most impressive propaganda against the greatest scourge that afflicts the human family.

Ibañez, the great materialist, was taken out of himself when he wrote those chapters in which Tchernoff, the Russian mystic in Paris, poured forth in that stream of mordant eloquence his horror and execration of war. In his bitter words were pictured the Beast and the Four Horsemen: Conquest, Famine, Pestilence, and Death; each more terrible than the fearful images preceding him. The world will not easily forget those terrible spectres of woe, who composed an imagined incarnation of war's most hideous terrors.

And now that the novel is pictured we are permitted to see those symbolic shapes of woe and death visualized on the screen. June Mathis has made an excellent screen adaptation, Rex Ingram has shown artistic appreciation of pictorial values, original conceptions, and real initiative in his production, and Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld has selected music well in accord with the emotionally moving scenes.

The scenario-maker has adhered pretty faithfully to the story, rightly suppressing the major part of the South American section, although it is a very graphic part of the novel.

But war is the main theme, and on that the scenario-writer has concentrated her efforts. She has, and wisely, probably, raised to dramatic prominence the death of Julio, has appealed to the interest of many bereft ones by introducing, whether wisely or not, a spiritistic element, and has regrettably detracted from the dignity of the piece by the incongruity of using a monkey to supply the element of humor.

But the producers have given to the public one of the most impressive picture plays yet presented in America. For they recognized its great possibilities, and were prepared to go the limit. The picture, which was made at the Metro Studio in Los Angeles, took six months in the making and cost \$1,000,000. It is claimed by the producers that the services of 12,000 people were utilized in making the picture, and that a complete village of sufficient size to accommodate several thousand people was built only to be destroyed in the representation of the war scenes on the Marne.

The spectator, while viewing the scenes transpiring in Don Marcello's château on the Marne, may enjoy the satisfaction of feeling that he is surveying priceless works of art which were hired at an immense expense for the production, the insurance alone on these works amounting to \$375,000.

Much prestige was attached to the première of this picture in New York, various prominent literary and artistic notables, as well as officials and representatives of various Spanish-speaking countries, having been invited to be present.

There are, inevitably many war scenes in the picturization, but they appeal with a new and revived interest to the emotions because of the knowledge acquired by the people, since the armistice, of the trickeries and deceptions practiced upon them by rulers, statesmen, and politicians. The spectator becomes deeply moved, and there are many moments during the progress of the play when the emo-

tions of awe and dread are so great as to induce a breathless immobility that indicates how profoundly the dread realities of war are felt.

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

Washington Irving, who transplanted to American soil and made it over the old German story of Rip Van Winkle, subsequently known to all the American theatre-going world through the instrumentality of Joseph Jefferson's art, died in 1859 at Sunnyside-on-the-Hudson; and in that same year Joseph Jefferson, while summering at an old Dutch farmhouse in Pennsylvania, came upon a passage in a favorite book of his, "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving," the reading of which proved to be of momentous consequence in his life. For in it the famous author spoke of having seen the then youthful actor in "The Road to Ruin" and commented favorably upon his resemblance to his father. With the sensitive gratitude of the artist-actor whose task in life is to give pleasure by his art, and whose reward is the evidence either of the individually or collectively favorable impression, he has made the young man thrilled with joy at this proof that he had pleased a great man.

At the time Thomas Jefferson was looking for a new rôle and a new play. The freshly kindled warmth of his appreciation of Washington Irving's works caused him to reread "The Sketch-Book," and he came to pause at the name "Rip Van Winkle."

The instinct of the professional man of the stage caused him to recognize those qualities in the sound of the name that would make it fall promisingly on the public ear. But he was disappointed when he read the story, for it seemed to lack in dramatic possibilities, and the character of Rip Van Winkle was insufficiently developed.

However, the actor got together three or four out-worn dramatic versions of the story and the story itself, and in time he evolved the play, the title-rôle of which was subsequently so closely identified with his name and fame.

Jefferson found, however, that while the character was satisfactory the play was not, and five years later it was partially remodeled by Dion Boucicault, and by slow degrees the old play which is being played at the Columbia this week, with Frank Keenan, who was so fine as John Ferguson, in the title-rôle, became known to all the confirmed theatre-goers in the United States.

It was Jefferson's idea to silence the goblins, whose voices, when they spoke and sang in the old versions, detracted greatly from the suggestion of their ghostliness. This, of course, gave to Rip Van Winkle a human prominence in the scene in which the silent goblins figured; an idea thoroughly in accord with the tendency of the times to exalt the star to an unrivaled and uncontested domination of the scenes in which he figured.

Joseph Jefferson has written notable contributions to add to the little that has been gleaned from great players about the baffling art of acting. Here are some of the words of wisdom he wrote, which show that, added to the inspiration of the great actor, the famous comedian was guided by common sense. He says: "I know that I act best when the heart is warm and the head is cool." "It is necessary to be cautious in studying elocution and gesticulation, lest they become our masters instead of our servants. . . . But even at the risk of being artificial it is better to have studied these arbitrary rules than to enter a profession with no knowledge whatever of its mechanism."

AN OLD-TIME STAR.

There has just died in London an old actress who was one of the ornaments of the stage during the mid-Victorian era. Lady Bancroft it was, known during her heyday as Marie Wilton.

I had read in a fascinating volume by Augustin Filon on the British stage as it was during that era, and had read also of bewitching little Marie Wilton, who always played boys' parts and turned heads young and old every time she appeared. This was the epoch when the British stage had no native seriousness. All the intellectualists who under more favorable circumstances might have written plays were adding to the glories of Victoria's reign by the fine quality of the fiction upon which we in America also subsisted; for at that time our flood of fiction writers had not begun its rapid flow. The British stage then was suffering from the effects of the necessary emancipation of the theatres. Probably we in America, or the majority of us, are unconscious of that governmental restriction in Great Britain which only allowed certain theatres in London—two, if I remember aright; being off vacationing I have not my data by me—the liberty of choice of their dramas.

When the restriction was removed all lower classes rushed to the play; but Shakespeare was partly knocked out by the flood of lively drivel that was demanded by the new, uneducated public.

This was the time when the bewitching little soubrette rebelled against any further playing of boys' parts, to which she had been absolutely restricted on account of her popularity in them.

Circumstances favored her in her revolt, for she married a gentleman, Squire Bancroft by name, who had taste for acting.

But he knew the art, and the Bancrofts became the talk of London. One can imagine how it appealed to the decorous and stiffly starched Victorians to have their favorite players a duly married pair. Today American managers object to a married couple playing opposite each other. They feel that a knowledge on the part of the public of the prose of marriage might interfere with the romantic workings of its imagination. But the Bancrofts were so different in the style of their acting that Squire Bancroft was cast as the romantic lover into the arms of the leading lady, while the comedienne's rôle was to serve as an irresistible provocator to some comedian of the company.

Fortune favored them still further about this time, for Edward, Prince of Wales, approved the pair, and under royal favor the marital and professional pair of partners opened their own theatre, which they called the Prince of Wales Theatre.

Marie Wilton's rôles were half ingénue, half soubrette in style. Her husband made a romantically refined and interesting leading man, and the pair began to make their everlasting fortune on the Tom Robertson plays. For they it was who first made "Caste" known to the stage, Marie Wilton playing the rôle of that irresistible little rogue Polly, whom we saw so prettily portrayed in Cyril Maude's interesting revival of this once famous play when the English actor and his company were playing at the Columbia two or three years ago.

In due time the Bancrofts, in a period covering many years, had brought out all the Tom Robertson plays. They were of an enormous popularity, and if we read them today we may find that there are always two rôles which are particularly adapted to the talent and personality of the Bancrofts. The trio mutually helped in the fame that attended them, and the public adored "School," "Society," "Play," and all the rest of them until one day the inevitable attack of inconstancy came, and Tom Robertson was down and out. After those years of favor his being deposed practically broke the heart of the man who had, during his time at least, made a new departure in the drama. But the Bancrofts, who had by this time become Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft,

were obliged to float with the tide. Ill luck never attended them, perhaps because they saw so clearly in which direction lay success. At any rate they took up with other playwrights and were favorites until their retirement.

It is probably over fifty years since they opened with the new play "Caste" and made a spectacular success. Probably few in America knew that Lady Bancroft was still living. There have been such immense changes in literature, politics, stage lore, and the world generally that it came with a shock of surprise, in reading of Lady Bancroft's death, that the Victorian era has so great a nearness to our own.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Questionnaires sent out to Georgia farmers by banks revealed that the farmers are holding 51 per cent. of last year's cotton crop for higher prices and that they intend to reduce acreage 40 per cent. this year.

So the public will know them, and as an additional punishment, the chief of police of Juarez ordered the heads of all pickpockets shaved when culprits are released from prison.

G. W. Forster of the Bureau of Farm Management of the Department of Agriculture predicts that farm labor will be plentiful throughout the entire United States during 1921.

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The Columbia Theatre.

Rip Van Winkle, impersonated by Frank Keenan, will claim the attention of local amusement lovers at the Columbia for one more week starting Monday, July 4th.

Mr. Keenan is seen in the character made famous by the late Joseph Jefferson, and it is interesting to note that in this most important of stage revivals he has had the able assistance of Thomas Jefferson, son of the senior Jefferson, who himself played the rôle several thousand times.

Memories of Joseph Jefferson are not to be effaced. However, seeing that "Rip Van Winkle" is in itself a play so well worth preserving, Thomas Wilkes, who is presenting the revival, could not have secured a more fitting actor to appear in it than Frank Keenan, who has the able assistance of William Courtleigh, Julia Blanc, Ruth Hammond, Frederick Manley, John D'Ormond, Arthur Villars, H. N. Dudgeon, Ivy Matheson, Maurice Cytron, Otto Brower, Stanton Williams, and Gertrude Messenger.

The Orpheum.

"A Trip to Hitland" next week brings to the Orpheum ten of the country's most popular song composers, personages who were responsible for such musical successes as "Broadway Rose," "Oh Johnny," "Key to My Cellar," "Baby Shoes," and hundreds of other equally popular numbers which everybody sang. They do an act, an unusual but exceedingly entertaining one. The same talents they availed themselves upon when writing songs they are devoting now to entertainment of their audiences.

One of the cleverest comedy players in vaudeville, Wilfred Clarke, with Grace Menken and company, will offer a farce-comedy, "Now What." Clarke himself wrote it. Vaudeville fans know his acts invariably to be torrents of fun.

Former star of "Canary Cottage," Carl McCullough, one of the cleverest men today on the stage, is to present his diversion entitled "Squirrel Haven." Tom Elliott will assist.

Two jewels in a new setting, Clara Barry supported by Orville Whiting, will offer their assemblage of clever songs and bright patter. Both new theatrical reputations in other fields

than vaudeville, and their union for Orpheum purposes represents a combination productive of much pleasure for audiences.

Important factors in the world of make-believe are Emma Francis and Harold Kennedy, who have original laughs, songs, and dances. Needless to mention, persons of their reputation will add much to next week's bill.

Max York's school has six little dogs for pupils, whose efforts to learn are ripe with ludicrous antics. York does acrobatic feats and his pupils try to copy him. The result is a lot of fun and laughter.

A form of gymnastic entertainment presented in the setting of a drawing-room will be the contribution the Recktors will furnish. They are generally popular with all classes.

"Bubbles," with its cast of Jack Norton, Queenie Smith, Frank Farrington, Marjorie Leach, and all the other pretty "Bubbles," which scores so interestingly this week, is to continue for the ensuing seven days as the one holdover.

"Over the Hill" Coming.

William Fox, the motion-picture producer, has set a pace by his presentation of a picture known as "Over the Hill," which was made from Will Carleton's "Farm Ballads." The New York press and public promptly and enthusiastically endorsed the picture. The result was a tremendous popularity, which has kept the production on Broadway ever since last September.

The story of "Over the Hill," which has for its keynote the love of a mother, has been made a tremendously gripping thing at the hands of Paul H. Sloane, who made the screen adaptation, and by reason of the staging and direction, which were entrusted to Harry Millarde.

The production will be seen here at the Columbia Theatre beginning the night of Sunday, July 10th.

The line, "Look what I done for you and him and me," is good American, but better American, I believe, would be, "Look what I done for him and you and I." This, however, brings up a subject to which one ought to be able to devote a whole volume, but one aint goin' to. One is only goin' to state that mysterious rules govern the cases of personal pronouns in our language and one hasn't had time to solve the mysteries even since prohibition. We say, "He come up to me in the club," but we also say, "He came up to Charley and I in the club," or even, "He come up to I and Charley in the club." Charley's presence in the club seems, for some reason or another to alter my case. The other night I was reading a play script by one of this country's foremost dramatists, and recurring in it was the stage direction, "A look passes between he and So-and-So." But this playwright wouldn't think of saying or writing, "She passed he a look." My theory on this particular point is that when the common American citizen, whom we will call Joe, was in his last year in school (the sixth grade) the teacher asked him bow many boys there were in his family. He replied: "Just Frank and me." "Just Frank and I," corrected the teacher. And the correction got Joe all balled up.—*Ring Lardner in the Bookman.*

A wireless plant has been installed by the navy on the Oregon coast for the purpose of giving vessels their bearings during fogs and in bad storms.

No micro-organism has been found which is capable of withstanding 315,000 pounds pressure.

YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA.

The historic battlefield of Yorktown, Virginia, where the British general, Cornwallis, surrendered, and where for all practical purposes the American Revolution was brought to a victorious conclusion, may soon be made into a shrine to share popularity with Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, and Mt. Vernon.

The little village and its surroundings form the subject of the following hulletin issued from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic Society:

"Though Yorktown was not a thriving community nor a place noted for its accessibility during Revolutionary days, it was relatively much more important and much less remote from the daily life of the country than it has been at any time since. Most other American towns were small in those days, ports were few, and railroads were unthought of. As cities have sprung up where there were only hamlets or patches of wilderness before, and as railroads have brought even the two oceans relatively closer together, Yorktown, at a point where little commerce has been developed, and without rail connections, has become in effect more and more remote, and its character as a sleepy village has become more and more emphasized.

"The Yorktown of today is a community of less than 250 inhabitants with a few fine old colonial homes and a number of less pretentious dwellings. The nearest railroad lies eight miles to the south. In the town is a monument erected in 1881 on the 100th anniversary of the surrender of the British. As a reminder of the early importance of Yorktown there still exists the first custom house in the United States. Near the village are remains of the forts and redoubts whose capture by the Revolutionary soldiers and their French allies marked the real birth of the United States. The scene of Cornwallis' surrender, which was by proxy through his General O'Hara, is believed to be in the open country just south of the village.

"Yorktown is on a narrow peninsula lying between the wide estuaries of the James and York rivers, and is where the latter meets Chesapeake Bay. Cornwallis, after scouring Virginia, burning homes, killing and driving off stock, and capturing large numbers of slaves, retired down the peninsula to Yorktown. Lafayette, with a handful of American soldiers, followed at a distance. It was when this situation was pointed out to Washington that he was persuaded to abandon his plan to attack New York and instead to take his own forces from West Point and Rochambeau's division from Providence, Rhode Island, to stake all on a battle in the south. The arrival of De Grasse with a French fleet in the Chesapeake, blocking the entrance to that bay and preventing reinforcements reaching Cornwallis, made the defeat of the latter inevitable.

"It is not strange that Cornwallis considered Yorktown a good location for military headquarters in spite of the ease with which the peninsula might be blockaded. It possesses a truly remarkable deep-water harbor, and Cornwallis counted on the maintenance of communication by water with the heavy British forces in New York.

"Yorktown's harbor was put to good use during the world war, and so for the second

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time played an important part in the country's martial history. In the mouth of the York River opposite the famous village the greater part of the Atlantic fleet at times rode at anchor. There, behind the defenses at the entrance to the Chesapeake, and further protected by nets and patrols across the mouth of the York, dreadnoughts and lesser vessels were safe from molestation by enemy submarines. Thousands of men were intensively trained for naval duty at this anchorage while the whereabouts of the fleet was kept a profound secret. The Yorktown anchorage was alluded to in official communications throughout the war only as "Base 2."

The deepest place in the ocean yet found, 5269 fathoms, or about six miles, was discovered by the United States steamship *Nero* in 1899 at latitude 12 degrees 43 minutes north, longitude 145 degrees 49 minutes east. The maximum average yearly temperature of the surface occurs in the Indian Ocean and is nearly 85 degrees Fahrenheit. At great depths the temperature does not vary much the world round. Below 400 fathoms the temperatures are mostly within five degrees of freezing. Sir John Murray calculated that at least 80 per cent. of all the ocean water has a temperature below 40 degrees. By estimating the weight of salt in the ocean and comparing it with the rate of inflow of salt from the rivers, Joly has concluded that the age of the ocean does not exceed 100,000,000 years.

President Harding has received a permanent pass to a chain of motion pictures in Washington. The pass is made of gold, but under the law the war tax of 10 per cent. must be paid.

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VANITY FAIR.

Can the oyster rightfully be accused of making an artificial pearl? One would suppose not, but none the less it has been done, and while no one proposes that the oyster shall be punished for the fraud, there is a demand for measures against those who tempted his feet, so to speak, from the straight and narrow path of rectitude.

It seems that the London market has been flooded with pearls that, unlike Caesar's wife, are by no means above suspicion. They had a slightly greenish tint, as though they had something in their little insides that ought not to be there. The mystery was solved when a London dealer cut one of these pearls in two. He found it contained a tiny fragment of oyster shell, and then the process of manufacture was apparent. The ingenious Japanese fisherman has been studying the habits, preferences, and prejudices of the oyster, and particularly his desire for that life of tranquil meditation that may be said to be his main characteristic. Now if a small fragment of his own shell is placed inside the oyster, where it can be trusted to inflict the maximum of annoyance, like a speck in the human eye, the "succulent bivalve"—as the literary reporter would say—proceeds to cover its irritating edges with a layer of pearl and presently an actual pearl is produced. But in what way can this be said to be a fraudulent or imitation pearl? It is strongly suspected that all pearls are the result of the oyster's effort to furnish his home with smooth and non-abrasive surfaces, and that the tiny speck of shell, artificially introduced, does no more than give an added incentive to his industry and save him from those habits of indolence that might otherwise lead to his moral deterioration. The Japanese fisherman may have erred in selecting unnecessarily bulky pieces of shell for the pearling process, but it is hard to see that there is anything fraudulent about it, or that the results are an "imitation" of the real thing, seeing that the oyster would have found something to complain about in any event. One might as well talk about imitation honey because there are various ways in which bees can be stirred to unwonted activity. It would seem that anything that looks so like a pearl as to defy detection and that is made by an oyster is a pearl. So far from deprecating the ingenuity of the Japanese fishermen he

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ought to be commended, not only for giving us a larger supply of beautiful gems, but also for instituting habits of industry in a department of the animal kingdom where idleness and lethargy have hitherto been the dominant characteristics.

Arnold Bennett says somewhere that we are undoubtedly moving slowly toward sex equality. It may be so, but there is no necessary assumption that we shall ever get there. A man walking down Market Street is moving slowly toward Thibet, but he is unlikely to reach it.

Mr. Bennett's remark was due to an incident that occurred in a London restaurant of the second class. A waiter asked a lady to desist from smoking, and when she refused he knocked the cigarette from her mouth. This could not have occurred, says Mr. Bennett, in a high-class restaurant. It was a middle-class survival of an obsolete prejudice. Nothing is commoner in really fashionable restaurants than smoking by ladies, "but apparently restaurants of a more bourgeois type have a different code; also the waiters thereof have a different code." Then Mr. Bennett adds, "The sad fact is that the fight for sex equality is not yet over. It is won, but not finished, and a 'sort of war' persists in odd corners of the battlefield." But even fashionable women, we are reminded, may not smoke everywhere. A duchess may smoke in a restaurant-car on a train, but she would never smoke on the top of an omnibus. But then there was a time when any woman would risk her reputation by being on the top of an omnibus, smoking or no smoking. So the world does move, casual appearances to the contrary.

Mr. Bennett should turn his eagle eye in the direction of America. Here we seem to be on the back trail so far as smoking by women is concerned. Representative Johnson of Mississippi has just introduced a bill into Congress prohibiting "female persons" from smoking in Washington. The bill provides a fine of \$25 for a first offense and \$100 for every cigarette thereafter. Nothing is said about pipes or cigars, presumably because not even the Mississippi imagination can picture such a degradation as this. Mr. Johnson's feelings have been outraged by the sights that offend his eye whenever he takes his walks abroad. He saw a young lady take a cigarette from the hand of her escort and solace herself with a fugitive puff. Girls at college learn to smoke and then they corrupt their families. There are actually women who nurse their babies and smoke at the same time, thus saturating their offspring with the infernal influence. What are we to do about it, asks Mr. Johnson? What can we do about it except pass a law? The women themselves don't want to smoke, says Mr. Johnson, who seems to know all about it. But they have to. It is the fashion. It is done by leaders of society and the poor creatures must follow suit. They ought to be rescued. They will welcome the redeeming hand of the legislator and of the law. A great many people "down home" have written and told him so.

Mr. Johnson further wishes it to be understood that men lose their respect for women who smoke. He does himself, and that ought to settle the matter. He was brought up to reverence womanhood, but he "must confess" that he feels his reverence running out of the spigot when he sees a woman with a cigarette. But there is still a little balm in Gilead. Mr. Johnson has no objection to smoking by men so long as they do not smoke to excess. But let them be careful. Let them not exceed the bounds of moderation or there will be another little bill for their exclusive benefit.

And so how about the sex equality toward which Mr. Bennett thinks we are slowly moving? Not, it seems, in Mississippi. Not "down home," where they pass resolutions of approval in the Baptist Chapel and cheer Mr. Johnson upon his wild career. Women shall not be allowed to lose the respect of men if Mr. Johnson can prevent it with his little blue bill. And now we should like to know what Mr. Johnson proposes to do to prevent men from losing the respect of women. It is to be feared that no legislation can solve that problem.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Her chief object was to make a fool of the latest fashionable philosopher. "Tell me," she cooed, "don't you find it a little difficult sometimes to write all those bard things about women?" The philosopher regarded her with impartial eyes. "There is a certain difficulty, madam," he replied; "but it is purely one of selection."

John Hays Hammond is one of the richest men in the world, and a tax collector tells a good story about him. The collector called on Mr. Hammond one day on the subject of income tax, and Mr. Hammond, after his income tax had been computed, said: "Look here, I guess I'll keep the tax and let you government people keep the income."

An Indianapolis resident went up to the sidewalk newsstand to buy his regular weekly magazine. "Police stopped us sellin' anything but newspapers. Drug stores and hotel newsstands made a kick against us," the attendant told him. "You mean no one is selling magazines from the street newsstands?" asked the would-be purchaser. "Nobody except the stand on the next corner. He's bootleggin' 'em."

A Scotchman who was notorious as a skeptic had erected a massive mausoleum for his final rest and one day he observed an elder of the kirk gazing at it. "Strong place that, hey David?" he said. "It'll tak a mon some time tae raise up oot o' that at the Day o' Judgment." "Hoot mon," said David, "ye can gie yersel little fash about raisin' when that day comes. They'll tak the bottom oot o' it and let you fa' doon."

An Irishman visiting a friend in the hospital began to take an interest in the other patients. "What are you in here for?" he asked one. "I've got tonsillitis, and I've got to have my tonsils out," was the answer. "And you?" he asked another. "I've got blood poisoning in the arm, and they're going to cut it off," was the reply. "Heavens!" said Pat, in horror, "this aint no place for me. I've got a cold in my head. I guess I'll be going."

"Good advertising," says a man well up in that line, "benefits any form of business. The right sort of advertising gives you a friendly feeling toward a firm. It makes you believe that it will be both pleasant and profitable to deal with the advertiser. A certain grocer once inserted in the newspapers an advertisement that had this merit. It ran. 'Twins are come to me for the third time. This time a boy and a girl. I beseech my friends to support me stoutly.'"

"Once a charming young woman presented a small check at my window," said the speaker at a recent bankers' convention. "She was transparently honest, but had no acquaintance in the bank nor any letters or other papers with her. I asked her if she had a handkerchief or some article of jewelry marked with her name or initials. After a moment's deep thought her face brightened and she asked: 'Would an initialed garter buckle do?'" "Did she get the money?" asked a voice in a tone of detached scientific inquiry from the back of the room. "I must remind you," said the speaker, judicially, "that a bank's relations with its clients often are highly confidential."

A golfer dropped into a New York store to buy a driver. "This club is off balance," he remarked to the clerk as he juggled a nice-looking brassie. "That is a special order club. Let me have it, please," said the clerk nervously, piquing the curiosity of the shopper. The manager, an old friend of the golfer, happened along just then. "Bill," asked the customer, "what the deuce is the matter with this club? Just heft the darned thing. It's all off balance." Bill looked wise, and he looked all around carefully, then he replied in a stage whisper: "Pete, that is the best club in the hag. It holds just two drinks of hooch. See here, how the handle is hollowed out." And Scotland was vindicated.

"Many stories are told," said Colonel Ellison P. Masters at a Fort Sheridan tea, "of French hotel extortions. But the worst I have heard was related to me by an army friend. He went to a hotel in Paris without making a bargain about rates and dined altogether at restaurants with friends. One evening, as he was starting out as usual, the proprietor accosted him in the hall and inquired: 'I hope you are dining with us tonight, monsieur?' 'No,' my friend answered, 'I have an engagement.' The proprietor with a despairing gesture exclaimed: 'It is an insult to the establishment, monsieur, never to dine here.' 'Not at all,' my friend answered, and thought no more of the matter. But when he came to pay his hotel bill, although he had not eaten any meals there, he found this item:

'Twelve dinners—350 francs.' 'But I took no dinners here,' the guest protested to the proprietor. 'You remarked about that to me yourself.' 'I know you didn't,' was the reply. 'Had you taken those dinners the price would only have been 250 francs.' 'And what, in heaven's name, are the extra hundred francs for?' 'For the insult, monsieur, for the insult.'

Father Bernard Vaughan is London's most fashionable and also her most democratic clergyman. He tells a story about a boy. "This boy called on me one afternoon when I had warned my housekeeper that I was too tired to see any one. 'That's a nice message to send a boy of this here parish,' I overheard him answer. 'You tell him I want to see him spiritual! So, of course, I put on my birreta and came downstairs. When I got down the stairs the boy said: 'Father, that's a nice message to send a pore boy in the parish—to go away because you're tired. I want to see you private. I don't want to see you out in this 'all, where everybody can 'ear our business. Mayn't we talk somewhere quiet?' So I said, 'Come into the dining-room,' and took him there, prepared for fearful revelations and spiritual difficulties, naturally. And then he said, 'Father, you aint got such a t'bing as a pair of trousers, 'ave yer?' So I said, 'Yes, old chap, I have; and I have got them on.'"

The captain of a ship had some Scotch in his cabin and wanted to transfer it to a thirsty family in the best part of the city, but customs officers barred the way. Then a taxi was backed up against the wharf. The steward received orders from the bridge to produce the ship's cat in a sack. The old man hadn't got off the gangplank before he was pounced upon by a customs man. "What you got in that sack?" he asked. "A cat," was the reply. "Let's have a look at it," persisted the law. The bag was opened and out hopped Thomas and scuttled back aboard. The captain chased after it. Presently he appeared with the sack. "Did you get him?" asked the customs man. "I sure did and he won't get away again," was the reply. "Sorry to give you all that trouble, captain, but duty is duty, sir." "Don't mention it; I admire you for it. What the service wants is more men like you," said the skipper, as he climbed aboard the taxi with his sack, which this time, instead of a cat, contained three bottles of Scotch.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Soliloquy Written in a Bathtub.

Of course there's no way out of it, and yet
When I behold my lack of pulchritude
My soul is scared by this one vain regret:
That bathing can't be done same in the nude.
'Tis well, old tub—and I do not disguise
The deep, deep satisfaction that is mine—
That you've no brains nor voice and have no eyes

To gaze upon this "human form divine"!

When I behold this travesty on man
(Created, 'tis alleged the Perfect One);
When I this queer, crude architecture scan
I feel the worst of evil has been done.
And as I gaze upon my spindling shanks,
Each one disfigured by a knobby knee,
I plunge them 'neath the water and give thanks
A bathroom is a place of privacy!

There may be those, old tub, who daily go
Through their ablutions with a brow serene—
I doubt it not at all—but this I know:
That I am no seductive bathing queen! . . .
One sweetly solemn thought comes to my mind
While here I sit (it makes my eyes grow dim):
Clothes do not make the man, hut, well designed,
They do, thank heaven, make the most of him!

—Roscoe E. McGowen in *Life*.

The Bolsheviks'll Git You.

Mr. Milton Lusk's come to Albany to stay,
An' chew the Bolsheviks up, an' chase the "Reds"
away,
An' 'vestigate the Socialists, an' squelch 'em when
they preach,
An' make some laws, an' write a book, an' censor
them that teach;
An' all us other citizens when legislatur's done,
We set around with open mouths an' has the
mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the bomb-plots 'at Milton talks about.
An' the Bolsheviks'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' Mr. Milton Lusk he says, when "Reds" are
about,
An' the Rand School's runnin', an' the *Call*
speaks out,
An' folks read the *Nation*, and' the *Liberator*, too,
An' every one's allowed to have his own point of
view,
You better watch the principals and teachers in
the schools,
An' make 'em sign certificates, an' bound 'em
round with rules,
An' watch the shows they go to, an' the things
they talk about,
Er the Bolsheviks'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

—Reuben Peterson, Jr., in *New York Evening Post*.

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PERSONAL

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Delano of Washington have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Louise Delano, and Colonel Sherwood Cheney, U. S. A. The latter was stationed for several years in San Francisco. The marriage of Miss Delano and Colonel Cheney will take place in September at the bride's country home in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

The marriage of Miss Emily Burns of Brookline, Massachusetts, and Mr. Hillyer Brown, son of Dr. and Mrs. P. K. Brown of San Francisco, was solemnized last Wednesday at the Church of Our Saviour in Brookline. The bride's attendants included her sister, Miss Sylvia Burns, Miss Phoebe Brown, Miss Mary Proctor, Miss Margaret Kennard, Miss Dorothy Thorndyke, Miss Harriet Stevens, and Miss Alice Lee. The ushers were Mr. Eliot Cabot of Boston, Mr. Frederick Bulard of Detroit, Mr. Wendell Davis, Mr. C. R. Larrabee of Chicago, Mr. Davis Merwin, Mr. Robert Leshner, Mr. Ambrose Chambers, and Mr. John Cowles of Des Moines. A reception was held at the Brookline Country Club following the

church services. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Burns, Jr. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Brown will reside in Sea Cliff.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith gave a dinner Monday night in Burlingame. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, and Captain Ronald Banon.

Miss Edna Taylor entertained at luncheon Friday in Menlo Park, her guests having included Miss Dolly Kuba, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Katherine Kuhn, and Miss Barbara Kimble.

Miss Anne Dibblee and Miss Margaret Madison were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Wednesday at the Marin Golf and Country Club by Miss Patience Winchester and Miss Florence Martin. Those asked to greet the brides-elect included Mrs. Harry Evans, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Ruth Hohart, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Audrey Williams, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Caroline Madison, and Miss Ethel Lilley.

Miss Doris and Miss Betty Schmiedell were hostesses at a dinner-dance Wednesday evening, complimenting Miss Madison, Miss Dibblee, Mr. Frederick Beaver, and Mr. Wakefield Baker. The affair was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin gave a picnic supper and dance Saturday night at Cupertino to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of their wedding. More than a hundred guests assembled for the occasion.

Mrs. Isaac Requa gave a dinner last Wednesday in Piedmont, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Salem Pohlman, Mr. and Mrs. Zook Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Russell, General and Mrs. O. F. Long, Mrs. Joseph King, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King, Jr., Mrs. Mark Requa, Miss Alice Requa, and Mr. Lawrence Requa.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Ames entertained at dinner Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins was a luncheon and bridge hostess Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear gave a dinner Saturday in Ross, their guests including Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Dean Dillmann, Mr. Oliver Lyman, Mr. Barroll McNear, and Ensign Nicholas Van Bergen, U. S. N.

Miss Beatrice McBryde entertained at a dance Saturday evening in honor of Miss Frances Revett and Mr. Bradley Wallace. The affair was held at the home of the hostess in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Jean de St. Cyr entertained a group of friends at dinner Thursday in San Mateo, among those attending the affair having been Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Miss Ysaiah Chase, Mr. Robert Burroughs, Mr. Harry Hunt, and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Mrs. Charles Snowden Redfield of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Saturday in Menlo Park by Mrs. Timothy Hopkins. Among those asked to meet the visitor were Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Warren Clark, Mrs. Leroy Nickel, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mrs. Butler Breeden was hostess at a picnic luncheon Sunday for Miss Elizabeth Malthy and Mr. Walton Hedges. Among those at the affair were Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Dolly Kuhn, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Caroline Malthy, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Claudine Spreckels, Mr. Alan Drum, Mr. Jack Breeden, Mr. John Mace, Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Randolph Malthy, Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., Mr. Edward McNear, and Mr. William Sherwood.

Mr. Richard Tobin gave a luncheon Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club for Miss Ruth Chatterton, others in the party having been Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley, and Miss Lillian Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering gave a dinner a

few evenings ago for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. John Henderson of New York, and Mr. Case Deering of Honolulu.

Miss Alyse Allen gave a luncheon Friday for Miss Frances Revett.

Commander and Mrs. Wallace Bertholf entertained a group of friends at luncheon Friday.

Miss Marie Louise Potter gave a luncheon Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club, among her guests having been Miss Aileen McNutt, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Miss Adelaide Griffith gave a house party over the week-end at Brookdale. Among the guests were Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Ruth Whitley, Miss Katherine Robinson, Mr. Charles Fay, Jr., Mr. James Griffith, Mr. James Pullian, and Mr. Paul McCoy.

Mrs. Richard McCreery gave a birthday party last Tuesday for Miss Isabelle McCreery.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Singing Fairy.

There was a fairy once
Who lived alone
In a mossy hole
Under a stone.

Never abroad she went;
Only at night
When the moon was clear
And the stars bright

High on the stone she stood,
Lifted her head
And stayed singing there
Till the dark fled.

All the woods listened then,
Not a leaf stirred;
Sweeter far the song
Than song of bird.

Whence and how it came
None ever knew—
None but the fairy—
And me—and you.

—R. F. in Punch.

The Tinker's Wooing.

Alone with the ass, on the open road,
And no one to share my wide abode;
Single, the jingle of pot and pan
Must answer my voice, says the Tinker Man.
Alone in the night, and alone in the day,
Alone in the gold, and alone in the gray,
As Adam himself, when the world began,
So I'll wed me a wife, says the Tinker Man.

Tinker, Tailor, young girls say,
I must wed a thief one day,
Drover, and Draper, and Publican,
But the first in the line is the Tinker Man.

The Poacher has his traps and guns:
The Housewife rags and rusty tins:
The Cook has kettles, half a score,
That I must moulder and mend once more.
The Dairymaid has pails and pans,
The Gardener with his watering cans,
They all must trade with the Tinker Man,
And so they did since the roads began.

So I'll get me a girl with moon-dyed hair,
And a face as sweet as the morning air;
She shall not sew, she shall not spin,
She'll have no need to wash and wring;
She shall not churn, with arms that ache,
Nor sweep, nor scrub, nor brew, nor bake,
Nor feed the pigs nor tend the fowls,
But call the larks, and bats, and owls.
The woods for her bower, the moor for her hall,
And the edge of the world for her garden wall.
The road for her stair, and the wind for her fan,
She'll ride, as the bride of the Tinker Man.
An egg to her breakfast, a fowl to her tea,
So she shall fare, who goes with me,
The Bride of the decent Tinker Man:
Who'll mind her, and find her the best he can.

Tinker, Tailor, young girls say,
Wed a rogue and weep away,
Drover, and Draper, and Publican,
But the first in the line is the Tinker Man.
—E. C. Wickham in the Westminster Gazette.

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Vallejo Celebration July Fourth.

Novel methods have been adopted by the "Big Four" committee, which has in charge the Fourth of July celebration at Vallejo, for boosting the event. A desire for quick action in completing arrangements for the celebration resulted in the drafting into service of an airplane in which Harry Newton flew to Vallejo from Redwood City and closed contracts for the fireworks and airplane stunts. The feature is claimed as the first successful "selling by airplane" venture in the West.

Zyxt is the last word in the English language, according to the Oxford dictionary, which has now said its last word; that is to say, the forty years' toil of Sir James Murray and his coadjutors has come to its end with the last word that can be found to go into it. The Oxford has gone all the other recent dictionaries, which end with the word "zyxomma," one better by discovering "zyxt." And what does it mean? It seems that the word is fourteenth-century Kentish dialect for "seest"—"thou zyxt." It was, indeed, only in recent times that the dictionaries had discovered "zyxomma," which is some kind of fly known to zoologists. The real old dictionaries used to end with "zymologist"—meaning one who follows the science of zymology, which is something or other, the writer is not quite sure what.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Major-General and Mrs. William Mason Wright and Miss Marjorie Wright arrived Wednesday from Washington. The army officer will assume command of the Department of the Pacific with headquarters at Fort Mason.

Mrs. William Babcock has purchased the C. A. Thayer residence in San Rafael and will make her home there.

Mr. William Sherwood has returned from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and has joined his mother, Mrs. Robert Noble and Colonel Noble at their town house.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have returned from a trip to New York.

Countess de Buyer has returned to France, after a visit of several months in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann have returned from a trip to Wawona.

Judge and Mrs. James Cooper and their little granddaughter, Miss Jane Cooper, have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mrs. Arthur Lord, Admiral Alexander Halstead, and Mr. Frederick Kohl spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour at Rutherford.

Miss Marion Zeile has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper is visiting Mrs. Downey Harvey and Miss Mary Louise Phelan in Saratoga. Mr. Herbert Walker of New York is visiting Mrs. H. Walter for a few weeks.

Mrs. Edwin Earl of Los Angeles is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Marje in Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman and Miss Lisa Stillman returned Saturday from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCormick will spend the month of July at Catalina.

Mrs. William Whittier is spending a few days in town at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Orrick and Mr. and Mrs.

Hugh Goodfellow have returned to Piedmont from Del Monte.

Mrs. Washington Dodge and Mr. Washington Dodge, Jr., returned Monday to San Francisco from New York. They have taken apartments at the Wiltshire Hotel.

Mrs. Henry Scott will spend the late summer season in London, where she has taken the house of Mrs. Reginald Brooke.

Mrs. Leopold Michaels has gone to Del Monte to spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne have opened their place at Woodside for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery and Miss Isabelle McCreery are passing several days at Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter are enjoying a brief sojourn at Tahoe.

Mr. Samuel Morse has returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis have taken a cottage at Monterey for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin and Mrs. Keeney arrived last week from Pittsburgh. They have taken Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight's cottage in Burlingame for the summer.

Commander John Hannigan, U. S. N., arrived last Thursday from Washington. He will be stationed for some months in San Francisco.

Admiral and Mrs. William Shoemaker and the Misses Katharine and Mary Shoemaker will arrive within a few days from Honolulu.

Countess Lewenhaupt has returned from a visit at Rutherford with Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Wakefield and Miss Jean Wakefield are at Brookdale for the summer.

Miss Kathleen Finnegan has gone to Santa Barbara for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibbice and their daughters will spend the month of July at Tahoe.

Mrs. James G. Blaine has returned to Rocklin from visiting Mrs. Whitney in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd-Butler have gone to New York for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop have gone to Ross to spend the rest of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Raas.

Mrs. Robert McMillan arrived last week from the East and is with her father, Mr. Blakeman, at the St. Francis.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Baldwin will return next week from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. John Akin Branch have gone to New York to visit Mr. and Mrs. John Kerr Branch. Later they will make their home in Richmond, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto are spending the summer at their country place on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury returned Sunday from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman left Friday for Brookway, where they will sojourn for a month.

Miss Josephine Grant and Miss Edith Grant have returned to Burlingame from a visit to their ranch near San Jose.

Major and Mrs. Shelby Tuttle have arrived from New York to make their permanent home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Forreder, Mr. Calvin Tilden, and Mr. Heber Tilden have left on a trip to Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald have moved to Ross for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Drum have returned from Yosemite.

Mrs. Knight Smith and her children have gone to Los Altos for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown left this week for a three months' visit in the East, accompanied by their son, Mr. Albert Lincoln Brown, who returned to his work at Harvard Medical School, Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Landfield are visiting Mr. William Crocker in Burlingame. The former arrived last week from New York.

Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., and Mr. Alan Drum spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. William Hitchcock.

Mrs. Anson Hotelling arrived the first of the week from a trip abroad. She will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton, returning to Europe in the autumn.

Mrs. C. L. Six of Stockton is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. D. Peters, at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman left Wednesday for the Feather River Inn.

Mrs. Leopold Heebner of New York is spending several weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wilcox of Los Angeles, who have been spending a portion of their wedding trip in San Francisco, left yesterday for Canada. They will return to Southern California the latter part of July.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt returned Tuesday from New York.

Miss Jennie Blair returned the first of the week from Morgan Hill, where she was the guest of Mrs. Edward Bosqui. Mr. and Mrs. Bosqui and Miss Marion Baker are spending the summer there.

Miss Jean Howard will return to New York in the fall to continue her studies.

Miss Florence Martin has returned to San Rafael from the McCloud River, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling.

Mr. and Mrs. Jared How of San Diego have taken a house in Pacific Grove for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud have rented their place, "Mon Repos," in Monterey to the W. S. Hooks, Jr., of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Maud are occupying the new bungalow they recently completed on another part of the property.

Among those registered at the Whitcomb are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Christian, Fresno; Mr. J. C. L. Krebe, Clyde, Ohio; Mr. W. S. Schoomaker, New York; Mr. and Mrs. George M. Fritzell, Phoenix; Mr. Joseph Brady, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jacobsen, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. Perry E. Weidner, Los Angeles; Mr. S. H. Schafer, Chicago; Mr. D. B. Eastman, Fresno; Mr. L. E. Green, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Straub, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Clark, San Francisco; Mr. C. F. Montgomery, Los Angeles; Judge and Mrs. John E. Rubando, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Lockengard, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Johnson, Portland, Oregon; Mr. R. O. Burdun, Hongkong, China; Mr. James M. Rafferty, Manila.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis are Mr. C. H. Baker, Los Angeles; Dr. R. S. Gordon, Washington, D. C.; Dr. F. C. Bishop, Dr. Walter Hillman, Los Angeles; Mr. Robert Huline, Fresno; Mr. W. H. Schmidlapp, Mr. Charles Boldt, Cincinnati; Mr. Lee H. Simondon, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lawrence, New York; Mr. F. J. Owens, Kansas City; Mr. Roy Stewart, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. K. Pergler, Czechoslovak Minister to Japan; Mr. J. C. Frankel, New York; Mr. Reynolds C. Frampton, St. Louis; Colonel and Mrs. Allen Reiss, London; Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Wellman, Hartford City, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Duncan, New York; Mr. William Clayton, San Diego.

New Voters' Day Celebration.

In cooperation with Governor Stephens, the New Voters' Day Committee of the American Legion has arranged for its second annual celebration on the evening of July 1st in Union Square, San Francisco. Other towns—San Jose, Santa Cruz, Calistoga, Palo Alto, and San Diego—will hold similar celebrations. The exercises will be patriotic in character and will be accompanied by martial music. Various organizations are cooperating to make this occasion one of distinction, to the end of stimulating and extending patriotic sentiment. Mr. Léon French is chairman of this year's event and Mrs. Edna Aiken is secretary.

One of the greatest penalties that can be imposed on a Hindu is that of being out-casted, as it means social ostracism. No man may eat with him and his own relations will not permit him in their homes.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

SECURITY BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, 316 Montgomery Street, San Francisco (Savings Department).—For the half-year ending June 30, 1921, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on savings deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1921. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1921. Money deposited on or before July 11, 1921, will earn interest from July 1, 1921. EDWARD D. OAKLEY, Secretary.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1921, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1921. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1921. Money deposited on or before July 11, 1921, will draw interest from July 1, 1921. H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

BANK OF ITALY—Head Office, Market, Powell, and Eddy Streets; Branches: Southeast corner Montgomery and Clay Streets; Market Street, junction Market, Turk, and Mason Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1921, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1921. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1921. Deposits made on or before July 11, 1921, will earn interest from July 1, 1921. A. P. GIANNINI, President.

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Lightning Zones.

The time-worn theory that "lightning never strikes twice in the same place" has been modified by forest experts of the United States Department of Agriculture to this extent: Lightning very often strikes in nearly the same places. It has its zones, in other words, where its appearance may usually be counted on with each electrical storm.

With the accumulation of data on causes and locations of fires in the national forests, these lightning zones could be mapped out and protective measures introduced—such as fire lines, regulated grazing, and cleaning out of dead trees—which would more or less automatically control lightning fires at the start, the foresters believe. If these lightning zones were so mapped they would doubtless show a markedly close relation to certain types of topography and sometimes more or less localized sections of many forests.

Next to campers and sparks from locomotives, lightning ranks third as the source of fires in the national forests. The records of the Forest Service of the department show that for the years 1914 to 1918, inclusive, lightning caused on the average 30 per cent. of all fires reported. However, during 1920, a very unusual season, over 50 per cent. of the 6078 fires that occurred in the national forests were set by lightning.

To safeguard the nation's bread supply up to next midsummer it will be necessary for Germany to import 1,600,000 tons of wheat, rye, corn, and barley.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What relation does a stork bear to mankind?" "Either a son or a daughter."—*Yale Record*.

He—Have you heard about the two worms fighting in dead earnest? She—No. Poor Ernest!—*Williams Purple Cove*.

"The telephone girl is always so cheerful." "Especially when she can't get the number you want."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"What is it, sir?" "I want to speak to Cutie." "You'll have to be more explicit. We have four stenographers."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mrs. Profiteer (relating her experiences)—Yes, my dear, and we saw a volcano. You know—one which overflows with lager.—*London Mail*.

Old Lady—I hope you don't sell papers on Sunday. Newsboy (sadly)—No'm; I aint big enuf to carry the Sunday 'ditions yit.—*Virginia Reel*.

She—Aren't the Howlers very high-toned people? He—High-toned? I should say they are. Why, when they quarrel you can hear them two blocks away.—*Boston Transcript*.

"You didn't open your mouth once during the entire session." "You are quite wrong, my friend, because each time you took the floor I yawned."—*Paris Le Journal Amusant*.

The Patron—Look-a-here, I paid an amusement tax of 10 per cent. of the price of my seat. The Box-Office Man—Well? The Patron—Hand it back. I was not amused.—*Detroit News*.

The Vicar—I suppose you've a large family to support, Mrs. Dempsey? Mrs. Dempsey—I have, sir; and if they didn't all earn their own living I couldn't manage it.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"You think all wealth should be divided up?" "I do," replied the hazy Socialist. "In what way would you proceed?" "Oh, most any way that'll give me first pick."—*Washington Star*.

"He has a wonderful war record. I understand he was twice decorated for bravery." "Better than that! The government even included his name on the slacker list."—*New York Sun*.

"How about your stenographers?" "In what particular?" "Do they watch the clock?" "No, there's a full-length mirror at the opposite end of the office."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"What do you do when you find a poker chip in the collection basket?" "Sometimes I get excellent results." "As to how?" "Last

Sunday I found one, announced the fact, and seven gentlemen sent up money to redeem it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Yes, sir," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I told Josh that no matter how fascinatin' his Greek and Latin might be, he must not let 'em interfere with his studyin' the traffic regulations."—*Washington Star*.

Mr. Everbroke—I like the apartment very well, but the tenth floor is rather too high. The Agent—Bill collectors are not permitted to use the elevators. Mr. Everbroke—You may make out my lease.—*Boston Transcript*.

Irate Visitor—Mr. Editor, I've been told that you have printed in your sheet that I am the greatest swindler the world has ever known. Editor—No, sir! Not in my paper. It contains only the latest news.—*Boston Globe*.

The Judge (to prisoner)—When were you born? (No reply.) Did you hear what I asked? When is your birthday? Prisoner (sullenly)—Wot do you care? You aint going to give me nothing.—*Copenhagen Klods-Hans*.

The Rancher—Aint you mor'n doubled the price of rope the last few days? The Storekeeper—Reckon so. I've been hearin' some talk of the boys goin' to lynch the profiteers an' I'm resolved to sell my life dearly.—*Houston Post*.

Lady (at fruit stand)—Yes, but aren't these gooseberries rather dirty? Merchant (sarcastically)—Dirty! Think a hoke can wash 'em and part their 'air in the middle for fourpence a pound these 'ard times?—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"Where in the demnition blazes is that new reporter, Jobbles?" bellowed the city editor. "I sent him over to cover a lecture on the 'Missing Link,'" said the assistant city editor. "You did, eh? Well, I hope you told him to sit in the rear where he wouldn't attract much attention. At a meeting of that kind he's liable to be drafted."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

TESTS FOR INSANITY.

Thirty years ago a clever author wrote a book in which he tried to show that the geniuses of the world had all been insane. Today there are doctors who are going further, and are propounding the startling theory that few, if any, people are entirely sane. Mental specialists are also falling foul of the legal test as to what constitutes insanity as regards the responsibility of each of us for any breach of the law we may commit.

The law holds that, in order to entitle a person charged with crime to be acquitted on the ground of insanity, it is not enough to show that he was suffering from mental instability or mental disease, or in other words was insane at the time he committed the act; but that the defense must go further, and satisfy the jury that he did not know what he was doing, or if he did know what he was doing, that he did not know it was wrong to do it.

The law inquires into the degree of the insanity and its effect upon the specific action of the accused.

A person who is without intellectual faculties—a congenital idiot, or who is permanently or totally insane—is not criminally responsible at all, for he can not have had a criminal intent.

A person who is only partially or only temporarily insane is not responsible for an act done during and in consequence of a phase of mental incapacity. For example, a man suffering from delirium tremens, which so affects his mind that he is not conscious of the nature of an act done by him in one of his paroxysms is entitled to a verdict of guilty but insane; which means that he will be detained until he is cured.

It is these partial occasional darkenings of the mental faculties that are the most usual and that give rise to the difficulty of determining whether a person is or is not responsible in law for his act. For something done during a lucid interval, an occasional lunatic is considered to be as much responsible as an entirely sane person.

A partially insane person, such as those who suffer from delusions, but who, apart from the delusions, are capable of understand-

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ing, can only be considered irresponsible for what he does in consequence of his delusion. If A, for example, has the insane delusion that B is seeking to kill him, and that in self-defense he must kill B, and does so, he will not be guilty of murder. But the fact that A fancies he is the Cham of Tartary will not secure his acquittal if he poisons his wife. Doctors contend, however, that one delusion is sufficient to corrupt the whole mind, and it is absurd to say that a man with a delusion reasons and acts in a logical way.

Nearly akin to the defense of insanity is the defense of drunkenness, as to which it may be said that a drunken man must be presumed to have intended the natural consequence of his act, unless the jury is satisfied that his mind has been so affected by drink that he was incapable of knowing that what he was doing was likely to inflict serious injury. A case in point in which it had to be decided was the liability of a man who, while drunk, had murdered a girl. It was held that temporary drunkenness, weakening the will and mental powers of the prisoner, was no excuse, and that the criminal must be hanged.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2311. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 9, 1921. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Davis Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut's usage of books is expected. San Francisco, by Foster & O'Ree is to be paid for by the Post system by the news agents. of five cents will be the company on Southern Pacific boats and trains. Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Now or Never !

The atmosphere of the time favors the movement for reform of the conditions of industry in San Francisco. By its oppressive enforcements unionism—the particular brand of unionism that has ruled things here with a high hand these dozen years and more—has discredited itself. It has become in effect, not an aid and support of industry, but a burden and a menace. It has ceased to be a friend and promoter of the man who earns his living in the sweat of his face, but his arrogant master and a consumer of his substance. It has become an enemy of justice and progress. By its crimes—its sabotages, its restrictions, its denials of elementary right, its maimings and murderings of men whose only offense is their election to work independent of its authority—it has exhibited its unworthiness and has brought down upon itself the resentment of fair and honorable men in all ranks and walks of life. Labor as distinct from organized labor, even labor within the ranks of organized labor, realizes that a time has come for a new deal. The experiment, if it may be so called, of an irresponsible organization arrogating to itself rights equal or superior to that of government, actuated by selfish interest and proceeding by methods cruel and remorseless, has failed. The public understands it at last. Honorable labor, disappointed and chagrined, reluctantly concedes it. Verily a time has come when, if material prosperity is to be conserved,

if public morality is to be saved, there must be a new deal.

All this is not to say that unionism is not a legitimate and that it may not be a helpful factor in industry and in life in general. In the modern order of things capital, for its effective operation and in the public welfare, is permitted to work impersonally and with the aid and guidance of representative agents. It would be a denial of simple justice, a thwarting of social development, if there should not be conceded to labor a corresponding right of organization in defense of rights and legitimate interests with similar privilege of working impersonally through representative agents. No rational and fair man, no man whose thinking is not distorted by selfish interest or class calculation, will for a moment question the right or the propriety of labor to pursue its legitimate purposes and objects under the corporate principle.

To the rule of the open shop as it has hitherto been defined there have been and under fair analysis there remain certain obvious objections. There is an element of truth in the assertion that the unregulated open shop leaves the worker at the mercy of corporate capital and of the greed which is too often its dominating inspiration. Any order in industry which leaves either the interest of capital on the one hand or the interest of labor on the other at the mercy of unrestricted selfishness obviously opens the door to injustice. Advocates of the unrestricted open shop have never been able to meet fairly objections urged to it in respect of the opportunities it affords for exploitation of the workmen. On the other hand advocates of the closed shop have never been able to justify exclusion from the field of industry of any man who chooses to work independently of unionistic direction and of unionistic taxation.

There is a wide and proper field for legitimate unionism. Without it the man who works with his hands might easily be subjected to many forms of oppression. Experience recent and positive, here and elsewhere, proves this assertion. But unionism swollen in its pretensions, arrogant in its authority, oppressive in its methods alike to capital and labor, is a no less vicious institution than capital similarly unrestrained and selfishly extortionate.

In what is styled the American Plan there appears to have been found a solution equitable all around of a serious problem. The American Plan proposes regulation of the conditions of industry, including rates of wages, hours of labor, etc., by an impartial tribunal whose members shall be selected for character and judgment, void of selfish interest. Upon the basis of conditions so defined any man who chooses to work, be he a unionist or an independent workman, be he of any race, color, or condition, shall have the right to work unrestrained by any authority whatsoever. This plan would seem to meet every objection that has ever been urged against the principle of the open shop or that of the closed shop. It brings intelligence and disinterestedness into authority in defining the conditions of labor. It rejects alike the arbitrary mastership of capital and the arbitrary mastership of unionism. It is nothing more or less than a square deal all around. It has due regard for all interests and for all rights. It protects alike the workman, the capitalist, the consumer. It should save the wastes and cruelties alike of the lockout and of the strike. If there be any objection in economics or in morals to the American Plan nobody has yet risen on either side of the industrial issue to define and challenge it.

It is declared and we may easily believe it to be true that those who boss aggressively organized labor in San Francisco will oppose enforcement of the American Plan. Arbitrary power long exercised does not readily yield even to the demand of obvious justice. Your McCarthys and your Caseys—your bosses and whippers-in

of labor—are profoundly enamored of the powers in which their individual importance and their personal emoluments are founded. They will fight in selfish spirit and they will drag at their heels and bring to their support every force that can be attracted by selfishness, duplicity, ignorance, or a mistaken sense of class interest. None the less justice and right are on the side of the new movement. The psychology of the time favors it. Labor tyranny has o'cleaped itself and in so doing it has automatically arrayed in opposition to its pretensions the spirit that is forever and everywhere on the side of what is right and against that which is wrong.

This fight must be won and it must be won now if San Francisco is to hold her rightful and traditional place in the industrial and social life of the Pacific Coast. San Francisco may not endure the restrictions, the oppressions, the cruelties, the ruinous economic details that have been enforced here in recent times: Already San Francisco is laggard in the competitions of Pacific Coast industry. And that this is so is plainly an effect of conditions which no explanation, no claims in equity or morals, however speciously urged, can justify. The heel not so much of unionism as of the masters of an unreasoning, illegitimate, and super-organized unionism must be taken from the neck of industry in San Francisco unless we are speedily to fall further behind in the race of industrial competitions and ultimately fall out altogether.

Men and brethren of San Francisco, the issue is plain, the fight is on. On the one hand we see the forces of justice and progress struggling to throw off an intolerable burden. On the other we see the McCarthys and the Caseys marshaling their hosts, riding their dupes under whip and spur, determined, forceful, remorseless. Which shall it be, men and brethren? Shall San Francisco with courage, resolution, and supported by the mighty forces of justice cast off this incubus and become free, or shall she submit, and in submitting suffer the ills that come to a community which permits itself to be despoiled of its rights, deteriorated in its character, weakened in its powers, and throttled in its own seats of authority.

—♦—

Chief Justice Taft.

The appointment of Mr. Taft to the Chief Justiceship is justified by every consideration. His qualification is a matter of demonstration. Before he became a national figure he was a lawyer of definite standing, and later a notable able judge in Federal service. Still later as General Solicitor at Washington he grew into professional fame. Superimposed upon his professional experience, he has had wide dealings with men and things, ranging from the governorship of the Philippine Islands to the presidency.

Mr. Taft was not at his best in the presidential office. He has the judicial rather than the executive temperament and his judgment of men in their varied qualifications—or lack of them—was often at fault. By nature overkindly, by temperament disinclined to critical appraisements, by instinct a compromiser and a forgetter, he failed at the point of hardihood. Under different or more favorable circumstances he might have come through his presidential term with a larger measure of credit. It was his misfortune and perhaps in some measure his fault that at the start he antagonized the largest personal force in his party and had to meet both open and concealed assaults of resentful inspiration. He inherited, too, from the slap-dash régime of his predecessor a world of problems, made especially difficult by the popular idea that the Roosevelt presidency had been an actual as well as a spectacular success.

In his long career of public service, in any office, Mr. Taft's character and abilities have never exhibited themselves in finer light than in the years

since his official retirement. He has been that jovial character a cheerful loser. No vice of resentment or malice has appeared in his attitude, although something in the way of resentment might have seemed excusable, regarded as human weakness. A fixed enmity toward Mr. Roosevelt on the part of Mr. Taft would have been regarded by many, not merely as justifiable, but as a mark of spirit. He held a manlier course. He has never failed in public or in private to exploit what was best in Roosevelt and to minimize what was worst. Instead of sulking in his tent, instead of rusting in idleness, a mere relic of past achievements and dignities, Mr. Taft addressed himself to new tasks and has been a persistent and helpful aid to the intelligent sentiment of the country.

Perhaps no appointment of the larger sort has ever been made by executive authority with a higher degree of public approval than that of Mr. Taft to the Chief Justiceship. It comes to him as a proper tribute to the fundamental abilities and graces illustrated in his long career in public service. It comes, too, as a species of vindication—as a triumph richly deserved. The public at large so takes it, and the sense of the Senate is made manifest in the promptness and the all but unanimity of his confirmation.

The malicious but futile protest of four senators, three of them obviously actuated by personal animus, serves only to emphasize the universal respect and affection for Mr. Taft. To have incurred the ill-will of La Follette, Borah, and our own Hiram is a distinction upon which a man might not unreasonably plume himself. In the case of Mr. Johnson the incident is one of special significance. Here is a man who seems bent upon justifying all that has been said in criticism of his character and habits of action. He is possessed and controlled by his resentments; and his resentments are habitually founded in personal motives. In a subordinate way he contributed in 1912 to the defeat of Mr. Taft and of the party in which he now claims membership. It would seem that having had part, even though a subordinate one, in the events of 1912 he might have welcomed a chance to illustrate a better spirit. But there is no better spirit in the man. He is in truth a compound of sinister infirmities of of mind and temperament—a character none the less sinister because of lofty pretensions and a vulgar propensity to an unctuous pseudo morality.

The Work of Congress.

There are signs that the Republican National Committee has become concerned, not to say alarmed, with respect to the inertia of Congress in matters of legislation relative to taxation and the tariff. In ways both formal and informal party pledges were definitely made in the presidential campaign of reform in these matters. But here we are turned into the fifth month of the new administration with nothing done and nothing positive in the way of doing. The national committee has heard from the country and has become convinced that unless something is done in the line of redeeming pledges it is likely to go bad with the party in congressional elections of next year. The result is that Congress, under urgency of the national committee, is now in the way of taking a fresh start, and we may before snow flies have a tariff bill and a revised system of taxation. As yet nothing is assured, but there is reason for hope.

The chief difficulty in the way of a reformed tariff bill is the conflict of interest between the agricultural and the manufacturing industries of the country. There has developed in Congress a distinct agricultural bloc. It is a combination of Southern and Western representatives, designed to make the bill predominantly one that protects the products of the soil and that would diminish protection to manufacturing interests. This relatively new and formidable bloc is made up of representatives from the South and the Interior States as against representatives of the two Coast regions. In other words, the Interior is lined up against the Pacific and Atlantic seaboard, the heavier battalion being massed against the northern parts of the area. The bi-partisan combination has in it a threat of trouble for the Republican party. At this stage much that is potential is involved in subterranean struggles between these geographical forces. Not until the bill shall have come out of committee and to the floor of the House will the fighting be open and on the surface.

The plan of the House management is to draft a complete bill designed to satisfy all sections and to

drive it through the House under a special rule. The new urgency for speed, however, involves a special hazard to this plan. It is likely to result in compromises unwillingly conceded with the idea of leaving to the Senate the job of perfecting the bill. And inasmuch as the agricultural bloc is strong in the Senate, this may not make for prompt results.

Neither the House nor its Ways and Means Committee is eager to take up the problem of tax revision, but both have been forced to the conclusion that the thing must be done. It is in the Senate that leadership in this matter seems naturally to abide, though the initiative is legitimately in the House. The Senate Finance Committee has done a lot of preliminary work in assembling a mass of testimony on the subject, but it now shrinks from doing what it started out to do, namely, to digest the testimony and submit to the Ways and Means Committee suggestions and recommendations. The Senate Finance Committee is trying to unload its undigested data on the Ways and Means Committee of the House. To put it another way, the Senate is urging the House to hurry the tariff bill over, and to start forthwith on the making of a revenue bill. "Trust us," says the Senate in effect, "to polish up and perfect the tariff bill while you proceed to draft some sort of tax revision bill." It is obvious that this situation is likely to spell delay, and it is a case where delay is certain to disappoint the country, with the possible effect of disaster to the party in authority.

The President persists in his policy of keeping hands off—of leaving to Congress the legitimate work of Congress and reserving to the Executive the business of the Executive. It is a sound theory, a right and indeed a noble position. But there are doubts upon its practicability. Congress has become so habituated to direction, even to domination, from the White House that it appears to have lost its old powers of independent action. We fear that before Congress can be brought to go ahead with the business in business-like fashion of bringing to realization the pre-election promises of the majority party it will have to hear a few swishes of the presidential whip.

An Importation and Its By-Product.

"Proud Eric of Albour" is the modest name of a red bull which—or should we say who?—has recently arrived at the F. F. Peabody ranch in San Luis Obispo County direct from the Land o' Cakes. As becomes an aristocrat of his race—for he holds all the records possible to a bull—Proud Eric arrived in a special padded car and attended by a valet. He now takes his place at the head of a selected harem of thoroughbreds of the Aberdeen Angus family and is expected to leave his mark upon the bovine population of San Luis Obispo and neighboring counties. His function is to propagate a race which, by its special powers of assimilation and its propensity to take on flesh at just the right places, shall make two blades of grass do a work that with ordinary breeds of cattle calls for three.

This, the latest of many direct contributions to the material upbuilding of our stock industry, calls to mind the highly interesting record of one of the earliest—if not actually the first—important importations of high-grade animals to the Pacific Coast. About the year 1882 the late Simeon G. Reed of Portland and Pasadena—later founder of Reed College at Portland—found himself out of active occupation and with a bursting bank account. He conceived the idea of improving the breeds of domestic animals of the Northwest and set about the work in the spirit of intelligence and liberality. With competent assistants he ranged the East, Canada, and Europe, and in the course of a two or three years' campaign assembled at his farm at Reedville, near Portland, a collection of cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs of utilitarian types perhaps never surpassed anywhere. The Reed importations laid the foundation of the blooded stock interest of Oregon, upon which the subsequent prosperity of the state was in large measure founded.

But there is more in the record. In charge of the animals imported by Mr. Reed was a much-bewhiskered Scot named Withycombe, and with him as an aid came a young son, fresh from a Scottish veterinary school. Withycombe père looked after keeping up the quality of the Reed animals; Withycombe fils made careful study of forage conditions and soils in Oregon. He came in time to be a notable expert in the varied phases of what is academically known as agronomy—in other words, farming and animal husbandry. Later

he became the head of the practical work of the Oregon State Agricultural College at Corvallis, and by his intelligence, enthusiasm, and powers of impressing others gave to the industries of agriculture in Oregon a mighty impetus. Figuratively speaking, where one blade of grass had grown before, Dr. Withycombe made a hundred spring up to the prodigious advantage of the country in its productive interests.

Some score of years ago, when Oregon had passed through a painful and costly experience with politics and politicians, there arose a demand for a "practical man"—a man apart from the sphere of ordinary politics—in the governorship of the state. There was Dr. Withycombe, expert in wholesome things, sound in character, grown ripe in years and experience, and despite alien birth a notable citizen and patriot. He was elected governor. Four years later—so well did his practical ideas and habits work out in the field of administration—he was reelected. Recently he died in office profoundly regretted and profoundly honored.

No man may know the remote and incidental results—the by-products—of his activities. Mr. Peabody has brought to San Luis Obispo County—and to California—a notable bull. May it not, as in the case of Mr. Reed, be that he has brought us, as time may prove, something vastly more valuable. At least, as this tale proves, there is a precedent.

Suggestive Census Figures.

A sheet of census statistics, setting forth figures of population, classified by color or race and by divisions and states just issued, affords interesting food for reflection. Among other things the tables illustrate a remarkable growth of negro population in the North and West. Take, for example, the figures of negro population in geographical districts:

	1920.	1910.
New England	79,055	66,306
Middle Atlantic	600,059	417,870
East North Central	514,529	300,836
West North Central	278,520	242,662
South Atlantic	4,325,120	4,112,488
East South Central	2,523,532	2,652,513
West South Central	2,063,607	1,984,426
Mountain	30,801	21,467
Pacific	47,790	29,195

Sentimentalists will be interested in the decrease of Indian population, illustrated in the following figures:

	1920.	1910.
New England	1,722	2,076
Middle Atlantic	5,961	7,717
East North Central	15,579	18,255
West North Central	37,263	41,406
South Atlantic	13,671	9,054
East South Central	1,623	2,612
West South Central	59,231	76,767
Mountain	76,899	75,338
Pacific	31,010	32,458

Californians will be interested in the figures showing reduction of the Chinese population and increase in the numbers of Japanese:

	Chinese.		Japanese.	
	1920.	1910.	1920.	1910.
New England	3,588	3,499	348	272
Middle Atlantic	8,805	8,189	3,263	1,643
East North Central	5,067	3,415	943	482
West North Central	1,678	1,195	1,215	1,000
South Atlantic	1,823	1,582	360	156
East South Central	542	414	35	26
West South Central	1,579	1,303	578	428
Mountain	4,339	5,614	10,792	10,447
Pacific	34,265	46,320	93,491	57,703

It is curious that while the Chinese population of the Pacific and Mountain States has decreased it has increased in the New England, the Middle Atlantic, the East North Central, the West North Central, the South Atlantic, the East South Central, and the West South Central groups.

Peace with Germany.

Technical peace with Germany comes two years after actual cessation of warfare in the form of a joint resolution of Congress repealing the declaration of war of April 6, 1917. It is not in any sense a treaty, though its references to the treaty of Versailles made by the powers with which we were associated in the war gives it something of the character of a treaty. It makes reservations and holds all rights acquired by this country by reason of the war, which means that it is left to us to determine what to do with German property seized and held here. We can hold this property if we choose, although it is not likely that we shall do it. The action of Congress also nullifies the war legislation still in existence up to last week. No American interest is in any way sacrificed; and it is significant that representatives of the United States are sitting in the Council of Reparations, not because we are demanding anything in the way of reparations, but to the end of safeguarding what may attach or belong right-

fully to us. What shall be done in the way of making a treaty with Germany relates to the future. No steps have been taken, no commitments made.

Editorial Notes.

The British government has made happy choice of an agent in sending General Smuts to deal with rebellious elements in Ireland. Smuts is of South African birth, of Dutch descent and African education, supplemented by a university career at Cambridge, where he won scholastic honors. Both in council and in the field he was an active opponent of the British in South Africa a quarter of a century ago. Following the Boer war he quickly adjusted himself to the new order of things after a manner that commanded the respect both of his own people and of the British. As premier of the South African government he has exhibited high qualities as a negotiator and as an administrator. In the period of the late war he held high authority as a counselor of the British government and participated actively in the peace negotiations. General Smuts has the essential qualifications of an ambassador—unimpeachable character, intelligence, liberality, courtesy. He has been through troubles in many ways similar to those which now distract Ireland and he was easily the largest of the personal forces in the adjustment that gave freedom to his immediate country. Nothing of the prejudices attaching to a man of English birth and character will limit the activities of General Smuts in Ireland. In his person he symbolizes achievements in a precise line with the reasonable ambitions of the Irish people. If anybody can solve the Irish problem, surely General Smuts is the man.

Just as the *Argonaut* goes to press come statements, apparently authoritative, from the heads of several unions to the effect that the American Plan in industry is acceptable. The paralysis that has now for many weeks stopped building activities, and incidentally crippled many of our local industries, is to be brought to an end. This is wise from every standpoint. It is mainly wise because it is just. It commits both sides to a long controversy and to a chronic conflict of interest, to a plan founded in equity and safeguarded against aggression on the part either of capital or labor. It was inevitable that deflation, following an inflation that established wages on a high level, should be marked by reductions. It was impossible that the costs of living should come down to reasonable figures and that the cost of labor should remain at unreasonable figures. But more important than the matter of wages is another matter, namely, that of conditions under which industry can be carried on in San Francisco. Unionism had established working conditions upon a basis that could not be otherwise than ruinous all around. The new deal is based upon a more practical and a more just system. It is calculated to promote industry and concurrently to promote the interest both of those who employ and those who are employed. It sustains the right of any man to earn his living without regard to his affiliations. It does away with wasteful jurisdictional rules established by short-sighted unionism. It establishes in San Francisco a condition under which we may fairly hope to retain and enlarge the traditional relations of our city to the general life of our country. The unions have shown discretion in reducing their pretensions and in accepting an order of things founded in justice and in common sense and calculated to promote the common interest.

The conclave of dentists who met recently in San Francisco put themselves upon record in at least one matter of general public interest. They protested against the indiscriminate extraction of sound teeth and of teeth that are technically "dead" on the theory that the general health may thereby be improved. Now such a protest may seem to the shortsighted to be opposed to the interests of the dentists themselves, who might be expected to welcome any and every interference with the teeth as bringing grist to their mill. But evidently they take a wider and a more ethical view of their duties. They are wise enough to identify the interests of the public with their own interests and to know that there can be no real advantage that is won at the public cost. The layman who knows nothing at all of dentistry may none the less admire a high professional code that is not only a decoration, but that must be also remunerative because it conduces to public confidence.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

UNWARRANTED USURPATION.

Professor Edwards Points Out a Striking Instance of Abandonment of Constitutional Guaranties.

BERKELEY, July 2, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: When the Federal government is expelling states from their legal territories and is erecting within those appropriated state areas a government which exercises the sovereign powers of jurisdiction, of taxing power, of eminent domain, and of municipal authority, and which is neither a state, a Federal, or a territorial government; and when the Federal government dares to cancel constitutional provisions and to harry citizens with arrest, fines, and imprisonment; it is idle to talk of survival of the constitutional structure of the United States in any vital sense.

The states which Congress has erected have been subjected to exploitation and to spoliation. Under our first Constitution, the Articles of Confederation, the powers of the thirteen original states were enumerated: "Each state retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." These rights were reserved in the Tenth Amendment to the present Constitution: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively or to the people."

When Congress solicited grant to the nation of the Western wilderness by states having charter bounds extending over these lands it declared—October 10, 1780—that these lands, if granted, would "be settled and formed into distinct republican states, which shall become members of the Federal Union, and have the same rights of sovereignty, freedom, and independence as the other states." The words "sovereignty, freedom, and independence" are taken from the Articles of Confederation in order to confer the same rights upon the newer states as the original states reserved.

But when the present Federal Constitution was framed a specific declaration of equality of new states with the old states was stricken out of the Constitution by vote of all of the original states but two. The constitutional provision relating to the public domain contained no specific declaration of equality of new states. But the words "territory and other property belonging to the United States" fraudulently mingled the public lands with the things which the Federal government really owned.

Neither the constitutional convention, nor the people of the original states, nor the original states, had legal power to convert the trust for new and equal states, which had been erected for benefit of settlers that were already in the Northwest and the multitudes that were preparing to go there, or to subject the newer states to inequality with the original states.

When our government initiated the negotiations which resulted in the Louisiana Purchase, Secretary of State Madison instructed our representatives in Paris to insert a provision in the treaty that the inhabitants should be admitted to our Union. Napoleon responded with a project containing a like provision. It was incorporated into the treaty. And similar provisions were inserted in the treaties with Spain, Mexico, and Russia, by which the remaining continental territory was acquired. The United States Supreme Court declared that this provision meant that new and equal states should be erected.

This trust provision with foreign nations for erection of new and equal states differed from the trust which Congress solicited and obtained in its corporate capacity from original states in that it did not authorize the Federal government to make a profit out of the public lands during the territorial or during any other period.

To evade this trust provision of these treaties Congress compelled Louisiana, as the first state erected within the Louisiana Purchase, to waive all claim to the public lands within its legal area as prerequisite to admission to the Union. And every subsequent state erected within territory obtained from France, Spain, or Mexico was compelled to make the same grant of its public domain to the nation for the same purpose.

Prior to the admission of Louisiana, Congress declined to admit Ohio to the Union until compacts were entered into between the new state and the nation, by which Ohio surrendered sovereignty, jurisdiction, taxing power, eminent domain, and municipal authority over the ungranted public lands. The state was practically limited to that small fraction of its legal area that was covered by lands that had been disposed of and paid for. The jurisdiction of Ohio extended only as that of the national diminished voluntarily.

Thereafter compacts between new states and the general government were substituted for the Federal Constitution and were made the limiting factor of the rights of the new states: for such compacts have been extorted by Congress from every other new state when admitted to the Union, accompanied with a declaration that the new state was admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original states in every respect whatever. Within the original states their sovereignty, their jurisdiction, their eminent domain, their taxing power, and their municipal authority ran throughout their entire legal areas. All of the crown lands passed to original states.

Eminent domain is the ultimate title to the soil. It rests in sovereign authority. Individual owners of the fee hold subject to this higher title. The reason that eminent domain rests in states and not in the Federal government is our historic development, by which the power passed to original states of our Union directly from the British sovereign, and not to the nation.

While the convention which framed the Federal Constitution was eliminating the provision for declaring equality of new states with the old states, Congress framed the ordinance of 1787 for governing territories. It contained a declaration that the nation was owner of the public lands, and every subsequent land act of Congress to the present time has done the same. It has ignored the trusts for new and equal states, which the Federal government, on its own initiative, assumed in its corporate capacity. Congress has treated the brief constitutional provision relating to the public domain as if it had no antecedents whatever. It has predicated its action on the fraudulent words "territory and other property belonging to the United States."

GEORGE EDWARDS.

Synthetic gasoline from brown coal-tar is the latest article "made in Germany." Inasmuch as the fuel problem, in spite of present chances of a drop in prices, still is causing deep concern in German automobile and aviation circles, this invention is hailed with universal satisfaction.

A naturalist pleads with women to cease wearing furs during the summer at least, because fur-bearing animals are being destroyed so rapidly that in thirty years there will be practically none left.

GERMANY AND DEMOCRACY.

Probably it would be unjust to speak of the German Republic as a pretense, but it would be worse than unjust—it would be foolish—to speak of it as a reality. It is, of course, gratifying to our pride to picture Germany as suddenly aroused by the fortunes of war from her monarchical and imperialist nightmare and eager now to align herself with those republican institutions to whose austere beauty she has suddenly awakened. But is it true? Have we witnessed a new and colossal step toward world democracy? Is world democracy actually any nearer than it was ten years ago? Has the German nation definitely decided that henceforth it will be republican? Has it performed anything like an *auto da fe*, or is it merely catching its breath while trying to make up its mind what it will be? Evidently it does not wish to be Bolshevik. It is too orderly for that. And it is disgusted with the Hohenzollerns. But perhaps we should do well to hesitate before adopting the usual attitude of patronage toward the "young republic" across the Rhine or permitting to ourselves those enthusiastic plaudits that are always evoked by imitation. The great men who made speeches at the funeral of the Empress Augusta did not seem to have heard of any German Republic. A Hohenzollern prince has just presided at the admission of new members to some semi-mystic fraternity—the Golden Fleece, was it?—and he administered the usual oath of loyalty to the emperor. No one took any notice. No one seemed to think it incongruous. The imperial coat of arms may still be seen everywhere in Germany, even on the official letter-paper. It happens at the moment that there is no imperial candidate anywhere in sight who "fills the bill." A nominal republic stands conveniently about halfway between Bolshevism and the Hohenzollerns. It is a favorable medium for treating with "the enemy," a sort of guarantee of good faith. Even Ludendorff can see that, and so he is willing enough to consume his own smoke for a time. But to assume that Germany has definitely decided henceforth to be a democratic republic is about as reasonable as to suppose that the leopard has decided henceforth to wear stripes instead of spots. Of course it may be so. But there is no evidence of it. The evidence is all the other way.

But in what a curious position Germany finds herself. One might almost call it an enviable position. She is like a drug fiend committed to a sanatorium and compelled to save his money and lead a righteous life with a prospect of speedy release to a career of affluence and power. Having enormous debts she is stimulated to new achievements in frugality and industry. Her enemies are torn in pieces by agitations, turmoils, and strikes. Germany, after a little confusion, saws wood. Her enemies everywhere are indulging in a mad competition of armaments, restrained only by the creeping shadows of bankruptcy. Germany is forbidden the possession of armaments and compelled to put her money in the bank. Her enemies owe incalculable sums of money to one another and more or less politely draw one another's attention to that fact. Germany also owes money and she proceeds to pay it in the only way possible to her by taking away her creditors' trade and so forcing them to pay themselves. An electrical firm in Norway, for example, has just placed a large order in Germany because the German estimate was much lower than any others. *Ex uno disce omnes.* Germany is supposed to be suffering from the low rate of exchange, and in a sense, of course, she is suffering. But this in its turn means low wages and therefore an easy capture of the trade orders that are going. The prosperous classes are the capitalists, the farmers, and the workmen, who have plenty of work, although at low wages. The middle classes and the intellectual workers feel the pinch.

Now this is a serious aspect of the situation so far as our beloved democracy is concerned. For it is the intellectual classes that actually govern the world, and whatever changes may be desired by the intellectual classes are just the changes that we are likely to see. And this is peculiarly true of Germany, where intellect is worshiped more than anywhere else on earth. The intellectual classes of Germany being now between the devil and the deep sea, the upper and the nether millstones have become intensely nationalistic, that is to say reactionary. They do not want a republic and they openly laugh at it. The semblance of republicanism may have its uses as a bridge from one era of monarchy to another, but democracy as a principle of government is derisory. The vast body of the civil service, the *Beamtenschaft*, feels the same way. The civil service in Germany has always been the base of the government pyramid, and with the army and the emperor as its apex.

It must regretfully be admitted that the people who want a republic in Germany consist very largely of those whose opinions on any subject are not very important. The republic, or what calls itself the republic, has survived very largely because people have been too busy and too frightened to pay much attention to it. They had their taste of war and they wanted more war. They had their taste of Bolshevism and that seemed worse than war. A thousand and one things had

to be done and done quickly, and here were a few stodgy and respectable people who might serve to hold back the generals who wanted more war on the one hand and the Bolsheviks who wanted street barricades on the other. Now it was necessary that the stodgy respectabilities should function as a republic. What else could they function as? A republic would be pleasing to America, from whom much was expected and who was believed to hold uniforms and shining swords in small account. What else could Germany do? The emperor had run away, otherwise he would probably have been emperor at this moment. His sons were ridiculous. There were no available royalties in sight and Bolshevism was knocking at the door. But now Germany is getting her breath again and she has time to think about her government. The soldiers want imperialism. So does the civil service. The commercial magnates are on the same side, and we may observe with interest that Hugo Stinnes, not content with owning all the coal in Germany, is now buying up the newspapers of Germany. He will bear watching, will Hugo Stinnes.

A certain sense of pessimism necessarily accompanies a glance in the direction of Europe—a glance in almost any direction for that matter. There are so many millions of people in Europe and one hears authentically from so few of them. We see little groups of noisy individuals running to and fro, and a few grim and strong ones who are not noisy, but who seem to know precisely what they want. We are told that this, that, or the other people are intent upon this, that, or the other form of government, and if one is cursed with the gift of imagination one wonders what the great mass of people, war-ridden, tortured, bereaved, and crucified, actually want, whether forms of government to them are any more than futile expressions of the age-old hunger and thirst for justice. That is where the real danger of the situation lies, and must always lie. It has been said, and upon high authority, that without charity we are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, no matter though we have all other graces and virtues. And so it may be said of human governments that they are all futile, all abominable, all damned, unless they institute justice. It is in pursuit of justice, nothing else, that maddened peoples have drenched the world with revolutionary blood and that the sands of time have engulfed so many empires and kingdoms and republics. There is no virtue in any of these forms of government if they lack the virtue of justice. People will tolerate the most absolute despotisms if they give them justice. They will obliterate the most highly developed of democracies if they do not give them justice. They care nothing for the mechanisms of government except as a means to an end. They are not actually monarchists, nor imperialists nor democrats, nor socialists nor bolsheviks, although they may think that they are. Deep down in their hearts is the yearning for justice. Like the sick man they are neither allopaths, nor homeopaths, nor osteopaths. They are sick men and they seek health, now by one road and now by another. The German people are neither monarchist nor democratic. Nor is any other people. They want justice, and they do not care whether it comes from gods or demons. Militarism did not give them justice. It sent them to the slaughter-house and crucified them on an iron cross. And so they destroyed militarism. Bolshevism had nothing in the way of justice to offer them. Now they are trying republicanism. France has been essaying republicanism these many years and there are some sinister signs that she has tried it in the balances and found it wanting. The danger is that Europe in general and Germany in particular may awake to the fact that no matter what she does the end of it is always the same as the beginning of it—justice, that an Amurath an Amurath succeeds, that fires are usually hotter than frying-pans, and scorpions worse than whips. That is the crucible in which Europe finds herself. Will there be a precipitation of human justice? If not, we may as well cease prating about forms of government because the deluge will obliterate all of them.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6, 1921.

A new-method writing teacher in the form of aluminum strips indented with alphabetical and numeral characters is described in *Popular Mechanics Magazine*. These strips clip to the edge of a tablet so that the indented characters align with the tablet ruling. The child moves a pencil in the groove of a character until its shape becomes fixed in his mind, after which he transcribes it on the lines of the tablet, independent of the guide. Three of the strips are included in the set, representing capitals, small letters, and numerals respectively.

The silky fibre derived from certain rocks which we call asbestos was familiar to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and was commonly used by them to make fireproof wain, fireproof rope, and fireproof cloth. These are the uses to which asbestos is chiefly put at the present time. It is now spun so fine that a pound of asbestos will yield two-thirds of a mile of thread. To wash a piece of asbestos cloth one has only to put it in water. That cleans it.

The Dangerous Islands are the only part of the South Seas where the native population is not decreasing.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Ethel Smyth has the distinction of being the only Englishwoman who has composed grand opera.

Miss Belle Devlin and Miss Olive Bruggeman have been appointed street commissioners in St. Louis.

Ernest I. Lewis of Indianapolis, Indiana, has been appointed as one of the two new members of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He formerly was a newspaper man.

Colonel William Mitchell, assistant chief of the United States Army Air Service, and one of the world's foremost authorities on aeronautics, has challenged the navy to a contest between army planes and warships.

Richard Washburn Child, who had been discussed as a probable nominee for a number of prominent positions, has been named United States Ambassador to Italy, thus adding another to the long list of American men of letters who have filled important positions in our diplomatic service.

Elizabeth Irving, granddaughter of Sir Henry Irving, and herself a favorite of the English stage, wears a charm which her distinguished grandfather always wore on the first night of a new production. The charm has an interesting history and is said to have been worn by Mrs. Siddons and Peg Woffington.

Discovered by a New York music critic singing in a cabaret, Miss Yvonne d'Arle has made a sudden leap to the ranks of the Metropolitan Opera Company. On the advice of the critic she went to a competent teacher and then had her home-trained voice tried out. She was so successful that she is under contract to make the big step into grand opera next season. Miss d'Arle, a soprano, was born in France, but has lived in this country since her second birthday. Her father is Joseph Patet, a teacher in a Chicago high school.

Theodore Maynard has accepted the chair of English literature at the Dominican College of San Rafael. Mr. Maynard is an Englishman who, though guiltless of Celtic blood, waves the banner of Irish freedom. He is a poet who can deliver a political argument with the precision and logic of a trained advocate. He is a connoisseur of toasts (witness his "A Tankard of Ale"), yet he has elected to become a resident of our "western Sahara." Several times has he prolonged his original lecture-tour visit, and now he has sent for his wife.

Brigadier-General Sawyer, who was President Harding's family physician back in Marion, Ohio, and who is still his personal medical adviser, is quite a small man, with twinkling eyes hidden a bit behind glasses, but not a very martial figure in uniform. The general is one of the many persons in the world of Washington who realizes that he does not look like a soldier fond of blood and carnage, but many years of life have given him a sense of humor which enables him to smile at himself, a trick which thousands of our leading statesmen never do learn.

If ancestry counts for anything at all it would be a curious thing, indeed, if Ethel Barrymore were not the star she is. Her father was Maurice Barrymore, one of the most talented and popular leading men of his day, and her mother was Georgie Drew, a sister of John Drew, and as clever a comedienne as ever graced the American stage. Then her grandfather and her grandmother were both players—her grandmother, whose maiden name was Louisa Lane, a very great player—and her great-grandfather, Thomas Frederick Lane, and her great-grandmother, Eliza Kinloch, too, were actors.

One of the longest active careers in the history of nursing has been that of Miss Anna Caroline Maxwell, who will retire next month at the age of seventy as director of nursing in the Presbyterian Hospital. For forty-five years she has been caring for the sick and training others in the work. In her thirty years at the Presbyterian Hospital Miss Maxwell has graduated more than 700 nurses. The advancement made in the matter of training under her supervision matches her with that of England's famous nurse, Florence Nightingale. She has revolutionized nursing in this country, as Florence Nightingale revolutionized the profession in England, and her name ranks in America with that of Clara Barton.

Mr. Andrew Mellon is sixty-six years old. He is the type of man who carries very little flesh and which is shown by mortality tables to live longest. When the weakening effects of age set in Mr. Mellon will have no burden of flesh to carry. He is a smallish man with gray hair which he still retains and with a heavy, close-cropped gray mustache. His face is bony and his eyes deep-set. Mr. Mellon is a financier in the truest sense of that word. He has been in the banking business in Pittsburgh all his life, has long been the president of the biggest banking house in that centre of wealth. A bank president is always a somewhat cloistered individual. Give him a diffident disposition, make him a naturally quiet sort of man, add to this a love for reading and study, and the probabilities are that you will produce a man who leads a good deal of a life apart. The popular conception of the master of finance, the huge, square-jawed hurricane of a man who bowls everything over before him, is not the Mellon type, if he exists anywhere out of fiction. Mr. Mellon's father

came to America as a small immigrant boy from the north of Ireland. The family was, however, more Scotch than Irish in its blood. It settled on a farm thirty miles from Pittsburgh and it was there that the elder Mellon grew up. This Scotch-Irish farmer boy came down to Pittsburgh when he was grown, obtained a good education at the University of Pittsburgh, later read law and was admitted to the bar. He practiced in Pittsburgh for many years, prospered, advanced to a highly respected place on the bench, became a leading citizen of the city.

OLD FAVORITES.

L'Envoi.

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

—Rudyard Kipling.

Old Land and Young Land.

The Young Land cried, "I have borne it long,
But can suffer it now no more;
I must end this endless inhuman wrong
Within hail of my own free shore.
So fling out the War-Flag's folds and let the righteous cannons roar!"

It was a quick, rash word, for the strong Young Land
Is a land whose ways are peace;
It weareth no mail, and it keels are manned
With cotton, corn, and fleece,
While lands there are that are cased in steel, and whose war hammers never cease.

And these, when they saw the Young Land gird
Its loins to redress the wrong,
Whispered one to the other, "Its heart is stirred.
But its hosts are an undrilled throng,
And its bolts yet to forge, so quick let us strike before that it grows too strong."

And they said to the Old Land: "Surely you
Will help us to foil its claim?
It waxeth in strength, as striplings do,
And it girds at its parent's name.
Take heed lest its overweening growth overshadow your fading fame."

Then the Old Land said: "Youth is strong and quick,
And Wisdom is strong but mild;
And blood than water is yet more thick,
And this Young Land is my child.
I am proud, not jealous, to watch it grow." Thus the Old Land spoke and smiled.

"And look you," it said, "at the Young Land strike
For Freedom and Freedom's growth;
And that makes 'twixt us twain, though unsigned by hand,
A bond strong as lovers' troth.
So 'ware what you do, for, if you strike, you will strike not one, but both."

Then they fretted and chafed; for, though shod in steel,
Their war tread stops at the shore,
While the Old Land's heath is the salt sea gale,
And its music the wave-wind's roar.
Then they hated the Young Land's youth and strength, but they hated the Old Land more.

Now the Old Land, in turn for Freedom's Cause
Speeds her sons to the Southern zone,
They shout, "Let us clip the Lion's claws,
The Lion that lives alone;
And harry her lair, and spread her cuhs, and sit on the Lion's throne."

And the Young Land laughs: "With her coursers fleet,
I guess she's a match for you all.
She has saddled the sea, and more firm her seat
Than yours, that would ride for a fall,
If you put all your fighting force afield, and charged at her watery wall!"

"But if ever, hemmed in by a world of foes,
Her sinews were sorely tried,
By the self-same blood in our veins that flows,
You would find me at her side,
So long as she strikes for the Cause for which her sons and my sons have died."

Now thus let it be until wrong shall end,
This bond strong as lovers' troth,
'Twixt Old Land and Young Land, to defend
Man's freedom, and freedom's growth,
So if any should hend against either now, they will meet, not one, but both.

—Alfred Austin.

There has been recalculated from recent data the amount of rain annually falling upon the earth's surface. It is found that it is equivalent to a layer of water of the uniform depth for the whole globe of about thirty-five and a half inches. The amount falling on the land is equivalent to a uniform depth of twenty-nine and a fourth inches, considering only the land which is drained by rivers flowing into the sea, it is calculated that only 30 per cent. is returned to the ocean, and that the rest is removed by evaporation.

SAILING SOUTH.

Mr. Philip Sanford Marden Describes a Pleasure Trip to Cuba and Panama, Porto Rico and Jamaica.

Mr. Philip Sanford Marden takes a modest view of his new travel book, and writers of travel books are usually so concited. He tells us that he has no instruction to convey and that his journey was over beaten paths. His object is to amuse, to provide "innocent enjoyment," to relieve the tedium of a day at sea, to awaken pleasant memories, or to arouse a desire for intimate acquaintance with the environs of the Caribbean. To this end he divides his book into three parts, dedicating them to Cuba and Panama, Porto Rico, and Jamaica.

Havana, says Mr. Marden, is notable for the universality of its tobacco. The cigar for which we pay 15 or 20 cents at home is the daily provender of the proletariat:

I went to a cigar factory, of course. To omit that would be like going to Paris and missing the Louvre. It was a huge four-story block, with magnificent offices below and workrooms of vast extent above. Several hundred men were rolling cigars of various kinds, smoking the while and giving the appearance of not being too clean. Occasionally there is a lofty desk from which a reader intones the news of the day. But it was not the rolling, so much as the sorting processes, that interested me. Weary-looking women fished the cured leaves out of great tubs and laid them with unerring dexterity each in its appropriate pile according to the color. Weary-looking men took great trays of finished cigars and sorted them, likewise by color, with equally unerring dexterity. Others prepared the raw boxes, into which still others laid the completed product, all nicely handed and jacketed and just the tightest kind of a fit. Even a non-smoker's mouth would water at this sight, and Katrina, who usually regards tobacco as a monster of most frightful mien, was moved first to endure, then pity, then invest. What pretty names they have, too! Who shall resist the music of "colorado maduro," "excepcionales," "regalias," and their train? The man or the woman who can go through a Cuban cigar emporium unmoved it fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils.

San Jose, capital of Costa Rica, is the city of earthquakes. They are nearly continuous, but familiarity has not brought contempt. Every one is afraid of them, including the natives:

The total population is about 400,000, I believe, whereof about 40,000 live in San Jose. Until quite recently revolutions were never indulged in, and upon this fact Costa Rica has prided herself. The altogether charming Señorita A., with whom I talked and who had been educated in "the States," laid due stress on this fact. "That's where we have something on Nicaragua," she glibly said. "They are always fighting. We never do!"

I commented on the ease with which she had tossed off the idiomatic expression "having something on," and asked if her vocabulary included any other Americanisms. "Ah, yes," she answered. "When I was in New Jersey they taught me to say, 'Hang a piece of crape on his nose; his brains are dead!' (My country! O my country!)

Mr. Marden thought it would be a simple and an easy matter to go from New York to Porto Rico, but he found that the passport authorities had ideas of their own upon that point. One wonders why this nonsense of passports is allowed to continue. Or rather one does not wonder in view of the number of people who get their living by it:

Getting the photographs was the worst part. The regulations are terribly specific about those. They tell you that the picture must have light background—and being a blond I always take a poor picture against anything but a really dark black. Then they insist that the face of the subject must be at least one inch and a half long in the finished picture; that the negative mustn't be retouched; that the paper must be of a certain specified thickness; that you will need three pictures, and that the complete picture mustn't on any account be any bigger than just so and so. It seemed that no photographer could guarantee all this. However, you have to take a chance. So I found a little wayside booth in Sixth Avenue, presided over by a genial Yiddish gentleman who advertised by displaying a hideous blue light in his window and a sign saying that he knew all about passport pictures. There are a million of these in the United States, more or less.

I went in. The proprietor sat me down in a sort of electric chair and turned on his lights. The others stood around and watched, but they said they could hardly bear it. Under that ghastly blue glare you don't exactly look as if you were dead—you look "considerably more than that," like Huckleberry Finn's "sick Arab."

The artist squinted at me through his camera, issued a series of conflicting orders as to which way I was to look, told me not to assume quite so austere an expression—and finally took the picture. He also took Katrina's. I wish you could see them—or rather I am glad you can't! Katrina looks like a cigarette girl from "Carmen"—a person with no principle or reputation whatever. As for me, the photographer shuddered as if in pain when he produced the completed photographs, and ducked prudently as he handed them across the counter. I looked, in the picture, like the Wrath of Heaven.

Why must the traveler produce a reputable citizen who has known him for three years? Suppose he can not do so? But apparently the rules may be evaded. The traveler's wife will do. Any one will do. What childish folly it all seems:

Katrina swore—but in a different tone of voice—as to my identity. She also helped me to make a description of my personal appearance, but this involved some quibbling. I wanted to describe my forehead as "broad and noble," nose as "straight," eyes as "blue and honest," and certain other flattering little touches which seemed to me only my due after the libel of that photograph. But Katrina kept my feet sternly on the ground, curtailed all the descriptive matter, and finally got me passed on to an inner chamber where a skeptical young clerk and two young women stenographers were sifting the sheep from the goats. It was quieter in here and not quite so odoriferous. I wrote my name across the pictures—comprehending now what the idea was when they demanded the light background. The young man made me swear again—and then disfigured my picture still more by whacking a

rubber stamp which said "Granted" across it. Never mind. It improved the picture, if anything!

Then we went out. To be sure it wasn't all over, even yet. I still had to go down to the barge office and get the horrible thing "visaed"—and was passed from one custom-house officer to another, amidst great crowds of steerage applicants, all of us seeking permission to leave the U. S. A. I told a dozen bored clerks how old I was and where I was born. I supplied data as to my father and my mother. I confessed that I was merely seeking pleasure. I was "visaed," as the government calls it, and stamped and certified, and war-taxed to no end.

Then again there is the inanity of forbidding photographs of old castles that are alleged to be fortifications. They take away your camera before you enter Morro Castle in Cuba, as though Morro Castle were one of the great military safeguards of the human race:

With the lapse of days one forms the habit of going out at evening toward the entrance of the bay, where Morro Castle is, there to sit on the ramparts and watch the sunset. Distances in this tiny city are never great, and once you are outside the main town there is a long, grassy field that is swept by the grateful sea wind. You walk across this, pausing now and then to pick tiny but very prickly burrs out of your stockings. Out on the point you come to the old fort. You can go in—there's no great bother about that, although they still go through that ancient nonsense about taking away your camera. Not even a war can teach us that tourist kodaks are almost as harmless in old forts as the lizards are. You might take a snapshot of a fifteenth-century bastion and give away some vital secret to the Huns! How? Well, ask the soldier on the guard. Maybe he knows! I can't imagine anything of less interest to Hindenburg or Ludendorff than a kodak picture of the Morro—but at any rate they'll never see one.

The passport nuisance is not confined to America. It is universal. On arrival at Kingston, Jamaica, a swarm of dusky officials arrived on board with hearts full of suspicion and ready to detect mysterious treacheries toward King George:

This day there came also a native officer of immigration whose disposition was to magnify his office. He first pounced upon Mr. B., whose children were with him, but who were not mentioned in the passport. Ah! Here may be trickery! "Sah, you say these your two children. The passport not mention them! How I know they your children?"

Mr. B. said he knew they were his, but the dusky inspector brushed this aside as not evidence. It seemed to him a very dark, dire, and probably dangerous business. That any sane man would make himself trouble by traveling with children not his own did not strike this suspicious party as at all unlikely. So he set the B. family aside for further consideration. Then he pounced on Mr. C., who carried a British passport.

"Your name don't sound English," proclaimed the inspector with a glare of further suspicion.

"And you don't look English," retorted C., who is in fact Welsh with a nine-hundred-years-old name.

This silenced the inspector and C. got by.

Then came our downfall. I presented passports bearing pictures of Katrina and me. We are not proud of these pictures. They make me look like Big Bill Haywood in a curiously angry mood, while Katrina looks like Emma Goldman. The inspector compared us with the pictures. I blushed. The inspector looked dubious.

Then he brightened—he had found us out—and he pounced on us with all zest. "You have not got a visé for this place," he shouted.

"A visé? Do I need one?"

"Yassah. You goin' to have trouble gettin' ashore."

"No one told me to get one," I faltered—which was true. For with all the red tape I had to go through in New York no one had ever told me to seek out the British consul for a visé in order to go to Jamaica. I knew you had to do it in war-time, and even in peace if you were going to queer places like Russia and Turkey? But Jamaica? Well—the man was evidently right and we were wrong, and our good repute fell from us like a garment. We were alone to blame, too. We ought to have known—but we didn't.

"You can not land until you get a permit from the inspector-general," thundered the potentate in a voice suggestive of dungeons and boiling oil. "You can't land!"

K. and I, very crestfallen, slunk away and sat isolated on the decks. Spies! Obvious alien enemies! One sweet lady came and sat with us, and cheered us as best she could—she was Mrs. B., suspected of not owning her own children. Together we surveyed a palm-clad world from which the glory had departed.

And then came the captain, tall, tanned, cheerful, and contemptuous of red tape, to say we should be cared for in due season in Kingston. "You won't be delayed an hour," said he. "This always happens to some one. The consul always comes aboard and fixes them up."

Banana culture is one of the great industries of Jamaica, and we may confess to learning for the first time that the orthodox tree bears only one bunch of bananas. Perhaps some one can tell the author the difference between a banana and a plantain. Is there a difference?

I have never yet found any one who could tell me truly the difference between a banana and a plantain, although many have tried. A number of rules for distinguishing the two fruits are offered, all of them, I judge, lies. One will assert that bananas grow pointing upward, and plantains pointing down—and lo, you will find the plantains, like their more aristocratic neighbors, looking aloft! I have come to believe, speaking subject to correction, that a plantain is nothing more than a coarser brand of banana, larger in size, less delicate in flavor, and growing in small clusters. Baked plantain is an inevitable factor in all island meals, much as potatoes are at home. It is more palatable than the yam, also inevitable, which in unskillful hands has all the inspiring flavor of a pine board.

I discover in the books the statement that the banana does not grow wild—yet I find this hard to believe, since it must have started wild somewhere. It may have been in India. Theophrastus somewhere refers to a mysterious Indian fruit which he called *Musa sapientium*—the Muse of the Wise—and science without too much warrant has adopted the idea that this refers to the banana of old. It is an extremely good food, whether for the wise or not, although less in food value, I am told, than an equal weight of potato. Possibly you will appreciate your next banana more for knowing that it is of the *Scitamiaceae* family. Possibly not.

The author tells us a story as it was told to him of an exchange of a portion of Guiana for the island on which New York now stands:

By the way, Canon Ripley of the First Parish Church told

me this yarn: The Dutch originally occupied Manhattan Island and the British had great South American possessions in Guiana. Being alert for the main chance, some British statesmen offered to swap a section of Guiana for the island on which then stood Nieuw Amsterdam. The Dutch, being stolidly unforseeing, said it was a go—and thus potential New York passed into British hands in exchange for Dutch Guiana. The Englishmen living in Guiana chose not to live under Dutch control and emigrated to Jamaica, which was already a British possession. "Therefore," said the canon with a twinkle, "we are always glad to see people from New York."

When you are in Jamaica it is usual to hire a motor, which is a thing that the natives never do, seeing that gasoline is a dollar a gallon. Only drivers of a dusky hue are available, and their knowledge of driving is usually of a rudimentary kind:

I stipulated for a Buick, because I thought if anything happened to the driver I could manage to navigate the craft myself. It turned out that I didn't need to; but you never can tell. The machine appeared in the *porte cochère* promptly at 9 in the morning, as agreed; and barring a certain flavor of mild decay due to its early vintage it looked amply sufficient for Katrina and me. A nonchalant young man, of the *café au lait* complexion common in those parts, sat at the wheel—a soft-eyed, soft-spoken youth who said that I might, if I liked, call him Millard. I called him that for an hour or two. Thereafter he was referred to in the family circle as "Young Nuisance." He liked to drive, and he knew how to hand, reef, and steer passably—but not much more. His delight was in the open cut-out, and it was only by an occasional admonitory punch in the back that I got him to close the muffler on level stretches or in going down hill. On the upgrade he opened her wide, and the snort of the exhaust was to his ear as delectable as the music of the spheres. He insisted that this was necessary.

He revealed also an artistic temperament in the use of the horn. On dangerous corners he omitted to sound it, apparently being more interested in getting around the curve. But on the open road, where one could see ahead for a mile or two, he waked the echoes of the glen with warning toots, until Katrina and I were reduced to something approaching an apologetic rage. All these peculiarities we learned before we had made Spanish Town—a hamlet lying a dozen miles from the capital city.

But in this case the driver was something of a naturalist and took a delight in explaining the flora, and particularly the marvelous ferns:

"See, Missy! Silver fern! Wait! I get him for yo." And forthwith he jams on his emergency brake, vanishes over the side, and disappears in the undergrowth. Shortly he emerges with a few fern leaves, which you lay on the back of your hand and then administer a smart blow. Behold! An exact reproduction of every frond remains outlined in silver on your sunburned flesh. Or maybe in gold, if it's a gold fern. And as for the sensitive plant—what they call locally "Shamed of you"—it is everywhere. Touch it and it shivers and shrivels into itself, for all the world as if alive and very much frightened, thus to remain for about ten minutes by the watch. Then it plucks up heart and opens again.

The Jamaican negro is very similar to our own variety, gregarious, affable, and religious:

Walking about the streets of St. Ann's Bay we came across many a friendly person of color, chiefly in the way of affable and solicitous mummies pulling on their T. D.'s and anxious to show their interest in the stranger within their gates.

"Good-mawin', Mistress Missus!"

"Good-morning!"

"How is yo' health, Mistress Missus?"

"Very fair, thank you. And you?"

"Fine, Mistress Missus! An' how is yo' health, Massa?"

Such soft and melodious voices—and yet I can not recall that I often heard singing. Perhaps because the Church of England does not encourage the singing of what we call "negro spirituals," or because the plantation ditty is an American product exclusively, the Jamaica dandy seems not to beguile his days with song. You do meet now and then a dusky troubadour on the road with his guitar—but you will be lucky if in addition to hearing him strum upon it you also hear him lift his voice. I heard negro chanteys when we were rafting on the river—but that is another story.

The Hindus also are very numerous, although no more are coming. They are similar in appearance to the negroes, although they dress differently and wear massive jewelry. Of the Jamaican negro Mr. Marden says:

Naturally he speaks English; but it is dialect English. When he is conversing with a fellow-negro you will scarcely understand one word in a dozen. When you speak to him he always pretends to understand—but if you would be safe, do not rest content with his "yassah." Just ask him to repeat what you said. Ten to one he can not—and then you go over it all again. He usually says "yassah" because that is politely agreeable and saves trouble.

Families in Jamaica are enormous. There isn't the faintest semblance of anything that can be mistaken for race suicide. The wayside hamlets are full of pickaninnies. There appears to be a fondness on the part of Jamaica mothers for resounding names. "Amanilla," or some such fanciful device, is apt to be attached to females of the species, and it gets to be monotonous. They relate that once, when a negro girl baby was brought before one Bishop Enos to be baptized under the name of "Amanilla" he remonstrated that the name was too common and urged the substitution of something different. Whereupon the devout parents announced that the girl should be named for Bishop Enos himself—and they called her name "Sbenos!"

Mr. Marden's book deserves the praise that he would covet for it. It is an entertainment, light and humorous, but by no means without its solid values.

SAILING SOUTH. By Philip Sanford Marden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50.

The newest idea for airplane wheels is to mount upon the periphery of each wheel a number of little wheels. This arrangement helps to retard the forward motion of the flying machine on making a landing. The little wheels, brought successively into position by the force of impact, tend to check the plane and bring it to a quick and smooth stop.

In the world's history \$17,000,000,000 in gold has been mined, of which \$5,000,000,000 worth has been lost.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending July 2, 1921, were \$121,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$167,900,000; a decrease of \$46,900,000.

E. H. Rollins & Sons are offering and recommend the following list of bonds: The Van Camp Packing Company, Inc., first mortgage 8 per cent. twenty-year bonds, due April 1, 1941; Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation general and refunding mortgage 7 per cent. Series "B" bonds, not callable for

have had the spectacle of the market going downward and economic conditions moving upward, just as in 1919 we had the spectacle of economic conditions starting their downward readjustment and the market climbing dizzily upward despite the warnings of statistical and financial authorities. What followed the bull market of 1919 is too well known to require description. Students of economics now predict that exactly the reverse is going to follow the bear market which reached its crisis during the first half of June.

Present market indications certainly are that the back of the bear market has been broken and that, in general, prices hit bottom during the week June 19th to 25th.

Generally speaking, industrials appear to have nearly completed their downward readjustment. Some of them have gone too far. The next great readjustment, which is apparently on the verge of starting, should be the upward readjustment of the rails. Rails today are about \$1.75 per share higher than industrials. Before the war they averaged \$43 higher than industrials.

Progressive increases in the weekly totals of revenue freight loaded on the railroads of the United States, which have advanced from 667,000 cars for the week ending April 2d to 787,000 cars for the week ending May 28th, indicate that railway traffic once more is approaching levels which will make possible operation without loss. April statements of gross and net earnings, now available for most of the principal systems, also exhibit improvement over the average for the first three months of the year. It must not be forgotten that comparison with the corresponding month of 1920 is with the period of the switchmen's strike, when freight movement was greatly disorganized throughout the country and was almost at a standstill on many lines. The favorable showing made in the reduction of operating expenses during April is also at least in part the result of the determination of many railroads to postpone maintenance and other work ordinarily undertaken in the spring until the new wage scales announced by the Labor Board are put into effect on July 1st. The reductions announced by the board on June 1st, while less than the demands of the railroad managers, are large enough to be of material assistance when coupled with increased traffic.—*Commerce Monthly*.

Bond prices declined during the period May 16th to June 15th under the pressure of new offerings and the competition for long-time investment capital, which must continue for some time to come (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in the July issue of *Commerce Monthly*). Brazil floated successfully a loan of \$25,000,000 on an 8½ per cent. basis. The subscription books on the \$100,000,000 French loan offered to yield 8 per cent. remain open at this writing. Evidence of the demand for capital is seen in the fact that of the principal corporate issues in the first four months of 1921, practically one-half were for the purpose of funding current indebtedness. This partial conversion of working capital requirements from bank credit to the investment market has been a factor of important relief in the banking position.

Liberty Bonds declined with other securities, but the announcement that half a billion

dollars' worth of the Victory notes have already been retired later strengthened the market for all the government issues. The offering of \$500,000,000 of the three-year 5¼ per cent. treasury notes and 5½ per cent. certificates of indebtedness met a strong demand from investors and the combined issue was heavily oversubscribed. This marks the inauguration of the plan of the Treasury Department to reduce gradually the short-dated debt and distribute maturities through successive issues of treasury notes.

Such a method of refunding the floating debt is in contrast to that adopted by the British treasury, where an attempt has been made to convert the 5 per cent. loan, now nearing maturity, into 3½ per cent. bonds which are redeemable at the option of the government after April 1, 1961. Although holders of the 5 per cent. loan were given the opportunity to increase their nominal principal by 60 per cent. the plan has not been popular and less than a quarter of the bonds have been converted.

Europe's economic recovery is seriously endangered by the present rate at which capital needed for private enterprise is being used for national expenses, Dr. Henry A. E. Chandler, economist of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, declares in the July issue of *Commerce Monthly*, the bank's magazine. The inability of foreign countries to balance their national budgets, he points out, is largely responsible for the instability of their currencies and of international trade, and is also a fundamental cause of the current business depression in the United States.

"The magnitude of the national budgets that most of the former European belligerents must face for years to come will call for the most careful adjustment of the public finances in the light of the industrial and business needs," according to Dr. Chandler. "If, in raising these public funds, too large a proportion is diverted to unproductive consumption, private industry needing capital for rehabilitation or for normal expansion can not operate to its highest efficiency. Since the national productive capacity is but an aggregate of the productive power of individual industrial and business units, such a diversion must reduce the buying power of the people. The reduction of the buying power of foreign countries reacts, not only upon foreign trade, but, through the price-disturbing influence of surplus products hanging over the domestic market, demoralizes the home market, discourages industry and reduces the national income."

"In analyzing the budgets of the several European countries the facts that strike our attention are the tremendous expenditure for consumption purposes, and especially the deficits from uneconomical operations of public services and in important cases the staggering amounts still appropriated for the upkeep of the armies and navies. After making due allowance for governmental capital expenditure or for the partial return of capital to the people, it is clear that a heavy burden of governmental consumption rests upon the industry and business of the nations."

"In most of the former belligerent countries the continued inflation has resulted principally from the failure or inability to balance the national budgets. The effect of this

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continued inflation is to render the value of the currencies unstable and to present in an exaggerated degree all of the evils and hindrances to sound business activity that always attend unstable monetary conditions. The same unusual demands upon the public revenues that have caused the currency inflations have been responsible for an important part of the depreciation of the exchanges and the violent fluctuations that still occur."

Citing statistics, as reported for the National Financial Conference of September, 1920, Dr. Chandler shows that the governmental expenditures of the leading European nations have increased from 500 to 1500 per cent. and are consuming from 20 to 40 per cent. of the entire national income. According to pre-war averages between 10 and 16 per cent. of the national income represented capital savings, he estimates. He continues:

"It is almost impossible to appreciate what



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it means to have the government absorb an amount equivalent to from 20 to 40 per cent. of the entire income of the nation. In other words, the national expenditures alone have absorbed an amount roughly equivalent to from one and a half to three times the total annual capital savings. When a country attains a national budget that equals from two to three times its annual capital savings and special forms of revenue are designed to reach an important part of the earnings of those individuals and corporations that accumulate savings annually, that country faces a situation that requires active and serious consideration.

"Even while a large burden is borne by consumption, it is possible, unless the utmost vigilance is exercised, for the government to absorb such a large part of the current capital savings, if not indeed to eat into past accumulations, that the economic recovery of the nation will be dangerously threatened. It

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five years and due June 1, 1931; Government of the French Republic twenty-year external loan 7½ per cent. bonds, due June 1, 1941, and New England Oil Refining Company first mortgage 8 per cent. sinking fund bonds, due March 1, 1931 (price 98 and interest, to yield 8.30 per cent.).

Whether you wish bonds, investment stocks, or purely speculative issues, there have not been so many apparent bargains at any time during the last twenty-five years as exist at this time. As yet, at a time when the bargain hunter should be going home with his arms full every night, he is delaying action because of the delusion that there may be bigger bargains just around the corner, or that these things will last forever. A little later he is

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going to regret his inaction of today (says A. W. Coote in the *Market Bulletin*).

This is buying time.

The above statement is not merely our own opinion. It is the composite opinion of practically every prominent financial statistician and writer, and of every market authority in America. The opinion is based on the steady improvement in fundamental financial and economic conditions throughout the entire nation and in leading European nations, and the opinion is correct.

During the last forty-five days there has been an absolute lack of unfavorable news and development relating to basic conditions, but, on the contrary, all news has been constructive. Despite this fact, up to June 24th prices of securities steadily declined, and we

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is clear that until the hudgets of these European countries can be balanced, domestic markets, the foreign exchanges, and international trade must remain unstable."

The Bank of Italy has established a new Market Street branch in the building formerly occupied by the Mutual Savings Bank, at Market and Geary Streets, and active business operations started in these new quarters.

Material enlargement of the main banking room is to be undertaken at once and the

Company of New York, the third largest trust company in the country. The offices are located on the seventh floor of the American National Bank Building.

Mr. Harding has had a diversified banking experience, having been associated with the International Banking Corporation in San Francisco and the Lumberman's Trust Company, both in San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. He recently resigned from Blair & Co., Inc., with whom he was connected in their Cleveland office, to assume his present duties. Several months ago Mr. Harding was appointed Pacific Coast representative of the company and prior to the opening of an office he conducted a very careful and thorough investigation of business and financial conditions on the Pacific Coast. Prior to the establishing of this Pacific Coast office the Equitable Trust Company had no representative west of Chicago.

To a very large extent the modern public service company in California is owned by the public. There is absolutely no concentration of ownership in a few hands. Approximately forty-one thousand individuals own the stocks, bonds, and other forms of securities of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. The other public service companies in California also have large numbers of stock and security holders among their customers.

The modern tendency is to bring into the ownership of these properties more individuals, so that in the near future it may reasonably be expected that a substantial part of the consumers of the service rendered will legally own the properties.

Management nowadays actually seeks to represent both the owners and the consumers. The public service industry both accepts and insists upon the proposition that the duty of management is not only to safeguard the property in the interests of the owners, but also at the same time to safeguard the interests of consumers so that they get good service at a reasonable cost. The purpose of this policy is to develop a helpful and friendly cooperation between the industry and the public.

There is in it nothing illogical or inconsistent. The owners look to the consumers for the revenue to pay for operation and to pay a return upon the value of their property devoted to the public use; and the consumers, in turn, depend upon the owners to supply the money to meet the ever-increasing demands for service, to furnish the management and assume the risks incident to the business. To the extent that the consumers, who are the public, encourage and deal fairly with the owners, the quality of service improves and the cost to the consumers is reduced.

In the complete understanding of this mutuality of interest will be found the basis for cooperation between the industry and the public. No one thing seems to be needed more than this. It is the principal aid to the industry in achieving good operating results and in securing satisfactory financing. As cooperation increases its aid to the industry the public will benefit in proportion.

To bring about sound public relations, which create the conditions for cooperation, it is necessary that the organizations in the public service industry continue to be imbued with the spirit of service and a realization that the existence of the industry is for the prime purpose of promoting manufactures and agriculture and the comfort and convenience of the consumers. In other words, the industry must deserve the cooperation which it asks. On the part of the public there must be a thorough understanding of the fact that the costs of service are determined by economic conditions, and not by the whim of management or the caprice of regulatory commissions, and that the public can not hope to escape these costs, if service is to be maintained and the social and economic needs of the public met.

It is a fair statement to say that, as a whole, the industry has been completely revolutionized in the last ten years. Security

issues are now made only with the approval of public authority; rate fixing is in the control of competent, unbiased experts; operations are confined strictly within the limits of the public purposes for which the companies were organized, and past policies, of which the public complained, have been supplanted by the present policies of service and frankness on which the public insisted. These new policies the industry has not only adopted, but enthusiastically accepted as sound and desirable. In short, the industry does merit the cooperation which it seeks.

Unfortunately, the public is all too prone to keep alive memories of the past and to ignore the very fundamental changes which have taken place. There are still many who look upon rate hearings as essentially adversary proceedings between the public and the companies, even as proceedings initiated by the companies to get something out of the public to which they are not entitled. This attitude is neither just nor wise. The companies have very definitely and very properly taken the position that in respect of rates they accept what the facts accord them and that they will be as helpful as they can in presenting the facts. The public must likewise be willing to be bound by the economic facts which control and fix rates. It is axiomatic that service can not be maintained for the present, or produced in time to meet the demands of the future, unless revenues are adequate to meet costs. What these costs are depend upon very definite, ascertainable facts. Rate inquiries should be regarded and conducted as mutual investigations of facts by the public and the companies for the purpose of squaring rates with the facts. By no means should they be turned into an organized effort by the public to accomplish the impossible through its insistence that economic facts be ignored and service be rendered for less than cost.

No one will question for a moment whatever of searching inquiry the public may demand in determining the facts, but once the facts are established, the conclusions as to rates which flow from those facts should be frankly accepted. The unwillingness of a considerable part of the public to do this very obvious thing marks its most conspicuous failure to cooperate with the industry. The folly of such a course is perfectly apparent. The public needs and depends upon the service of the industry. The economic law is inexorable. Service can not be rendered unless revenues are adequate to meet the costs of service. Without adequate service communities do not prosper. The growth of many a city has been stifled because its public service industry was stifled.

In contrast with the failure of the public as a whole to accept the principles of rate fixing, there is the encouraging evidence of public cooperation to be found in the rapidly increasing number of stockholders in the industry. These stockholders are the legal owners of the public service properties. The door is open for the entire public to join them in the ownership of properties. Probably the legal ownership will never extend quite this far, but the entire public will always have an ownership in the properties in the sense that all may use them on the same terms and that none of the properties can be devoted to any use except a public use. Established principles in the industry compel the refusal of unreasonable demands on the part of some consumers, or of groups of consumers, which would work against the interest of the great body of consumers. There is always kept in mind the best interest of the consumers as a whole and no special rights or privileges are granted to individual consumers, or small groups of consumers.

This invariable rule against discrimination places the owners on the same footing as all other consumers in respect of the services of the companies. The owners must and do pay the same price for the same service as does every other consumer. In other words, the owners have no advantage or privilege as consumers. Their sole recompense as owners is a fair return on the value of their property, if their management is skillful and avoids the hazards inherent in great enterprises. In making their investments under these conditions they render a substantial public service. They furnish and dedicate to public use the funds needed for developments in the interest of the whole public, and the need is unending. Considering the importance to the public of such investments, there should be no hesitation on the part of the public in adopting the attitude of sustaining the public service industry against malicious and ignorant attack by demagogues who have no real thought of the good of consumers or the public, but follow only their selfish interests, which they seek to promote by arousing opposition to the companies engaged in the industry.—Wigington E. Creed.

The Anglo-California Trust Company has announced the opening of an investment department on the lower floor of the main bank building, Market and Sansome Streets. This new department is unique in banking operations in that it has been created entirely for the purpose of providing expert investment counsel for the public. It is intended to pro-



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Instances of extraordinary longevity are not always above suspicion, but Thomas Parr, who was buried in Westminster Abbey, seems to have lived for 152 years. That is the inscription on his tombstone.

A New York cotton exchange membership has been sold for \$22,500, an increase of \$500 over the last sale.

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store now occupied by Carroll, the hatter, will be incorporated as part of the bank's lobby. The addition, however, will not interfere with the regular banking work while the alterations are being made. Entrances to the bank will be on both the Market and Geary Street sides.

The State Banking Department of California has recently authorized H. C. Harding to maintain offices in San Francisco as Pacific Coast representative of the Equitable Trust

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Personal Aspects of Jane Austen.

"Personal Aspects of Jane Austen," by Mary Augusta Austen-Leigh, is really a defense of Jane Austen against the many foolish and thoughtless opinions based on the earlier ignorance of her life. It is calculated to acquaint modern readers of the novels with the intimate life and the human side of Jane Austen, which have been so misunderstood as to be compared to the environment and nature of Charlotte Brontë. The author expresses great surprise that present-day critics persistently ignore the authentic biographies of Miss Austen and revert to the old impressions of her "narrow life" and the idea that she lived "aside from the world."

Among other errors corrected by Mary Augusta Austen-Leigh is the somewhat prevalent one that Jane did not like children or animals and that she was of a cold, unloving nature. The evidence given in the present volume is authentic. It is quoted from family letters and memoirs and is unanimous in its praise of Jane Austen's loving disposition, great charm for children—her own nephews and nieces adored her—and tender heart. The false impression on this score may have arisen from the fact that Miss Austen believed in strict discipline for children—a natural error in this day of spoilt youngsters.

Readers unacquainted with the "Life and Letters of Jane Austen" that embodies prac-

tically everything known of the novelist will find many interesting side lights on her character and habits in these "Personal Aspects of Jane Austen." The material of the little book is well grouped and conclusive in its arguments. It is illustrated with a reproduction of the Zoffany portrait of Jane as a young girl, with numerous drawings by various members of the family and several facsimiles of Jane Austen's beautiful handwriting.

PERSONAL ASPECTS OF JANE AUSTEN. By Mary A. Austen-Leigh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

Stash of the Marsh Country.

A new class of the school of Middle Western fiction has commenced with "Stash of the Marsh Country," a novel of the region about the Great Lakes—Michigan, Northern Illinois, and Indiana. Mr. Waldo's novel is remarkable for advancing a stage from the chronicling of the staid habits of Mid-Western Germans and has introduced into American fiction the more colorful lives of American Poles and Czechs in their relation to the older America. It is, according to the author, a story of two Americas.

"Stash of the Marsh Country" is a panorama rather than a novel. It is concerned with a vast number of people of both Americas, but it is not intimately concerned with any of them. It might be called impressionistic in its exclusive devotion to exteriors. We are only slightly acquainted with Stash himself, and if it were not for a certain pitiful quality of huffed strength that Stash constantly manifests we would not even be acquainted with him. It is not that the people are not well done. They are distinct, vivid, and real, but they are real in the manner that strangers frequently seen in cars and trains or other points of assembly are real and recognizable. One literally knows nothing more of their lives than one can guess from their appearance. And so it is with the people of "Stash and the Marsh Country."

This is a modern note in fiction and is probably due to the reaction from the introspective novel of the last decade. It is far from being without its charm. There is a distinct attraction about persons of whom we catch only fascinating glimpses. But just because it is a comparatively new departure in fiction there is much to be learnt about the panoramic novel. John Birmingham is an adept at it. His manner of dealing with only that part of his characters' lives that relates to his story is a marvel of literary economy. Mr. Waldo is a young writer—"Stash of the Marsh Country" is his first novel—and there is every indication that in future novels he, too, will learn a greater economy. His present novel gives brilliant promise.

The material story of "Stash" is that of his early struggles to "make good"—a common enough theme in new and old fiction. But Mr. Waldo has sublimated his struggle and made it that of his race, the new America, against the old. This is done, not by any trick of symbolization—nothing could be farther removed from the symbolic novel than "Stash of the Marsh Country"—but by making the abstract relation between the two elements of America the nucleus of interest.

Harold Waldo writes cleverly, though at times a little incoherently. He might arrange his material with greater force. It is sometimes disconcerting to be so rapidly and unaccountably moved from one Great Lakes metropolis to another. It is also an open question whether he needs quite so many characters whose tangled threads of story sometimes seem introduced only to produce incoherence. The main thread of the story might with advantage stand out in greater relief. Notwithstanding these minor defects, "Stash of the Marsh Country" is an original novel interestingly written and Mr. Waldo is to be commended for his pioneer courage.

STASH OF THE MARSH COUNTRY. By Harold Waldo. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Islands and Their Mysteries.

There have recently been numerous studies published of the islands of the South Seas, but Mr. Verrill is more liberal in this interesting treatise on the fauna and flora and geological structure of islands in general. Due to the impossibility of treating of all islands in two hundred pages or so, the author has limited himself to representative islands and to exceptional islands in all latitudes.

Mr. Verrill claims that his book is not an attempt at a learned or scientific thesis on islands, but it is really more than that, for its foundation is scientific, and though the book is written in the "clear, concise, and easily understood manner" that the author aimed for, it is not popular science. Not only is the reader furnished with a classification of islands and a clue to their geology, but he is incidentally given a great deal of valuable biological and botanical information and is also given the system for deducing such information. In fact, almost any one reading "Islands and Their Mysteries" is calculated to come from it better grounded in physical geography and natural history than before.

ISLANDS AND THEIR MYSTERIES. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.75.

The Ascent.

The poems contained in this finely printed little volume were found among the papers left by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Mills Crothers, perhaps better remembered by her college friends as Bessie Mills. Miss Mills took her degree as Bachelor of Arts at the University of California in 1909. On March 23, 1911, she was married to Mr. George Edward Crothers of San Francisco and she died at Stanford University on August 18, 1920.

The poems selected for publication are not numerous and they are all short. Indeed the twenty-nine titles occupy barely twice that number of pages and we need not doubt that they owe much of their quality to their spontaneous and unpremeditated composition. Six only of these poems have been published and these were used as songs by Mme. Armand Cailleau at a presentation of the author's single act play, "Fanny's Bright Idea," at the Century Club of San Francisco.

These poems are of such nearly uniform merit and so equally graced by musical qualities that almost any one among them may be cited as representative. But perhaps preference may be given to "A Summer Love Song," of which the two stanzas seem particularly to express the composer's temperament, as well as her power of versification:

The woodbine never loved the summer show'r
As I love you;
The robin never loved the opening flower,
Or grass the dew;
The ivy never loved the spreading trees
Or sun the rue;
Storm wind never loved the willow,
Breezes never loved the willow,
Heather never loved the breeze
As I love you.

So what if showers forsake the sweet woodbine,
Still I love you;
And fickle robins leave the flower to pine,
Soaring high in blue,
My love wanes not with seasons
But hides forever true.

Of a somewhat different note is the poem entitled "A Little Bird," of which the four concluding stanzas may find a place here:

His wings are black, his breast is yellow,
Perhaps you recognize the fellow.

It may not be the proper thing,
In poems thus his praise to sing.

This is no poem (as you say)
So I can praise him anyway.

I only know the song he sings
Can make me dream the nicest things.

Those who remember the author, and they are very numerous, will commend the choice of such a memorial as this volume and one that will not be robbed of its fragrance by time. It is published, with a foreword by Dr. Jordan, by the author's mother, Mrs. W. H. Mills. The proceeds will be given to the Convalescent Home for Children at Stanford and for the creation of an endowment fund. The volume, which is entitled "The Ascent," will be on sale at Robertson's and at the White House on Saturday of this week.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

A fuller review of the position of the Soviet leaders will be found in a book which the Duttons are publishing under the title "Out of Their Own Mouths." It is by Samuel Gompers, the labor leader, with the collaboration of William English Walling, author of "Sovietism."

Mr. Courmes was born in the Ukraine in 1881. He came out to this country to Philadelphia with his family when he was ten. His novels are to some extent autobiographical. From the age of sixteen, when he became

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office boy for a Philadelphia paper, he has been connected with journalistic work. After working up to the position of assistant editor of the Sunday supplement he "chucked his job" and traveled abroad. Did free-lance work in London. During the war he was invited by Hugh Walpole to become a co-member in the Anglo-Russian commission to Petrograd. Was in Russia for six months during the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution. Returned to London and continued his literary work. Mr. Courmes is the author of "The Mask," "The Wall," etc.

Much interest is being shown in the figures given by Ernest L. Bogart in his recently published "War Costs and Their Financing" (Appletons). Professor Bogart's figures are based on the best available official information, and it has been pointed out that the conservatism in his calculations give them particular value. The net expenditures for both the Allies and Germany and her allies are found to be \$186,000,000,000. Of the principal belligerents Great Britain is shown to have spent most, Germany second, United States third, and France fourth.

According to estimates approximately 200,000,000 feet of lumber will be cut on crown lands in New Brunswick during the present year.

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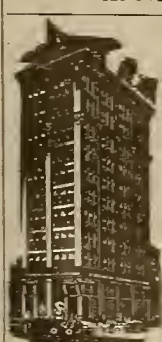
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Books on the Table.

The sort of book one likes to read leisurely, relishing alike the author's mellow erudition and mellow humor and his sharp tang of criticism, is "Books on the Table," a collection of forty tahlöid reviews by Edmund Gosse. These brief papers, a selection from what Mr. Gosse calls "the ten-minute sermons which, for some time past, I have been delivering every week to the congregation of the *Sunday Times*," range freely over the whole field of literature. They cover such divergent peaks as Ausonius, that beguiling French "decadent" of the fourth century, and Daisy Ashford, Sir James Barrie's complacent protégé.

We realize how fresh from the press "Books on the Table" is when we come to "Autobiography and Mrs. Asquith." Mr. Gosse's attitude toward the much-talked-of memoir is very fair. His adverse criticism is technical only. He says of Margot's book, "There is no advance, no development. Mrs. Asquith has opened wide the sack and poured its contents into a volume." But on the other hand Mr. Gosse has only praise for the book's unflinching courage. "The confessions of autobiographers," he writes, "have always given offense. No contribution to social history exists which is more delightful than the correspondence of Horace Walpole, but it was received with a howl of indignation." Mr. Gosse is courageous enough himself to apply the word "modest" to Mrs. Asquith's book, though he admits the use of the term is paradoxical. He finally and liberally leaves the book for "the impartial verdict of posterity."

It is an embarrassment of choice to select for comment where all are equally delectable. We have recourse to such a topical delight as

"A Bubble Burst." In referring to Sir James Barrie's "practical joke" that succeeded all too well Mr. Gosse says, "It was an awful prospect stretching before us that, for the future, the real field of the novelist's fruitful activity would lie between the ages of nine and fourteen, that literary success would close when the gifted authoress first put up her hair, and that she would lay down the pen when she began to be able to write without ruled lines." We sympathize with Mr. Gosse's disgust.

It is a far cry from Miss Ashford's crudities to Lady Ritchie's latest volume, "From Friend to Friend," but "Books on the Table" is full of such contrasts. Mr. Gosse regrets that Lady Ritchie always wrote according to the conventions of 1859 and that she never cultivated in writing the humor which she had inherited from her illustrious father. "Her talk was dreamy and sometimes dim, but it was radiated by flashes of wit and shrewdness." Mr. Gosse goes on to say that he once, in speaking to her of a friend, likened his appearance to a pug dog and that Lady Ritchie answered him, "Oh, no, not a pug, not like a dear pug! He is like a toad!" Speaking of her habit of vague absent-mindedness, he says: "When her mind and her tongue had parted company she was capable of uttering strange oracles." Mr. Gosse urges that Anne Thackeray's writings he not allowed "to disappear on the rushing flood of literature." He regrets that the uniform edition does not include her essays and memoirs; and he is of the opinion that the two novels, "The Story of Elizabeth" and "Old Kensington" are her best.

Of the other papers, every one to be read and enjoyed, we particularly recommend, "The Last Years of Disraeli," "The Fox in Song," "Wine and Mr. Saintsbury," and "The Character of Fielding." It is safe to say that there has been no recent book so richly packed with literary acumen.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.

Hanit the Enchantress.

"Hanit the Enchantress" is a reconstructed romance of the Egypt of a thousand years B. C. It is full of strange names and a stranger creed—the mysteries of the Luminous Book of Thoth, the book the Egyptians believed possessed the power to draw the very gods from heaven. The incident dealt with is the treacherous plot against Hanit, queen of the Pharaoh, Amenhotep the Third, and her son Ramses.

Mr. Pier's archaeological romance is based on the fact that all who assisted in the removal of a certain mummy, supposed to be that of Lady Meryt, but later proved to be that of Queen Hanit, met immediate death. The Egyptologist hero, searching for a clue to the mysterious series of deaths, falls down thirty centuries after the traditional fashion of heroes who forge far into the past or the future. The anachronistic professor awakes to find himself Renny, the Syrian sculptor, one of the dramatic figures of the tragedy that played itself out in the royal household of Hanit's successor and rival, Thi. By the aid of the Magic Book in the possession of Enana, kinsman of Queen Hanit, the royal wrongs are righted, and the "immutable curse of the conjurers of Amen" is placed on all who desecrate Hanit's tomb—"Whosoever toucheth this body to remove it dieth!"

Mr. Pier has succeeded well in representing the oddly decorative life of the Egyptians of the decadent period. His descriptions are full of interest to the lover of general information. And he has redeemed his book from being merely an historical chronicle by the thrilling episodes of a really melodramatic plot.

HANIT THE ENCHANTRESS. By Garrett Chatfield Pier. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

New Books Received.

ORPHAN DINAH. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50. A novel.

THE WALL. By John Cournos. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2. A novel of Jewish life.

SAILING SOUTH. By Philip S. Marden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50. A journey to the West Indies.

A TOUR IN A DONKEY-CART. By Frances Jennings. New York: John Lane Company.

The life and art of Frances Jennings. With thirty-two illustrations in colotype.

GUNS OF THE GODS. By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. A story of India.

LYRICS OF THE LINKS. Compiled by Henry Litchfield West. New York: The Macmillan Company. Verses about golf.

THE GARDEN OF BRIGHT WATERS. Translated by Edward Powys Mathers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 120 Asiatic love poems.

GRAIN AND CHAFF FROM AN ENGLISH MANOR. By Arthur H. Savory. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4. A book of rural England.

CHRISTOPHER. By Lionel Josaphare. Privately printed in San Francisco. A drama.

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS. By Stark Young. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.35. "Madretta," "At the Shrine," "Addio."

FORESHADOWED. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90. A novel.

HISTORIC ENGLISH. By James C. Fernald, L. H. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. From its origin down to the present time.

WILL-POWER AND WORK. By Jules Payot, Litt.



THE STANDARD OF DRINKS

D., Ph. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.75.

Translated by Richard Duffy.

BOOKS AND FOLKS. By Edward N. Teall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75. Counsel for those who seek the best in literature.

CONQUEST. By Gerald O'Donovan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2. An Irish novel.

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BILL'S MISTAKE. By Robert Gale Barson. San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publishing Company. A story.

THE DEATH OF SOCIETY. By Romer Wilson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2. A novel.

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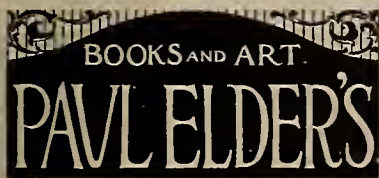
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MARY STUART, THE LOVER.

There is a recklessness in the mood of the world since the war, and women are big sharers in it. The morality of the highly civilized nations is unquestionably at a lower ebb, and the pure, modest maiden with the downcast eyes, once loved of the romancer, is no more. Or if she is she is more apt to be a *vieille fille*, her traditions handed down from the Victorian era and strictly followed.

As for the young woman of the present era, she is out for change and adventure. She motors instead of crochets, scours her world for entertainment, and rarely waits for the man to be the first to indicate a state of enamoredness.

And whether she practices them or not she enunciates startling theories, as to how a woman should have the right of child-bearing should she so desire, whether she is married or not.

But the truth is that there is a great deal by men writers in the literature of the day that encourages women in the belief that they have ceased to be the guardians of the hearthstone. Take John Galsworthy's "The Saint's Progress," for instance. Galsworthy understands the human heart, and there is much truth in that book. But can reckless, audacious youth understand that the first aim of the book is the reprobation of war, and the next that we must make allowances for the inevitable changes in sex moralities that war brings? At least so I conceive it. There is, nevertheless, in the ultra modern school of novelists, in Galsworthy himself, who is no longer ultra modern, and in modern fiction generally, a more indulgent attitude toward the sinner against social morals. Whether it means the beginning of the alarming changes prophesied by many thoughtful men when the percentage of men in the world's population sank to so much lower a figure during the war remains to be seen. But one thing is sure; and that is the world-war has remolded the mind and convictions of the youth of the present day.

An instance of the unconventional point of view may be found in John Drinkwater's new historical play, "Mary Stuart." This play was brought out in New York in March at the opening of the new Ritz Theatre, and, following upon "Abraham Lincoln," offers a second portrait in the gallery of historical figures to which Mr. Drinkwater has expressed his intention of devoting his talent and his pen.

"Mary Stuart," unlike the greater number of historical plays, is brief, requiring something less than two hours to perform. It begins with a prologue, the action of which transpires in Edinburgh the present; or, to be accurate, in 1900. Two Scotchmen, one young and passionate, the other old and mel-

lown in his observation of the ways of men, are discussing Margaret, the wife of the younger. She has told him that she loves Finlay, a friend of her husband and the author of a life of Mary Stuart. She further adds the information that her love for her husband remains untouched by this latter love. And of course the husband rebels.

But the wise old man points out that Margaret, the wife, has a radiant capacity for loving, and that, like Mary Stuart, whose portrait hangs in the room, she was born to be "a great lover." The husband pished, and fumed, and damned, but the inexorable old sage pushed him into a corner and convicted him of "a poor, brute jealousy."

I can imagine how bewildered the usual conventional audience must have been by the fine-spun distinctions made by Andrew Boyd, the old man. What he was getting at seemed to be what we have perceived, in life, occasionally to be true: the capacity for loving two people simultaneously. But it does seem running slambang against human instinct for Andrew Boyd, the calm, philosophical senior, to try to convince a husband who deeply loves a lovely wife that it is the part of wisdom, toleration, and generosity to allow her to divide her love between him and a rival.

It looks to me as if a lot of fussy young women, after seeing this play with its historical atmosphere, the poetic dignity of the treatment, and the suggestion of undeserved tragedy impending over the beautiful head of the victim of men's contentious passions, may come away saying, "Come on, girls! This is the new order of things. No chaperons, no restraint! The world is Liberty Hall for women! See Drinkwater in 'Mary Stuart.'" For the talented author brings Mary Stuart on the scene to convince the doubting husband that he must splendidly trust his wife to love another man.

I don't think the logic works out very well, but certainly Mr. Drinkwater gives a fascinatingly intimate view of the lovely queen of hearts living at Holyrood, wife to Darnley, condescendingly coquetting with Riccio—as the Rizzio as we remember him is called—and openly flouting and scorning her husband while secretly she allows herself to be warmed up, although only a little, by Bothwell's gusty wooing: "nothing better coming to her than a scented pimp, a callow fool, and a bully." As Mary says, "they make a poor, shabby company." . . . "It's a barren stock of lovers, Beaton," she says to Mary Beaton; "I who could have made the greatest greater."

The action of the piece centres on the murder of Riccio, who is depicted as a sentimentalist and a coward, but the whole idea of the play is to show Mary at close range as a great lover thwarted, to exhibit her womanly charm, her queenliness, her feminine complexities, and her half disdainful trifling with loves she knows unworthy of her, because she was formed for loving magnificently, prodigally. There is a minor tone to the dialogue, which has the literary distinction that Drinkwater the poet can give and the dramatic terseness and tensify of interest conferred by a born writer of plays.

As to the purport of the play, let us turn again to the prologue. "These women—such women—can sometimes love so well that no man's nature can contain all that they have to give," says old Boyd. "There are men like that, too. And it is not a light love. The light lover has many, and rapidly shifting aims, but never two loyalties at once. But these others may love once, or twice, or often, but changelessly. They do not love unworthily—it is lamentable when they love unworthy men." (A contradiction there.)

"But Finlay," says the unhappy husband, "what is there in Finlay that she can't find in me?" To which Boyd replies, "A vast, separate, breathing creation of God. Would you dare to forbid a woman's love of that?"

It seems to me that Mr. Drinkwater wrote near-nonsense in much of the dialogue of the prologue. Nor does he prove his case. Mary does love unworthily. It is quite true that, as far as we know, and as the author has the old man say of Mary's tragic story, "at the centre of it is the one glowing reality, a passionate woman." On the whole Mr. Drinkwater might have done better to leave out the prologue, with its possibly tedious discussion and its bewildering logic, and confine himself to a more extended view of the lovely, the irresistible Mary. In its present form the play doesn't call for extension, for the drama that is being played at Holyrood is well, although briefly, indicated. The irreconcilableness of the logic seems to lie in the difference in the conditions of Margaret's and Mary's love. For Margaret claims to love two superior men worthily, while Mary has accepted "the scented pimp" as a husband, tolerated the sentimental philanderings of "the callow fool," and all but accepted the confessedly transitory love of the dissolute bully.

SHAKESPEARE.

The production of "Macbeth," recently offered in New York by Arthur Hopkins with Lionel Barrymore in the title-role, revealed the disconcerting discovery that this favorite

actor was not a good Macbeth. Everything had been done to make the production a success. Robert Edmond Jones, whose striking scenic conceptions San Franciscans had opportunity to admire during the Pavlowa engagement at the Valencia Theatre some years ago, and who had also designed the original sets for the "Richard III" production in which Lionel Barrymore had so greatly pleased the New York public, was allowed in the "Macbeth" production to "do his damndest" by Producer Hopkins. Well, he did, with results that the Barrymore admirers claim damned the play.

Jones was very original and entirely untrammelled. For instance, he had the three weird sister clothed in red and masked, while high above them large silver masks corresponding to those they wore symbolized the darkly mysterious force that they were to exercise over Macbeth's destiny.

Those who admire Jones' work claim that Barrymore's did not coordinate with it. At any rate the result was not harmonious, and the public that had so acclaimed Barrymore's "Richard III" was vaguely disappointed.

There are some theatre-goers that revive the old contention: Shakespeare spells ruin. But they forget that there is always a public that wishes to increase its knowledge of Shakespeare. The Shakespearean plays are so closely allied to tradition that perhaps the ever-conventional public was outraged by another touch of originality introduced, in which Mr. Jones evidently wished to symbolize Macbeth's distorted spiritual state. Those who saw his work here will remember in the "Till Eulenspiegel" dance drama how he placed the roofs and towers of the mediaeval village crazily awry in order to indicate the fantastic turmoil in the mind of the village scoundrel. The same idea was utilized in tragedy, for in "Macbeth" the same designer drew the arches in the old castle at a weirdly irregular angle. One can perceive his idea, but can also realize how it offended the conservatives. To them, no doubt, it was unworthy the dignity of tragedy.

As to the ruin that lies in Shakespeare, a quotation from Tommaso Salvini's autobiography, old though it is, will do as well as anything to dissipate the idea that Shakespeare can ever definitely be retired. "Do not tell me," he wrote, "that the works of Shakespeare are out of fashion and that the public no longer wants them. Shakespeare is always new—so new that not even yet is he understood by everybody, and if, as they say, the public is no longer attracted by his plays, it is because they are superficially presented."

To win the approval of the audience a dazzling and conspicuous *mise-en-scène* does not suffice, as some seem to imagine, to make up deficiency in interpretation; a more profound study of the characters represented is indispensable." Which, although it was perhaps written before the young men connected with the Hopkins production were born, probably hits the nail on the head.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Sir Dennison Ross, director of the London School of Oriental Studies, in an exhortation to his countrymen to learn Japanese, says that this is one of the easiest languages of the world to pronounce. "Most of the words end in vowels and none of the consonants offer any difficulties." The structure of Japanese is very peculiar and very strange to the beginner. It is hard to realize a grammar which recognizes no persons and genders—but such is the case with the Japanese. The language also has no relative pronouns. However, there is no reason why people whose mother tongue is English should fight shy of the language. For practical, everyday purposes, six months' study of the spoken tongue will carry an intelligent man a long way provided he has competent teachers.

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The Columbia Theatre.

The theme which evoked from King Lear his immortal plaint, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," has been used by William Fox for his greatest photo-play, "Over the Hill," which will be seen at the Columbia Theatre beginning this Sunday, July 10th.

There has been so much said in the magazines and newspapers all over the country about the sensational run of "Over the Hill" ever since last September with no lack of patronage yet in sight that it seems almost superfluous to dwell at length on its merits. Suffice to say that the superb film drama was made by William Fox from two of Will Carleton's celebrated "Farm Ballads," and has for its theme the love of a mother. Harry Millards directed the picture and Paul H. Sloane made the scenario.

"Over the Hill" is now in the fortieth consecutive week of its run in the city of New York.

During the Columbia Theatre engagement there will be a presentation each afternoon at 2:30 and at 8:30 at night.

The Curran Theatre.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" at the Curran Theatre, which June Mathis adapted from Vicente Blasco Ibañez' hook, and which Rex Ingram visualized on the screen, has an entirely different appeal to different people. Some realize its psychology; others do not.

Two women were overheard discussing the picture, after a recent matinee at the Curran.

"It is a wonderful picture—I was fairly thrilled by it," said one of the women, "but I

fail to see where the psychology comes in."

The other woman smiled, and then said: "That's because you saw the picture with only one idea in your head—and that was to be entertained. I read the hook, and was looking for the psychology of the story to be transferred to the screen. I wasn't disappointed. To me the little monkey was a reaction against the foolishness of Julio and Marguerite. When the monkey, imitating a soldier, marched up and down, with its rifle reversed, it seemed to me to be a remarkable travesty on human nature. When in the trenches I saw the monkey, wearing a 'tin hat' and the equipment of a poilu, I realized that both Ibañez and Ingram were trying to convey the thought that, after all, it takes more than a tin hat and a uniform to make a soldier. When the Uhlands invaded Villablanche every one was panic-stricken except the geese. Senseless things! What had they to do with the quarrels of mere men? They were geese, but they had too much good sense to fight. When, during Marguerite's struggle to find herself and he true to her womanly instincts by sacrificing herself for the blind Laurier, the introduction of the squirrel in its revolving stage was to me an inspiration in psychology. There never was a more remarkable illustration of 'futility.'"

The Orpheum.

Singer's Midgets are to appear at the Orpheum next week in response to request of hundreds of Orpheum patrons who were unable to obtain seats when the midgets played here several weeks ago. Thousands of school-children for whom the midgets hold an especial appeal thus can avail themselves of this second opportunity. The act will contain every feature it possessed on its previous visit with the addition of many new costumes.

Prominent among the new acts are Betty Byron and William Haig in "The Book of Vaudeville." Symbolism plays an important part in the production. On the stage will be a large book. As the pages are turned the clever principals will illustrate with song, dance, and story what the pages imply.

With a happy personality and a gift as a raconteur will come George Austin Moore, always possessor of new and distinctly individual songs and stories.

Occupying the peculiar position in the art world of being a cartoonist, illustrator, and portrait painter, Edward Marshall is to be seen in his series of spontaneous drawings. His sketches are up to the minute and are extremely appropriate.

Mang and Snyder, gymnasts, designated as master athletes, should fill the niche in practically every vaudeville bill which requires feats of super strength.

Booth and Nina's "20th Century Novelty" promises to be an act which will be a constant series of surprises. Miss Nina is a hanjoist of remarkable merit.

"A Trip to Hitland," with its popular composers, one of the current successes, is to continue throughout next week, as will Clara Barry, supported by Orville Whitledge, in "For Just a Few Moments Only."

"My boy graduates from college this year and I expect to take him into the office with me." "You'll start him at the bottom and let him work up, I suppose." "No, I think I'll start him at the top and let him work down."—New York Sun.

Ten thousand people have visited the Long-fellow home in Portland this season, coming from every state in the Union and more than twenty foreign countries.

Photography.

Photography has become an integral part of journalism (observes the Philadelphia Public Ledger). Today there are twice as many revenue cutter passes used by photographers going down the bay to meet incoming ships as by ship news reporters. "I have been snapping notables and undesirables for thirty-four years," Charles Curtis of New York, a pioneer at the game, said; "thirteen years as an amateur, fifteen years in Park Row and now six years as an outdoor camera free lance." Mr. Curtis sort of automatically gravitates toward news incidents that are susceptible of photographing. He is never without a little camera hid under his coat. He was standing in Nassau Street when the noise of the Wall Street explosion reverberated over lower Manhattan. Second nature drove him toward the Subtreasury Building, from the steps of which he took the first pictures of the disaster, and his views are the official ones that went into the J. P. Morgan & Co. album. An alert photographer sometimes beats a reporter to the news. A dozen years ago a Japanese admiral visited America and at the old Holland House was found with Read-Admiral "Fighting Boh" Evans, U. S. N. Then, as now, the Japanese situation was acute. Curtis took the same "shots" as the other photographers and was the last to file out, when he turned and heard Admiral Evans remark to the Japanese, "We declare peace right now," at the same time clapping the hand of his brother admiral. The photographer got the handshake, and with his print turned in the remark, which over the cut made a first-page display that was not without its diplomatic effect upon the international issue.

Indian Paint.

Quicksilver, or mercury, is derived from an ore that is a mixture of sulphur and mercury, called "cinnabar," and when very pure is in color a brilliant vermilion. It is from this source, indeed, that vermilion used to be obtained. Nowadays, however, it is usually made by heating mercury together with sulphur, potash, and water.

To get the quicksilver from the ore it is necessary merely to separate it from the sulphur with which it is chemically combined, and this is accomplished by roasting. The ore goes from the crusher into a furnace, where high heat volatilizes the quicksilver, the latter being thereupon precipitated pure in a water-jacketed condenser. Out of the condenser it runs in a silvery stream and is put up in wrought-iron flasks for market.



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When reduced by low temperature to a solid, quicksilver becomes very malleable, and can be beaten into sheets as thin as tissue paper.

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VANITY FAIR.

There seems to have been something like a conflict of theologies in connection with the shuffling of the Marlborough matrimonial cards. It all seems very confusing to the humble searcher for truth, realizing that no one is altogether exempt from these disruptive domestic difficulties and anxious to know where he stands if the worst should come to the worst.

The Duke of Marlborough was remarried in Paris to Miss Gladys Deacon of Boston after the recent divorce suit brought against him by the duchess, who was once Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt of New York. A couple of weeks later the duchess herself was remarried in London to Colonel Louis Jacques Balsan of the French army and she will be known henceforth as Mme. Balsan. An American ambassador—Colonel Harvey in London and Mr. Wallace in Paris—was present at each of these ceremonies, and nothing was said about an affront to the ambassadorial conscience, perhaps because ambassadors are well known to have no consciences. But the Duke of Marlborough in Paris found it quite difficult to secure the services of a clergyman, not that he cared anything about the clergyman so long as the civic official was on deck all right, but then women do hanker after the consolations of religion upon such occasions as this, and the new duchess was understood to insist upon the benedictions of the church in spite of the obvious fact that they had missed fire in the case of her predecessor.

But the clergymen would not come. They refused to remarry a divorced man, and this is where they made a mistake, seeing that it is always possible to find some one who will take a lenient view in combination with a large fee. In this instance the some one was a Presbyterian minister officiating in Paris—and who would have thought a Presbyterian minister could have found a ciente in Paris? He is described as of "rusty" appearance, as somewhat consternated by the candid pictures upon the walls, and as having a perfectly splendid time all by himself at the luncheon table with the chicken sandwiches and the champagne after he had performed his ghostly functions and bestowed his Presbyterian benediction upon those whom "God had joined together."

But the Duchess of Marlborough in London had no trouble at all with the clergy, presumably because she was the innocent party in the divorce suit. Her son, the Mar-

quis of Blandford, seems to have had a fight with a press photographer, but otherwise the proceedings were quite peaceful. The duchess, who was "smiling radiantly," was accompanied by Colonel Harvey, who signed the register, and the ceremony was performed by the chaplain of the Savoy Chapel Royal, who seems to have thought it necessary to make a speech. Addressing the duchess as "My sister," he informed her that "God has brought you at last to peace, after all the storms, struggles, and difficulties which some people have more than others in this world. He has brought you at last to a haven to rest, to new simplicity and new cheerfulness." Now that, of course, remains to be seen. Although we are willing enough to believe that a chaplain of the Chapel Royal would naturally have some special access to the intentions of Providence with regard to a duchess. But if clergymen are to make topical speeches as parts of wedding ceremonies it will go a long way to take the joy out of these things, and incidentally we may wonder if the chaplain would have been quite so sure of Providential direction if he had been marrying just an ordinary human being instead of a duchess. And it may be said further that clergymen would be well advised not to set up a law of their own in matters of marriage nor to pronounce a marriage to be unlawful that the state regards as lawful. At least they should try to be unanimous in the matter, although there will always be a "rusty" some one with a taste for chicken and champagne who will serve at a pinch and whose theological opinions are likely to be as liberal as the compensatory fee.

A hook 700 years old, valued at \$100,000, was placed in the University of Pennsylvania recently for translation by Dr. William R. Newbold. It is said to have been written by the English monk, Roger Bacon, some time between 1216 and 1262, and is an exposition of the laws governing life. The volume, which is written on vellum, is the property of Wilfred M. de Voymich, an exile from Poland who recently became a British subject.

The Secretary of the Navy has authorized the wearing, on stated occasions, of the frock coat, full-dress trousers, cocked hat, dress sword and sword belt, and epaulets.

In 1517 Liverpool was mentioned in a petition to Queen Elizabeth as "her majesty's poor decayed town."

COMBINED STATEMENT OF CONDITION
HEAD OFFICE AND BRANCHES

BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

June 29, 1921

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....	\$49,056,538.34	
Other Loans and Discounts.....	56,063,161.90	\$105,121,700.24
United States Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness.....	\$16,409,184.39	
State, County and Municipal Bonds.....	12,966,564.93	
Other Bonds.....	8,697,639.79	
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank.....	366,750.00	
TOTAL U. S. AND OTHER SECURITIES.....		38,440,139.11
Due from Federal Reserve Bank.....	\$ 6,541,876.78	
Cash and Due from Other Banks.....	10,974,414.49	
TOTAL CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS.....		17,516,291.27
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults.....	6,173,421.53	
Other Real Estate Owned.....	306,609.81	
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	1,375,773.67	
Interest Earned but not Collected.....	1,062,372.27	
Employees' Pension Fund (Carried on Books at).....	1.00	
Other Resources.....	218,755.08	
Total Resources.....		\$170,215,063.98

LIABILITIES

DEPOSITS.....	\$148,709,272.13	
Capital Fully Paid.....	\$10,000,000.00	
Surplus.....	2,475,000.00	
Undivided Profits.....	2,290,385.54	
TOTAL CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....		14,765,385.54
Dividends Unpaid.....	541,980.04	
Discount Collected but not Earned.....	95,129.11	
Reserved for Taxes and Interest Accrued.....	227,523.49	
Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Time Drafts.....	1,375,773.67	
Federal Reserve Bank (U. S. Obligations).....	4,500,000.00	
Total Liabilities.....		\$170,215,063.98

All charge-offs, expenses and interest payable to end of half-year have been deducted in above statement.

A. P. Giannini and W. R. Williams, being separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is President and that said W. R. Williams is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained herein is true of his own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI.
W. R. WILLIAMS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1921.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

THE STORY OF OUR GROWTH

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources

December, 1904.....	\$285,436.97
December, 1908.....	\$2,574,004.90
December, 1912.....	\$11,228,814.56
December, 1916.....	\$39,805,995.24
December, 1920.....	\$157,464,685.08
JUNE 29, 1921.....	\$170,215,963.98

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS, 267,206

Savings Deposits made on or before July 11, 1921, will earn interest from July 1, 1921

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old dame at a railway station asked a porter where she could get her ticket. The man pointed in the direction of the ticket office. "You can get it there," he said, "through the pigeon-hole." "Get away with you, idiot!" she exclaimed. "How can I get through that little hole? I aint no pigeon."

An old dorky visited a doctor and received instructions as to what he should do. Shaking his head, he was about to leave the office, when the doctor called out: "Hey, there, uncle, you forgot to pay me." "Pay you fo' what, boss?" "For my advice." "Nossuh, boss," said Rastus, shuffling out. "I've complimented it from all angles and decided not to take it."

On returning home from school one day Jackie at once proceeded to the rabbit hutch. From inside the house his mother could hear him questioning the rabbits thus: "Twice two?" No answer. Again, "Twice two?" Still no answer. "Why on earth are you talking to the rabbits in that fashion, Jackie?" she asked. "Well, mother, teacher told us this morning that rabbits multiply very quickly, but I thought all along she was wrong."

A negro was brought before a justice of the peace. He was suspected of stealing. There were no witnesses, but appearances were against him. The following dialogue took place: "You've stolen no chickens?" "No, sah." "Have you stolen any geese?" "No, sah." "Any turkeys?" "No, sah." The man was discharged. As he stepped out of the dock he stopped before the justice and said with a broad grin, "Fo' de Lawd, squire, if you'd said ducks you'd 'a' had me."

Steve arrived late at his work nearly every morning, and the warehouse manager took him before the manager hoping by this means to cure him. "This is a serious case," said the manager, with assumed sternness. "What have you to say for yourself, my lad?" "I'll say nothing about it, sir, if you don't," replied Steve. "H'm! Have you ever been up before me since you started working here?" continued the manager. "Dunno, sir," replied Steve. "What time do you mostly get up?"

Two powerful colored stevedores, who had had some sort of falling out, were engaged in unloading a vessel at a St. Louis dock. Uncomplimentary remarks and warnings of intended violence were exchanged whenever the two passed each other with their trucks. "You jest keep on pesticatorin' around wid me," declared one of the men, "an' you is gwine to be able to settle a mighty big question for de scientific folks!" "What question dat?" asked the other. "Kin de dead speak."

A beautiful young lady got out of a magnificent limousine the other night and entered the Metropolitan Opera House. The young lady had recently been the heroine of a terrible scandal and as she settled herself gracefully in her box her gorgeous pearls sent a murmur of admiration through the auditorium. In the midst of this murmur Major James de Rothschild, Baron Edmond de Rothschild's heir, said in a sarcastic voice: "The woman pays—yes, but she frequently manages to get a great deal of change."

A friend who had known Thomas Riley Marshall for a great many years saw him after the cares of office had been removed from his shoulders, just as he was about to board a Washington street-car. He stopped and asked him: "Tell me, Mr. Marshall, what can he do to make the office of Vice-President a great office?" "I'll tell you in one minute, and I won't even have to miss this car," said Mr. Marshall. "There isn't anything you can do. The Vice-President will always be chambermaid to the king."

Mrs. Gilbert K. Chesterton, the wife of the English humorist, was talking about the rather ultra suits worn by the Florida girl bathers. "I like these swimming suits," she said, "when they are worn by girls who are beautifully built. Too often, though—" Mrs. Chesterton shrugged her shoulders. "Too often you are reminded down there of the girl who said to her pastor: 'I am afraid I must confess to one sin—the sin of vanity. Whenever I pass a mirror in my swimming suit I can't help thinking how beautiful I am.' 'Oh,' said the pastor, with a wave of his hand, 'that isn't a sin. It's only a mistake.'"

He tapped on the back door and asked for something to eat. The good housewife replied that she would feed him if he was willing to earn the meal by cleaning out the gutter. The tramp agreed, and when he had eaten his way through several sandwiches she came out with a reliable-looking hoe. "You

needn't have gone to that trouble, madam," said the weary one, sizing up the farm implement. "I never use a hoe in cleaning out a gutter." "Never use a hoe!" said the woman. "What do you use, then—a shovel?" "No, madam," replied the tramp, starting for the gate, "my method is to pray for rain."

"I'll have to fire that new hired man," said Mr. Cobbles. "What's he been doin'?" asked Mrs. Cobbles. "Nothin'. That's just th' trouble. I found him settin' under a tree readin' a hook when he oughter been at work." "Maybe it was a hook about farmin', father." "No, it wasn't. It was a poetry book. There aint no poetry in farmin' an' there aint no information in poetry that tells how to lift a mortgage."

The church was in urgent need of repair, and Sandy McNah, a very popular member, had been invited to collect subscriptions for the purpose. One day the minister met Sandy walking irresolutely along the road. The good man at once guessed the cause. "Sandy," he said earnestly, "I'm sorry to see ye in this state." "Ah, weel, it's for the good o' the cause," replied the delinquent, happily. "Ye see, meenister, it's a' through these subscriptions. I've been down the glen collectin' fun's, an' at every hoose they made me hae a wee drappie." "Every house? But—hut surely, Sandy, there are some of the kirk members who are teetotalers?" "Aye, there are; hut I wrote tae those."

J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., said in a Y. M. C. A. address: "The successful business man today is the one who knows how to choose his managers. A successful modern business is too vast for any one man to handle. So managers are essential, and if these managers are badly chosen, failure follows. The unsuccessful business man is apt to depute authority to such creatures as young Corn Husk. Young Corn's daddy sent him to the mill one day to try and sell the season's wheat crop. Corn got hold of the miller and submitted a handful of wheat to him. The miller examined the wheat carefully. Then he said: 'How much more has your father got like this?' 'He aint got no more like it,' young Corn Husk answered. 'It took him all morning to pick that out.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

His Car.

Since Jenkins had a motor-car
He's hardly ever home,
But with his family delights
The countryside to roam,
And yet he is not satisfied
But plans to change, behold!
His Classy-Six to something that
On wheels has never rolled.

He means to fit it with a stove,
A bathtub and a bed,
And make a lawn and garden patch
Upon the top o'erhead.
With lawn-mower and rake and hoe
Strapped on behind he'll call
It perfect and will never need
To visit home at all.

—Minna Irving in *New York Herald*.

If.

If Dante had not worshiped Beatrice,
If Goethe had not pined for Frau von Stein;
If Petrarch had not fancied Laura peachy,
Or Keats considered Fanny Brawne divine;
Had Tasso never yearned for Leonora,
Or Spenser idolized his Rosalind—
Had Lovelace not been nuts on Theodora
Until he found Lucasta had her skinned—

Had Byron not been ardent for Teresa,
Had Surrey never moped for Geraldine;
Had Swift not been enamored of Vanessa,
Had not Elvira vamped poor Lamartine;
Had Sidney not found Stella's eyes insidious,
Had Prior never loved the cobbler's wife—
Or Horace and Catullus prized their Lydias,
Or Sappho for her Phaon wrecked her life—

If Homer hadn't heard of Spartan Nellie,
Had Burns and Highland Mary never met;
Had Mary Godwin not attracted Shelley,
Or Mary Devereaux been Poe's best bet—
Why, save for minor changes in the stanzas
Where rhymes were needed for the loved one's name,

Each of these poets' lyrics and romanzas
Would be today substantially the same!
—Ted Robinson in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Tumbleton Brown of New York has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Gwendolyn Brown, and Mr. Austin Sands. Their marriage will take place in the autumn.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dare Stark, daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Stark of Palo Alto, and Mr. Hays McMullin of San Francisco. The latter is the son of Mrs. Betty Hays Norris. No date has been set for the wedding.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Helen Callender Smith of Newton Center, Massachusetts, and Mr. Raymond Ashton, son of Mrs. George Ashton of San Francisco. Their marriage will take place in Boston in the early winter.

The Misses Katharine, Christine, Mary, and Barbara Donoboe gave a dance the Fourth of July in Menlo Park. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Isabel Jennings, Miss Margaret Sebeld, Miss Emily Merriam, Miss Charlotte Cromwell, Mr. Edward Harrison, Mr. Gregory Harrison, Mr. Clinton Jones, Jr., Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. James Kuhn, and Mr. James McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell gave a dinner-dance last Wednesday at the Lagunitas Country Club in honor of Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Anne Dibblee, Mr. Frederick Beaver, and Mr. Wakefield Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble gave a dinner Monday night in Palo Alto, having among their guests Miss Jean Howard, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss

Barbara Kimble, Miss Ynez Macondray, Mr. Alan Black, Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. Kenneth High, and Ensign Atherton Macondray.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg gave a luncheon Monday in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a luncheon Sunday in Piedmont for Mrs. William Snowden Redfield of New York, Miss Emily Snowden, and Mr. LeGrand Snowden.

Mr. Iliam Johnson, Jr., gave a luncheon on the Fourth in San Mateo, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. Harry Hunt, and Mr. Archibald Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker entertained more than a hundred guests at a supper-dance Monday evening at San Mateo.

Lieutenant Charles Lyman gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Pacific Union Club for Major-General William Wright, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Rawlings entertained a number of the young friends of Miss Eleanita Rawlings at a picnic luncheon Monday.

Mr. Lalor Crimmins gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at the Menlo Park Country Club, his guests including Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Mary Chickering, Miss Jean Howard, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., Mr. William Dimond, Mr. Alan Black, Mr. John Baldwin, and Mr. Burbank Somers. Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams chaperoned the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin gave a dinner last Wednesday evening in San Mateo for Mr. Richard Raoul Duval. Others at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Miss Emily Parrott, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Richard Tohin, and Mr. John Parrott.

Mr. Robert Coleman entertained at luncheon last Wednesday at the Burlingame Club for Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wilcox of Los Angeles.

Colonel Edmund Whittenmyer gave a dinner Monday night in honor of Major-General and Mrs. William Wright. Others in the party were Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. William Hart Wood, Miss Marjorie Wright, and Lieutenant W. M. Wright, Jr.

Miss Eleanor Morgan gave a luncheon Monday for Miss Marie Louise Potter, having among her guests Miss Betsy Dibblee, Miss Deborah Pentz, Miss Edith Pentz, Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Helen Hawkins, Miss Barbara Beardsley, Miss Hélène Sturdivant, Miss Kathleen Bradley, and Miss Margaret Bentley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a dance Saturday in Menlo Park for Miss Florence McCormick. Among the guests were Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Harriet Brownell, Miss Grace Hamilton, Miss Patricia Tobin, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Mary Chickering, Miss Frances Stent, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Florence Welch, Miss Barbara Kimble, Mr. Kenneth High, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., Mr. Lent Hooker, Mr. James Flood, Jr., Ensign Atherton Macondray, Mr. Charles McCormick, Jr., Mr. Edward Crimmins, Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. John Mace, Mr. Edward McNear, Mr. Charles Merrill, Jr., Mr. Alan Black, Mr. William Dimond, Mr. Burbank Somers, and Mr. John Baldwin.

Commander and Mrs. Wallace Bertholf entertained a party on board the *Taiyo Maru* Friday.

Mrs. Alfred Wilcox of Los Angeles was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Albert Rees. Others at the affair were Mrs. Dean Witter, Mrs. George Bowles, Mrs. Maurice Sullivan, Miss Betty George, and Miss Anne Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford entertained at luncheon Sunday in Burlingame.

Miss Mary Emma Flood entertained a number of the younger set at a dance Saturday evening in Menlo Park.

Miss Adelaide Sutro gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Woman's Athletic Club, her guests including Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Ruth Langdon, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Margaret Deahl, Miss Sophia Brownell, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Francesca Deering, Miss Dorothy Meyer, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Mr. Frank Madison gave a dinner Friday evening at Tai's-at-the-Beach.

Miss Florence Martin and Miss Patience Winchester gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Marin Golf and Country Club for Miss Anne Dibblee and Miss Margaret Madison. Among those asked to greet them were Mrs. Philip F. Brown, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Henry Obloff, Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mrs. Denman McNear, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Emily Apple, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Marie Louise Potter, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Alyse Allen, Miss Betsy Dibblee, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Audrey Williams, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Elizabeth Watt, and Miss Elizabeth Magee.

Mrs. William Kent, Jr., and Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold entertained at luncheon Friday in Kentfield, among their guests having been Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Ralph Melbush, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mrs. H. M. Hanse, Mrs. Leonora Abbott, Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. Philip F. Brown, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Katherine Pittman, and Miss Margaret Madison.

The Misses Josephine and Mary Bernice Moore gave a house party over the week-end in Santa Cruz, among their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Mailler Seales, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Jean Seales, Miss Emily Seales, Mr. Vincent Butler, Mr. Oliver Lyman, Mr. M. Haslett, Mr. Lux McBryde, and Mr. Lincoln Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule entertained a group of friends on board the *Taiyo Maru* Friday, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. John McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. James Armsby, and Mr. and Mrs. Athearn Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sesson and the Misses Katherine and Barbara Sesson gave a house party over the holidays in Santa Cruz, when they entertained more than a score of guests.

Miss Marjorie Wright was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Miss Marie Louise

Potter at the Woman's Athletic Club. Others at the affair were Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Ruth Hobart, and Miss Josephine Grant.

Mr. Jean de St. Cyr was a dinner host Friday night in San Mateo, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, and General George Barnett.

CURRENT VERSE.

I Don't Like Beetles.

I don't like beetles, tho' I'm sure they're very good,
I don't like porridge, tho' my Nanna says I should;
I don't like the cistern in the attic where I play,
And the funny noise the bath makes when the water runs away.

I don't like the feeling when my gloves are made of silk,
And that dreadful slimy skinny stuff on top of bot milk;
I don't like tigers, not even in a book,
And, I know it's very naughty, but I don't like Cook!
—Rose Fyelman.

Lone Dog.

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and lone;
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, bunting on my own;
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sbcep;
I love to sit and bay the moon, to keep fat souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat,
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff, and kick, and bate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,
Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide.
O mine is still the lone trail, the bard trail, the best,
Wide wind, and wild stars, and the hunger of the quest!
—Irene R. McLeod in "An Anthology of Recent Poetry." Published by Dood, Mead & Co.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a bive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.
—W. B. Yeats.

A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe. Among them are elephants, stags, birds, and ants. Some animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink water and sometimes plunge into it.

"Men are such inconsistent beings," said the Mormon wife. "What's wrong now?" asked her neighbor over the back fence. "Why, my husband's been singing all day: 'There's only one girl in this world for me.'" —*Yonkers Statesman*.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

SECURITY BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, 316 Montgomery Street, San Francisco (Savings Department).—For the half-year ending June 30, 1921, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on savings deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1921. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1921. Money deposited on or before July 11, 1921, will earn interest from July 1, 1921.
EDWARD D. OAKLEY, Secretary.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1921, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1921. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1921. Money deposited on or before July 11, 1921, will draw interest from July 1, 1921.
H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier.

BANK OF ITALY—Head Office, Market, Powell, and Eddy Streets; Branches: Southeast corner Montgomery and Clay Streets; Market Street, junction Market, Turk, and Mason Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1921, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1921. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1921. Deposits made on or before July 11, 1921, will earn interest from July 1, 1921.
A. P. GIANNINI, President.

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H. A. CAROLAN,
Holly Oaks Hotel Sausalito, Cal.

Death of James Athearn Folger.

James Athearn Folger died on Tuesday of this week at the Adler Sanitarium, following an illness of many months. Mr. Folger was a native of San Francisco, aged fifty-eight, and had long been prominent in business and social life.

"That man never does a thing around this office for all his hurrying and fussing." "I know it, but he carries the biggest bunch of keys of anybody here, and when he hurries they jangle and it's very impressive. Bluff is what gets you by, anyhow, these days. Didn't you know that?"—*Florida Times-Union*.

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles Snowden Redfield of New York, Miss Emily Redfield, and Mr. LeGrand Redfield left Thursday for the Atlantic coast after a month's visit in California.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin has gone to Newport to spend the rest of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Barry Baldwin-Osborne.

Miss Marie Louise Potter spent the week-end in Ross with Miss Eleanor Morgan.

Miss Jean Howard was the week-end guest of Miss Barbara Kimble in Palo Alto.

Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown have returned from Boston and are passing a few weeks at Tahoe.

Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. Henry Dutton returned the close of the week from the Atlantic coast.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt have opened their house at Tahoe for the summer.

Countess Eric Lewenhaupt and her sons left Saturday for San Mateo where they have taken a house for the summer. Count Lewenhaupt will remain in England for the season.

Miss Emily Merriam of Baltimore and Miss Charlotte Cromwell are spending several weeks in Menlo Park with Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Miss Margaret Scheld of Sacramento, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Richard Bertheau, and Mr. Edward Hills spent the holidays in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle are passing several weeks in the Sierras.

Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., returned Tuesday from a trip to Honolulu. She will spend the rest of the summer in San Leandro.

Mrs. Edwin Earl returned Wednesday to Los Angeles from Burlingame, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. George Marrye.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Heller and the Misses Winifred and Virginia Heller left Friday for the Sierras to be gone a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall returned last week from Honolulu. They will spend the late summer at Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perkins, who arrived recently from South America, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell, Jr., of Chicago have been spending a portion of their wedding trip at Del Monte. Mrs. Mitchell was Miss Lolita Armour.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau and Miss Marguerite Garceau have gone to Wawona to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter and Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles left Friday for Seattle. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley and Miss Katherine Bentley spent the holidays at Del Monte. They returned last week from the Feather River Inn.

Mrs. George Bolling Lee and her little daughter will arrive Monday from New York to visit Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leib, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Hechner of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. William Roth have returned from a trip to Tahoe.

Mr. Jack Breeden and Mr. William Sherwood sailed Wednesday for Honolulu to be away a month.

Mr. and Mrs. James Schwabacher have taken a house in Burlingame for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Lucas returned last week from the Atlantic coast. They will be in Palo Alto during the summer.

Miss Ruth Hobart is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Heller left Saturday for Tahoe to remain several weeks.

Miss Mary Martin returned to California last week with Mr. and Mrs. Moffitt.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond will visit in California this month en route to the Orient from Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooke Sawyer arrived last week in Redlands from Tampico, Mexico. They will remain in California indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard will leave shortly for Newport, where they anticipate making their permanent home.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. George Choate Kendall, in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Otis Chatfield-Taylor has joined Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor at Montecito.

Mrs. I. R. Trimble has returned to Santa Barbara from Baltimore. She will leave soon for Tahoe to spend the late summer with Mrs. Harold de Ropp.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Douglas and their daughter have gone to the Feather River country for the summer.

Mrs. Clement Tohin has returned from New York, where she has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. William Lyle.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., will return next week from the Atlantic coast.

Miss Frances Revett spent the week-end in Los Altos with Mrs. Ryland Wallace.

Mrs. Chauncey Penroyer and Miss Katherine Ramsay are traveling through Italy. They will remain abroad for several months longer.

Miss Lillian Hopkins spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mrs. Daniel Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent are passing several weeks at San Sebastian, Spain.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs is visiting in San Francisco, having come to California by way of Panama.

Mrs. Herbert Gould will leave soon for Bogota to join Mr. Gould, who is attached to the American legation there.

Miss Hélène de Latour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, returned from France last week with Mrs. A. P. Hotaling.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna, Miss Virginia Hanna, and Miss Adrienne Sharp have returned from a trip to Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Hanna have taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge in Burlingame for the summer.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman will arrive in New York this week from England. They will come to California within a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark had as their guests over the holidays in Menlo Park Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen.

Mr. Kenneth High spent the week-end in Palo Alto at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Kimble.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge left last Wednesday for Santa Barbara to spend the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., returned last week from Los Gatos. They will be joined within a few days by Mr. Covington Janin.

Captain and Mrs. C. P. Kindleberger arrived Saturday from Honolulu en route to the Bremerton Navy Yard. They are visiting the matron's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willard.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon returned Thursday from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. King Macomber have closed their Paris home and have taken a château at Devuille for the late summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker have been spending several days at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Goodfellow have left for Canada, planning to spend several weeks at Lake Louise.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson spent the holidays in Saratoga with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard has changed her plans and will remain in Italy for several months. She has been on the Continent since the early winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker are spending a fortnight in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Richard Raoul-Duval left Friday for Paris to join his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Henshaw are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Henshaw at Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park are spending a few weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Avery McCarthy of Los Angeles has been passing several weeks in Santa Barbara with Baron and Baroness Alfred de Ropp.

Registered at the St. Francis during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. George K. Garrett, Philadelphia; Dr. George W. Mackee, New York City; Mr. James W. Black, St. Louis; Mr. J. W. Scott, Miss Viola Dana, Los Angeles; Mr. F. P. Root, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Richards, New York; Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Stein, Stockton; Mr. George L. Gilchrist, Derry, Pennsylvania; Mr. George E. Schriber, East Orange, New Jersey; Mr. and Mrs. William C. Poppel, New York; Lieutenant-Commander T. D. Westfall, U. S. N.; Dr. Charles A. Leach, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kuhn, Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. James C. Conway, Minneapolis; Mr. Ralph Owens, St. Louis; Mr. Irving H. Smith, Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. Allen Harris, Los Angeles.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. John Thacker, Birmingham, England; Mr. J. C. L. Krebe, Clyde, Ohio; Mr. Peter Weidner, Los Angeles; Mr. E. T. Drumble, Houston, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Earl L. Browning, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sink, Cloverdale; Mr. A. M. Newles, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Burden, Los Angeles; Mrs. Peter Taylor, Miss Taylor, Carmel-by-the-Sea; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Dutton, Southport, England; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Carmichael, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Thompson, Mr. O. W. Butler, Los Angeles; Mr. Carl C. Logan, Portland; Mr. M. F. Scott, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lindstrom, Los Angeles; Mr. Mararre Estrada, Nicaragua.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Tardieu and Clemenceau.

George Henry Payne, editor of the *Forum* and prominent author and critic, writing "Around the Editorial Table," for the July *Forum* from France, throws a most illuminating light on André Tardieu, author of "The Truth About the Treaty." Mr. Payne gives the impressions of the leading French statesmen. He at the same time points with penetrating criticism to many inaccuracies in Tardieu's book and inquires:

"M. Tardieu has written interestingly, but has he told the truth about the treaty, in the sense of all the truth? We think not, nor do we think the truth about the treaty will be told or can be told by any of the fair gentlemen who participated in that singular disaster. Perhaps it was inevitable that men who had gone through years of war strain should have been unsuited to sit down and calmly rearrange the world. What is amazing is their enormous immodesty, their gigantic self-confidence, and sublime ignorance of their own deficiencies. It was a pure carnival of egotism for which the world is still paying a pretty penny. What has seemed most striking about the men who participated in the making of the Versailles treaty is their lack of historical sense, as they reveal themselves in their writings about the treaty. Dazed and yet self-confident, they behave like fairy children, flitting from mountain crags over deep gorges, and apparently mystified and certainly sometimes angry, that the world has not followed them in their transcendental flights.

"M. André Tardieu is the latest one to write the truth about the treaty, and valuable as his book is as a document, and readable and important because of the prominence of

Table Talk

"Shall we dance this Saturday?"

"On one condition."

"And what is that?"

"That you'll take me where it's cool."

"I sure will, Peggy. The Sun Lounge's the place for summer dances."

"Oh, Bob, of course! It's opened up like a roof garden, isn't it, and with the palms and the delightful music, it's just heavenly!"

"Yes, and we can always find just what we want to eat among the supper specialties. Remember—Saturday night!"

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Saturday, July 9th
Delicious Supper Specialties
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the author, it will disappoint those who hoped for a calm, dispassionate analysis.

"M. Tardieu is affected with the same megalomania that brought about the downfall of Woodrow Wilson. He understands the whole situation—any other interpretation is false and malicious."

The Spartans, in Greece, 500 B. C., used sepia, the most ancient ink, for making inscriptions on sarcophagi.

A Wisconsin man is the inventor of detachable propellers, operated by cranks, to replace oars in rowboats.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Alice—How do you know you love George? *Virginia*—Because Gladys wants him.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Why are you always playing golf?" "It keeps me fit." "Fit for what?" "Oh, more golf."—*London Mail*.

"Charles, can you tell me what a coincidence is?" "Yes, ma'am, we've got one at our house—twins."—*Detroit News*.

Her Friend—Those rules and regulations hanging in the kitchen—are they for you? *The Cook*—Indeed they're not; I hung them there for the family.—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. Newlywed (giving first order to butcher over phone)—Please send me a pound

of steak. *Butcher*—And what else, please? *Mrs. Newlywed*—And some gravy.—*New York Central Lines Mag.*

Mrs. Hogg—What have you ever done to save others from suffering and misery? *Mr. Hogg*—I married you, didn't I?—*Chicago News*.

"Did you say you were a distressed Arahian or an indigent Turk?" "Whichever you prefer, mum," responded the wayfarer.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Tramp—Can you assist me along the road, mum? *Lady*—Personally I can not, but I can unchain my dog and I know he will be pleased to do so.—*New Orleans Item*.

"Can you give me a hit to eat?" "Have you no trade, my poor man?" "Yes, I make counterfeit money, but it isn't worth what the materials cost."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Edith—Do you really believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder? *Ethel*—Yes, indeed! Since Boh went away I've learned to love Jack ever so much more.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Mister," whined the heggar, "will you give a poor man something for a drink?" "You bet I will," said the pedestrian, brightening. "How much you got with you?"—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Hub—Last month's bills are awful. Didn't I tell you you must practice economy? *Wife*—I am practicing it, but you can't expect me to be very expert after only a few weeks.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Why isn't your son making a garden this year?" "On account of the chickens next door." "Heh?" "He doesn't like for those girls to see him in overalls."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Dan—Why so serious, old man? *Bert*—I have good reasons. My mother-in-law's coming for a visit. She has "the gift of tongues." *Dan*—That's nothing; mine is a mind-reader.—*Houston Post*.

"Helen married a rich old man, didn't she? I understand he had one foot in the grave." "That's what Helen thought, too; but he still continues to buy his shoes by the pair."—*Boston Transcript*.

She—Just think of it! A few words mumbled by the minister and people are married. *He*—Yes, and, by George, a few words mumbled by a sleeping husband and people are divorced.—*Boston Transcript*.

"And did you say you preferred charges against this man?" asked the judge, looking over his gold-rimmed spectacles. "No, your honor," was the quick reply of the man to whom money was owed; "I prefer the cash."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"I don't believe the negro race is naturally eloquent," remarked the Northern visitor. "Sir," replied the old-fashioned Southern gentleman, "you have probably never heard a colored hoothlack addressing a few appropriate remarks to a pair of dice."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Wife (pleadingly)—I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, not as well as you used to. *Husband*—Why? *Wife*—Because you always let me get up to light the fire now. *Husband*—Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

"How can any man be a woman hater?" asked Miss Oldgirl. "Woman has kissable lips, lovable eyes, a hugable shape, and holdable hands." "Huh!" grunted Mr. Oldhatch. "And she also has changeable hair, removable hips, adjustable eyebrows, colorable lips, and a transferable complexion."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Henry," said Mrs. Glipping in one of her tearful moods, "if I were to die would you mourn for me?" "Certainly I would, my dear," replied Mr. Glipping, as he scanned the market page. "And would you visit my hoo-hoo—grave sometimes?" "Of course. Why do you ask such a foolish question? You know the cemetery is right on the way to my favorite golf links."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

The Fellowship of Golf.

No technical knowledge of golf is needed to persuade one that the game is growing in popularity in the United States. The most casual observer can not fail to have noticed that it has taken a strong hold on the fancy of men and women who are not content to take their physical exercise vicariously, as baseball fans do; and if further evidence were needed it would be found in the abatement of the spirit of railery, the attitude of skepticism, that marked its early efforts to obtain repute. We may not all play golf, but at least we do not any longer speak slightly of it. In increasing numbers those who came to scoff remain to play. It is not many years since the strenuous Colonel Roosevelt dubbed it "cow pasture pool," and the best that was ever said of it used to be that it was

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a splendid diversion for aging men. But a different opinion has been forced on us by the progress of events. The conclusion is inescapable that there must be "something in" a sport that makes converts of practically all its novitiates, and that once introduced into a community never loses ground.

We surmise that the vitality of golf is due in part to its happy combination of social opportunity and the zest of emulation with agreeable physical exertion in the open air. But the deeper psychology of the game is that it necessitates a certain intensity of application which leaves no room for the cares of every day. The average successful man of affairs is as much given to overwork as to overwork; wherefore the avocation best calculated to cure him of his ailments is that which most completely causes him to forget himself. The absorption of which golfers become capable is as remedial in its effects, perhaps, as the walk of some miles over a pleasant turf, or the mere muscular effort entailed by addressing a rubber sphere. It is not work, but worry, that makes us old before our time.—*Oregonian*.

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WOODSIDE ACREAGE for sale in PORTOLA WOODS

On May 6, 1921, the Railroad Commission authorized the Bear Gulch Water Company to purchase the Portola Woods water distributing system, thereby solving the water problem for prospective purchasers of country-home acreage in this beautiful Woodside subdivision.

The Bear Gulch Water Company, by replacements and additions, has greatly improved its own system, and having purchased the distributing system installed by the Spring Valley Water Company in Portola Woods, announces that it is prepared to give adequate service to consumers in that most attractive of San Mateo subdivisions.

The sale of this most desirable acreage had been temporarily discontinued pending the solution of the water problem.

Since July 1, 1920, seventy-five per cent. of the Woodside system has been replaced with larger pipes, the greater portion laid in the Summit and Mountain Home roads.

At a later date and when the situation demands, it is the announced purpose of the Bear Gulch Water Company to install a million-gallon concrete reservoir for exclusive service to the Woodside system, including Portola Woods.

Now that an adequate supply is forthcoming, country-home sites in Portola Woods are again offered to the public.

Lots range in size from 8 to 39 acres, and prices from \$450 to \$650 per acre—lower than prevailing prices for similar property in that region.

The acreage still available is just as attractive as the parcels already sold.

Full information and maps may be had from T. J. Wilder, Real Estate Department, Spring Valley Water Company, 375 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Douglas 2562.

The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2312

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 16, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Just Plain Common Sense.

Some day no doubt San Francisco Bay will be bridged or tunneled. But this consummation, devoutly to be wished, will not come as the result of boosting campaigns or through any other form of hysterical agitation. Verily it will not come through "endorsements" by such magnates as the blatherskite mayor of Oakland and the blatherskite mayor of San Francisco, even though encouraged and supplemented by applause on the part of the official dignitaries of Daly City, Emeryville, Milpitas, and other centres of ambition and hope. Not now will the tax-ridden communities on either side of the bay put up the estimated forty millions—with the probability that the cost will be treble that sum—for a highway beginning somewhere in the neighborhood of Twin Peaks and ending somewhere 'tother side of Lake Merritt, via China Basin and the Alameda marshes. The project in its present shape is gloriously magnificent. Also it is—if the truth be spoke—untimely, extravagant, absurd. It is time somebody should say so in plain terms, and as usual it remains for the *Argonaut* to speak when simple common sense must be voiced. This good old town of ours, let us go further to say, is not going to be made prosperous by boosting agitations, by flamboyant schemes, by any circling whatsoever. "Movements" of this kind may occupy the attention of the hysterically-minded, give cheap officials opportunity to exploit themselves, and incidentally help bring nickels into the coffers

of our easily-excited daily papers. But they butter no parsnips. There are two ways—two ways only—by which San Francisco can be promoted. One is to make the city industrially free. The other way is to clean out the City Hall. A free city in which men may invest their means of capital or labor without hindrance and with fair hope of profit and thrift, with a clean city government—this is the hope of San Francisco, and its only hope.

The Goose and the Golden Eggs.

The welfare of San Francisco is inseparably connected with the welfare of its industries. No community can prosper under conditions which put it at a disadvantage with its competitors. San Francisco can not prosper under a system which automatically drives business from its doors. In previous issues the *Argonaut* has exhibited in detailed illustrations the blight enforced upon San Francisco by restrictions and exactions imposed in many lines and departments of industry. These restrictions and exactions cover a wide range and in their general effect they amount practically to doubling the cost of constructive and productive operations. It is due to this fact that Oakland, Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, and notably Los Angeles are forging ahead while San Francisco lags behind. Our rivals, big and little, gain where we lose.

A single illustration, not hitherto recorded in these columns, illustrates the point: In other days San Francisco was a distributing point for constructive materials, among them lumber. The larger timber fields of the Northwest are owned in San Francisco. Their product was brought here and distributed from this port through central and northern California. It was a large, a legitimate, a profitable business. Today San Francisco does practically nothing in the lumber business, and the reason is not far to seek. Modern practice in the manufacture of lumber is to "finish" the product at the mill. It saves weight in transportation, therefore saves at the point of freight rates. Roughly speaking, it costs one dollar per thousand to finish lumber at a mill on Puget Sound, but the dollar is saved from the transportation charge to San Francisco. Practically speaking, finished lumber laid down here costs no more than unfinished lumber for the reason above set forth. But it has been decreed—and enforced—by a selfish unionism that San Francisco may not import finished lumber. The work of finishing must under union dictation be done here, and the cost of this work is four dollars per thousand feet. This makes a differential of four dollars per thousand at San Francisco as compared with points where lumber may be received from the mill in the finished form.

It does not require a serious exercise of business acumen to discover the inevitable effect. Nobody in the interior will buy lumber from a San Francisco dealer when he must pay four dollars per thousand feet more for it than if he buys it at some other point where unionism is not able to exact its pound of flesh. It is because of this graft that lumber from mills owned by San Francisco men and brought south in ships owned by San Francisco men is carried past the Golden Gate and landed at points where there is no obstruction under the exactions of unionism to legitimate business.

Incidentally the exaction on the part of unionism above defined adds in the sum of four dollars per thousand feet to the cost of lumber going into constructive work in San Francisco. Not only is this town debarred from the business of distributing lumber to the interior, it is taxed at the rate of four dollars per thousand feet for every piece of lumber used at home. This condition does not prevail in southern California, and to a degree it explains why San Pedro has become a great distributing point and why there is activity in building operations in the southern region, why there is lethargy in the same line of work here. The cost of building a

house, large or small, is greater here than in the south because of conditions a selfish unionism maintains and has long maintained. This difference is illustrated at a dozen points, but the single concrete instance of lumber may be taken as an illuminating exhibit.

San Francisco will not prosper comparably with the communities with which she is in competition until the selfish hand of an arrogant unionism shall be taken from its throat. We are being beaten in the race and we shall speedily be beaten to a finish if unionism shall continue to enforce its narrow and short-sighted policies. Notwithstanding our tremendous advantages of geography, climate, capital, prestige, and a hundred other factors that might be enumerated, productive industry must all but perish here unless there shall be freedom to work under these advantages, under sound principles of business and under the rules of plain common sense. A community whose industry is shackled at every point can not compete with communities where there is freedom to carry on business in a common-sense way.

The contest now on relates fundamentally to the fortunes of San Francisco. It is not too late to regain what has been lost and to expand with the expansion of California if the incubus of a selfish and narrow-visioned class interest shall be shaken off. If San Francisco is to thrive her industry must be free. There must be leave and license to carry on business and production legitimately, without the impositions that have become fixed by long practice.

Verily it is a case of now or never. If the contention of unionism shall be successful—if San Francisco is still to suffer under the impositions of recent times—she may as well withdraw from many pretensions in connection with manufacturing industry. The fight for freedom must be won now if this generation is ever to win it. It is in truth as important for the interest of labor as for any other interest that San Francisco should be made industrially free. For what would it profit labor if it shall win this fight and in winning repeat the folly illustrated in the old story of the goose and her golden eggs?

The Administration and the Bonus.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon is first and foremost a man of business. His habits of thinking and of action are void of the vice of political calculation. In estimating the effects of courses of action on the part of the government he reasons like a man of affairs and not at all as a politician. So in dealing with the soldiers' bonus project. The plan proposed, says Secretary Mellon, would cost anywhere from \$1,500,000,000 to \$5,250,000,000. It would increase the war debt to a volume the people would find unbearable. It would depress further market value of Liberty Bonds, call for increased taxation, embarrass the treasury in refunding bond issues maturing in 1923, increase the cost of living, and aggravate the present business depression. From a letter addressed by Secretary Mellon to Senator Frelinghuysen we excerpt:

The country is under a solemn obligation to those who fought its war. Our first concern, of course, should be to make full provision for the needs of disabled veterans. To that object the country is pledged to give without stint of its resources. It would be unfortunate in the extreme, while we are still struggling with that problem, to dissipate our resources in a sweeping plan for cash payments to able-bodied ex-soldiers and sailors. The bill's direct consequences are inescapable and I have already indicated what they would be. It would also involve grave dangers of renewed inflation, increased commodity prices, and unsettled business condition. The result would be serious injury and loss to the whole community, and in the long run even the veterans themselves would lose far more than they would gain.

Impressed by these facts, President Harding, before Congress on Tuesday of this week and definitely advised that consideration of the bonus meas-

ure be postponed. Mr. Harding presented considerations of overwhelming weight. Incidentally he exploded the popular notion that the country has been faithless to its responsibilities and pledges in the matter of caring for men disabled in the war. Notwithstanding statements widely published to the effect that hospital facilities for disabled men are insufficient, he said that there are today in the government hospitals allocated to disabled veterans six thousand unoccupied beds. The President did not commit himself for or against the bonus further than to declare a warm sense of sympathy with the men who gave their services to the country and endured the hazards of the war. He paid them the compliment and added that in his judgment those who had hazarded their lives in the cause of humanity would be the last to demand action that would be destructive to the credit and fortunes of their country.

It becomes increasingly evident that the President must at least to a degree abandon his plan to leave to Congress the business of Congress and to limit executive activity to executive matters. As it has more than once been pointed out in these columns Congress has been so long and so definitely dominated from the White House that it has ceased to respect its own integrity. Even the Senate does not seem strong enough to define and follow up courses of action apart and independent from geographical or personal pressure. Furthermore, the country has come to expect of the President a broader sphere of authority and action than that defined in the Constitution. For good or for ill, the country looks to the President to direct in a general way the affairs of government. It expects of the President that he shall be distinctly and authoritatively a leader, that he shall not merely "advise" Congress, but that he shall in a fairly positive sense direct it. This being the state of the public mind it seems inevitable that Mr. Harding must yield his preferences and meet the situations as they shall be imposed upon him. Congress it now seems plain will not do its full duty, will not answer the pledges made to the country, will not rise above local and personal interest and pressure unless it shall be prompted and in some measure forced to action by executive authority.

A very serious situation in Congress, especially in the Senate, is the disposition to make party responsibility a secondary interest as compared with sectional demands. For example, there is the so-called agricultural bloc, composed of some thirty senators of both parties, less interested in carrying forward general obligations than in promoting the special interests of the sections to which they are geographically attached. If special groupings of this kind are to be the rule—and this is an obvious menace—it will make it further necessary either in legality or in practice to enhance the powers of the presidential office. And this may not be done without violence to one of the fundamental motives of our system. It will be a pity truly if Congress by a species of abdication of its responsibilities shall diminish its powers and so force upon our system that enlargement of executive authority which was the dread of the founders of the government.

Judge Lindsey and Parenthood.

There are a good many people who believe that Judge Lindsey speaks from a sort of moral Sinai on all questions relating to children and the parental responsibilities of the state. And indeed there will be no one to question his sincerity or the social values of much of his work. But Judge Lindsey may go too far, as enthusiasts usually do.

He goes much too far when he says that it is the duty of the state, not only to educate the child, but also to feed it and to take charge of its "health and morals." Of course such a dictum has a comfortable sound about it. The emotionalists—that is to say most of us—will receive it with nods of unreflecting approval. We are already doing a good deal along these lines, perhaps more than most of us realize, what with maternity hospitals, vaccinations, playgrounds, tooth-brushes, and adenoids. But when we are told that all these things and a lot more are not only beneficences, but public duties, and that we must add "morals" to them, we begin to wonder what parents are for, and to look a little more closely at the path on which we seem to have set our feet.

No, some one pays for all this. The middle class pays for most of it, and at once we are confronted

with the fact that it is just the middle class that cannot afford to have children of its own in the face of the taxes that it must pay for the washing, the vaccinating, and the adenoiding of the children of other people. We have learned lately that a Harvard couple have an average of one child and a Vassar couple an average of seven-tenths of a child. Belonging mainly to the educated and intelligent middle class, these people are careful to decline the responsibilities that they can not meet. And they can not meet them because they are burdened with the responsibilities of another class that has no scruples, no restraints, and no prudence, and it is for the children of this lower class for whom Judge Lindsey pleads and who must be fed, clothed, and moralized at the public expense. In other words we must deliberately discourage the birth of children almost predestined to good citizenship while offering the most substantial bonus to the produce of recklessness and improvidence.

It is a knotty problem, and one that is all the more knotty because it involves the humanities. But if it is a matter of choosing between two evils, then we know precisely which is the lesser one. We ought not deliberately to choose the unfit. We ought not to make it impossible for educated and intelligent men and women to keep their ranks up to full strength in order to offer special inducements to the birth of children who will have all the forces of heredity arrayed against them. We ought not without extreme caution to interfere with nature's mechanism for checking improvidence and self-indulgence. Certainly we ought not to impoverish good citizens and to restrict their families in order that citizens who are not so good may increase and multiply to their hearts' content and take no heed for the morrow.

The Coming International Parley.

It becomes evident that the motives back of the international parley called by President Harding relate primarily to what for the lack of a better name we must call the Japanese question. For some years preceding the world war and up to now, Japan and Britain have been closely bound to each other by a special treaty. The United States has never felt comfortable about it. Despite repeated assurances, guaranteeing general good-will, our government and our people have resented an arrangement between a potential enemy and a traditional friend. This feeling has been inflamed by journalistic and political agitators seeking selfish advantage by discussions and representations mostly out of line with the facts and calculated to make trouble between Japan and America. There has been at times—particularly in recent months—a very real danger that this irritation might flame out into some overt act on the part of some overwrought enthusiast on one side or the other that would make a clash inevitable.

Expiration of the British-Japanese arrangement with progress of negotiations for its renewal have added fuel to the flames of agitation and have created an artificial situation of really serious import. We may assume that the first motive in President Harding's mind in the calling of the conference is to quiet and dispel distrust and thus eliminate the possibility of trouble.

Anything may come out of this parley. It should first of all outline the limits of Japanese pretension. It should instruct her as to what she may and what she may not do in the Orient. It should guarantee the open-door policy in China with the territorial integrity of that country. It should define the status of Siberia and safeguard that country against aggression. It should settle the controversy that has arisen over the Island of Yap. It should put a veto upon any understanding between Japan and Britain calculated to make apprehension in the American mind. In the broader sphere of international relations it should deal with the question of armaments, and in so far as it may be done in the existing state of things stop the wastes of energy involved in fighting machinery.

Anything we repeat may come out of this conference. It may easily and naturally lay the foundation for an international understanding and affiliation less pretentious, less complicated, less pretentiously authoritative than that proposed by the league of nations, but in reality more effective. Once upon a time an astute observer in the sphere of our domestic affairs and in connection with our financial policy remarked that the way to resume was to resume. Similarly with the much-desired association of nations, the way to come together is to come together. If the nations that are

to participate shall find themselves able to work together, and we profoundly believe they can, in the matters suggested for consideration, then there is ground for hope that it will be an easy forward step to a formal and definite relation to be sustained by future conferences as times and occasions may suggest.

A Man Not "Afeared."

There are those who declare that in setting his face against immediate consideration of bonus proposals on the part of Congress, and by failing to declare himself as supporting ultimate favorable action in this matter, President Harding has at a stroke "destroyed his popularity." There are those who go so far as to say that if a presidential election were to be held today he would be beaten. The argument is specious. It recites the fact that four million voters participated in the war and that practically all of them are clamoring for the bonus. Further that these four million voters are in one way or another connected with several million other voters who in a direct way—as wives, parents, associates, and friends of the prospective beneficiaries—would in some measure share in the general "cultus potlatch." The assumption is that President Harding has antagonized this large voting element to the degree of arousing its direct and personal enmity.

It is probably true that to a very considerable extent President Harding has for the moment disappointed and angered those who would like to dip into the public treasury. But he has given reasons—reasons that will commend themselves to the judgment and conscience of all whose patriotism is a more profound sentiment than their desire for a pittance. He has spoken, not in the tone or spirit of a politician, but under the inspiration of moral obligation. Beyond a doubt he has saved the country from grievous disaster by a course founded in a spirit of patriotism and of official duty.

It took courage to do what Mr. Harding did on Tuesday. There was in his act of protest a true nobility, and the country, including those who would have benefited by the bonus, will in the judgment of the *Argonaut* not fail to understand and to admire. There is that in the minds and hearts of men that fails not to recognize boldness in the doing of what in conscience and honor is obligatory.

All wholesome-minded persons are respectful of courage. Even when exercised in questionable causes it stirs the spirit. It was his courage—his boldness in support of whatever cause he espoused—that so commended Theodore Roosevelt to the affections of the American people. Even where higher qualities are lacking, a public man may win applause and inspire enthusiasm by exhibitions of courage—as witness the career of Hiram Johnson. Always and everywhere the bulk of mankind is in sympathy with the famous dictum of Davy Crockett—"God, how I do love a man that aint afeared!" If the American people in their essential love of integrity and courage are what we believe them to be President Harding will gain rather than lose in popular respect and affection for a bold act done in the spirit of manly duty.

Churches and Laws.

Mr. Lloyd George, speaking recently in England, made an appeal that must have found its echo in the minds of other, and equally harassed, premiers and presidents. He begged the churches to refrain from interference in matters that they did not understand, that were not understood by any one except those who had given to them a long and careful study. He referred more particularly to the coal strike. Now there was a matter involving the most delicate problems of economics, of the ancient quarrel between capital and labor, and of the foundations of all social order. The finest minds in the country had approached that problem, had wrestled with it and to a certain extent had been baffled by it. Negotiations between fair-minded and intelligent men on both sides had been almost unproductive. But the churches apparently found that it contained no difficulties whatsoever. They would pass resolutions and send deputations, demanding this, that, or the other, impossible of fulfillment and based neither upon a knowledge of the fact nor upon an experience of economic history. The result was not only a waste of valuable time, but the creation of an uninformed public opinion that actually retarded a settlement and embarrassed the negotiators.

The Irish question was similarly complicated by church interference upon both sides of the dispute. It

was a harassing and a heart-breaking problem. Centuries of conflict had created a tangle of rights and wrongs, of hates and passions and vengeance that only the finest statecraft could unravel. But the churches were always ready with solutions and eager to offer them in undigested and undigestible form. Resolutions must be read, answers must be written, and depositions must be received to the waste of time and the darkening of counsel.

Mr. Lloyd George seemed to think that it would be better for the churches to confine themselves to the things that they understand and that they can do rather than to invade fields of work that they do not understand and that they can not do. Let them persuade to individual temperance in word and deed, to self-restraint, self-discipline, and the righteous life. In this way they would be doing more to the solution of public questions and to the lubrication of the wheels of public affairs than by uninformed clamor for specific legislation or by the creation of a false conviction that religion demands the doing of certain things in certain definite ways rather than in a certain definite spirit. The political opinions of the individual are not likely to be far wrong if they are based on good-will and unselfishness, and if the churches can inculcate these virtues they will deserve well of their day and generation.

Editorial Notes.

It is not long ago that the railroads of the country could find little good in the Interstate Commerce Commission. For a considerable period preceding his death Mr. Harriman's was a lone voice in the wilderness in insistence that a time had come when government through the Interstate Commerce Commission or some other authoritative agency must take a hand in regulating the railroads. But most railroad men regarded the commission as a creature of hoofs and horns, an instrument of impertinence and oppression. Today apparently they regard this commission as a friend and helper. This situation has developed in connection with a positive difference of judgment between the commission and Secretary Hoover and the Railroad Administration. The administration is inclined to believe that Hoover takes a broader view of the part the carrier should play in the scheme of economic rehabilitation than the commission does. The issue is gradually being defined. Hoover holds that a great deal might be done toward restoring business "normalcy," not only in the transportation field, but in all commercial fields, if freight rates on basic commodities, particularly on commodities like coal subject to seasonal production, were reduced seasonally in order to stimulate traffic and at the same time to prevent congestion at times of highest seasonal activity. The commission opposes this view and in general opposes readjustments not calculated to produce an immediate bookkeeping net profit.

Another point at issue between the Railroad Administration proper and the Interstate Commerce Commission is one which concerns payment to the railroads of claims for losses incidental to government operation. The railroads have submitted huge claims for losses due to labor inefficiency during government control. This claim is separate from other classes which are more direct and apparent. To illustrate, railroad system A was required to increase the number of men employed in roundhouse X at an increased wage for each man employed. But the product of the labor of the increased force actually fell short of the normal product of the old and smaller force. This spelled loss in dollars and cents. For this loss the railroad system now makes claim for reimbursement, and the sum of these claims runs into many millions. The Interstate Commerce Commission holds that the claims should be paid in full. The Railroad Administration refuses to pay them in full, but is willing to compromise. President Harding is convinced that the claims should be compromised. Similarly convinced are a group of Western bankers that assembled at dinner at the White House last week. Those in favor of compromise assert that the high sums named by the railroads are inequitable, but that an early settlement and a prompt payment of the compromised claims are necessary to help fill the depleted railroad treasuries and thus to permit the railroads to reëquip themselves and thus be in a position to do the business of the country effectively when conditions get back to "normalcy." It looks as if the compromise plan would win.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Compliment Duly Appreciated.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your recent articles in connection with the building trades controversy are very timely and are to be highly commended.
The practices enumerated are quite true and characteristic of the un-American policies of the modern trades union.
Very truly yours,
RAYMOND GRANITZ COMPANY, INC.
By H. L. KNOWLES.

"The Case of Admiral Sims."

MCKINLEY COUNCIL NO. 48
JUNIOR ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS
STOCKTON, CAL., July 8, 1921.

The Argonaut Publishing Co.,
San Francisco, Cal.
GENTLEMEN: We, McKinley Council, No. 48, in regular session, wish to commend you on the articles in your paper of June 18, 1921, No. 2308, Volume 88, on the first page, entitled "Case of Admiral Sims," and also on page 387, entitled "The Sinn Fein." We also want to commend you on the American courage and nerve in the way it was written.
Yours very truly,
STANLEY B. CRAWFORD,
Recording Secretary.

The Pending Conflict.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: As a contractor and one of your old readers the writer wishes to commend heartily the editorial in the Argonaut of July 2d for its comprehensive and intelligent treatment of the present situation in the building industry of San Francisco.

Perhaps the severest of the indictments against organized labor in the building industry rendered so eloquently in your editorial are those which arise through jurisdictional claims, counter-claims, and restrictions, whereby recurrent periods of unnecessary idleness are imposed on the workman with consequent lowering of morale, the nation's manpower is curtailed, and construction costs multiplied to an enormous degree. Think of it! In this Western land of matchless opportunity, where climatic conditions the year round encourage the worker to a sustained maximum of effort with minimum of fatigue, where, according to the records of the United States Weather Bureau, measurable rain falls during working hours on less than fifteen days per year in the wettest years, the average skilled building mechanic, according to union labor officials, is enabled to work only from 140 to 160 days per year; that is to say, from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. of his available time during working hours is rendered unproductive so far as wages are concerned.

And why? Because of the multiplicity of trades unions and the insistence of each union on an exclusive monopoly of work in its peculiar trade, even work of the most incidental and inconsequential character. A certain amount of reciprocity between unions is essential to the preservation of this monopoly; hence membership in a union carries with it, not only the privilege of working in the trade of that particular union, but also prohibition against poaching on the preserve of any other union. Take bricklayers, for example. A gang works a week constructing the basement walls of a building, lays off four days while carpenters frame the first floor, works another week on the first-story walls, lays off four days again while carpenters frame the second floor, and so on. Now, a good bricklayer is generally capable of doing other work on a building, such as concrete work and rough carpentry, and it would be in the interest of both his employer and the job to keep such a gang steadily employed and hence intact. But neither the cement workers' union, the concrete laborers' union, the carpenters' union, nor even his own union will permit it. As a matter of fact employers endeavor to have enough work on hand and to arrange it so as to keep their men as steadily employed as possible, and it is believed that the union figures hereinbefore quoted do not truly represent the case of the average industrious and capable mechanic. However, the situation at best involves an arbitrary denial of the natural and constitutional right of the individual to work wherever and whenever work offers to his liking and of the right of an employer to assign work in accordance with his own ideas of economy and efficiency.

It is plain that all this is not in the honest worker's interest. Who, then, does benefit? Chiefly one class of personages—the union officials who, though they neither toil nor spin, yet manage to eclipse many a modern Solomon. The indolent, the slothful, the inert also benefit in a pecuniary way; for this protected monopoly leads, not only to the inordinate boosting of wages, but also to limitation of participants (closed charters), restriction of effort to the level of mediocrity (standardized output per man per day), and the imposition of compulsory employment on the employer regardless of the worker's capability. On the other hand, the ambitious artisan, finding himself under constant restraint lest he eclipse and hence discredit his slothful or inert brothers, often loses his morale and settles down to the common level.

The ingenious, versatile mechanic of happy memory, with pride in his calling, a sense of responsibility and the will to perform—and to please, has been steadily disappearing for many years. Can he come back? Under the American Plan, yes!
T. E. TRUE.

Letters for Mr. M. H. True have been sent in care of the editor of the ARGONAUT. Will Mr. True please send his address?

It is now possible to send a crewless vessel as far as radio impulses will carry. The same means can be used in sending a giant torpedo against a foe regardless of how far distant the enemy might be, provided he is within reach of the radio. In vessels the device is attached to the fuel engine, the water engine and the steering mechanism making it possible to guide, fuel, and water by radio.

In some parts of China jars are placed on the roof of houses as matrimonial advertisements. A jar turned upside down means that the daughter of the house is too young to marry. A jar laid with its mouth to the street indicates that the maiden is of age. When the girl is married the jar is removed.

Tramways derive their name from Mr. Tram, an American, who, in 1860, introduced street-cars drawn by horses in England.

A SAN FRANCISCO RED.

Mr. M. Alexander Schwartz Tells Us What Happened to Him and to His Wife in Russia.

Mr. M. Alexander Schwartz, recently a labor-union organizer in San Francisco and a member of Division 192 of the Street-Car Men's Union in Oakland, is not a wholly insignificant person, although doubtless he seemed so to the thousands of street-car passengers in San Francisco and Oakland who must have observed him incuriously as he went about his work. But it is not to be inferred that Mr. Schwartz owes his significance either to his character or to his ability, although he may be rich in both for all we know to the contrary. Some men are pushed into importance by the pressure of events, as though nature took a sort of sardonic pleasure in using small men to great ends. And there are others who become suddenly transparent, if such an expression may be allowed, and we seem to see through them into the heart of the class to which they belong. Mr. Schwartz is one of these. He is an American problem. There are thousands of him, so to speak, scattered throughout the country, filled with the fire and fury of their European hates and directing them against American conditions. When Mr. Schwartz joined the Socialist party in America soon after he came here from Russia it was not so much because he believed that socialism would be a good thing for America as because he knew that Czarism was a bad thing for Russia. In other words, he was still a Russian. That he gravitated toward an extremism in the labor movement here was in no sense due to a study of American conditions, although doubtless he believed that it was. He plunged into the extreme labor movement because his father had been shot as a Nihilist in Russia, because he himself had been sent to Siberia as a Nihilist, and because he had escaped through the aid of a Russian secret society and by means of funds "which had been secured for propaganda." No doubt Mr. Schwartz talked the usual Americanism while he was organizing the labor movement for the Amalgamated Street Railways of the United States. No one suspected, least of all himself, that he was actually continuing his struggle against the Russian government and seeking revenge for his sufferings at its hands. It was his memories of Siberia that sent him into the left wing of American labor. He was still in search of a Czar to overthrow. It was for the same reason, in a sense, that he married Jessie Molle, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. We all know her type, too. There are lots of her at Berkeley and Stanford, clever young women, no doubt, but not clever enough to know that humanity will never be saved by economic systems that may come and go forever without the faintest change within the human heart, which is the only source of human happiness and tears. Jessie Molle, who became Jessie Schwartz, was a Bolshevik. When she and her husband left San Francisco for Russia in 1920 "it seemed the beginning of a pilgrimage." They went to Russia as Mohammedans go to Mecca. Those are Mr. Schwartz' words. For them it was a sacred voyage. They saw the star in the east. And the Bolsheviks murdered Jessie Schwartz and they nearly murdered her husband. And now Mr. Schwartz tells us all about it, but not, we may fear, with any diminishing effect upon the number of Bolshevik girl graduates or of Russian Nihilists who seek revenge upon American institutions for their sufferings at the hands of a Russian Czar.

Mr. Schwartz is not a skilled writer, but he knows the illuminating value of the small incident. He tells us that after they crossed the Russian frontier he was extraordinarily anxious for a glimpse of the famous Red soldiers. When at last he saw a group of them he snatched a red necktie from his valise and waved it wildly. One of the soldiers smiled, but it was not a smile of welcome. It meant, "Wait till you come back this way, my friend. If you are glad to see me then, it will be because you are headed in another direction."

Disillusionment began at once. How was it that young girls had to do the work of navvies? Why did the common people complain so much? Why were they so hungry and so thin? Why were they under such constant observation, always conducted by officials who lied to them? The shops in Petrograd were all shut, windows broken, filth everywhere. It was a city of the dead.

But they found Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman and they were reluctantly given a pass to visit them. No one does anything in Russia, not even the smallest thing, without passes and permits from brutal officials. Emma Goldman was frank and outspoken. "There is no government here. I mean that. Conditions are horrible. I would rather live in prison in America than be free in Russia." Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz talked to all sort of people, but everywhere it was the same story except from the officials. A horror of black darkness; a pestilence that walked by day; starvation, misery, cruelty, and lies. The officials were supplied with everything, well nourished and sleek, predatory and mendacious. But the people were ragged, cold, and terrorized, and even their religion

must be practiced secretly, and before ikons taken furtively from their hiding places. We must remember that these two people were enthusiastic Bolsheviks, that they went to Russia to worship and not to criticize, and that their eyes were opened, as one might say, by main force. They tell us of the massacre of untried prisoners and of truck loads of corpses packed in barrels. Individual outrages were commonplace. Almost any man or woman with whom they would casually speak had a tale of horror, of wanton wickedness, of hell upon earth. The voice of Russia was a prolonged groan. Prince Kropotkin, the old revolutionary lion, said to them, "When I saw Lenin and the others who had gathered around him I knew that my country would bleed under their management; and I was right. I knew that they would bring misery and confusion with them. Now I am too old and sick to do anything more for my people, but if I could live my life over again I would fight Bolshevism to the bitter end. It is now the duty of you who are still safe from it to do your share. I have done all I could for humanity. That is all I have to say." Kropotkin wanted to offer his visitors something to eat, but he had nothing but a little bread and fish. And so Schwartz and his wife found that there was no one in Russia except officials to say a good word for Bolshevism. The inarticulate voice of Russia was a groan. Her articulate voice was a curse.

Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz attended the congress of the Third International in Petrograd. They were delegates from America and the reception was an impressive one. But it was at the Moscow Congress that they met John Reed, who had fully persuaded the Russians that he had created a Communist majority in America and that the government was immediately to be overthrown. The childish credulity of Bolsheviks, whether in Russia or America, is quite startling. One morning Trotzky turned to Schwartz and asked him when the American government would be destroyed. Schwartz replied that America would probably be the last country in the world to adopt Communism. Reed overheard him and was angry, as he naturally would be. "Why do you say that, Schwartz?" he shouted. "Jack," replied Schwartz, "you know perfectly well, and so does Comrade Trotzky, that all labor can not be classed in the United States in one mass, since it is really divided into many groups. There are workmen there who earn anywhere from three to eight dollars a day for eight hours' work. You may be able to persuade the common laborer earning a minimum wage to take up a gun and a red flag and start a revolution, but how can you persuade a man who is making eight dollars a day, a man with a family, with a home which he perhaps owns himself, and with children attending school, to listen to you when you talk to him about revolution? What would he say about that? Let me ask you if you think that the capitalist class is asleep in America. If you do, you are bitterly mistaken. They are awake and they see every move that is going on here and there. Therefore, I repeat that America is likely to be the last country that will become Communist." And so Reed became an enemy, and he could be a peculiarly venomous enemy. Probably he had much to do with the final Schwartz tragedy.

It came quickly. Schwartz and his wife were arrested without warrant and without charge. They had dared to look at things for themselves instead of accepting the statements of paid interpreters and spies. Mrs. Schwartz has been working for socialism in America for eighteen years, but it made no difference. She was fifty years old, she could not speak the language, and they shut her up alone in their "foul jails." It was a death sentence, but "they did not care." She was made the victim of "one of the most despotic and cruel governments that the world has ever seen, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat." One wonders if her mind ever reverted to her girl days in the University of Wisconsin where she learned her socialism, whether she compared her ideals with the actualities, as she watched the shadows in a Russian prison and realized that she had done her part for eighteen years to establish the kingdom of hell upon earth, and to unleash its powers upon the human race. R. I. P. At least she paid the price. All do in the end.

Needless to describe the prison tortures of these people. On one occasion a soldier struck Mrs. Schwartz full in the face with his fist. Night after night they heard the muffled sound of shots and knew that the merry game of murder was going on in the courtyard. Some one threw a bomb at Trotzky and eight men were killed. He said he would kill a hundred for every one of them and eight hundred men were shot in the course of a month. Then Schwartz and his wife were transferred to another prison—thirteen men and a woman in one room. He says "it was horrible to see these men, who were covered with vermin, trying to retain their propriety in the presence of a woman, for in spite of their wretchedness they were all gentlemen." At last they were liberated. They were notified that they were safe because John Reed had died. And John Reed was an American. But Mrs. Schwartz died almost at once. She could not survive the horrors of freedom. Thirty years earlier, says her husband, she had left the University of Wisconsin to attend her Socialist meeting in Chicago. Thirty years between the wind and the whirlwind. The mills of the gods do indeed grind exceeding small.

Mr. Schwartz is perplexed. He has a feeling of

"bitterness and hatred" that will never leave him. But he is mistaken in supposing that it was given to him by Bolshevism. He brought it with him to America. He has only changed its direction. He says that Communism was practically the same thing that he had always been fighting for, but "this first attempt to erect a Communist state had immediately become a dictatorship, an autocracy that was as cruel and as unjust as any of the most despotic governments in Russian history." And now he wants to tell us all about it, and to that end he has written this book, "The Voice of Russia." But does he think it will have any influence on his kind throughout America—and their name is legion—or upon the "sweet girl graduates" who believe so fixedly that a theory is also a condition, and that the wild beasts of human nature can be changed into sucking doves by hanging economic wreaths around their necks? Not even though one rose from the dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 13, 1921.

SIDNEY CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

Where Shall the Lover Rest?

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted forever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving,
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever,
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never!

—Sir Walter Scott.

Evelyn Hope.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think,
The shutters are shut—no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares;
And now was quiet, now at rest—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What! your soul was pure and true;
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth—in the years long stay—
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, shall I say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gain of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed, or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? Let us see!

I love you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was space and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep:
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! Go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

—Robert Browning.

Bending every effort toward recovery, the German government is planning to operate again the central German coal mines near Halle. These mines have not been worked for more than a century.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

As chief clerk to the mayor of Boston, Miss Nora O'Callaghan receives a salary of \$2700 a year.

Miss Ellen Terry observed the sixty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage on April 28th. Her debut was made at the age of eight.

Dr. Emily Daymond, member of the staff of the Royal College of Music, has the distinction of being the only woman who ever has received the degree of Doctor of Music from Oxford University.

Mrs. Charles Carroll Martin, one time Alice Potter of Newport, has wearied of society and is engaged in the photographic business in New York City, where she has a fashionable studio on Fifth Avenue.

Countess Nicrotta, formerly chief lady-in-waiting to the Russian Czarina, and whose husband was minister of agriculture under the old régime, is operating a sewing-machine in workrooms established in Paris to aid Russian refugees.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has just received congratulations on his eighty-first birthday from more than a hundred of our younger writers, together with a copy of the first edition of Keats' "Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems" in the original boards.

J. Raymond McCarl of McCook, Nebraska, secretary of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, has been nominated to be Controller-General of the United States, a position created by the new budget law. McCarl is about forty years old and has been secretary of the congressional committee for about three years. He is a graduate of the University of Nebraska law school and was secretary to Senator Norris of Nebraska for a number of years. As Controller-General McCarl will have charge of government finances, expenditures of appropriations, auditing of all expenditures, settlement and adjustment of claims of and against the government, and management of all fiscal affairs with the exception only of postal accounts, which are to be under a special controller of the Postoffice Department, also created by the new law.

The history of Samuel Gompers is largely a history of organized labor. Since 1881, with the exception of one term, he has been president of the American Federation of Labor, which he was largely instrumental in organizing. Friends of the veteran labor leader say he is the most active man in the United States, despite his seventy-one years. He traveled an average of 100 miles a day during 1920, one trip being made by airplane to keep an engagement. Hardly a meal is eaten without a conference going on simultaneously, and at times he has dictated statements as he ate. During the last year he has written four books and fifty pamphlets. Another book is in the hands of his publisher. Born in England, Gompers came to America when thirteen years old. He organized an international cigar-makers' union in 1864 and was secretary and president for six years. It was in connection with this work that he became interested in the larger movement which resulted in organization of the federation.

Charles Beecher Warren of Detroit has been appointed Ambassador to Japan. Warren is nationally known in Republican politics, having been national committeeman from Michigan, where he has been a distinguished member of the bar since 1893. He came into his latest national prominence as one of the chief advisers of the judge advocate-general and provost marshal of the selective draft, General Crowder, during the mobilization of the troops for the great war. During this temporary service Warren was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and following the war was awarded a distinguished service medal by order of the President. In 1896 Warren was counsel for the United States before the joint high commission to determine the Bering Sea claims and in 1910 he was counsel for the government in the North Atlantic Coast fisheries arbitration with Great Britain before The Hague Tribunal. Warren is fifty-one years old and a graduate of the University of Michigan.

At the age of sixty years Charles E. Hetherington took up painting, the ambition of a lifetime. That was seven years ago. Today he is represented in a score of large collections throughout the country, although his paintings have been on the market only two years. A number of leading art magazines and newspapers of the United States have devoted generous space to consideration of the remarkable success of this "overnight" artist. At the age of sixty, when a tragic majority of men have fought the battle of life and lost, Charles Hetherington faced "old age" penniless. He had lost a small fortune in business investments. The first of these was the invention of an engine, and later the promotion of a colored motion-picture enterprise proved disastrous. It was at this moment that the soul within him came to the rescue and demanded to be heard. He determined to take up art, as a solace rather than with any hope of earning therewith a livelihood. Critics pronounce Charles Hetherington one of America's foremost painters of the beauties of nature. Until two years ago he was unknown, discouraged, classed as a failure. But worry, doubt, disaster failed to bow his heart and break his spirit. Through all the years of toil and disappointments he had not deserted his ideals.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

Ford Madox Hueffer Tells Us of Some of the Literary Lights He Has Known.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer in his new volume of reminiscences asks us the difference between literature and printed matter. For the moment we think that he is going to tell us, but he does not. He only gives us examples. Then he asks us why one must be so untruthfully cautious in writing of living men and so recklessly candid in writing of dead ones. Of a dead man you may say that his mother belonged to the demi-monde and that his own life was spent in bliking landladies, but on no account may you accuse Mr. X. across the dinner-table of splitting an infinitive. Such restrictions are a serious difficulty in the writing of reminiscences. One must always cry "God-like" of any living writer or he will certainly weep. He may even kick you in the stomach. Mr. Hueffer would therefore like it to be understood that every living author whom he mentions in his book is EARTH'S GREATEST WRITER, and this with a memory of Catullus, Petronius, Shakespeare, Flaubert, and Turgenev.

Mr. Hueffer once received an invitation to collaborate with Mr. Conrad. It was in 1897:

It is, say, twenty-two years and six months since about Michaelmas, 1897, I received from Mr. Conrad a letter in which, amazingly, he asked me to collaborate with him. He stated that he had consulted W. E. Henley as to his difficulties with English prose, which were very great, since he thought in Polish, expressed his thoughts to himself in French, and, only with great labor, rendered his thus-worded French thoughts into English. Mr. Conrad stated that he had said to Mr. Henley: "Why should I not find as collaborator the finest English stylist?" . . . The letter was the result of Henley's advice.

That particular mendacity pleased me—and has ever since pleased me so that I have never asked Mr. Conrad to tell the sober truth of the matter, which was that Henley had never even heard of my existence. For I had a curious row with Henley later—a quite innocent, temporary combat over a slip of the tongue on his part. If I had been less shy and awkward I should not have corrected him. As a parting shot he "squashed" me (people used to squash each other still in those days!) by saying: "Who the H—il are you, anyway? I never even heard your name!"

Can one learn how to write? Or does one just write? Mr. Hueffer learned to his surprise, many years ago, that there were people who asked how to write, who wanted to learn just as one learns how to make tables or watches:

I think I used to be alone among English-born writers in worrying, in hothering my head, primarily, about the "how" of writing. Henry James did—but he was born in Newport, Rhode Island; or Cambridge, Massachusetts; or somewhere. Mr. Conrad did—but he was born in the government of Kiev; used to think in French; and translate his thoughts with difficulty into English. Mr. Hudson does—and he was born in La Plata, and is of New England stock. Mr. Robert Bontine Cunningham Graham certainly also does—but he is a Scotch South American—or at any rate spoke Spanish before he spoke English.

I don't mean to say that no other English writers bothered their heads at all about the "how" of writing—merely that during the later 'nineties I personally came across few traces of this preoccupation. I remember, for instance, listening respectfully to a certain delightful novelist whilst he lectured me on how to write. But, as far as I could see, his only technical rule was this: *Never introduce your hero and heroine together in the first chapter.* I don't know why this should be so. For the sake of economy, I dare say.

Mr. Hueffer has an immense—perhaps an exaggerated—admiration for the writings of Mr. W. H. Hudson. For him, he is "the unapproached master of the English tongue." And then we have another reference to Mr. Conrad:

As I have said, the only English writer with whom I ever had the luck constantly to discuss the "how" of writing was Mr. Conrad. (I will say this for Americans that, if they practice letters, they are much more usually devoured by curiosity about what is called "technique.") I have heard Mr. Owen Wister talk for quite a time on several occasions with Mr. James about the written word as a means of expression. I have talked for hours with members of the editorial staff of New York magazines—as to how to write a short story!—and I used to listen for hours while Stephen Crane—why is poor dear "Stevie" forgotten?—talked just about words! And Crane made the most illuminating remark about English prose that I ever heard.

And, once, Mr. Conrad looked up from reading "Green Mansions" and said: "You can't tell how this fellow gets his effects!" And, a long time after I had agreed that I couldn't tell how Mr. Hudson got his effects, Mr. Conrad continued: "He writes as the grass grows. The Good God makes it be there. And that is all there is to it!"

Mr. Hudson once walked from New Romney—fourteen miles—in order to pay his respects to Mr. Conrad. There was another occasion in one of the cafés in Soho when Mr. Hudson inserted himself, so to speak, into the conversation:

The dialogue went like this:

Writer—Glorious country, Sussex! Glorious country, Sussex! You can ride from the Crystal Palace to Beachy Head with only four checks!

"Five!" said Mr. Hudson. It was like the crack of doom; like the deep voice of a raven; like the sound of a direful bell.

Writer—Only four checks! There's Wucking, and Cucking! and Ducking and . . .

"Five!" said Mr. Hudson.

Writer—Only four checks! (He used a great many gesticulations, telling the names off on his fingers.) There are Wucking and Cucking and Ducking and Hickley . . .

"Five!" said Mr. Hudson.

The writer repeated the queer names of Sussex villages.

Then Mr. Hudson said:

"East Dean!" The writer threw his hand violently over his head as one used to see people do on the Western front; then began to tear, immediately afterwards, at his ruffled

hair. He exclaimed: "My God! What a fool I am!" and stated that he was a Sussex man; bred and born in Sussex; had never been out of Sussex for an instant in his life; had ridden every day from the Crystal Palace to Beachy Head. Yet he had forgotten East Dean.

All the while Mr. Hudson sat motionless, grave, unsmiling, gazing at his victim with the hypnotic glare of a beast of prey. Or as if he was studying a new specimen of the genus Fringillago!

Mr. Conrad, we are told, has made an intensive study of technique, presumably because he is writing in a foreign language. He has wrestled over it, prayed over it, sweated over it. But is there actually a science of technique, or a way to write? Can the author do more than say what he wants to say, in the best manner possible to him?

There is no mystery at all about either the object or the practice of technique; yet the mere use of the word is sufficient to goad many writers into frenzies in which they will strangely betray their real natures! In itself, the acquiring, the study of, one's particular technique, is nothing more mysterious in its aim or pursuit than the desire of the artist to please—to be interesting; to be pellucid! It is nothing more than that. There is probably no one set of rules that will unite all writers. There is probably no single rule at all—except that the writer should never bore his reader!

And even to that rule Richard Wagner proclaimed an exception when he announced the doctrine of Fatigue. . . . He said, in effect, that if you could wear out your hearer sufficiently, at the psychological moment you might introduce a ravishing passage that would be enormously enhanced by the suffering that had gone before. . . . For a writer that is dangerous tactics: a reader may fling a novel into the fire at any moment; whereas the audience of an opera can not so easily escape before the composer shall have introduced his ravishing passage. . . . It might perhaps be more just to say that the object of a writer when he sets out to acquire a technique is simply the acquiring of a formula or a habit of mind in which he shall be most pleasing to a large body of his fellow-men. That is a practice that is common to every artist. The present writer once asked one of our most enormously popular novelists why, although he had served in the army, in one of his books he represented a major as the superior officer to a colonel; and why, in another, the heroine having married one peer and disliking him, just married another member of the House of Lords without waiting to become a widow or to submit to the tiresome exigencies of the divorce courts? The novelist's answer was:

"Well. That is what my readers want. They know that 'major' means 'larger'; and to them the divorce court is a disreputable place so that they want not to be reminded of its existence. I make it a rule, for the same reason, never to let my hero or heroine meet at a dance. At a sale of work or a charity bazaar; yes! But never at a dance!"

This may seem incredible; yet it is an unexaggerated record of the reason given. And, if the instance may seem to introduce the reader into the *bas fonds* of the pursuit of literature, the illustration is at least clear enough. . . . Here was a writer as to whom at least four million inhabitants of Anglo-Saxon territory would have declared that he was a Great Writer announcing what was his technique. He made this a rule; he made that a rule! He found that thus he pleased his readers. Having pleased them he did not need to trouble about *le mot juste*; about architectonics, cadences. . . . The writer only remembers one sentence from the works of this novelist. It was this:

"He drank his coffee with cruelly smiling lips that seemed to gaze into the depths of the cup as if they would pluck its secret thence!"

The least number of copies of a single book by this writer purchased by the Anglo-Saxon Publics was six hundred thousand. There are in Great Britain fourteen thousand railway stations.

It may as well be added that the writer once put to this novelist, who was a pleasant, good fellow, the question:

"Why have you, with your prodigious popularity, not ever ventured the final cast of the die with the populace? Why have you never written a play?"

Mr. X. answered with serious modesty:

"Well, you see, I have not got the dramatic gift. I am a realist, like Wells and Galsworthy." (Those are the exact two names that he mentioned.) He was pleased to add: "Of course I am not a stylist like you. But a realist. People in my books talk exactly as people do in real life and things only happen as they happen in real life. There is nothing melodramatic about my gift, I am a realist."

The above conversation of a poor fellow now dead is not given in any spirit of mockery. The late novelist was a perfectly honest and conscientious literary phenomenon. He took his work seriously and made an immense fortune by doing his best. He did, that is to say, his best for the Reader that he knew—for the Reader who disliked the idea of the divorce courts, of dances, and who considered that a colonel must be junior in rank to a major because the word "major" means "greater."

The author saw much of Henry James, but they did not talk about books, not even about their own. They would exchange their own books, but they did not discuss them. But James would discuss the personalities of their writers:

He would, if he never talked of books, frequently talk of the personalities of their writers—not infrequently in terms of shuddering at their social excesses, much as he shuddered at contact with Crane. He expressed intense dislike for Flaubert who "opened his own door in his dressing-gown" and he related, not infrequently, unrepeatable stories of the ménages of Maupassant—but he much preferred Maupassant to "poor dear old Flaubert." Of Turgenev's appearance, personality, and habits he would talk with great tenderness of expression—he called him nearly always "the beautiful Russian genius," and would tell stories of Turgenev's charming attentions to his peasant mistress. He liked, in fact, persons who were suave when you met them—and I daresay that his preference of that sort colored his literary tastes. He preferred Maupassant to Flaubert because Maupassant was *homme du monde*—or at any rate had *femmes du monde* for his mistresses; and he preferred Turgenev to either because Turgenev was a quiet aristocrat and invalid of the German Bathing Towns, to the finger tips. And he liked—he used to say so—people who treated him with deep respect.

Flaubert he hated with a lasting, deep rancor. Flaubert had once abused him unmercifully—over a point in the style of Prosper Mérimée, of all people in the world. You may read about it in the "Correspondence" of Flaubert, and James himself referred to the occasion several times. It seemed to make it all the worse that, just before the outbreak, Flaubert should have opened the front door of his flat to Turgenev and James, in his dressing-gown.

James was peculiarly intolerant of any criticism of America, even though it were but a repetition of his own criticisms. Upon one occasion he referred to

something James had told him about the early provincialisms of Washington:

"Don't talk such *damnabla* nonsense!" He really shouted these words with a male fury. And when, slightly outraged myself, I returned to the charge with his own *on trébuchait sur des vaches*, he exclaimed: "I should not have thought you would have wanted to display such ignorance," and hurried off along the road.

I do not suppose that this was as unreasonable a manifestation of patriotism as it appears. No doubt he imagined me incapable of distinguishing between material and cultural poverties and I am fairly sure that at the bottom of his mind lay the idea that in Washington of the 'sixties there had been some singularly good cosmopolitan and diplomatic conversation and society, whatever the cows might have done outside the Capitol. Indeed I know that, towards the end of his life, he came to think that the society of early, self-conscious New England, with its circumscribed horizon and want of exterior decoration or furnishings, was a spiritually finer thing than the mannered Europeanism that had so taken him to its hosom. As these years went on, more and more, with a sort of trepidation, he hovered round the idea of a return to the American Scene. When I first knew him you could have imagined no oak more firmly planted in European soil. But, little by little, when he talked about America there would come into his tones a slight tremulousness that grew with the months. I remember, once he went to see some friends—Mrs. and Miss La Farge, I think—off to New York from Tilbury Dock. He came back singularly excited, bringing out a great many unusually uncompleted sentences. He had gone over the liner: "And once aboard the lugger . . . And if . . . Say a toothbrush . . . And circular notes . . . And something for the night . . . And if . . . By Jove, I might have . . ." And all this with a sort of diffident shamefacedness.

I fancy that his mannerisms—his involutions, whether in speech or in writing, were due to a settled conviction that, neither in his public nor in his acquaintance, would he ever find any one who would not need talking down to. The desire of the Artist, of the creative writer, is that his words and his "scenes" shall suggest—of course with precision—far more than they actually express or project. But, having found that his limpidities, from "Daisy Miller" to the "Real Thing," not only suggested less than he desired, but carried suggestions entirely unmeant, he gave up the attempt at Impressionism of that type—as if his audiences had tired him out. So he talked down to us, explaining and explaining, the ramifications of his mind. He was aiming at explicitness, never at obscurities—as if he were talking to children.

Mr. Hueffer makes an amazing confession in his chapter on the poets. He believes that the conception—and if possible the writing—of poetry to be the only pursuit worthy of a serious man, unless the vicissitudes of his time call on him to be also a soldier. There are other pursuits that Destiny may force upon a man and he may endure them with dignity, honor, and an unbenighted head, "but even then, if he does not follow them in the spirit of a poet—and with the self-sacrifice of a soldier—he is not a proper man and I may hope I may never have to know him."

The trouble with the poets, says Mr. Hueffer, is that they write "down" to their readers. They write childishly. He realizes the fact that he has done so himself:

I have discovered this for myself from my own practice in verse. I found that as soon as I came to write a "poem" I automatically reduced my intelligence to the level of one purely childish. And, looking one day through the Collected Edition of my own poems that some misguided publisher issued some years ago and that no soul appeared to purchase or read—looking them through again, then, I was appalled to observe that in the whole affair there were not twenty lines that, had I been writing prose, I should not have suppressed. . . . Everything; every single group of words was what in French is called *chargé*. . . . It was not so much that the stuff was rhetorical; it had not the marmoreal quality of true rhetoric—the kind that one finds on tombstones. It was just silly—with the silliness of a child of a bad type.

Heaven knows I can not re-read my own prose with anything but mortification—but it is a mortification proceeding rather from the eternal sense of failure that every conscious artist must feel all his life unless he has a good bottle of wine beneath his waistcoat. . . . One has had ideals and has fallen short. That is gloomy enough. But when I read my own verse I know that I have tried to write like a brandished sentimentalist. And I have succeeded every time. . . .

Mr. Hueffer has slight hopes for good literature. Newspapers, magazines, and publishers are in league against it. They have vested interests in mediocrity. And then there is Commercialism—but that is too painful a topic.

THUS TO REVISIT: SOME REMINISCENCES. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

Macaulay like Shelley was in the habit of reading as he walked the London streets. According to his biographer, "he could neither swim, nor row, nor drive, nor skate, nor shoot." He seldom crossed a saddle, and never willingly. The only exercise in which he can be said to have excelled was that of threading crowded streets with his eyes fixed upon a book. He might be seen in such thoroughfares as Oxford Street and Cheap-side, walking as fast as other people walked, and reading a great deal faster than anybody else could read.

Probably the choicest and most valuable beads in the world are those possessed by the natives of Borneo. In many cases they are very old and have been kept for centuries in one family. A rich chief may possess a collection of old beads worth many thousands of dollars.

Prehistoric Mexico was occupied and colonized by Chinese, according to archeologists whose researches have resulted in discoveries of incense burners and peculiar three-legged dishes made only by the Chinese.

Two out of every three persons in the world are unable to read and write, and one billion of the six hundred million persons in the world are non-Christians.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending July 9th (five days), \$108,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$128,400,000; a decrease of \$19,700,000.

Although the first half of the year has not brought forth that measure of industrial improvement that was expected by many business men and financial observers, at the outset, the interval has not been without some highly important developments of a constructive character, and the general situation—taken as a whole—is better at this writing than it was six months ago. This, of course, does not imply that all the necessary adjust-

year, and credit conditions are slowly but steadily improving.

Gold imports, which during the ten months of the fiscal year to and including April have amounted to \$441,708,504, as contrasted with total exports of \$345,567,495 during the corresponding period of last year, have greatly improved the monetary situation, and the large influx of precious metal, if properly employed, will be a powerful factor in the industrial revival when the time for a forward movement arrives. But if this store of treasure is used as the basis of a secondary inflation, of which there is some fear, it may, through stimulating unhealthy speculation and checking further necessary liquidation, undo much of the good that has been accomplished thus far and prove a detriment rather than a blessing. One of the most important achievements of the half-year has been the downward revision of prices of commodities and manufactured wares, and the most direct route to a complete readjustment runs along the line of still lower prices, equalized, of course, through a proper reduction of wages and production costs.

This feature is so well established now that no one regards the recent reduction in iron and steel prices or the further downward revision, which is inevitable in the industry, as an unfavorable feature, but rather as a constructive development. True it is, without doubt, that the cut in prices attests to an unusually severe depression in a most important basic business, but the only way to effect a cure is to stimulate consumption, and that can best be accomplished by making the goods attractive to the buyers. The price cut, in other words, is the remedy, not the ailment, and, by the same token, the possibility of lower freight rates, following the reduction of railway wages, has become a "bull argument" in Wall Street. This is in marked contrast with the attitude of the speculative market in the days before the war when manipulators and pools and cliques conjured with the prospects and possibilities of higher freight charges in their efforts to advance stocks.

Lower wages, lower freight rates, and lower prices are natural correctives of past excesses and they are essential to any complete and satisfactory readjustment, but, of course, the theory that they constitute a great stimulating force can be carried too far. There is, for example, nothing conclusive in the idea, so widely entertained throughout the country, that the principal obstacle now in the way of an industrial revival centres in the fact that the retail merchants, as a class, have not passed the reduction in prices made by the manufacturers and wholesalers on to the consumers. This, it is held, has stood in the way of liberal buying on the part of the public and has imposed a check on industry all along the line. No one, of course, will underestimate the part that sentiment or psychology plays in the matter of retail merchandising, and it may be that some persons, and perhaps many persons, have refrained from buying because prices were high, or because of their belief that values might decline later on.

When you come to consider all the circumstances, however, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that for every consumer who has not bought liberally this year because retail

prices were high, two or more have not purchased because they have not had the wherewithal to pay. That the purchasing power of the country has been reduced materially by the duration and severity of the reaction can not be doubted, and it would be strange indeed if such were not the case, for the losses which have fallen upon the agricultural classes, through the decline in commodities, runs up into the billions, and the same is true of merchants and manufacturers. Profits have fallen off everywhere; taxes and rents are absorbing more of income than ever before, and there is a very large unemployment or partial employment of labor, all of which attests to a curtailment of buying power. That the retail merchant may have aggravated the disturbance by his unwillingness to pass price reductions on to the consumers may be true, but he is in no way responsible for the decline in commodities and the losses incurred thereby which stand in the way of a quick recovery.

That the moderate increase in activity which developed in special lines of industry, like automobiles, textiles, footwear, and in motor tires and accessories, in March and April, should have shown unmistakable signs of hesitation around the middle of May did not surprise the experienced observers of financial and commercial phenomena in the slightest, for the latter had regarded the movement, from its inception, in the light of a temporary and seasonal improvement rather than as a definite turn in general industry toward a higher level. But the speculative element in Wall Street viewed the matter from a different standpoint and was very much disappointed over the setback which developed where the buying movement itself originated—namely, in the automobile industry.

In consequence of the great activity which had developed in this department, according to reports, necessitating the reestablishment of full-time operations and the reemployment of a full quota of workmen, it came as a shock when a further reduction in the price of motor-cars was announced by several manufacturers. And the unfavorable impression was heightened when it became known that the cuts were made for the purpose of stimulating buying, which, it is admitted, was slackening at the very time it was reported to be growing active. Automobile stocks, which had advanced extensively and in some instances sensationally, in connection with the glowing reports of the reviving industry, declined with some severity upon the inauguration of the price-cutting campaign, and the market was further depressed by unfavorable statements bearing upon the acute depression in the iron and steel industry, which were unpleasantly confirmed in the passing of the regular dividends by the Republic Iron and Steel Company, the Columbia Steel Company, and the Lackawanna Steel Company.

Several other corporations, including the Hocking Valley and the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad companies, the American Linseed Company, and the Central Leather Company, took similar action in omitting their regular disbursements—in the case of the latter, the dividends on the preferred stock—and the list has increased, and these incidents added much to the depression of sentiment in Wall Street. But deeper significance attaches to the action of the steel-producing companies

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than to any of the others in consequence of the fact that iron and steel are the barometers of trade, and the conditions reflecting therein usually foreshadow the conditions that are likely to develop in general business later on. Not unnaturally, perhaps, the reduction or omission in recent weeks of so many dividends by railway, sugar, leather, steel, copper, oil, mining, and miscellaneous corporations has raised the question of the ability of many companies of high character to maintain their regular disbursements, and the uncertainty has had a harmful effect in depressing the prices of some high-grade issues unduly and in checking recoveries.

Unsettling as these incidents may be from the standpoint of an investor, they are only the outward manifestations of the readjustment through which industry has been passing for many months and it is not impossible



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that the financial district has been taking a too gloomy view of the outlook. The little revival in business activity, for instance, was clearly nothing more than a seasonal improvement, and general industry, which did not share in the upturn to any marked degree, is little, if any, the worse off for the relapse. Quiet conditions are fairly typical of this season, and the reaction may be nothing more than the inception of the customary midsummer period of dullness. The rounding out of the half-year which is close at hand will probably see the last of any additional dividend changes of importance that are likely to be made, and if there should be no open defaults or bankruptcies by conspicuous railway or industrial concerns, the constructive elements in the situation are bound to assert themselves.

The big fall-off in figures of United States

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ments have been completed or that all the obstacles in the way of a business revival have been removed, for such is not the case. Existing conditions leave very much to be desired, despite any betterment that has taken place, and confidence is sadly lacking; many old problems still await a solution and new and highly perplexing problems are presenting themselves continually, and the future is by no means clear (says John Grant Dater in *Harper's Magazine*).

Something of a beneficial nature has been accomplished, however, through the slow corrective processes of depression, which, properly considered, is the cure and not the

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disease. While stocks of merchandise are still very large in some lines of industry, they are not so in all departments of trade, and where the accumulations of material have been worked off you find the better and the stronger markets, as, for example, in textiles. Conversely, where the supplies of basic commodities and manufactured goods are large, as a result of either overproduction or underconsumption, the depression continues acute, as is evidenced by the conditions prevailing in the metals industries. Although collections are poor, much has been accomplished in the way of liquidating the past-due indebtedness of mercantile and corporation borrowers, which weighed so heavily upon the banking institutions at the beginning of the

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trade in closing months of the fiscal year just ended is due in a much larger degree to a fall in prices of the various articles forming the grand total than in quantity imported and exported. While it is a fact that there is a material reduction in quantity of merchandise being moved into and out of the United States, the big fall in world prices is really the largest factor in the astonishing reduction in our figures of total imports and total exports as measured by values.

We are accustomed (says a statement by the National City Bank of New York) to measure our imports and exports by the figures of total value, and when we see that the total value of imports in May, the latest month for which figures are available, was only \$205,000,000 against \$431,000,000 in the same month of last year, we involuntarily assume that the import trade "has fallen off

same period is 54 per cent. Hides show a reduction in quantity of 25 per cent. when compared with May of last year, but the reduction in value for the same period is 77 per cent.—that is, comparing the figures of quantity and value in May, 1921, with those of May, 1920. In rubber the fall-off is 44 per cent. in quantity, but 78 per cent. in value.

To secure some fair idea of the changes that are taking place among large corporations and in the investment world, one needs but glance at the prices of industrial preferred stocks now as compared with a year ago. Many of these issues that had been bought, not as speculative, but as real investments, have broken almost as seriously as the common stocks themselves. Many have suspended dividends and some are selling so low as to suggest necessity for reorganization before the concerns will be on a substantial footing again. This, of course, is merely the security market's reflection of the deflation that has been going on and is still in process in practically all lines of commodities.

During every market break this year, and last year for that matter, the ordinary man in the street was regeared from almost every side with the statement that the worst had been discounted and, as the stock market always discounts things six months or so in advance, securities were on the bargain counter and fortunes were awaiting those who who hought in anticipation of the coming revival in business.

Those who were bullish on stocks 20 to 50 points higher are still saying the same thing now. Of course, the lower prices go the more apt they are to be right, for every one will admit that one day or other the turn must come. It looks now as though only those should buy who not only have the money to see their commitments through thick and thin, but know they are possessed of a great amount of patience, for it looks as if this deflation process is going to be much longer drawn out than might have been anticipated even a few months ago. In the meantime not a few stocks will depreciate in value right along and must by very much lower prices discount the deficits that are being rolled up in comparison with large profits of former years.

The Administration is doing all it seemingly can to hasten the readjustment of railroads affairs, and when the time is right we certainly will have a pronounced boom in railroad stocks. The steel trade is naturally awaiting this time with a great deal of expectancy in the hope that the long-delayed generous buying by the railroads will begin. It will take some time, however, for the railroads to build up their depleted surpluses, and it may be far into next year before the steel companies will receive any great impetus from this source. Meantime, of course, the trade is doing practically nothing, even after reducing prices again, and the pending reports of second quarter earnings will make deplorable comparisons.

There seems real reason to believe that President Obregon intends to take the first step toward the rehabilitation of Mexico among the nations of the world by restoring the recognized external loans to an interest-bearing basis.—*The Trader*.

Some members of Congress having intimated that railway rates should be reduced to stimulate the revival of business, the *Railway Age* in its current issue suggests consistency requires that those who take this view should first demand elimination of the Federal government's taxes on freight and passenger transportation. On the basis of a traffic equal to that handled in 1920 and the present rates, it estimates that the annual tax on freight and passenger transportation collected by the Federal government will be \$268,000,000.

"The tax on freight," says the *Railway Age*, "is 3 per cent. of the railway rate, and amounted in 1920 to \$12,750,000. The tax on passenger business is 8 per cent. of the railway rate, and amounted in 1920 to \$103,320,000. This made a total tax that the government added to railway rates that shippers and passengers had to pay last year of \$233,070,000. It was not a part of the rates and the railroads did not get any part of it; they merely collected it for the government."

"On the basis of the total freight and pas-

senger business handled last year on the freight and passenger rates which have been in effect since September 1st, the total annual freight tax would be \$148,000,000 and the passenger tax \$120,000,000.

"These taxes have exactly the same effect upon the cost of transportation to the public and the movement of traffic as equivalent additions to the freight and passenger rates would have, the only difference being that the money collected goes into the government treasury instead of to the railroads. If it is true, as some public men have said, that the present railroad rates are burdensome to business, then these taxes upon freight and passenger transportation which are added to the rates of railways add just so much to this undue burden. Clearly, it would be more appropriate for the government itself to take off this tax for the purpose of helping to revive general business than for the government to retain the tax and at the same time require a privately owned industry such as the railways to reduce the rates to which the taxes are applied, not primarily to help their own business, but primarily to help general business."

News of the acquisition of the effective control of the Banque Generale at Antwerp by the Anglo-South American Bank, Ltd., was received here recently by J. H. Vinter, manager of the local branch of the Commercial Bank of Spanish America, Ltd., which is affiliated with the Anglo-South American Bank.

It was announced that the new president of the Antwerp bank would be Edward Bunge, who is regarded in London as a man of exceptional ability, being one of the leading financiers of Belgium.

Mr. Bunge has for some years been a director of the Anglo-South American Bank. Robert Hose, chairman of the latter institution and a banker of international reputation, will be vice-president of the Antwerp bank.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is offering \$125,000 George C. and V. L. Ellis first mortgage 7½ per cent. serial gold bonds, due serially 1923 to 1931. These bonds are tax exempt in California and Federal income taxes not exceeding 2 per cent. will be paid by borrowers. They constitute a closed first mortgage on 212¼ acres of valuable and productive farming lands in Glenn and Colusa counties. The borrowers are personally wealthy, having been successful farmers in the district for many years, and are estimated to have a net worth in excess of \$380,000.

A medical research bureau has been established by Reid Bros., Inc., 91 Drumm Street, San Francisco. The rise of this firm from a small concern to the largest wholesale hospital supply company in the world has paralleled the growth of the hospital business in this country and abroad, and Reid Bros. for several years have been working with the hospital officials to constantly improve the equipment used in surgical and sick rooms.

Reid Bros., Inc., has branches in Seattle, Vancouver, and Tokyo, and representatives visiting every country on the globe. Through these channels and the headquarters in San Francisco the company will keep in touch with developments and discoveries in the medical field throughout the world.

Few persons outside of doctors and nurses are familiar with the tremendous growth of hospitals in this country and abroad. In 1900 there were but a few hundred hospitals in America and today there are eight thousand and hospital accommodations are still increasing at the rate of 25 per cent. annually.

The H. K. McCann Company announces the appointment of Henry Q. Hawes as vice-president in charge of its Pacific Coast organization with headquarters at the McCann Building. Mr. Hawes has been for several years on the Coast staff of the company. The company announcement said: "His thorough knowledge of advertising and the economic and marketing conditions of this section fully qualifies him for his new position in this important division of the company's national advertising organization."

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one-half," and when we also see that the exports of May were only \$330,000,000 against \$746,000,000 in May of last year, we again assume that our trade has been reduced by about one-half. But the fact is that a very large proportion of these reductions in the aggregate value of all articles imported or all articles exported is due in much greater degree to lower prices than to reduced quantities.

Just as an illustration, adds the bank's statement, it may be remarked that while the official figures of raw cotton imported in May, 1921, do show a reduction of 33 per cent. in quantity as compared with May, 1920, the figures of value for the same month show a fall of 61 per cent. Fibres, another important article in our industries, show a decrease of 21 per cent. in quantity imported in May, 1921, as compared with the same month of last year, but the decrease in value for the

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The Wall.

Since the days of Homer men have symbolized the blockade with which fate surrounds us by the image of a wall—a wall that could not be surmounted, but that might occasionally be dodged. With the inspiration of genius, John Cournos has called his magnificent study of fate's tactics "The Wall." John Gombarov discovered comparatively early in life that there is a wall—a different one for each man—that "even winged things may never pass." In his case it was the fact that he was a Jew, a Russian Jew, and a poor Russian Jew. Nor could he ever hope to blast away even that final rough edge of his wall, his poverty, since he was burdened with an enormous family of dependent relatives. There was only one solution—to run away, to England, where his nationality would no longer be considered a stigma and a handicap, and where, relieved of his parasitical relatives, he might overcome poverty by sheer energy.

As the story of a great spiritual struggle there is probably only one other modern book to compare with "The Wall," and that is "Jean-Christophe." Nor is the French book the greater of the two. "Jean-Christophe" looms larger, larger than life, in fact, like some titanic sculpture of godlike subject and dimensions. But there are many analogies

between the two books. Still, as a work of fiction "The Wall" is not only more perfect. It is greater. For "The Wall" succeeds perfectly, where so many fall short, in showing life—not as a decoratively arranged composition, not as a romantic adventure supposed to represent ideal conditions, nor yet as the other extreme, secured by the photographic method of "taking exteriors, chiefly sordid—but with its length and breadth and depth as well as with its fourth or spiritual dimension of height." As an artistic creation "The Wall" is superb. As a philosophical study it shows the immense possibilities in the novel and raises the criterion of novel-writing.

"The Wall" with its predecessor, "The Mask"—may we hope for a third volume to show us how John Gombarov escaped from his cul-de-sac?—are supposed to be autobiographic to a large extent. Cournos protests that he has "sought to present, not his own face, . . . but the face of the world and the traits which humanity have more or less in common." In this endeavor he has succeeded admirably. But the main outlines of the story are those of his own life. For like his hero Mr. Cournos came to this country as a young boy from the Russian backwoods—John Cournos was born in the Ukraine in 1881—and, we fear, was persecuted in the brutal fashion that he describes in his books. It is an ironic fact that in the City of Brotherly Love, towards which both Johns fled for freedom, the Russian Jew is persecuted as he never was in his tyrannical native land. The laws may have been less fair there, but evidently human beings were more merciful. The intolerance to the "foreigner" described by Mr. Cournos is a sad commentary on our national narrowness in these matters. An instance is the fact that a girl whose people were descended from early settlers of which the earliest was a butcher could not condescend to John, who could only count seven generations of physicians and scholars among his immediate ancestors. Mr. Cournos is only giving tit for tat in exposing our factitious aristocracy. To continue the analogy of author's and hero's life, both became office boys for a Philadelphia paper and gradually worked up to positions of prominence before leaving America to fight as literary free lances in Europe. May they both succeed—John Gombarov, because characters in fiction will so endeavor themselves to readers, and his author, that he may write many more such books.

THE WALL. By John Cournos. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

The Shibboleths of Tuberculosis

The object of this book by Dr. Marcus Paterson is to correct the many erroneous impressions that hold, even among the medical profession, concerning the nature and treatment of tuberculosis. Dr. Paterson has here treated in turn fifty-nine prevailing opinions about tuberculous diseases, all of which he disproves, wholly or partly.

The main thesis of "The Shibboleths of Tuberculosis" is treatment by auto-inoculation—a treatment that is based on a proper understanding of tuberculosis, that it is a blood disease and not a lung disease. The latter misconception is, in fact, responsible for most tubercular fallacies. Some of the "shibboleths" that Dr. Paterson proves to be worn-out theories are as follows: "That clubbing of the fingers is a sign of tuberculosis"; "that clinically it is possible to distinguish between influenza and tuberculosis"; "that pleurisy in young people is not diagnostic of tuberculosis"; "that great altitudes are necessary for the treatment of tuberculosis"; "that a special diet is necessary in the treatment of tuberculosis"; "that it is good practice to open a tuberculous empyema"; "that a sea voyage is good treatment for tuberculosis," and "that a warm climate is good treatment for tuberculosis." The above chapter headings are quoted to show the prevalence of misdirected treatments, based on the older medical books that held tuberculosis as a local lung infection. Dr. Paterson explodes these fallacies so easily that one wonders that they ever held. His arguments, however, are not merely examples of brilliant logic, but are based on statistics and years of experience in which the author has used both the older forms of treatment and the more scientific one of auto-inoculation.

Dr. Paterson is medical superintendent of the Brompton Hospital Sanatorium at Frimley and resident medical officer of the Brompton Hospital, London. He is the author of "Auto-Inoculation in Pulmonary Tuberculosis."

THE SHIBBOLETHS OF TUBERCULOSIS. By Marcus Paterson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

Paris in Shadow.

A diary that tells a good story or a novel in the form of a diary—either description would fit this unusually interesting book, "Paris in Shadow." As a record of the daily life of Paris during the years 1916-17 Mr. Holt's diary presents a phase of the war that few war books have recorded.

The novel-interest of the book, though it may or may not be fiction, is in the story of the writer's two godchildren. The diarist had

a perfect abomination of the French custom of having godchildren, but his own were the centre of his universe. The story is a pretty one, charmingly told.

Lee Holt has the power of conjuring up places and people; or rather he has the power of transporting his reader to other scenes among people who for the time being have all the interest of people known and cared for. The artistic merit of "Paris in Shadow" is fully as great as its intrinsic value as a chronicle of war-time Paris.

The author, though an American, has lived in France almost all his life, and knows Paris and the Parisians as only an outsider living among them can.

PARIS IN SHADOW. By Lee Holt. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.

A German Play.

It is quite interesting to see the Germans beld up to reprobation and excoriated by one of their own compatriots; not in reference to the war, but public morality. "Moral" is the significant title of a play by Dr. Ludwig Thoma, better known by his pen name of Peter Schlemiehl, under which name he contributed humorous verses to *Simplicissimus*, of which he ultimately became the editor with such success that he became widely known all over Germany.

Dr. Thoma is no mere retailer of dramatic amusement, but he has a message to his countrymen, whose foibles and graver faults, such, for instance, as hypocrisy, he holds up to national reprobation in the play "Moral," which, ever since its first appearance in 1908, has held a permanent place in the repertory of the leading theatres of Germany. "Moral" shows in most skillful guise the tendency of the middle and upper classes in Germany loudly to beat the drum in advocacy of public morality, while secretly practicing private vices. The indiscretion of a zealous member of the police staff puts the name and reputation of several higher-ups in jeopardy, and there is great danger of a public scandal.

The amazing manner in which the Germans, during the war, twisted the logic of things to suit their purposes is exhibited in this play with a keen perception of the bitter humor in the situation, and yet an absence of bitterness in the treatment of the theme that makes the reader appreciate how delightedly the lower classes must have enjoyed the exposé of the hypocrisy of the gentry who were in danger of public disgrace.

The general white-washing that takes place is logically in line with the purpose of the play, which contains many lines, such as "such expressions as 'decency' are fitting in an asylum for feeble-minded people. They should never be used to characterize the recreation of cavaliers," or the police commissioner who is loftily rebuking the public official for putting "His Highness our Hereditary Prince Emil" in the painful position of hiding in a wardrobe during a raid on a questionable resort says, "I am of the opinion that our young Highness must learn to know life. Faith, it is not my business to act as his pastor."

"Moral" gives a very hard rap on the

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knuckles of upper-class hypocrisy. It will probably take a long time to sink into the public consciousness and carry its message, but the work has begun with the popularity of the play, which would stand representation very well in an American theatre, after the earlier bitterness of the war become modified.

MORAL. By Ludwig Thoma. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1 net.

Letters which place the Kaiser in an extremely bad light, and which are published in America by the Harpers in the book entitled "The Kaiser vs. Bismarck," are now permitted to be published and sold in Germany. According to a Paris cable to Harper & Brothers, a Berlin court has given judgment in the action instituted by the publishing firm of Cotta of Stuttgart against the ex-emperor, who had prohibited the publication of the third volume of Bismarck's "Memoirs." This brings to an end the Kaiser's long, losing fight to suppress the publication of his letters to Bismarck.

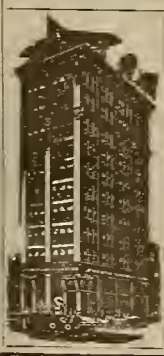
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Wreck: A Hindu Romance.

Rahindranath Tagore is quoted as saying something to the effect that Kipling with all his patient study of the Indian personality had never caught the spirit of India, and that his portraits of natives were not even caricatures, as a caricature exaggerates the essential trait and evidently Kipling did not even know which were the essential traits. Tagore may not have used the simile of the caricature, but the story represented him as expressing himself very strongly. But whether he even ever made the acrid criticism of Kipling, or not, the present novel gives color to the anecdote. For nothing more unlike the natives of Kipling's tales and novels than these natives of India could well be imagined. To the European, the Indian is a man of mystery who leads a life more exotic than the Mongolian, for the Mongolian has taken pains to point out to us analogies between the East and West. Kipling has told us that "never these twain shall meet." Why, according to "The Wreck," they are identical.

Where are the widows hurled on funeral pyres, where the veiled slave-wife, where the immense inequality of the sexes, and above all where is the ubiquitous Eastern mysticism? It is perplexing at first. Then gradually one becomes used to it and forgets he is not reading a European novel—scene, nowhere in particular. Not that that geographic references are frequent and accurate. The Ganges plays an important rôle and the scene shifts impartially between Benares, Calcutta, and Ghazipur, but they are not the Calcutta and Ghazipur of atlases and travel books. Their haunting mystery is gone. They are cities in which you hunt lodgings or a hangout, go to afternoon tea at a neighbor's, seek to establish your practice, if you are a lawyer or doctor, and break off your engagement as a result of a lovers' quarrel. The last was the most startling of all because one thought that marriages were made in parental conferences in India. Not at all. The parents might propose, but the young people dispose very much as they do in any other part of the world. It must be that India has become modernized and the last haunt of romance has capitulated.

As a novel "The Wreck" must be unique—unless possibly this is not Tagore's first novel. We usually think of him as a poet, but he has written short tales, too. The usually helpful publishers' cover does not tell us whether this is his first novel or not, but at least it has the earmarks. It would seem to

have been finished in a hurry. For, though the story deals with the affairs of two couples whose romances are inextricably woven together, only one-half of the story is completed. The difficulties of one of the couples, and not the principal one, are nicely straightened out. The hero and heroine are left hopelessly apart on a trifling misunderstanding after having trusted each other implicitly against all odds during the entire heavy melodramatic action. However, it is not so much its lack of completion as its elaboration of plot that marks it for a first attempt in the major form of fiction.

The hook is advertised as "a revelation of Oriental ways of thinking and living." It is more than that—it is an identification of Eastern and Western ways. The mode of life is admittedly the result of English education. One wonders if the English slang that so quaintly adorns the conversation of these educated Indian youths is the result of the author's idea of a good translation—since he must have mentally translated even though he wrote in English—or whether the modern youths themselves have translated such piquant phrases as "cut it out" and "clear out" into their native tongue. But the way of thinking of a people can not be changed in a generation, and if "The Wreck" is representative, then the Indian sense of humor, and sense of honor as well, are very like our own.

THE WRECK. By Rahindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

An interview with Nikolai Lenin which Arthur Ransome prints in his "The Crisis in Russia" (Huebsch) hears out the statement recently reported in the press by the Soviet envoy, Krassin. Lenin's failure Krassin attributes to the impossibility faced by the Communists of converting the Russian peasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell have lately obtained all of Whistler's papers in the suit, Whistler vs. Rankin, and deposited them in their Whistler collection in the Library of Congress in Washington. Extracts and facsimiles will be published in "The Whistler Journal," which the J. B. Lippincott Company will issue in the autumn. All of the material is unpublished.

Americans who read Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell's "Experiences of a Dug-Out" should understand before they begin it that "dug-out" in British army slang means neither a sod house nor a trench nor any kind of a hole in the ground. It means a retired army officer whom the government, reaching into his retreat, digs out and recalls to active duty.

Columbia University has awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best hook of the year relating to American history to Rear-Admiral William Snowden Sims for his hook, "The

Victory at Sea" (Doughleday, Page & Co.), written in collaboration with Burton J. Hendrick. The prize is a yearly award made from a fund left to the university by Joseph Pulitzer, the journalist. Admiral Sims is also the recipient of a tribute from an English university. He was recently made Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford at the same time that this degree was conferred on the Prince of Wales.

When George Bellows first showed his famous picture, "The Murder of Edith Cavell," critics objected that the scene of the execution bore no resemblance to that of the picture. To which George Bellows replied that he was sorry. He had not been invited to the show. He had no doubt, however, that Leonardo da Vinci had a ticket for the Last Supper. A lithograph of "The Murder of Edith Cavell" is reproduced in the July issue of the *International Studio* in the profusely illustrated article by Ameen Rihani on prints of the year.

New Books Received.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE. By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: John Lane Company; \$5. Profusely illustrated.

THE DARK GERALDINE. By John Ferguson. New York: John Lane Company; \$2. A novel.

TAMING NEW GUINEA. By Captain C. A. W. Monckton, F. R. G. S., F. Z. S., F. R. A. I. New York: John Lane Company.

A travel book.

SELECTED POEMS. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50. A volume of verse.

MANHOOD OF HUMANITY. By Alfred Korzybski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3. The science and art of human engineering.

RAINY WEEK. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60. A novel.

THE TWO FRIENDS AND OTHER STORIES. By Ivan Turgenev. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett.

VISTAS OF WONDER. By Guy Nearing. Arden, Delaware: Robert Barron. A volume of verse.

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. A new Tarzan story.

THUS TO REVISIT. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6. Some reminiscences.

WATCHING ON THE RHINE. By Violet R. Markham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

Impressions and experiences of a woman member of the army of occupation.

COLONIAL VIRGINIA. By Mary Newton Stanard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Its people and customs.

EXPERIENCES OF A DUG-OUT, 1914-1918. By



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Major General Sir C. E. Callwell, K. C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7. Some war experiences.

SUVKOF. By Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell, K. C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$9. Biography.

ARTHUR COLERIDGE REMINISCENCES. Edited by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

With additions by the late F. Warre Cornish, Sir W. Ryland Adkins, M. P., and L. Spencer Holland.

THE BRITISH IN CHINA. By C. A. Middleton Smith, M. Sc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7. A review of Far Eastern trade.

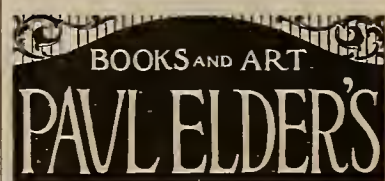
SHELLEY AND CALDERON. By Salvador de Madañaga. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6. And other essays on English and Spanish poetry.

THE TALE OF TERROR. By Edith Birkhead, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6. A study of the Gothic romance.

THE STORY OF CHAOTAUQUA. By Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50. The history of a movement.

POEMS AND PLAYS. By Isaac Rieman Baxley. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. In two volumes.

THREE LOVING LADIES. By the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2. A novel.



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"OVER THE HILL."

Every song, poem, and story that contains popular appeal will eventually be movified. That's the commercialism of it. They have their people, shrewd, inartistic, but all business, whose job it is to hunt up the literary and fictional familiarities and cast them into shape for the screen. So it was written in the hook of fate that Will Carleton's "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" would have its turn.

Paul H. Sloane, the scenario-maker, has devoted himself to showing the homely doings in a plain Yankee family in a New England village. The play glorifies the gentle, patient, loving mother; the all-suffering, never complaining type that the hard world refuses to glorify, in spite of "Mothers' Day" and the white carnation, symbol of filial affection, that is frequently and purely instinctively selfish. Well, with men anyway, for there are many true-hearted daughters who love their mothers—when their mothers deserve it—with a devotion as unselfish as that they receive. Just as there are a due proportion of mothers—and more, of fathers—who think their children are their bond slaves and their chattels; or the creatures of their will; and who practice on them a weak and hullyng tyranny until the worms grow up and turn. But the mother in "Over the Hill" has a heart all compounded of patience and love, and the scenario-maker has shown skill and discernment in depicting the turbulent morning risings of the Benton family and the active hostilities of the four boys and six girls. Really, when one thinks how instinctively and continually children quarrel their way through childhood and how impossible it is for adults to refrain from acrimony and feuds, and how determinedly nations try to commit suicide by means of wars, it seems as if nature must have some purpose in planting so much combativeness in human hearts. Just as it is now considered, I believe, a form of healthy exercise for an infant to display its toothless gums to their widest capacity, em-purple its cheeks, and hlow its lungs out in ear-splitting shrieks of infantile rage.

So there is considerable life-like naturalness in the aggressions of the youthful Bentons which continue all through their gobbling breakfast, with occasional calls on "Ma" to oil the turbulent waters.

"Pa" doesn't count, except as a chastiser. He is the "Everybody Works But Pa" kind, and, indeed, eventually turns out to be a feeble rogue; a rogue, indeed, not wholly one, since he develops a conscience.

That was certainly a life-like touch, when, the noisy, tempestuous, all-demanding, but, on the whole, affectionate crew off to school, "Ma" slumps; just for a minute her soul and body sag, and then she is on the job again.

The interior of the schoolroom is good, and the picture of the prim, old-fashioned teacher who ruled by severity plus the rod. Poor soul, there have been many like her in her time, and some survive in the present. She and her charges were equally to be pitied, for they devoted themselves with fierce ardor to harrying each other. The actress who played the part did it to the life, but by some oversight her name does not appear on the programme.

The star of the cast, if we go by merit, is Mary Carr, who plays "Ma." The actress wears the patient smile of the family guide, counselor, refuge, and drudge, and I was afraid at first that Miss Carr was going to give us a purely sentimental "Ma." But she was the real "Ma," of the kind represented, and was really quite marvelous in her representation of the mother changed by twenty

years' endless domestic drudgery into a howed, white-haired, dim-eyed old woman. The old age in her face was not just a matter of paint and powder, for her eyes and mouth seemed sunken and her features changed.

William Welch gave a very natural representation of "Pa," and a group of very clever children impersonated the youthful Bentons with considerable skill and address.

Then the family of youngsters are grown, and a fresh lot of players appear on the scene.

At this point the continuity of the story suffers from the usual effort to extend it to the prescribed length for a first-rank movie play. The interest slackens as they put in fill-in stuff, but it goes strong when Johnny, the black sheep—the rôle well played by "Johnnie" Walker—comes home and finds that the others in the family have allowed the now widowed mother to go to the poorhouse.

Johnny flies in a fine, healthy rage, and things begin to hum when he starts to drag Isaac, the eldest, and the real rogue, to whose thievish custody he had sent money for their mother, all the way to the poorhouse on his knees to beg his mother's pardon.

The villagers assemble and jeer at the luckless wretch; but Johnny's sweetheart saves him from wounding the gentle mother's heart by the sight of the hoysish animosity of past years still raging to this fever heat.

So there is a happy ending, with "Ma" happily hestowed in her old home, its furniture, rifled by the enterprising Isaac, restored, and "Ma" tenderly gloating over the hideous but loved trifles which made up her store of humble treasures.

The play, of course, makes its appeal to the great public, whose tastes have been carefully considered. It is at once realistic, humorous, and sentimental; three qualities the public adores. At times its pathos is too open in its appeal, and the sophisticated sensibilities refuse to respond. But I think that everybody will enjoy the spectacle of Johnny's fine, upstanding rage when he found that his mother was in the poorhouse, his castigation of the guilty Isaac, and the coming of the young knight, mailed in sturdy, filial affection, to the rescue of the gentle mother who was, true to her nature, usefully drugging on her knees in the kitchen of the poorhouse, a soapy sea around her, humbly and conscientiously scrubbing the floor.

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN."

Ibañez' great war epic in picturized form is quite impressive, and the numerous workers required to shape a piece of such magnitude have done well. Yet those who fear plays that are full of weeps need not dread the piece, for Ibañez is not a purveyor of tears, and even the movie producers, who so kindly devote themselves to mixing in mush for the delectation of a sentimental public with the sternest tales that they picture, even they have not been able simultaneously to stick to Ibañez and to be deeply moving. For Ibañez was concerned more particularly with two themes: the depiction of Argentinian life and character and a terrifying portrayal of the ferocious horrors of bloody war.

In both of these undertakings he has succeeded admirably, and June Mathis, the scenario writer, has, on the whole, stuck pretty closely to the hook.

Ibañez is a Spaniard, and is not given to pathos. He knows the Argentine, has lived in it, and written a book about it. He hates the Germans with a consuming hatred, and the expression of that hate in his novel was an intense relief to the feelings of an outraged and execrating world when "The Four Horsemen" first came out. Now that our emotions are calmed by too much exercise—for, looking backward, we realize how many war pictures—not necessarily all picture plays—kept us weeping during the war—we look on the war pictures with the later feeling shared by all Americans, at least, and thousands upon thousands of Europeans, that we—the population of the big round world—have been tricked, fooled, hypnotized, led by the nose by politicians, rulers, premiers, money-seekers, and statesmen. They are doing it today. They will always do it. For—alas!—where are our illusions? The world denizens love to be cheated and love to fight.

So let us go to the play in chastened mood. No more do our emotions of ardent patriotism swell when we see the pictures of the mobilization movement and hear the military music "sweet as hell" which once seduced our judgment. We are just plain mad.

The play, of course, begins in the Argentine, and down in Southern California—where the play was picturized—the producers were able to find many Spanish types that fitted well into an Argentinian atmosphere. The actor—Pomeroy Cannon—is a fine selection for old Madariaga, who is shown first in his hale middle age. The arrogant centaur sits his saddle like a ruler as he surveys his vast possessions, and the pictures of him in his licentious old age show how bad it is for the morals to be an autocrat.

Rudolph Valentino's portrayal of Julio, both in his reckless South American phase, and later as a Parisian seeker of pleasure, is extremely good, for the actor is apparently very young, judging from the downy contour of his features and the upward lift to the corners of his mouth. His dance in the dis-solute resort with the native dancer was full of boyish braggadocio, of reckless audacity, and his subsequent brutality to his imperiously claimed partner gave the scene the appropriate flavor of casual Spanish cruelty.

Nearly three dozen characters are pictured; too many to particularize about. To my mind, the best impersonation—unless we except that of old Madariaga, which is portrayed in general lines—is that by Nigel de Brulier of Tchernoff, the Russian, whose fine features, calm, prophetic gaze, and air of spiritual aloofness are well in accord with the vision of the four horsemen, terrible disseminators of agony and woe for submissive humanity. The four mounted figures follow the image of the Beast—a figure of mechanism, with a huge horned head and fanged jaws from which issue the awful, mephitic vapors generated in the hell of war.

The four horsemen are seen at nearly each apparition through fiery, sulphurous clouds which roll stormily around them, while sinister music and the agitating thunder of the drums accompany their presence.

While the Desnoyers family are in Paris leading lives of idle amusement—old Marcelo being busily engaged in collecting his works of art for the château on the Marne—war breaks out, and we see the French mobilization, the marching hosts in Paris, and even the coming of the Americans. There are sad scenes and a humble tragedy or two accompanying this picture, and the love intrigue between Julio and Marguerite Laurier reaches its climax. Alice Terry, who plays Marguerite, is a dainty piece of flesh and blood, but apparently, like Hedda Gabler, she scorns her own hair. At any rate she wore a wig, which gives her pretty young face, at certain times, an artificial look.

The producers have done extremely well with the pictures of the four horsemen, with the scenes of mobilization, with all of the Argentinian phase of Madariaga's and his descendant's lives. They have given the foreign suggestion to the scenes in the Argentine, in the streets of Paris, in the French village on the Marne. But apparently their knowledge of social observances does not include an acquaintance with the methods by which Spanish-American and French young girls express in the drawing-room a reci-

procity of sentiment to enamored young men. They are not, indeed, supposed to express it at all, and certainly a young, unmatron couple would not be allowed to sit nestling near to each other in a tête-à-tête seat; nor without a duenna close at hand; nor would Chichi give a little upward kick of her high-heeled foot while affectionately greeting the returned menfolk of the family without incurring a severe maternal rebuke.

The obscene revelries of the German officers in the château were graphically indicated; and, by the way, Kathleen Key played the part of Georgette, the lodge-keeper's daughter, so simply and naturally that I quite forgot she was acting; which one couldn't quite do with several of the lesser players and even at times with Joseph Swickard, who sometimes overstresses. He did it, too, in a speech he made; the management, by the way promising through its agent, Mr. Coxey, to bring various of the players who assumed the rôles out on the stage in propria persona, in order that the audience may have a personal view and hearing of their favorites.

Ibañez, it will be remembered, gave startling descriptions of the sudden and terrible carnage which raged after the battle hurst forth on the Marne. The picture, however, includes no such views as a gold-laced officer suddenly being transformed to a decapitated and spouting fountain of blood. The battle shows the military hurry and rush,

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sudden tragic falls of soldierly figures, and the swaying of the chances to an Allied victory.

There are a number of views of the chateau, which is of a very rococo style of cardboard architecture. The destruction of the village, however, is extremely effective, the buildings looking more real before and after the shower of shells than the castle, which is suggestive of a movie producer's or perhaps a confectioner's dream.

The production, by the way, is by Rex Ingram, who, I believe, is new at big works of this kind. At all events, he has done a piece of work of considerable magnitude which will cover him with glory in the picture-play world.

I think the only marked defect in the picture is the indubitable Americanism of some of the leading players, the young girls in particular. But perhaps it would be asking too much to expect either producer or players to compass a knowledge of the ways of people in a Latin drawing-room. And, for that matter, the general public, knowing nothing about Latin drawing-rooms and caring less, it would scarcely be expected that the requisite manner and atmosphere could be conveyed. But it is well for our producers to remember that all such details will be carefully looked after in the foreign-born films with which they will be obliged to compete unless the legislation that is being invoked will grant some protection to the native product. But, whether it does or not, one thing is sure; our own producers can do such excellent work that we know that they can rise to a still higher level.

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ALL OUTDOORS.

"To Let" signs are actually being seen in San Francisco again, now that the summer has come. Evidently the summer exodus is more complete than it has been for several years; for people have been afraid, on account of the housing shortage, to give up their apartments as they were wont to do.

We in California, however, enjoy a great privilege in having a wet and dry season, for people often take advantage of it by living in the open for several months in summer. Indeed, the San Francisco horde on its summer outings formerly nearly ruined Marin County with its numerous tent cities. Now, Marin County is too beautiful, too choice, too precious as a playground to us city denizens to allow the careless, destructive multitude to poison its streams, ruin its forest growth, and introduce a canvas-covered town atmosphere into its spicy forest solitudes.

Therefore it was fortunate for us when the Marin County residents rose in their might, passed ordinances against unsanitary camping, and gave us back our old love unspoiled.

But though Marin County is closed to him there are other places where the camping town dweller can erect an unpretentious edifice of hurlap, close by a purring brook, and save his rent for three or four summer months. To be sure, typhoid germs may lurk in the purring brook, and occasional showers may descend upon the hurlap roof. But these latter are rare indeed; mere little furies on the rural calm of the long, bright, summer days.

No doubt there are methods of coping with the perils that lurk in surface water, and a shower, if not too much in earnest, may be a welcome diversion in the heat of a California summer. There was one June, I remember, a number of years ago, when it rained hard and steadily for two weeks; a thing almost unprecedented. People had joined community camps for the summer, paying in advance for their tent platforms and furnished tents, and even their board. But the rain literally drowned them out. All round the countryside, particularly in well-forested regions like Santa Cruz County, the poor vacationers either left in disgust for their city homes, leaving their paid-in-advance cash in the possession of a jubilant camp proprietor, or were struggling through, trying to dry their bedding in the reluctant and watery sunshine; for well they knew and loved the summer joys to come.

I have tried it myself, and love to sleep in a tent, its door flaps open to the breeze, its canvas walls swaying gently in the night winds.

But greater than that is the joy of sleeping entirely in the open; if you can call it so when you have a floor and a civilized bed under you and wire-netting walls and roof around you to haffle the thirsty mosquito.

One does not always realize the beauty of the vast green and gold valley of the Sacramento until one has slept directly under its solemn night sky lighted by a moon and stars unbelievably brighter than are those luminaries seen through the mist veils of the lower county.

And oh, the delight of inhaling the wild pure night breezes that blow over one's pillow: of feeling Old Lady Nature's admonitory touch on your eyelids at a 5 o'clock dawn as she murmurs, "Awake." And you open sleepy but willing eyes on an inconceivably beautiful world.

Your couch is the centre of the universe. It is amply curtained with the rose and golden clouds of dawn. Afar off the misty blue Sierras are the walls of your sleeping chamber, the curving line of beauty made by their summits rising to high white points of aspiration where Lassen and Shasta reign in snowy isolation.

The long level vistas are bathed in the freshness of morning; and they furnish pictures: a farm house, nestled in trees; the tender green lanes of a young orchard; the living verdure of an alfalfa field, and perhaps an early-worm farmer taking advantage of the morning cool to load his wagon with the fragrant alfalfa hay.

And although a California morning choral is never profuse, the birds are tuning up their little throats. We hear the liquid fluting of the meadow-lark, the linnet, and the oriole, the wild, mournful note of the killee, the plaintive cooing of the wild doves, and the saw-edged but cheerful chatter of some cousin of the jay.

Once a migrating mocking-bird came and for several nights regaled us with his accomplishments. Perched in a locust tree near the house, and evidently intoxicated by the moonlight, he sang loudly but with ravishing sweetness through his repertoire.

We listened at first enchanted. But the wretch kept it up steadily all night, imitating in turn every local songbird, never pausing a second between each imitation, and apparently never stopping for a breath. At the end of the first night's concert our enthusiasm was dying. At the beginning of the second it was dead, and during the third we sallied forth and tried to chase the too energetic songster away. He disdain our poor ef-

forts and kept onward, right on, always sticking to the same tree. The fourth night—he was always silent during the day—we heard him exercising his accomplishment in the branches of a remoter tree, and after that we heard him no more.

When one wakes up in the morning outdoors in a newly created earth and sees the solemn pomp of the sunrise old poems rise to the memory that Imagists will never succeed in knocking out.

When giddy Aurora with her rosy fingers pulls back the vaporous curtains of night, and all the sky is full of floating glories of color, and the far distances are jeweled with the changing hues of the dawn, we find ourselves murmuring:

Nor couldst thou wish couch more magnificent;
The hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,
The vales, stretching in pensive quietness between

And then it is day, and the world, though less magnificent, is homely and lovable. And one gets tangled up in Gray's Elegy and tries to repeat:

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.

The swallows twittering from their straw-built shed.

The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn.
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

But it is time that something roused us from ours. We must be in the house before our sylvan solitude is invaded by the men working in the orchard.

Alas! we must leave our horizontal throne and our poetic communings and go into a somewhat cooled but still summer-warmed interior; and so, with a last, loving look of proud possessiveness, we leave our breeze-haunted paradise of night and take up the heat and burden of the day. J. H. P.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

For the unusual these days one must go to the Columbia Theatre any afternoon or night and see the presentation of the William Fox picture, "Over the Hill." The unusual will not be found so much in the wonderful acting of the cast, the superb photography, or the compelling simplicity of the story, but in the action of the audience. Here we find people who actually applaud the big dramatic moments, so really big are they, and hiss the Psalm-singing hypocrite son when he meets his fate in a fine drubbing at the hands of his own brother, who has come back home only to find his mother in the poorhouse.

The second week of the engagement begins Sunday afternoon, July 17th.

Mary Carr as "Ma" Benton has won a niche in the affection of San Franciscans. Her performance is a triumph such as is rarely seen on stage or screen.

John Cowper Powys.

Before a large audience John Cowper Powys began a new series of lectures on Monday morning in the Red Room of the Hotel Bellevue. His subject for the opening lecture was "Julius Caesar," on Monday evening he spoke on "The Genius of Homer." Both topics were given in his usual brilliant style.

Under the general subject, "Great Personalities," will be included lectures on Saint Paul, Dante, Abraham Lincoln, D'Annunzio, Joan of Arc, and Queen Victoria. The subject, "Influences That Have Made for Civilization," will include lectures on "The Wisdom of China," "The Jews and Their Inspiration," "The Contribution of Germany to the Civilization of the World," "France, or the Art of Life," "Russia, or the Unknown Future," and "England, or the Secret of Individualism."

These lectures, which will continue every Monday and Friday at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. during July and August, are under the management of Jessica Colbert.

The Orpheum.

Singer's Midgets, which seems to provide infinite zest for the public amusement, is due to play another week at the Orpheum. This results from a flood of requests to the Orpheum management from patrons who urge the famous act's retention. It seems to be every one's desire that all the children of their family or close acquaintance witness the Midgets. An irresistible lure the tiny performers hold out for youngsters.

Prominent among the new acts coming next week will be Tom Wise with a carefully selected cast, including pretty Miss Nila Mac, in the new one-act comedy, "Memories." Although Tom Wise has played in vaudeville frequently, he is equally well known for his achievements in the legitimate dramas, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Are You a Mason?" "Gloriana," "Prince Chap," "Mr. Barnum" "Home Folks," and many others.

Orpheum frequenters recall Bailey and Cowan from several seasons ago. So news of this team's return with a new act will carry a weighty reason for going to the Orpheum. "The Little Production in One" is its name and it includes Estelle Davis, a pretty red-

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haired saxophonist. Careful staging with minute attention to details cause the Bailey and Cowan act to occupy first place on most vaudeville announcements.

The only artist in vaudeville who sings the "Doll Song" from "Tales of Hoffman," one of opera's most difficult arias, Miss Marion Weeks, dainty American coloratura soprano, who appears with Henri Barron, the tenor. Both stars are from the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Miss Weeks is named often as the highest-voiced soprano the music world ever has known, for she sings "G" above high "C" with perfect ease and clarity.

Harry and Nancy Cavana will display a new form of juggling. Among other things, they juggle each other, so the act at times approaches an acrobatic turn.

George Austin Moore will spin his delightful stories and sing his inimitable songs. Mang and Snyder will be viewed again in their unsurpassed athletic exhibition, and Emma Francis and Harold Kennedy will offer their original laughs, songs, and dances.

Maude Fulton in New Play.

Coming to the Curran Theatre in the near future is Maude Fulton in her own new play, "Pinkie." Those who saw the handiwork of this wonderful little San Franciscan, both as star and writer in "The Brat" and "The Hummingbird," will be anxious to see her in what is said to be a very clever three-act piece in which she plays the rôle of a girl with home fate has played a curious prank. Robert Oher and a special cast will appear in support of Miss Fulton. A complete production of three different stage settings will give the attraction stage importance.

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VANITY FAIR.

The main task of human government seems to be the regulation of marriage. It is an inevitable preliminary to governmental proceedings of any and every kind. No matter what may be the ostensible business in hand, no matter how grave the crisis, the first order of business is some tampering and tinkering with the marriage laws, some sort of prohibition or injunction, some kind of loosening or tightening of nuptial bonds. Just as one begins the day by washing one's face, so it would seem that all governmental activities must be preceded, at least accompanied, by a plagueous interference with marriage. Repentance invariably follows, but we never learn. It is an obsession.

Now one would hardly suppose that new regulations about marriage need have intruded themselves into the Versailles treaty. But they did. The usual monomania asserted itself. A world treaty that refrained from throwing a monkey-wrench into that particular machine was impossible.

And so we find that by Section V of the treaty any man who has married a girl of Alsace or Lorraine receives the rights of French nationality. There was no reason for such a clause. It must have been inserted without the smallest consideration of its results, without the least effort to ascertain the sort of men who had married these girls or of the fact that they were being endowed with a double nationality. But how could there be a treaty, how could there be any sort of governmental action without a shuffling of the marriage cards? So in went the clause.

Then it was discovered that quite a number of peculiarly offensive Germans had married girls from Alsace or Lorraine, Germans who would stand a good chance of being hanged if they should fall into French hands. General von Armin, for example, was among them. General von Armin now becomes a French citizen. He is also a German citizen. He is both. Ever so many other Germans who wisely fled the country after the armistice are now returning in triumph on the discovery that they are French citizens and that they have all the rights of French citizens.

Why should a person's marriage have any effect upon his or her nationality? What conceivable connection is there between the two facts? Why should an American woman who marries a foreigner thereby lose her nationality? An American man who marries a foreign woman does not lose his nationality. Why should there be this senseless mixture of public and private affairs? Does a woman lose her patriotism because she marries a foreigner? Does she lose her intelligence? Why should she not vote, for example, just as she did before? Why should the law interfere in any way with marriage except in so far as may actually be necessary for the protection of rights? There is no such senseless business as this in the whole domain of legislation.

According to the latest dispatch from Paris (says the New York Times) the great personages who are credited with the power to decide what feminine styles for the coming year shall be have decreed, not that all skirts are to be short or all long, but that some of them—those worn by young women—are to

remain at their present elevation, while others are to descend by a number of inches increasing in direct ratio with the number of the wearer's years.

That is an astonishing compromise, and if it really has been made it need raise no hopes in the minds of those who grieve over what they call the impropriety of garments as they are, and no apprehensions among those who would regret a curtailment of present privileges.

Nothing could be more nearly certain, in a world where perfect certainty does not exist, than that women will not consent to such a settlement of the skirt question as this. Some of them know that they are no longer as young as they were, but they are not going to advertise both that knowledge and the exact extent of their senescence by a proportionate lowering of skirts. On the other hand, probably the wide, the practically universal, popularity of the present style is chiefly due, not to its justly commended congruity with hygienic laws or even to the incidental increment of general esthetic joys, but to the unquestionable fact that, by the adoption of a dress hitherto associated exclusively with the very young, every woman who needed or wanted to do so has taken from five to ten years from her apparent age.

And do the Paris dressmakers think any dictum of theirs can deprive humanity's better half of so great an advantage so easily gained? If they do they should think again, several times.

Immigrants subject to the literary test at Ellis Island now have to read thirty or forty words from the Psalms, in any language they prefer. Immigration inspectors are equipped with cards in all languages, with verses from the Psalms printed on them. All types of script are represented—German, Arabic, Hebrew, Japanese, Russian, and so on, except Chinese, for that nationality is not permitted to immigrate. Lest any alien learn parrot-like the verse of the Psalm that a friend in this country had to read the inspectors have at least forty different verses in each language, one verse to a card.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a street-car the other day a man and his wife saw a cockroach on the floor. "I never see one of those things," said the man, "without wondering where it came from." "And I never see one," said the wife, "without wondering where it is going."

An Atlanta husband, having offended, came home the evening of the quarrel with a parcel under his arm. "Darling," he said to his wife, "look here. I've got something here for the person I love best in all the world." She came forward with a shrug. "Humph! What is it?" she asked. "A box of cigars?"

A notorious gossip one day went to Dean W. D. Wilson, burning with indignation. "Oh, doctor, have you heard the disgraceful news? The young people of your church are going to have a dance, they say. How shocking! What do you think about it?" To which the saintly scholar responded sweetly, "Madam, I had rather have them shake their legs than their tongues."

"Who discovered America?" asked the teacher. Jack looked panic-stricken, and made no reply. Please ask me something else, miss," he said after a while. "Why should I do that?" asked the teacher. "Well," said Jack, "the fellows were talking about it yesterday. Pat said an Irishman discovered it. David said it was a Welshman, and Andrew said a Scot discovered it. And if you'd seen what happened to them you wouldn't ask a little fellow like me."

The scholars had stumbled through their share of the reading lesson and at last it came to little Harry's turn. He got on quite well until he came to the word heirloom. The teacher, noticing his difficulty, helped him, and then asked: "And do you know the meaning of this word?" Harry shook his head. "It means something that is handed down from father to son—in other words, a relic." "Oh," said Harry, with a grin, "that's the funniest name I've ever heard for a pair of trousers."

Aunt Susan, an old Maryland ducky, was being registered for the first time. Like many other women who were torn between their desire to vote and retain their youth, Aunt Susan neither relished telling her age nor discussing other private matters. "What are your affiliations?" asked the registrar. "Why, boss, I don't hav' to tell dem, do I?" queried Aunt Susan in dismay. "Answer the question," commanded the hard-hearted registrar. "But, boss," protested Aunt Susan, "I don't like to. He's got a wife and five children."

John Jones had trouble with his car. He was several miles from home and alone, when something in the machine's inwards gave a loud clank and operations ceased. Putting on overalls and jumper, Jones went to work, and when he gave up two hours later was so smeared with oil and grease one would have found it difficult to determine whether he was a Caucasian or an Ethiopian. Telephoning a garage to send and get his car, Jones started home by trolley. At a transfer point he thought, for all his tribulations, of Mrs. Jones' Saturday box of candy and went in a drug store, where he bought the customary large box of a costly brand. "There!" said a well-dressed woman who was in the store to her

equally well-dressed husband. "There! Did you see that poor mechanic buying a big, expensive box of candy for his wife or his girl? That shows you never can tell." And the husband was so chastened he purchased a five-pound box of the best the store afforded.

Mr. W. Reid Dick, the famous sculptor, tells an amusing story of a Cockney couple on a visit to the Royal Academy. One picture in particular attracted their attention, and they gazed at it long and earnestly. Its title in the catalogue was "Hawking in the Olden Days." "Awking in the olden days," murmured the puzzled 'Enry, frowning his brows. "Well, they didn't arf do it. My word, 'orseback an' all." "Rather," agreed 'Arriet. "But wot are they 'awking?" "Blessed if I know," responded the still helpless 'Enry, "unless they're trying to sell their parrots."

George Gould was asked what he really thought of commercial conditions in Germany and how soon the German mark would be worth face value again. "I can't exactly say," he admitted, "for in a great many ways the German situation today reminds me of an encounter between a mistress and a maid. 'Mary,' cried the mistress, 'why didn't you wash that window?' 'Sure, and I did wash it on the inside, ma'am, so as we could look out of it, but I thought I wouldn't clean the outside so those curious children next door couldn't look in.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Lullaby.

If, my dear, you seek to slumber,
Count of stars an infinite number;
If you still continue wakeful,
Count the drops that make a lakeful;
Then, if vigilance yet above you
Hover, count the times I love you;
And if slumber still rebel you,
Count the times I do not tell you.

—Franklin P. Adams in Harper's Magazine.

Recipe for a Critic.

You can't make me grovel in front of a novel
No matter if written by Bennett or Wells;
I know that a critic must hurl most mephitic
Remarks at each volume, however it sells.

I sum up as babbie, Floyd Dell and James Cabell,
(I don't care a snap how their feelings are hurt.)

I count that day wasted when I've not lambasted
Some scribbler whose works I consider as dirt.

With Aikman and Lewis my regular cue is
To say that they copy De Morgan or Moore;
I know that a critic must hurl most mephitic
Remarks at each volume, however it sells.

My nil admirari not once do I vary,
I never admit any book's good or true;
I empty my chalice of well-chosen malice,
And squirt inky poison on ev'ry review.

When I find an error I love to bring terror
To authors, especially if they are new.
I make their pet phrases look silly as blazes
By quoting them minus a comma or two.

I'm daily declaiming the past and exclaiming
That no one today can write readable prose;
For to find yourself quoted as one who is noted,
Be sure to make "knocking" your permanent pose.

—Percy Waxman in Judge.

Rhodesia, under the administration of the Chartered Company of South Africa, is the most lightly taxed portion of the British Empire. Nevertheless the community has expressed a desire for the recognition by the imperial government of the status of a self-governing dominion, even though it would involve the payment of a debt of four million four hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

Condition at Close of Business, June 30, 1921

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$24,986,310.53
U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....	4,429,036.50
Other Bonds and Securities.....	147,852.50
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	673,149.28
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	9,669,542.63

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	6,104,589.75
Circulation.....	1,961,397.50
Letters of Credit.....	719,488.19
Deposits.....	29,270,416.00

OFFICERS

WM. H. CROCKER.....	President
JAS. J. FAGAN.....	Vice-President
W. GREGG.....	Vice-President
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Williamson have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lorna Williamson, and Mr. Andrew Talbot, son of Mrs. William Pope Talbot of San Rafael. Their marriage will take place in the winter.

Mrs. Elia Williams has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Margaret Williams, and Dr. R. L. L. Smith of Pasadena. No date has been set for the wedding.

The marriage of Mrs. Louise Moulder Covode and Mr. Harry Rodgers Smith took place last week in San Francisco. Mrs. Smith is the daughter of Mrs. Andrew Moulder. Mr. Smith is the son of Dr. Jerome Smith of Rochester, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have taken Mrs. Carter Nichols' residence Divisadero Street for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye gave a buffet luncheon Sunday in Burlingame for Major-General and Mrs. William Wright. More than seventy guests assembled for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a dinner-dance Saturday in honor of Miss Mary Emma Flood. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mr. and Mrs. Newhold Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Charlotte Cromwell, Miss Emily Merriam, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Katharine Donohoe, Miss Cecily Casserly, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Ruth Hohart, Miss Christine Donohoe, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Margaret Scheld, Mr. William Jackson, Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. James Kuhn, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Gregory Harrison, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Covington Janin, and Mr. Warren Clark.

Mrs. Guy Edie entertained at tea Thursday at the Presidio, complimenting Miss Margery Wright, daughter of General and Mrs. William Wright.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins entertained at luncheon Saturday in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Jonathan Crooks gave a luncheon Thursday at the Marin Golf and Country Club, her guests including Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Uda Waldrop, Mrs. George Kelham, Mrs. Frank Allen, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Remsen Bird, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, and Mrs. Alexander Lilley.

Mrs. John Casserly and Miss Cecily Casserly

B-B

Best Beginning

Wanted—Position of importance requiring some experience in oil, or mining, real estate, lumber, commission, wholesale hardware, steel, stocks and bonds, railroads. Pay \$150 to \$200 at outset. In navy war work until last spring. H. A. CAROLAN, Sausalito, Cal.

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BIG TREE In the Red-woods on the CAMP Russian River

A summer camp for girls which combines the traditions of long-established Eastern camps with the charm of California's natural beauty and ideal climate for out-of-door living.

SOME FACTS ABOUT BIG TREE CAMP
Director and councilors of long experience in camp work; 14 acres, entirely fenced, thickly wooded; excellent private bathing beach; all land and water sports, with special emphasis on swimming and riding; overnight trips; riding ring on grounds; place piped with pure spring water; modern sanitation; telephone on grounds; fresh fruit, vegetables and milk supplied by nearby farms.

Girls will be admitted for the second half of the season beginning July 31 and ending August 27. Chaperonage will be provided from San Francisco if desired. Address
BIG TREE CAMP, GUERNEVILLE, CAL.

Directors—Dorothy Bell, B. S. (Columbia), Cecilia Kays, M. A. (Stanford).

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gave a luncheon last week at the San Mateo Polo Club, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Miss Amy Brewer, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Dolly Kuhn, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, and Miss Ruth Hohart.

Mr. Jean de St. Cyr gave a tea last week at his San Mateo home, among his guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Pritchett, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. Robert Burroughs, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Admiral Halstead, Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., Mr. Raymond Armshy, and Mr. Archibald Johnson.

Miss Charlotte Ziel and Mr. Jack Ziel entertained a large number of the younger set at a dance in San Rafael Saturday evening. The affair was in honor of their house guest, Miss Ruth Hilton of St. Louis.

Miss Barbara Beardsley gave a tea Tuesday in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch entertained at dinner Saturday evening in Burlingame, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Mr. Jean de St. Cyr, Mr. Raymond Armshy, and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Mrs. Frederick Kröll entertained at tea last week, complimenting Mrs. Wilson Dibblee of Santa Barbara.

Miss Barbara Kimble gave a picnic luncheon Sunday, her guests having included Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Jean Howard, Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. Marshall Fisher, Mr. Paul Kennedy, and Mr. Lawrence Gray.

Captain and Mrs. Henry Price were hosts at luncheon Sunday on Yerba Buena, complimenting Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle.

Miss Frances Revett and Mr. Bradley were the guests of honor at a tea given Sunday in Los Altos by Mrs. Ryland Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman entertained at dinner in Burlingame Friday night, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, and Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood.

Mrs. Walter Baldwin was complimented at tea Friday afternoon by Miss Pauline Wheeler. Others at the affair were Mrs. Vernon Skewes-Cox, Mrs. Newhold Lawrence, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Miss Ola Willett, Miss Sara Wright, and Miss Mary Gorgas.

Miss Josephine Moore entertained a house party over the week-end in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

A Children's Circus and Horseshow was held Saturday in Menlo Park to raise funds for the Stanford Home for Convalescent Children. Among those who took part in the affair were Miss Florence McCormick, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Harriet Brownell, Miss Rose Marie Brunn, Miss Elizabeth Wiel, Miss Nancy Merrill, Miss Grace Hamilton, Miss Betty Downer, Miss Henrietta Frazier, Mr. Charles Merrill, Jr., Mr. Clarence Walter, Mr. Peter Lewis, Mr. William Weir, Mr. Edward Crimmins, Mr. Gordon Coryell, Mr. Royal Coryell, and Mr. James Flood, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bell of New York are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Dearnhorn Clark are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Henry Ford and H. H. Kohlsaat, the veteran Chicago newspaper publisher, were talking over old times recently, when reference happened to be made to the first "horseless carriage" race ever held in America. This race was arranged by Mr. Kohlsaat's newspaper, the *Times-Herald*, Thanksgiving Day, 1895, almost a quarter of a century ago. A host of cars were entered—on paper—but less than a dozen were able to reach even the starting point. Others didn't manage to get more than a few hundred yards from the tapeline and only three succeeded in getting back, the winner of the first prize making the 5 1/2-mile course in 10 hours 25 minutes. And at that they had to be given an occasional push up inclines. Nevertheless the event aroused tremendous interest in trade circles and the attendance was large. Henry Ford, however, was not among those present. The reason? Here are Mr. Ford's own words: "I never wanted to see anything so badly in my whole life as I wanted to see that race. But I was in Detroit and it was in Chicago. The distance was too far to walk, I hadn't car fare and I couldn't find any one willing to lend it to me." Today Mr. Ford is making millions probably more rapidly than any other man in the world, with the exception of John D. Rockefeller.

Of the wives of Presidents of the United States six have no children—Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Polk, the second Mrs. Fillmore, and the present Mrs. Wilson. The largest families were those of President and Mrs. William Henry Harrison, who had ten children, and President and Mrs. Hayes, who had eight. President John Tyler had fourteen children, seven by each of his two wives.

The lowly corncob can be made into many useful articles, due to a set of discoveries made in the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. After a high-grade adhesive is removed, pure cellulose, a very good quality of paper, and valuable lime products are recovered from the residue.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Bells of Heaven.

'Twould ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal for years,
If Parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers
And dancing dogs and hears,
And wretched, blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.

—Ralph Hodgson.

A New Stevenson Poem.

Lovers of Stevenson are interested in the publication of what appears to be an authentic and hitherto undiscovered poem by "R. L. S." It has turned up in the *Presbyterian Messenger* of South Africa, whose editors vouch for its authenticity. It was brought to South Africa by a Scotchman, whose uncle, a close friend of Stevenson's, had received it from the poet on the death of a mutual friend. The poem follows:

Though he that, ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you,
Your whole long lusty lifetime through,
Be gone a while before;
Yet, doubt not, soon the season shall restore
Your friend to you.

He has hut turned a corner; still
He pushes on with right good-will,
Thru mire and marsh, by leugh and hill,
The self-same arduous way
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend; not dead,
But on some road, by mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end;
So that you, too, once past the hend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, brave heart, the while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters, with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake;
And strains his eyes to search his wake
Or, whistling as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

—R. L. S.

The South Country

When I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening:
My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back to my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea;
And it's there walking in the high woods
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day:
Their hearts were set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and grey;
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the Rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so rare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend:
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will be there to comfort me
Or who will be my friend?

I will gather carefully and make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stifle plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with a deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men who were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

—Hilaire Belloc.

It is claimed that of the 50,000,000 girls and women in the United States one-half are married.

WANTED

Woman of refinement wishes position as companion. Understands secretarial work. Can give reference. Box C, Argonaut office.

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TWO CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF COURSES
CARL S. STANLEY, Manager
DEL MONTE ; CALIFORNIA

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500 Outside Rooms
Absolutely Fireproof

European Plan

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situated on the foothills among the orange
groves, overlooking the sea. Central
dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold
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Private Booths for Ladies

HERBERT'S BACHELOR GRILL

Lunch counter added.
A good place to eat.
151-157 Powell Street

Whitcomb Bridge-Tea.

Hotel Whitcomb will give another of its
hridge-teas on July 19th, at 2:30, in the Sun
Lounge. Devotees of bridge and those who
would enjoy learning the fascinating game are
cordially invited to attend. An expert hridge
player will be present to explain the intric-
acies of the game to novices. Tea service
will be given after the playing. There is no
admission or cover charge. Reservations are
being made now.

Algeria has a river that literally is filled
with ink, being formed by the union of
streams, one of which is impregnated with
gallic acid and the other with iron.

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San Rafael, Marin County

A Day and Resident School for Girls

College Preparatory Course

Resident Pupils in Intermediate
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thinking.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and Mr. Evan Pillsbury arrived Thursday from Boston, where they have been spending several months.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman have arrived from abroad and will spend the remainder of the summer in Burlingame.

Commander and Mrs. David le Breton sailed last week for Madrid, Spain, where the former has received his appointment as naval attaché at the American Embassy.

Mrs. Augustus Spreckels of New York and her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Richards, arrived Monday in San Francisco. They have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell the Misses Doris and Elizabeth Schmiedell and Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., left Saturday on a trip through the Northwest.

The Swiss Minister at Washington, M. Peter, and Mme. Peter arrived yesterday in San Francisco. They will spend the weekend in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. George Marye.

Mrs. Jerome Landfield sailed for London last week with Mrs. Henry Scott. The latter has taken the residence of Mrs. Reginald Brooks for the late season.

Mrs. I. R. Trimble of Santa Barbara has gone to Tabee for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mrs. George Bolling Lee arrived Monday from New York and has been spending the week with Mrs. Keeney. She will leave today for Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker for several weeks.

Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr returned Sunday from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Hawley have returned to Piedmont from a sojourn at Pebble Beach.

Miss Frances Revett returned Monday from visiting Mrs. Ryland Wallace in Los Altos.

Mrs. Guy Scott will arrive the close of the month from Washington to spend the late summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Gordon Tevis returned from the south last

week with Mr. Herman Oelrichs. He is with Mr. William Tevis, Sr., in Burlingame.

Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith and Miss Helen Hammersmith are spending a month in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Walter Hobart is at the Dean ranch in Nevada. Mr. Hobart and Miss Ruth Hobart will leave next week for Tahoe, where Mrs. Hobart will join them.

Miss Leonora Armsby and Mr. George Armsby, Jr., have arrived from New York and are visiting Mr. Raymond Armsby and Mr. Gordon Armsby in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have returned to Burlingame from a trip to Santa Barbara.

Miss Jean Howard spent the weekend in Menlo Park with Mrs. William Taylor and Miss Edna Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ohloff are spending the late summer in San Rafael with Mr. and Mrs. Starr Keeler.

Mrs. Arthur Lord has been spending several days at Woodside with Mrs. Athearn Folger.

Mrs. Wilson Dibblee of Santa Barbara is visiting in town with Mrs. James Guilfoyle.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle and Miss Frances Pringle will leave the close of the month for Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Richard Cromwell of Baltimore left Thursday for the Atlantic coast, after a sojourn of several weeks in California.

Mr. and Mrs. John Howard Child will return to Santa Barbara in August from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw and Mrs. Alla Chickering are passing the month of July in Paris.

Mr. Richard Lee sailed during the week for South Africa. He will be stationed at Elizabethville.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail of Santa Barbara and their daughters will return from abroad in the fall.

Mr. Stephen T. Mather of Chicago and Miss Betty Mather arrived Friday in San Francisco for a brief sojourn.

The Misses Alice and Lucy Hanchett are visiting in Switzerland, after having passed the early summer in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin have gone to the Feather River country for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Zook Sutton and Mr. and Mrs. Salem Pohlman have returned from a trip to the Russian River.

Mrs. James Sperry is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan in Lyons, France.

Mr. John Drum returned last week from a trip to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Lill and their children are spending a fortnight at the McCloud River Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Sneyd-Kinnersley and Miss Edith Sneyd-Kinnersley will return in August from an absence of two years in England.

Mrs. Dixon Nott of Honolulu and her brother, Mr. Frederick Wickman, are visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their daughters have returned to San Mateo from the McCloud River Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and their children have taken a house in Monterey for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Downey Harvey and Mrs. Oscar Cooper are guests of Mrs. Eleanor Martin for a few weeks.

Mrs. Frank Johnson, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Mr. Gordon Johnson have returned from a trip to Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and Miss Hélène de Latour returned last week to Ruth-

Tea Tales



"Elsie, I want you to be my guest on Tuesday, July 19th, at the Bridge Tea that is to be given up here in the Sun Lounge. I'm reserving two tables."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Greer. I would just love to come—but I haven't learned bridge yet."

"Then this is just the time for you to learn! The hostess is an expert bridge player and she will explain the game so that you will enjoy it from the very beginning."

"That will be lovely, Mrs. Greer. Thank you so much. I know what a delightful time we'll have—every one always does in the Sun Lounge."

Bridge Tea
July 19th, at 2:30
Tea service, fifty cents
No cover charge.
Make reservations in advance

Hotel Whitcomb

AT CIVIC CENTER
SAN FRANCISCO

J. H. van Horne, Mgr.

Ching appeared and announced callers. My face must have expressed surprise and a shade of annoyance, as it had for three days previously at similar summons, for Ah Ching hesitated a moment and then vouched what he plainly considered a valuable piece of information. "In Shanghai," said Ah Ching, "he all time go to see—all time come to see." He paused. "All time!" he added firmly and departed. I found this to be literally true and I therefore formed my habits of dress on the assumption that callers demanding the utmost formality of behavior and appearance might be announced at any moment.—M. T. F. in Asia Magazine for July.



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Chinese Etiquette.

The foreigner in China is often embarrassed as a result of the fact that in the Eastern and Western civilizations the fine points of etiquette are often entirely at variance. A single example will suffice—the custom of serving a guest, as soon as seated, with some form of refreshment. In the very conservative Chinese household if the visitor even touches the cup of tea placed beside him on a small table he is guilty of a gross breach of good manners. In the ultra modern household he must drink the iced summer beverage or the piping hot winter drink to avoid giving offense. Then there are the variously modified establishments, where he attempts an exact degree of compromise, whether acknowledging the offering merely by a gracious bow, or going further by raising it to the lips for a dainty sip, or being still more liberal and consuming one-half the proffered amount. That such situations are often baffling, even to Young China, I have heard it laughingly confessed in many lively discussions. But though occasional errors are inevitable, sincere good-will is truly valued and seldom misunderstood. My husband's ability to consider all points of view at once was very helpful to me.

But he forgot to warn me that in Shanghai social calling is proper at any hour of the day from 9 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. I was therefore three days in learning, during a short absence of his, that early morning and late evening calling was an institution, and not an accidental occurrence, as I at first supposed. Finally Ah Ching, the house "boy," gave me a hint. I was in a negligée, preparing for a morning of lazy play with my son Wilfred and hoping there would be no interruptions, when Ah



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Boston ----- 179.10

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"The dentist said all my teeth must be replaced." "He said a mouthful."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Optimist—Cheer up, old man. Things aren't as bad as they seem. Pessimist—No, but they seem so.—*Punch*.

"Where have you been?" "On a raid." "Dry raid?" "Very. Didn't get a bottle."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"There's wan goovvernment job O'd like to have." "What's that?" "Collictorr o' the Porrrt."—*Horvord Lampoon*.

"When does your husband find time to do all his reading?" "Usually when I want to tell him something important."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

"He's so unlucky," said the Billville citizen, "that ef his house wuz ter ketch fire, he'd lose his life tryin' to save a last year's almanac."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

The Girl (ot the cinema)—Look 'ere, Bert, aint you got no more sentiment than to crunch peppermints while there's a love scene goin' on?—*London Royal Magazine*.

"Old man, if you don't want to pay a tax on your servants, do as I have done—marry your chambermaid." "Impossible, old thing—I've just married my cook."—*Paris Le Journal Amusant*.

Profiteer's Secretary (with newspaper)—

Bad news! Control by the working classes and a crisis of unemployment. Profiteer—Yes, we'll have to have another big war.—*Paris Le Peuple*.

"How did you get that scar?" "I got that jumping through a plate-glass window on armistice night." "What on earth did you do that for?" "Oh, I don't know. It seemed a good idea at the time."—*Tit-Bits*.

Cholhe—Do you believe that silence gives consent? Mollie—I certainly do. Cholhe—Then when I ask your father for your hand in marriage manage to have your mother in the room.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Sure it's a great compliment the foreman paid me today," boasted Cassidy. "What did he say, Mike?" "He said that I carried more osseus matter above me shoulders than any other man in the works."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Who wrote 'Paradise Lost'?" asked a teacher at the Horace Mann School. "F. Scott Fitzgerald," came the answer from the star scholar whose hand the pedagogue had recognized.—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

"Is the world getting better or worse?" "Opinions differ as to that," said the old-fashioned person, "but when grandmother was a girl a dimple in the feminine knee was regarded as a private matter."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"I called for a little light on the financial question," said the man in the rural editor's sanctum. "Well, you've struck the right place," returned the editor. "If there is anything we are light on it is the finances."—*Boston Transcript*.

First Profiteer—I'm almost ashamed of how much money we've made during the last year. Second Profiteer—My dear boy, it's the only safe way; we've got to make so much money that the government won't dare touch us.—*New York Sun*.

Lody (just returned from Egypt, showing curios to visitor)—I bought that scarab from an Arab boy, who assured me that he had stolen it himself during the excavations in the temple. And I'm sure it must be genuine, because he had such an honest little face.—*Punch*.

"Now, tell me the truth," said the fussy old lady to the corner mendicant, "are you really blind?" "Yes, ma'am," said the beggar. "What is this I'm about to give you?" "A nickel, ma'am." "Ha! If you are blind, how do you know it's a nickel?" "Because, ma'am, I never get more than a nickel out of people like you."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Football in Turkey.

It has always been a difficult matter to be a sportsman in Turkey. One Turk, Reehad Bey, tried it with a result weird enough to serve as a basis for a detective story.

It appears that the young Turk had organized a football team among his friends, together with some Greeks and Armenians, and began practicing. Shortly thereafter, in the middle of the night, police came to his house

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and carried him off to Scutari. There he was submitted to a long examination as to the club and the game of football.

The authorities were convinced that they had found a great plot, and that the club must be a secret society. A special messenger was sent for the ball, and that was duly examined and found to be an internal machine. The rules of the game were considered to be another piece of damning evidence, and still worse were the sweaters and colors of the club.

After long deliberation the culprit was sent to the higher police authorities in Stamboul, who went through a second long examination and came to the conclusion that the empire had been saved from disintegration by the early discovery of a great plot. They dispatched the whole matter to be inquired into at the Sultan's palace at Yildiz, and a special commission took the matter in hand.

After much careful thought and examination of the evidence of the crime it was decided that there might be nothing in it, but that it must not be committed again.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2313.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 23, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Diplomatic Blunder.

Strange are the ways of diplomacy, so strange indeed that the "man in the street" may be forgiven for his not unreasonable conviction that starch as a lubricant is very inferior to oil.

The negotiations for the disarmament conference were nearly wrecked as the result of an indiscretion that crept into an unprepared speech delivered by Lloyd George to the House of Commons. The prime minister in answer to a question on Pacific Ocean policies said that everything was in train for a settlement and that he hoped to make a more definite reply as soon as word had been received "from the United States, Japan, and China."

At once there was a flutter in the dovescotes. The prime minister was reminded from the British Foreign Office that his words might be taken to imply that the proposals had originated in Great Britain and that the reply thereto of America was still being awaited, whereas it was President Harding who had made the suggestion and it was for Great Britain and the other powers to furnish the reply. The point raised by the Foreign Office was at once appreciated. The official record of the prime minister's speech was amended and the questionable phrase omitted.

Probably no very serious results would have happened. The diplomatic super-sensitiveness of Europe finds no reflection in our own statecraft, where a certain robust common sense can always be expected as an

emollient where an emollient is needed. None the less it is well that there should be no obscuring of the fact that the proposal for the limitation of armaments not only originated with America, but that it could have no other origin. That the treaty between Great Britain and Japan is now *sub judice* precludes both of those powers from proposals that must necessarily lie under the suspicion of mutual interest and collaboration. No such suspicion can attach to America. The advantage to herself from a limitation of armaments is insignificant in comparison with the advantages that would accrue to the others. No other power can approach the question either with such clean hands or with such an indisputable claim to leadership. But the actual strength of the American position lies in the fact that it was she and she alone who did actually lay her hand to this particular plow and that it is she and she alone who can guide it into the right furrow.

Peace in the Building Trades.

The heat of controversy is not the most auspicious condition for the assertion that there is neither animosity nor vindictiveness toward the masses of workmen who form the ranks of labor unionism in San Francisco. None the less the assertion ought to be made and it ought to be emphasized. Discontent among workmen, whether it be due to underpay, to overwork, or to any other form of injustice, would be as hurtful to the interest of the city as any of the unionist excesses against which a rebellion is now being successfully waged. The status that the American workman has creditably won for himself is unchallengeable. His standard of living can never be lowered except by those national misfortunes that affect all of us alike. There will never again be found any one to dispute his partnership in the great work of production nor his right to a legitimate share in the proceeds. The struggle for the American Plan is not directed against the workman. It is directed only against excesses, tyrannies, and barbarities that are more hurtful to the workman than to any one else because they operate to make all work impossible. This is sufficiently shown by the attitude of a public that is almost incredibly slow to reach a judgment, but that usually ranges itself eventually upon the side of justice. For some forty years the leaders of labor unionism have done practically as they pleased and the public has allowed them to do it. But now there is a change. The public at large, compelled by hardship to look deeply into the causes of things, has discovered with something of a shock that industry in San Francisco has become almost impossible, that even the simplest jobs must go undone because a labor-union policy of childishly malign obstruction and restriction has been allowed to dominate. Houses can not be built, railroads can not be run, factories can not be established nor continued, because of hindrances so harassing and so vexatious as to produce paralysis. It is not an exaggeration to say that these things have produced a state of general misery, of actual physical suffering, upon thousands. That the masses of labor unionists should continue for long to believe that such a state of affairs was actually to their advantage, that it could ever result to their advantage, was impossible. Of what advantage to insist that five men should do a one-man job if the job itself was thereby left undone? Of what use to insist upon a schedule of war-time wages if there were no wages at all for any one? Or of what profit to force the cost of house building to such a height that no one will build houses or pay the necessary rents for them when they are built? Wage schedules are of no value unless they represent wages. Labor-union regulations are small consolation to the man who can not find a job.

The revolt of the workman against the labor leader has been inevitable for a long time, and it seems now

in a fair way to begin. Taking the news only at its face value it seems that an organization of workmen has been formed outside the Building Trades Council, and indeed in defiance of it. This new organization promises to work in the interest, not only of the building trades, but also of the general public, and that there should be a recognition that the general public has some rights in the matter is an innovation so startling as to demand attention. Evidently this new organization of workmen intends to face conditions instead of theories and to get to work "unhindered by secret diplomacy and entangling alliances." Events will show how far this movement will display strength and prudence, but in the meantime it receives a certain dignity from the quick denunciations of Mr. P. H. McCarthy.

News from Oakland is equally good. Peace in the building trades has been established by the adoption of the American Plan and work will be resumed forthwith. A wage reduction of 7½ per cent. has been agreed upon and there is to be no discrimination against any man because of union affiliations or of their absence. It is a safe prediction that San Francisco will generally follow suit, and this, not because of victory or defeat, but because the better sense of the men will prevail and will rescue them from a leadership that has inflicted upon them immeasurably greater tyrannies and hardships than the capitalist ever dreamed of. A few years of liberty from the labor leader will produce a sense of wonder that his exactions were ever tolerated for a moment, that he was ever permitted to sustain his luxuries at the cost of the dupes that he impoverished. The American Plan in San Francisco does not imply any lowering of wages beyond the point of absolute necessity. It does not imply the subjugation of the workman. It could not be done if any one wanted to do it, and no one does. It does not imply overwork, nor loss of status, nor a lowering of standards. On the contrary it implies a general move forward, with a new demand for labor and all that goes with a new demand. It means the quick production of new values and the equable division of those values.

Drum-Beating in a Good Cause.

No man ever came to the presidency with a sounder knowledge of its functions or with a broader understanding of the relationship of the country to the world in general than Mr. Taft. From inside knowledge gained when he was in the cabinet Mr. Taft realized the mischievous drift of things. He was profoundly convinced that the greatest work he could do would be to effect reorganization of the governmental machinery, to prevent overlapping and conflicting jurisdictions, to avoid duplications, and to bring the costs of government down to a reasonable basis. To this end he established the Cleveland commission of business and governmental experts. They did a thorough and workmanlike job, the results of which were promptly added to the junkpile of discarded projects. Mr. Taft failed. He failed because he did not comprehend the fact that nothing can be done in the way of effective reform, where public sentiment must support the reforming, without a vast deal of drum-beating—in other words, advertising.

President Harding, no doubt as an effect of his journalistic experience, is no more definitely informed of the needs of the government than was Mr. Taft. On the whole we question if in a technical sense he is as well equipped as was Mr. Taft. But he knows the value of advertising. He knows that public sentiment can not be brought to support even of soundest policies until the public shall have been informed so emphatically, so repeatedly, even so sensationally, as to have got its mind fixed upon the particular work at hand. It is not by accident that General Dawes is at the head of the budget and Mr. Lasker at the head of the Ship-

ping Board. Both have been trained in the intensely commercial atmosphere of Chicago. Both are experts in the art of advertising. Blatant, aggressive, noisy, with no reserves on the score of personal or official dignity, both Dawes and Lasker are keeping themselves and their very wholesome work pretty well on the first pages of the newspapers and therefore conspicuously before the eye of the public. They are making it impossible for the government in any of its branches to pussyfoot or sidestep under the pressure of political exigencies in carrying out a policy and to achieve real economy and real efficiency.

Let it be admitted that it is not a tribute to the intelligence of the American people that the ballyhoo should be necessary in achieving good government. It is a fact nevertheless. Dawes and Lasker are doing a tremendously good work—a work that could not be done effectively save by means in some respects comparable to the methods of Billy Sunday in another sphere.

Mr. Harding has it in mind to mark his administration by actual and practical efficiency in administration of the government. He has a strong cabinet, definitely devoted to the carrying-out of his plans. In the sphere of administration politics is being subordinated to business principles. For example, the case of the bonus. It would perhaps have been good politics to have given away at this time anywhere from a billion and a half to five billion dollars, though it would have brought on a period of widespread distress. Mr. Harding has chosen, like a sound man of business, to do the right thing instead of the popular thing. Similarly in all departments of the government he is enforcing business methods. He is not doing it quietly, but openly and with a lot of drum-beating. Like a shrewd advertiser, he is going to let the public know what is being done.

Senator Walsh and His Ideas of Democratic Policy.

The most notable speech on the floor of the Senate in protest against President Harding's policy of postponement in the matter of the bonus was made by Senator Walsh of Massachusetts. He said nothing that has not been said before, but the emphasis with which he spoke and the marks of approval with which his speech was greeted from the Democratic side of the chamber were of striking significance. It is evident that the Democratic party is going to take a line with reference to the Loyal Legion comparable to that taken a generation ago by the Republican party with respect to the Grand Army of the Republic. In other words, Democratic policy will undertake to attract and hold a political allegiance of the four million men who wore khaki in the period of the war. It is in a position to be generous, for being in the minority it has no responsibilities—at least none that any politician is bound to respect—and may promise anything.

Another line of Democratic policy will undoubtedly be opposition to the Harding idea of "less government in business." Inevitably the Democratic leaders in Congress will espouse the cause of national control over big business and all business. There are political potentialities in this attitude, as was demonstrated ten years ago in the rise of the Progressive party largely upon this issue. It will make powerful appeal to dissatisfied elements in general, and particularly to those who have been taught to believe themselves oppressed while there are those more fortunate.

Senator Walsh's speech against postponement of the bonus proposal was directly in line with other recent utterances which, with Celtic political sagacity, have clearly been aimed at establishing their author as a potential candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1924. For several months Walsh has been building himself up as spokesman for the veterans of the world war. He was the first in Congress to criticize the course of the government in the matter of taking care of wounded and disabled men. In this matter, as in his speech of last week on bonus postponement, his appeal is directed to the ex-soldier. Inevitably the American Legion is to become a political factor of even larger power than the G. A. R. ever was. At present the membership of the Legion is so diverse in its political affiliation that there is no cooperation in political effort, but the drift is all toward a veterans' political solidarity, and Walsh promises more than any one else in public life today, in either party, to be the beneficiary of that solidarity. Moreover, Walsh has kept himself free from Sinn Fein entanglements. Irishman that he is, not a single yelp has come from him

in denunciation of Britain these many months past. He is the one conspicuous Irishman who has not been throwing mud at Admiral Sims.

In line with his record in the Senate Walsh is establishing his presidential fences in more popular ways. Speaking at Tammany Halls' Fourth of July celebration two weeks ago, he definitely outlined his ideas. Blaming the Democratic defeat in the last campaign upon injection of a foreign issue, he declared that "the league of nations, rejected by the American people by an amazing preponderance of votes, should find no harbor in the rejuvenated Democratic party." Proceeding to define the "tasks of the Democratic party," he said:

They are to restore individual liberties of expression and action; to oppose the growing tendency to curb individual liberty; to insure every man his inalienable right to life and happiness; to fight savagely against the forces assailing the fundamental concessions of our Constitution; to insist upon Americanism before internationalism; to preach brotherhood and destroy political and economic oppression at home; to defend against unrestricted capitalism and unbridled radicalism, and to recommit the forms of democratic institutions to their original state.

As a party slogan Senator Walsh proposed "no extortion of the people by big business," in opposition to the Republican campaign cry of "less government in business." It becomes obvious that Senator Walsh is a figure not to be lightly regarded. Certainly no other Democrat now in the public eye is carrying himself with such political wisdom and with such crafty forethought. The presidential nomination is plainly in his mind.

The Sinn Fein in Russia.

Captain Francis M'Cullagh, special Russian correspondent of the New York Herald, tells us that Lenin stood bareheaded while the Bolshevik military band played rebel tunes at the reception in Moscow of the Sinn Fein "Embassy." This mark of deference must have been gratifying to the enthusiasts from Erin, who doubtless drew favorable auspices from the ceremony, the music, and the benign aspect of the Russian dictator. So prone are we to mistake the shadow for the substance.

But Lenin, says Captain M'Cullagh, is not moved by sentiment. Music and the emotions play no part in the stern realism of that practical mind. He listens politely to stories of Irish terrorism, but as he himself is something of a master in that gentle art they arouse his contempt for the ineffective rather than his hatred for tyranny. And when the Sinn Feiners give expression to their own fervid variety of patriotism Lenin counsels them to "forget it" and suavely explains to them that patriotism, like religion, must be consigned to the limbo of forgotten things, of superstitions that have outlived their value.

The sympathies of Lenin, broadly speaking, are with the north, rather than the south, of Ireland. Not that Lenin has any sympathies in the sense in which that word is ordinarily used. He supports whatever, in his opinion, will make for Bolshevism. He detests whatever will make against it. The conception of Lenin as a champion of freedom, as a hater of oppression, is too ridiculous for words. Such a conception should be beyond the scope even of a Sinn Feiner. Now the north of Ireland is industrial and the south of Ireland is agricultural. Lenin has discovered to his cost that he has nothing but hostility to expect from the farmer. He has learned that in Russia, and he knows that the rule prevails everywhere. Those who own land, or anything else, are rarely Bolsheviks. Why should they be? But he believes that he has much to gain from the industrialists, who often own nothing. Moreover, the north of Ireland is Presbyterian and the south is Catholic. Lenin hates them both. He hates all religions, but the Catholic rather more than the Presbyterian. He laughs at the idea that religion has anything to do with the Irish problem. The quarrel between north and south, according to him, "is only the natural antipathy of trained and educated workmen to a government of superstitious peasants." There, of course, Lenin is allowing his anti-religious fervors to run away with him. Religion has a great deal to do with the Irish quarrel, although the Bolshevik can see nothing anywhere but capitalism and industrialism. None the less there is much in what he says.

It is no part of our business to give tactical advice to the Sinn Feiners, badly as they need it. None the less they made a profound mistake when they sent their

absurd "embassy" to Moscow. They might have known that Lenin would not have the slightest use for them, that he would detest their religion, their patriotism, and their economics, that he would consider nothing except the prospect of flirting with the industrial discontents of the north. They might have known also that it was the worst of policies to display themselves to the eyes of the world as seeking an alliance with Lenin.

Stupidity has always marked both sides of the Irish controversy, and certainly we have it here. It does not seem to have occurred to these Sinn Feiners that Lloyd George could easily have prevented them from going to Russia, whereas he made it peculiarly easy for them to go. Nor does it occur to them that Lenin would send them packing in ten minutes at a hint from Lloyd George to that effect, seeing that Lenin is earnestly trying to make a trade alliance with England and is most attentive to English wishes. In embarking upon this Moscow circus the Sinn Feiners have played directly into the hands of their enemies, and as for securing help from Lenin, they might just as well apply to the Cham of Tartary.

Editorial Notes.

May we not hope, as President Wilson would have said, that the Bergdoll case may soon be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things? For no more ill-smelling nuisance has yet been produced by the war. From the moment when Bergdoll first made his bow to the public his name has been almost continuously in the newspapers, and usually in connection with some disgrace to others. He was allowed to escape from arrest by means of a childish trick. The attempt to lay him by the heels in Germany, an illegal attempt of course, resulted in the imprisonment of his pursuers. Now we are told of a bribe paid by Mrs. Bergdoll to an army officer, and if that be true it will mean the ruin of that officer. In the meantime Bergdoll himself remains in Germany, although he is known to have attained that asylum on a forged Canadian passport. It would seem that there is no way in which he can be reached, although the average citizen will have his doubts upon that point and may even wonder if the worst in the matter of revelations is not yet to come and if a request to the German government for the surrender of Bergdoll could possibly be refused. Mrs. Bergdoll, of course, is rich. But for her money, her son would not have stood the smallest chance of escape at any time. The trail and taint of her wealth is over every stage of these disgraceful proceedings. We have no reason to be proud of this object lesson in the extent to which money can defeat the law, leave behind it a train of disgrace and ruin, and eventually "get away with it."

John J. Munson was a member of the "Lost Battalion." It was he who worked his way through the German lines and made known the plight of his company in time to prevent their destruction or capture and for this he received the Distinguished Service Cross, the Croix de Guerre, and the Medaille Militaire, as well as the personal compliments of General Pétain. Munson has just died of tuberculosis as a result of German poison gas. He was not actually in dire distress, but he did not receive the attention he needed and to which he was entitled. In point of fact he was entirely forgotten and his body lay for many hours in the morgue before it was even identified. It is not a nice story, but no doubt we shall forget it just as we forgot John Munson.

The peace resolution passed by Congress and signed by the President declares peace with the "Imperial Government of Germany." Is this a *lapsus* or is there some curious point of diplomacy that escapes the attention of the average man? Perhaps it is a prediction.

Rivers in Siberia are quite different from rivers in other parts of the world in one feature, many of them running over beds of ice. One of the tributaries of the Lena River has a bed of ice from nine to twenty feet in thickness, over which the water has been flowing probably for hundreds of years.

A bronze statue representing Victory, and designed to commemorate the heroism of Australian soldiers, lay for over a year, dust-covered and forgotten, in the yard of the Federal Parliament House. The unfortunate oversight has been rectified and Australia's thanks have been sent to the sculptor.

A jury in India consists of nine members.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Tyranny in Our Midst.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 16, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Something over a year ago I addressed a letter to you on the subject of labor unions, which you published, in which I classed you as of the select minority and Matthew Arnold's "saving remnant" that the world has to rely upon for right thinking in troublous times, and as the *Argonaut* represents that class more than any publication I know of, I naturally felt proud to have my humble opinion on labor unions placed among such a class. And while I have sometimes had doubts about the propriety of ordinary American citizens like myself presuming to utter anything worthy of publication on great public questions of the times, yet in reading Edmund Burke I find the following paragraph, which I like to think justifies me. He says: "When the affairs of the nation are distracted private people are, by the spirit of the law, justified in stepping a little out of their ordinary sphere. They enjoy a privilege of somewhat more dignity and effect than that of idle lamentation over the calamities of their country."

At any rate since the letter above referred to was published, surely events in the industrial world have justified the course of the *Argonaut*, and my outburst of indignation at that time, and I have also read with interest your various editorials since, culminating in an able review in a recent number of the *Argonaut* of the whole course of labor unionism for the past few years, and your further comments in today's issue on the same subject with a concrete illustration of your point, and the splendid letter of T. E. True, who certainly should be competent to speak on the subject, whose ideas and those of the *Argonaut* should be preached from one end of the land to the other.

Under your lead, and yours alone, the right-thinking people are being brought to the realization of the appalling state of affairs that has been precipitated by the labor-union tyranny.

The time has now come when all further arguments on the subject should be closed, as you have practically uttered the last word in the way of argument that can be said concerning the matter, and a call should be sent forth to all decent and law-abiding and respectable citizens to unite and fight to a finish this octopus that is attempting to destroy all enterprise and progress in this great city; and if it becomes necessary to let the magnificent fifteen and twenty-story structures that certain enterprising citizens are endeavoring to adorn our city with remain in their unfinished state for many months more; let them so remain until they can be finished in the right way.

A READER OF THE ARGONAUT FOR MANY YEARS.

The Treaty and the League.

ROCKLIN, CAL., July 15, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: "There can be no safe and sound adjustment of our relations with the rest of the world save under the existing treaty and the league of nations."

This unqualified statement is the first sentence of the editorial leader of June 29th (captioned "The Only Way") in the principal pro-league newspaper published in our greatest city.

The editorial from which this quotation is taken forms but a part, and a daily part, of propaganda that has gone on in this broad land of ours, North, South, East, and West, since the league of nations made its first ill-omened appearance. It is seemingly designed to persuade the American people that when they cast their votes in the last presidential election, aside from electing a Republican President, they actually voted to ratify the treaty of peace with Germany and with their ballots gave approval of the league and directed the United States to join it.

In view of the constant and wilful distortion of the facts, a restatement of the principal steps by which the American people reached their momentous decision to reaffirm adherence to our traditional policy of "non-entanglement in European affairs" (hequeathed us by our first President) seems both called for and apropos.

Constitution of the United States, Article II, Section 2, Paragraph 2: "He (the President) shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur." * * *

The appeal issued by President Wilson October 14, 1918: "My fellow-countrymen, the congressional elections are at hand. They occur in the most critical period our country has ever faced or is likely to face in our time. If you have approved of my leadership and wish me to continue to be your unembarassed spokesman, I earnestly beg that you will express yourself unmistakably to that effect by returning a Democratic majority to both the Senate and the House of Representatives." * * *

The response: The Democratic majority of six in the Senate became a Republican majority of two. The Democratic majority of six in the House of Representatives became a Republican majority of forty-five.

In the face of this appeal and response the President went to Europe.

Extract from President's farewell address to Congress, December 2, 1918: "I shall be in close touch with you and with affairs on this side of the water and you will know all that I do."

On the night before the President's second departure for Europe in March, 1919 (he returned for the closing days of the Sixty-Fifth Congress), the President in a speech at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City threatened to force the acceptance of the covenant of the league of nations by so interweaving it with the treaty of peace that it could not be separated.

Treaty of peace with interwoven covenant signed at Versailles June 28, 1919.

Senate obtained its first knowledge of its contents when treaty of peace with Germany was submitted to that body July, 1919.

September, 1919, President Wilson tours the country in an effort to arouse public sentiment in favor of the treaty and the league.

July-November, 1919, Republican majority in the Senate Americanizes treaty.

Democratic minority in the Senate refuses to accept Americanization.

Treaty rejected by the Senate November 19, 1919.

Extract from report of speech of Lord Chancellor of Great Britain at meeting of judges and benchers at Gray's Inn in London, July 5, 1920: "The Lord Chancellor, alluding to his tour of America, asked if, during the Spanish-American war, the league of nations had been in existence, the American nation would have been willing to have remitted their quarrel to the league. He also asked if they would be willing to remit any difficulties that might arise connected with Japanese immigration to such a tribunal." "Those questions," he said, "were and are inconvenient. * * * In an effective league of nations countries must be prepared to make a very considerable surrender of individuality and independence."

Extract from Republican platform adopted June 10, 1920: "We pledge the coming Republican administration to such agreements with the other nations of the world as shall meet the full duty of America to civilization and humanity * * *

without surrendering the right of the American people to exercise its judgment and its power in favor of justice and peace."

From Harding's speech of acceptance, July 22, 1920: "I promise you formal and effective peace so quickly as a Republican Congress can pass its declaration for a Republican executive to sign."

Extract from Democratic platform, adopted July 2, 1920: "The Democratic party favors the league of nations as the surest if not the only practicable means of maintaining the peace of the world. * * * We advocate the immediate ratification of the treaty without reservations which would impair its essential integrity."

From Cox's speech of acceptance, August 7, 1920: Referring to the league of nations: "As the Democratic candidate I favor going in." Referring to the treaty of peace: "The first duty of the new administration clearly will be the ratification of the treaty."

The decision of the American people: Harding's majority over Cox in the Electoral College, 277; Harding's majority over Cox in the country at large, 6,998,961.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

The Income Tax.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The assertion is often rashly made that the "income tax is strangling business" or words to that effect.

It should be obvious to any reasoning person that the income tax is levied to meet the government expenditures, which latter during recent years have been reaching annually the five-billion-dollar mark, though in normal years less than a billion. Therefore, if any intangible element is to be accused of strangling business it is the government "expenditures," not the income tax, which is the "strangler." President Harding undoubtedly evidenced such a belief when he very wisely emphasized recently the necessity of curtailing government expenditures.

On the other hand the excess profits tax, which seems to attract most of the public dislike, is merely an extension of the "normal" tax based on the principle of drawing the much-needed taxes from any profits or income that happen to be unusually large. In other words, like the so-called surtax on individuals it is a super-tax and it "did the trick" when it was wanted, but unfortunately it is hard to discard, for the reason that the expenditures are just as high if not higher than when it was first needed to do "the trick."

Assuming the sales tax, when in effect, would be collected monthly, do its proponents realize that must mean the government would practically have to keep a monthly ledger account with every individual or corporation making a "sale" or "turnover"—a ledger account with every bootblack stand, peanut vender, or newsboy? (Also hootleggers, as presumably illegal gains are nevertheless taxable.)

Still assuming the sales tax would be collected monthly, do its proponents realize the stupendousness of such a task?

In the first place every "return" must be on regular form, acknowledged by deputy or notary and to the exclusion of all personalities such as would inevitably accompany many letters, for the government wants no pleasantness of correspondence, just cold facts (and hot taxes).

I wonder also if its proponents for a moment suppose that were a gross sales tax in effect it could be imposed with the understanding it would be accepted by the government "as is," as reported, as paid, as made up by the average business man, who hates bookkeeping, or by the hookkeeper. In short, without any attempt whatever at reflection on the integrity or ability of all concerned, does anybody for the sixteenth part of a second suppose that the government could accept everybody's monthly report of sales just as Mr., Mrs., or Miss Proprietor, Partnership, or Corporation reports them without checking up on the figures. Imagine the job and expense of checking up all that monthly stuff.

Furthermore, in addition to the present annual return twelve sworn documents from every person or association making monthly sales or turnovers would be necessary with a monthly sales tax. Do the sales tax advocates know that at present the revenue department everywhere is literally smothered with documents every time the month of March decorates the scenery? What then would the smothering process be if twelve times accentuated? *Page extra clerks for the sales tax. Page more expenses, ditto.* But our sales tax advocates might say, "No, we'll collect annually." Well, we'll admit that would not increase the cost of collection quite so much, but don't let them overlook the fact that the chances of collection of taxes due at end of the year from "busted," "broke," or bankrupt taxpayers would decrease correspondingly, a danger not incurred with the present income tax, which latter very naturally imposes no tax on any that may become "busted," "broke," or bankrupt.

Furthermore, do the sales tax advocates realize that with such a tax in effect the government would still require, for some time, practically all the present "machinery" of the income tax portion of the revenue department in order to continue the checking operations of returns from and including 1918 (and some 1917) up to 1921. In plain language a sales tax in effect July 1, 1922, would require for the efficient operation of same an additional man and woman for every one of each now in the department, and it would only be possible eventually to eliminate some of these. In fact, to put a sales tax in operation now would almost mean two separate revenue departments everywhere, one for the income tax and another for the sales tax, which latter the writer claims the ability to demonstrate would require more modifications and would be more complicated than the income tax is popularly supposed to be. As a matter of fact I claim that the present income tax law is not complicated, except when the people themselves make it complicated. Of course, I personally must plead guilty to being a public accountant and income tax expert, but am neither a government employee nor ex-employee and am writing entirely from an unbiased viewpoint.

As a glaring illustration of one of the many inequalities that would arise with a sales tax, I personally know and have as clients many firms the nature of whose business requires them to do a large "turnover" on a very small percentage. Take, for example, two corporations, each in different lines of business, each doing annually about \$1,000,000 sales, both economically conducted, yet whose profits at end of year rarely exceed \$5000, for there are undoubtedly many such cases. With a gross sales tax of say 1 per cent. each would have to pay \$10,000 taxes, whereas with the present normal income tax they very justly have to pay only a tax of 10 per cent. of the \$5000 net profit, less \$2000 exemption, or \$300 tax. Incidentally taxpayers with large volume of sales and small percentage of profit claim that the nature of their business would prevent their adding amount of gross sales tax to each sale when billing the latter.

Another illustration of sales tax inequality as regards corporations: A, B, C, and D each do a million-dollar sales in 1922. At end of year A shows a loss instead of a profit, B a net profit of \$10,000, C a profit of \$40,000, and D \$80,000 profit.

Under a sales tax of 1 per cent. each would have to pay \$10,000 taxes, whereas under the present income tax laws A would mercifully have no tax to pay, B a normal tax of 10

per cent. on \$10,000 (less \$2000 exemption), or \$800, while C and D, who could well afford to under the circumstances, would pay the bulk of the tax as regards that group.

Do the sales tax advocates realize also that while it is doubtful if such an act would be constitutional, only an act of Congress could make it at a future date unnecessary to continue checking any unchecked income tax returns.

No, gentlemen advocates of the gross sales tax, the only way to get rid of the income tax and the super taxes is to get a strangle hold on the strangler—"government expenditure," which latter President Harding is striving hard to reduce.

Very sincerely, THOMAS H. MEEK.

THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE.

A slight tendency to what may be called prematurity may be noticed in the public attitude toward the Washington conference on the limitation of armaments. Certain Eastern organizations of women, for example, are threatening us with a display of emotionalism in support of the universal peace that they think they can discern in the offing. The statistical nuisance is busily explaining how many sanatoria, orphan asylums, and homes for old ladies can be built at the cost of a single warship. The pacifist is imploring us to exercise common sense in the matter of armaments, although he is careful not to give us any examples of the virtue that he so highly recommends. In fact there seems to be a general idea that the representatives of the great powers have only to meet in an amicable sort of way, recognize the folly of rivalry in naval construction, and agree upon a sort of self-denying ordinance that shall govern and restrict those activities during the years to come. It is surprising how simple everything seems to the "man in the street."

But there is likely to be a disillusionment upon some of these points. A good deal of water must pass under the bridge before the actual question of disarmament can even be approached. It would be well to recognize that the coming conference will contain no elements of sentiment nor of emotion, that it will be in no sense a meeting of "good fellows" intent upon the millennium, and that the passionate plea for peace will be quite irrelevant for a long time to come. There can be no disarmament, nor even a practical suggestion to that end, until there has been some sort of settlement of all those questions that are likely to lead to war. There can be no scrapping of warships until it has been made fairly evident that they will not be needed. To this end there must be a preliminary facing of conditions, a frank survey of all causes of quarrel, an effectual plastering of open wounds, a clear and mutual understanding of national intentions and a general acquiescence in those intentions.

Now it may be that I am overweighted with imagination, but it seems to me that the coming conference may easily be the most important that has ever been held, that it is in no sense an appanage or an appendix to the Versailles conference, but rather an inauguration of a new era in human affairs, a definite indication that the centre of gravity has shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Europe to Asia. It means that America and Japan will lay their cards upon the table, face up, and all of their cards, and that they will play a game in which Asia will be the stakes. At least they will believe that they are playing for Asia, but what Asia will eventually have to say in the matter will be another question. Russia has not been invited to join this conference, and on the propriety of that omission it might be impertinent to comment. None the less Russia will be there, the shadow of her, inasmuch as the shadow of Russia lies across the face of the world. Perhaps it would be well not to reach any final conclusions about anything without some sort of forecast of the Russian view or of the things that may happen to Russia and that may create that view.

The conference, strictly speaking, will not be a disarmament conference at all, or only in a secondary sense. It will be a conference to determine the attitude of America, Great Britain, and Japan toward the control of the Pacific Ocean and of Asia. It will involve the right of Japan to dominate the future of China, the presence of Japanese forces in Siberia, the right of Japan to exercise any sort of controlling influence over Asia, whether in the matter of commerce or of anything else, the proprieties of a Monroe Doctrine for Asia as formulated by Japan, and the right of America, Australia, and Canada to exclude Japanese immigration. When these matters have been so settled by mutual agreement as to preclude the probability that they will lead to war the conference may then decide what may be judiciously done in the matter of disarmament. To talk of disarmament until then is obviously futile. The court of war can not be adjourned until the calendar shall have been cleared. It is far too soon for any "sword and plowshare" talk. Resolutions from women's clubs and the like—and one wonders why women keep up the pretense of being pacifists—will be just about as relevant as so many hymns.

The attitude of Japan is significant so far as we are allowed to know that attitude. First of all she made some tentative inquiries as to the scope of the intended discussions, but she seems then to have withdrawn that inquiry and to be content to leave the slate open. Obviously it is to her interest to do so. So far as the commission is, in a sense, a roving one, so far as it will be at liberty to introduce any discussion in the

pleases and to declare that this, that, or the other of her contentions is vital. Speaking with all possible caution, she may assert, for example, that her further participation becomes impossible while she faces the humiliation involved in the exclusion of her nationals from America, Australia, and Canada. She may say that an absolute ethnical equality is an essential preliminary.

We may therefore dismiss the idea that this conference will be any easy matter or that it will at once resolve itself into summaries of sea power and plans for a stable equilibrium. It will do nothing of the sort, and we may as well face the rather grim facts. There will be, there ought to be, no reduction of armaments unless and until it shall be possible to persuade Japan to renounce her cardinal policies for the domination of Asia, for the leadership of Asia. To say that such a task is beyond the power of statecraft would be an unduly pessimistic contention. None the less it would be far more wholesome than to assume that the coming conference will be one in which a common-sense pacifism will necessarily hold sway or that we are about to witness a mere exchange of amenities that will be a kind of entering wedge for the establishment of the kingdom of heaven upon earth. What we are more likely to witness is a rival array of the fundamental policies of east and of west. I would be as easy to predict the outcome as to say what would happen if an irresistible force should strike an immovable body.

Japan naturally declares that the desire of her heart is to square her policies with those of America. It is one of those diplomatic suavities that mean nothing. Japan is an Asiatic power and she intends to be the leader of Asia. At the conference she will be the spokesman of Asia, and we may be sure that she is hugging herself with delight at the advantage thus given to her over her Russian rival, who has not been invited to the feast, but who will be frigidly present just the same. Japan has not the slightest intention to relax her grip upon Asia, nor upon any substantial part of Asia. She does not intend that there shall be equality of treatment anywhere if she can help it. She will not talk about an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine, at least not by name, but that is what she will mean and that is what she will work for. And there is no need to get angry about it nor to assume that Japan ought necessarily to give way whenever she finds herself in conflict with America. She is just as proud as we are, indeed far prouder. She does not think that her color is a mark of inferiority, but rather of superiority. And having once persuaded herself that she is the natural leader of Asia, she can hardly be blamed for remembering that her clientèle consists of about two-thirds of the whole human race. Which is quite an impressive clientèle when one comes to think of it—if it is a clientèle.

We usually make the mistake of supposing that we have a number of separate little disputes with Japan, each in its own water-tight compartment, so to speak, and each to be handled on its own merits. Thus we talk about Japanese troops in Siberia, Japanese occupation of Shantung, Japanese claims to the Island of Yap, and Japanese protests against our immigration laws. But we forget that all these things are parts of an inclusive Japanese policy, and that she moves undeviatingly toward the success of that policy and measures every event by that yardstick and by its bearing upon her central aims. Her policies have now been extraordinarily accentuated by Russian successes in Asia. She sees that the whole of Asia is looking toward Russia for leadership, and not toward her. Hardly a week passes without its news of some Russian success in Asia. Within the last few hours we have read of new military successes in Armenia and sinister stories from India of Russian machinations there. If we are to understand Japan we must watch Russia. We must watch the heaving of the Asiatic soil. Every item of news from any part of Asia is an item of news about Japan.

There should be no illusions about the coming conference. It will be epochal. The pendulum has swung suddenly from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Europe to Asia. It is not actually a disarmament conference at all, although we may hope that it will end by becoming one. It is a conference held in recognition of the fact that Asia now occupies the centre of the human stage and that there can be no peace on earth until we have determined what is to be done with her. And in the effort to reach that determination we shall find ourselves confronted with the settled resolves of Japan, with the incoherent but titanic forces of Russia, and with the momentum of Asia moving blindly and turbulently toward the consummation of her enigmatic destinies.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1921.

An Eastern circus organization will tour the country this year in motor trucks costing from \$12,000 to \$30,000 apiece. It is estimated the saving in rail charges will go a long way to pay for this equipment. The motorized circus will be able to travel anywhere and, being independent of train service, may make towns not often visited by large shows.

A French scientist has been able to take motion pictures with camera and lens at the rate of about 15,000 second.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Lorena Beebe of Orion, Michigan, has passed her one hundred and sixth birthday and still does her housework.

Miss Margaret A. Best, an Englishwoman who has passed the century mark, has lived in the reigns of five sovereigns—George IV, William IV, Victoria, Edward VII, and George V.

Major Roy C. Haynes of Hillsboro, Ohio, has been appointed Federal prohibition commissioner to succeed John F. Kramer. He is forty years old and has been editor of the Hillsboro Dispatch since 1908. He had the support of the Anti-Saloon League in Ohio.

Stephen Graham, the English writer whose books on Russia have proved so popular, will arrive in this country soon. He will go immediately to Springfield, Illinois, where he will meet Vachel Lindsay, who is to accompany him on a walking trip through Glacier Park.

The head of the Washington headquarters of the American Farm Bureau Federation is Gray Silver, one of the most successful farmers and stockraisers in the country. His services are considered so valuable that the members of the bureau gladly pay him a salary equal to that received by twenty-five or thirty country schoolteachers or preachers. Mr. Silver is not a novice in legislative affairs, having served for many years as a state senator and lieutenant-governor of West Virginia.

The son of a Glasgow warehouseman, who rose from the humble position of a shipping clerk to the control of the greatest fleet and the biggest sea operations in the world's history, is just now giving up his work after notable service, crowned by the saving of nearly \$150,000,000 for the British Empire. He is Sir Joseph Maclay, Britain's shipping controller. While he managed the shipping ministry his department had a total turnover of \$5,000,000,000, ordered the building of 821 vessels, and operated the working of nearly 3000 ships.

Like the German Strauss, the Frenchman, Vincent D'Indy, now seventy years old, has visited America before. In 1905 he conducted concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other American cities. D'Indy is known here chiefly by his Symphony No. 2 in B flat minor, his "Istar" variations, his symphony for orchestra and piano on the "Song of a French Mountaineer," and a so-called symphony, "A Summer's Day on the Mountain." His "Legend of St. Christopher" was given by the New York Symphony Society last year. The son of aristocratic and wealthy parents, he was intended for the law and against his wishes studied for the bar, while his interest in music was encouraged by his father, an amateur violinist, and his grandmother, Mme. Thérèse D'Indy, an excellent musician, who taught him the rudiments of the art. An uncle, Saint-Ange Wilfred D'Indy, a popular composer, whose romances, chamber pieces, and light operas were favorites in Parisian salons between 1840 and 1865, also contributed to his musical education. It was he who put into the young man's hands Berlioz' treatise on instrumentation.

Livingston Farrand, president-elect of Cornell University, is the salt of the earth, but he makes poor newspaper copy. This is the general opinion of friends, relatives, and reporters. The man seems to have no flair for personal publicity, and no desire for it. In early youth he completely neglected to provide anecdotes prophetic of future greatness as scientist, educator, and executive. From the beginning Dr. Farrand has had the gift of liking and being liked by many varieties of people. This popularity has nothing politic about it. It is based on sincere interest in many people and many types. At Princeton, where he was a member of the class of 1888, he drew his friends from all circles—heavy students, athletes, the casual observers of others' efforts. Never a grind, his natural keenness gave him a good standing in his classes. After taking his degree in medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in 1891, he had a year of study at Cambridge and another at Berlin. In 1893 he returned to this country to teach at Columbia University, where he was in the department of psychology until 1903, and thereafter held the chair of anthropology until 1914. During these years he accompanied two expeditions of the American Museum of Natural History, under Dr. Boaz, to study the Indians on the coast of Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia. Dr. Farrand's keen interest in this subject is embodied in three authoritative monographs.

Joseph Schildkraut is one of those people, wise enough, as some wit has put it, to choose the proper ancestors for himself. With a Roumanian father, a Hungarian mother, a Turkish grandmother, and a Spanish grandmother, he had a flying start when it came to the matter of temperament. All this, to say nothing of the fact that his father is Rudolf Schildkraut, well known in Europe and America as an actor in German and Yiddish. As a child he not only saw the best which the theatres of Europe had to show, but he lived in the atmosphere of art and artists. His father had left his native country when seventeen because he wanted to be an actor, and there was little opportunity in Roumania. He hesitated between Russia and Germany as the countries offering the best chances,

finally choosing Germany. He returned to Roumania later for a number of years, and it was while he and his wife were living in Bucharest that the son Joseph was born. When the boy was about two years old the elder Schildkraut returned to the Berlin stage. In 1910 Rudolf Schildkraut came to New York to head the German company at the Irving Place Theatre. He brought his family with him, and Joseph Schildkraut, who had decided that he, too, was to be an actor, entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He could speak no English when he enrolled at the school, but he learned it rapidly, and when the family returned to Europe three years later he could speak the new tongue as if he had never known any other. It was on October 23, 1913, that the younger Schildkraut made his debut as an actor. It was at Max Reinhardt's Kammerspiele in Berlin, and the part was that of the son in "The Wanderer."

OLD FAVORITES.

Love in the Valley.

Under yonder beech-tree standing on the green sward,
Couch'd with her arms behind her little head,
Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her bosom,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her,
Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow,
Waking on the instant, she could not but embrace me—
Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow;
Swift as the swallow when, athwart the western flood,
Circling the surface, he meets his mirror'd winglets—
Is that dear one in her maiden bud.
Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine-tops;
Gentle—ah! that she were jealous—as the dove!
Full of all the wildness of the woodland creatures,
Happy in herself is the maiden that I love!

What can have taught her distrust of all I tell her?
Can she truly doubt me when looking on my brows?
Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-tales—
What can have taught her distrust of all my vows?
No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy eventide,
Whispering together beneath the listening moon,
I pray'd till her cheek flush'd, implore'd till she falter'd—
Flutter'd to my bosom—ah! to fly away so soon!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks—Were this wild thing wedded,
I should have more love, and much less care.
When her mother tends her before the bashful mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks—Were this wild thing wedded,
I should lose but one for so many boys and girls.

Clambering roses peep into her chamber;
Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, sweet;
White-neck'd swallows, twittering of summer,
Fill her with balm and nestled peace from head to feet.
Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely,
When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on the leaves?
Will the autumn gales see her still ungather'd,
When the fickle swallows forsake the weeping eaves?

Comes a sudden question—should a strange hand pluck her!
Oh, what an anguish smites me at the thought!
Should some idle lordling bribe her mind with jewels!
Can such beauty ever thus be bought?
Sometimes the huntsmen, prancing down the valley,
Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirth;
They see, as I see, mine is the fairest!
Would she were older and could read my worth!

Are there not sweet maidens, if she still deny me?
Show the bridal heavens but one straight star?
Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,
Clattering one note like a brown eve-jar?
So I rhyme and reason till she darts before me—
Through the milky meadows from flower to flower she flies,
Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled eyelids,
From the golden love that looks too eager in her eyes.

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face gazes
Out on the weather through the window-panes,
Beauteous she looks! like a white water-lily
Bursting out of bud on the rippled river plains.
When from bed she rises, clothed from neck to ankle
In her long night-gown, sweet as boughs of May,
Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden-lily,
Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

Happy, happy time, when the gray star twinkles
Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew;
When the cold-check'd dawn grows ruddy up the twilight,
And the gold sun wakes and weds her in the blue,
Then when my darling tempts the early breezes,
Sbe the only star that dies not with the dark!
Powerless to speak all the ardor of my passion,
I catch her little hand as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their sweethearts?
Season after season tell a fruitless tale?
Will not the virgin listen to their voices?
Take the honey'd meaning, wear the bridal veil!
Fears she frost of winter, fears she the bare branches?
Waits she the garlands of spring for her dower?
Is she a nightingale that will not be nested
Till the April woodland has built her bridal bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and beauties!
With thy crescent brows and thy flowery, showery glees;
With thy budding leafage and fresh green pastures;
And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honeymoon for me!
Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the violet!
Come, weeping loveliness in all thy blue delight!
Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!
Bring her to my arms on the first May night.

—George Meredith.

Great fog-penetrating power is claimed for a searchlight that has been invented in France with a greenish-yellow glass in front and backed by a reflector that also prevents moisture collecting on the glass.

The Territorial Historical Museum at Juneau, Alaska, which is now open to the public, contains about 20,000 Eskimo curios and relics.

WATCHING ON THE RHINE.

Violet R. Markham Gives Her Impressions of German Mentality Since the War.

Violet R. Markham, whose earlier volumes on South Africa have attracted favorable attention, now tells us something about her stay in Germany since the war. She went in an official capacity and in connection with the British army of occupation, and she wisely contents herself with a record of what she saw and with reasonable inferences therefrom, leaving to others the political disquisitions of which there has never been any scarcity. She says she expected to find the country with the red stamp of war across its face. She found nothing of the sort. Normality was the order of the day. Everything was going on exactly as before the war. The people were placid, unresentful, and indifferent. They were civil and even communicative. What was that strange, chameleon quality that can outrage the conscience of a world and then assume as individuals the mien of kindly, decent folk?

The author talked much with a pleasant fraulein who came to give her lessons in German. She had lived in England and France and had friends in both countries. Her lover and her brother had been killed. But her denunciations were of her own people, not of her enemies, and they were just the same denunciations that one hears more or less everywhere:

Profiteering, it was scandalous what had gone on! All the horrible people who had made money out of the war and the sufferings of the nation. The new rich were a disgrace. The government had been very slack in dealing with them. And then the skulkers, the shameful young men who went to earth in reserved occupations and offices and did not go to fight. Food? They had starved in the towns, so ineffective was the system of distribution. The country people who grew the food took care not to part with it. The new government? She shrugged her shoulders in despair. Since the Revolution things had gone from bad to worse. Every one was discontented, especially all the work-people, who spend their time demanding higher wages and shorter hours. And servants, there were none left. No girls would go out to work; they had all been spoilt by high wages in munition works.

The Germans were always interested in the parades of the armies of occupation. They seemed to have no feelings on the subject. There were never any signs of hostility. What could they be thinking as they thus watched the armies that they had been taught to despise? Now and then there were individual examples of resentment, but not often. Feelings were either hidden with remarkable skill or they were non-existent:

The Tanks are always impressive as they lumber along, menacing as some prehistoric monster. They must be unpleasant objects to meet on the battlefield if your side does not happen to hold the counter to them. Many German eyes follow them as they waddle about the square. In lighter vein, the Highlanders, as always abroad, excite a great deal of interest. "We saw your Scottish troops," is the invariable remark after a review, and then follow endless inquiries as to the why and wherefore of such extraordinary clothes. A ring of Germans at a race meeting collected round the very excellent band of the Black Watch and applauding their music is a memory which survives. In the early days of the occupation it was an order to salute the colors and remove hats when "God Save the King" was played. But though the order has long since been repealed the habit persists. The large majority of German hats come off when the national anthem begins. With a different government and ideals a people so tractable might have been led in a direction widely different from that which has overwhelmed themselves and others in ruin.

The only really disagreeable Germans were the owners of the large houses, who resented the billeting arrangements, but they seemed to be equally disagreeable to their own people. The working people spoke bitterly against their selfishness and arrogance during the war, and the author says she had scant sympathy with their present troubles or with the annoyances they felt at the presence of foreign soldiers in their luxurious mansions:

In an encounter of which I heard between a batman and a German baroness lies the whole philosophy of the occupation. The baroness was discovered by the officer's wife billeted in her house speechless with rage. Never in her life, so she declared, had she been so insulted. Inquires were made—batmen and English servants are not allowed to be rude to German householders. It then transpired that the lady, who after the manner of German fraus was in the habit of haunting her basement at odd hours, found one afternoon two English soldiers belonging to the household sliding on the back stairs and whistling. The lady spoke sharply and told them that whistling and sliding on the banisters were "verboten." Whereupon Thomas Atkins, genial and undefeated, his hand on the stair rail, turned to the angry baroness and remarked pleasantly, "Aye, missus, but yer should have won the war, and then yer could have come and slid down our back stairs and whistled."

Germany today is full of internecine quarrels, mainly based on the food supply during and after the war. There are bitter quarrels between town and country, and particularly between rich and poor. The wealthy classes are accused of an almost incredible selfishness and with using their financial position exclusively to their own advantage and without the least regard to the sufferings of the needy:

Secondly, there has been a great manifestation of class hatred as between rich and poor. The ordinary German artisan or shopkeeper speaks with intense bitterness of the upper classes. They were selfish, they were hard, they were greedy, they did nothing for the poor, they lived in comfort while others starved. The well-to-do classes apparently were shameless at grabbing at all they could get. The average German does not believe any rich person could or would act otherwise. Talking to Germans about our respective war

shortages, I have mentioned more than once that I had various friends in England who, having farms and producing food, kept their own households on the rationed allowance and sent the rest to market. The look of absolute incredulity on their faces made me realize they thought I was pitching a fine but wholly preposterous tale to the credit of my own country. It was obvious they did not believe a word I said. The behaviour of the German upper classes in this time of testing has had, and is likely to have, very considerable reactions on the political situation. That the Junkers and militarists have brought this particular form of discredit on themselves is all to the good. It will tell heavily against such doubtful chances as exist of their achieving even a measure of political rehabilitation.

The author has something to say about the presence in Germany of the French colored troops. She says that their presence was resented, but she explains their use on the ground that the French white army was so depleted that the use of black soldiers was almost necessary. At the same time she says that these men did not misbehave themselves, a fact that seems now to be generally admitted:

At the same time, as far as outrages are concerned, a great deal of exaggeration has taken place about the French employment of these troops. Undesirable though the presence of black or colored men in the cities of Central Europe, I have no reason to think that they have been conspicuous for bad or immoral behavior. Germans have admitted as much to me. They hate the use of the black troops, but the objection is one based on general principle, not on specific crimes. Naturally press-men and publicists work the black-troops question for all it is worth, and feeling on the subject runs high. The Germans lose no opportunity of exploiting any opening presented by mistakes in Allied policy. But exaggeration is always a boomerang and recoils on the head of those who use it.

The author gives us a description of Verdun, and she seems to think that the place was more nearly taken than we were allowed to suppose at the time. The whole district is now one vast crater field, and it is hard to believe that it was once a beautiful countryside. Imagination halts as to what the bombardment must have been that could blast fortress and land alike out of being:

Just below Douaumont is a trench where a French platoon was overwhelmed and enfiladed by German fire. The ground fell in, burying the men where they stood. The bodies have not been removed, and the tops of the rifles can still be seen sticking out of the ground. The trench is enclosed by barbed wire to keep the tourist at bay, but I hope that this gruesome sight may not be perpetuated for the benefit of the tripper. The tourist invasion of the battlefields is inevitable, but it is intolerable if they bring with them to the soil which is sacred anything of the orange peel and ginger-beer bottle atmosphere. Two or three chais-a-hances filled with visitors were already on the ground, early though the season. However, they were mercifully cowed into silence by the all-pervading desolation.

The author made a wise practice of attending political meetings in order to ascertain the temper of the people and their views as to the war and its results. One such meeting was that of the Social Democrats, and here she found that the keynote was a hatred of war and a resolve to have no more of it. They wanted a revision of the treaty, but it must be a revision based on reconciliation and mutual understanding:

The failures of the military party to make peace when an honorable peace was still possible, the rejection of President Wilson's offers of mediation, the folly and crime of the unrestricted U-boat campaign—all these subjects were handled in a spirit which astonished me. A pamphlet on sale at the meeting, "Wer trägt die Schuld an unserm Elend?" (Who bears the responsibility for our misery?), of which I bought a copy, was packed with a damning array of facts, many of them unknown to me, as to the part played by the Kaiser's government during the war. "The German people have been lied to, and deceived, and betrayed," cried the speaker. "We were told that the U-boat campaign would bring England to her knees in three months!" German mentality is a baffling thing, but I hardly expected that this remark would be received with shouts of good-natured laughter. The long arm of England's sea-power has been no laughing matter for Germany, but throughout this campaign I was specially struck with the absence of hostility shown to England.

There seemed to be no resentment at these meetings, and this was largely due to the courtesy and justice shown by the armies of occupation:

A quaint little woman dressed in black came on to the platform to make a few remarks during the discussion. At first she was almost inaudible, but her voice gathered force and courage as she proceeded. She had been a Red Cross nurse during the war, so she said. Nothing could have been more scandalous than the pilfering of the officers in charge of stores and comforts destined for wounded men. She had to stand by helplessly and watch robbery and corruption of all kinds going on at the expense of the sufferers. "These heroes who filled their pockets," she concluded naively, "always declared they were great patriots. Please vote tomorrow for the patriotism of the Social Democrats, which won't rob sick men." Even more pathetic was the appeal of a workman on whom disease had clearly laid a fatal hand. He addressed the meeting as "dear brothers and sisters," which raised a laugh. But there was nothing comic about the few words spoken. He had starved, so he said, during the war. Wars meant nothing but misery and starvation. Let them support the Social Democrats and then there would be no more war.

The rank and file of the British army has settled down to friendly relations with the Germans—too friendly, some people think. The bow of hatred refuses to remain tense and strong, and it is the views of the common man that are likely to prevail rather than the bitter and tortuous ways of the politician:

German households, on whom many of these men were quartered, found to their amazement that instead of proving, as they feared, demons incarnate, the British soldiers were good-hearted, good-tempered fellows who shared the family life, peeled potatoes, and played with the children. The soldiers on their side appreciated the kindly treatment they received and were touched by the many evidences of hunger and suffering among the working classes. Some day I hope we shall have a "Book of Decent Deeds" showing that among all belligerents there is another side to war besides that of atrocities. We may smile at the true story of the British Tommy writing home to his mother to send him a feeding-bottle, with tules and apparatus complete, for a German baby

in his billet who was in a poor way owing to the lack of these things. The German mother burst into tears when she was given the bottle which meant the difference between life and death to the child. But such an act and the spirit it breathes is a ray of light in the darkness.

The author attributes much of the German mentality to the pernicious influence of the school books. Everywhere she found the same lessons inculcated—Germany's passion for peace, a peace destroyed only by the intrigues of a jealous and wicked world. Little wonder that animosities and misunderstandings rend nations in twain when truth is subordinated to the worst purposes of political and interested propaganda:

The accident of improving my limited knowledge of the German language brought me in contact with primers and readers covering all standards and classes. In making my way from the Child's First Reader to the volumes in use in high schools, I learnt a good deal more than the actual study of words and grammar. From the infants' to the upper standards one note was struck again and again with monotonous regularity—praise of the army, glorification of the Hohenzollerns. I came into rapid conflict with my Child's First Reader when on the first page I was confronted with a little poem saying that, though a tiny child, my great aim in life should be to shoot straight and grow up into a fine soldier. Then came a fulsome hymn to the Kaiser swearing lifelong fidelity to that noble man. Then followed a series of short stories, no less fulsome, about the goodness and greatness of the royal family. The book of course included other material, but glorification of the Hohenzollerns permeated its pages, and the same thing repeated itself exactly in all the following standards.

It does not become us, says the author, to be critical of the French attitude toward Germany. France has lived for fifty years under the shadow of a nightmare. Periodically she was insulted; periodically she was threatened. Small wonder that she should see red all the time and that she should demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth:

I often think that if in the course of the war it had so happened that a strip of German soil near the Rhine had been laid waste, it might in the long run have promoted the peace of Europe. I do not say this from any desire to destroy German homes or cause suffering to German women and children. But one of the difficulties in dealing with France today is that she feels that her wounds gape wider than those of any other nation. She is haunted by the horror of her own experience, to which no enemy country offers a parallel. Her devastated areas do not, so to speak, cancel out. Had they canceled out, even in a limited measure, she would have lost something of the sense of unique and peculiar outrage which fills France today with a bitterness as of death. Let me repeat it is not for us to pass any censorious judgment on this attitude. Unlike France, we are not up against the fence of a land frontier with a hereditary foe on the other side. But we fail in our duty if in a spirit of entire friendliness and understanding we do not urge her to consider where this policy is leading.

This is a book of unusual merit, not only for the power of keen observation that it displays, but also for its impartiality and justice. There are some statesmen who might derive from it a greater benefit than they are ever likely to derive from their official documents. And the people of the world, those whom we like to call the masses, might with profit remember the author's concluding words when she says: "The Watch on the Rhine is of value just so far as it helps to clear our minds as to the true objectives that we are seeking. The soldiers have done their work well and truly in the war. Their task accomplished, its results have now passed largely into other hands. Our unworthiness and unfitness to carry so great a responsibility are but too painfully apparent. Yet the responsibility is there. The dead have in special measure left a sacrifice to be perfected. The torch fell lighted from their hands. Supreme shame would it be if it suffers extinction through the sordid ambitions and mean desires of men who live because other men have died. The threat of moral bankruptcy, real as it is, can only be averted through a steady devotion to ideal ends."

WATCHING ON THE RHINE. By Violet R. Markham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

There is a general belief that dynamite exerts its force downward, and in proof of this the average man will point to the fact that dynamite exploded on the ground will tear a hole in it. This is true enough, but if a slab of stone, say three feet square, was raised just over the charge it would be shattered to bits, just as it would if the charge were on top of it. The real explanation lies in the fact that on a stone slab there rests a weight of nearly nine tons of air. Air, if moved slowly, does not offer much resistance, but when an attempt is made to move it swiftly, such as by exploding dynamite, its resistance becomes enormous, and it is as if the dynamite was trying to plow through sand. Therefore, the resistance of the ground beneath the explosion is about the same as that of the air, with the difference that the hole made in the air is instantly filled up again and the hole in the earth remains to puzzle us. When dynamite explodes it merely means that gases liberated expand so swiftly that whatever is in the way is pushed out.

Believing that the heavier-than-air machines are capable of performing any feats formerly accomplished by the dirigibles, Great Britain has relegated her enormous fleet of dirigibles to the junk heaps, planning to replace them with airplanes.

A cow's feed has little if any effect on the richness of her milk, which seems to be due entirely to her vitality.

Ten thousand Chinese entered Mexico through Pacific Coast ports and Guatemala during 1920.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending July 16, 1921, were \$126,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year \$177,400,000; a decrease of \$50,400,000.

Selecting the right investment is, to the average conservative investor, a matter of extreme importance. Safety as to principal and interest do not always constitute what is commonly termed an ideal investment. It is possible that after carefully and thoroughly studying all the salient influences regarding the stability of a bond one can very easily overlook the most important factor of all,

maturing within say ten, twenty, and thirty years.

With the probable return of interest rates in the not too distant future to a more normal basis the investor will find the greatest opportunities in a few well-chosen railroad bonds, preferable those hearing 4 per cent. to 4½ per cent., and maturing in ten years or more.

To illustrate may point more clearly, supposing a man buys a five-year bond at par, bearing 7 per cent. interest. He will find himself in an awkward position when that bond reaches maturity, for the chances of his being able to reinvest the proceeds to advantage will be very slim.

The theory that the higher interest-bearing rate bond, i. e., 6, 6½, or 7 per cent., has an advantage over the lower interest-bearing bonds is a wrong one. Mathematically there is a wide difference between probable income and actual income return.

For example, Jones buys a 4 per cent. bond, long term, at 57. costs \$570 and yields 7 per cent. When it matures says twenty years hence Jones receives \$1000, which he can reinvest at 4 per cent., netting him a return of 7 per cent. on his original investment, i. e., \$570. Smith buys a ten-year 7 per cent. bond at par (to yield 7 per cent.). If he sells on a 6 per cent. basis at the end of five years he must be able to reinvest this at 6 per cent. in order to maintain the 7 per cent. income return on his original investment of \$1000.

The above comparison clearly indicates that the advantages are to be found in the lower interest-bearing bonds and not in the higher interest-bearing bonds. Further, should interest rates return to a more normal rate within the next year or so, the advantages in the lower interest-bearing bonds over the higher rate bonds would be still more pronounced.—J. D. Dunlop.

Henry E. Cooper, vice-president of the Equitable Trust Company of New York, who has just returned from six weeks spent in France, has given the following brief statement of his views:

"In my opinion American bankers and business men, when endeavoring to pass judgment on conditions in France, are prone to make two mistakes. First in confining themselves almost solely to an analysis based upon reading and figures instead of personal visits; and second in confounding the question of national finance with that of private credits.

"As to the former, I have devoted a portion of my six weeks' stay in France to a number of visits to the various industrial sections, personally visiting a large number of manufactories and plants in each of the leading lines of industrial activity. In this way I have seen considerable of the cotton and woolen textile industry as well as the coal, steel, potash, leather, silk, and wine industries. Thus, instead of having a vague idea procured by reading reports or public statistics, I have been enabled to get a mental picture of these great industries in France, and to say that I have been deeply impressed with what I have seen, is expressing it mildly. France, with her regained continental territory and added colonies abroad, becomes in natural resources and manufacturing productive capacity, a power in the world which I think comparatively few Americans fully realize and perhaps not even all Frenchmen,

owing to their closeness to their own difficulties and recent troubles. The substantial construction of their factories and plants, together with the modernness of the machinery and methods, the high character and ability of the owners and operating managers of these industries, the intelligence and industry of their laborers, and their position with respect to the location of their raw materials, all these make for a standing in their own country and an ability to compete with other countries which are, to the last degree, reassuring.

"As regards the second point, it naturally can not be gainsaid that the French national financial position presents a sore and perplexing problem. It is quite possible that in course of time (and it may take several years) it will be necessary to levy a progressive or serial capital tax and reduce the currency. It is unnecessary to go into that question here. Heroic as such measures, if in time applied, may be, it has been done before many times in the world's financial history, and without any necessarily disastrous results. I have such confidence in the ability of the French financiers, as so wonderfully displayed during the war, that I am certain the solution will be found with the least possible disturbances.

"The point which I wish to make, however, and which must be borne in mind, is that the public and private credit questions must not be confounded. A fair reading of economic history will, I think, show that in a number of instances in the past the national credit of the nation has been strained while their private credits have continued sound and stable. After all, the essentials of banking are to finance the life of the nation's inhabitants. France has some 42,000,000 inhabitants who must continue to eat, be clothed and sheltered. While there is a close inter-relationship between the national and what may be called the private finances and while the former may affect the latter for temporary periods, nevertheless, in the long run, the so-called private credits will continue sound, providing the fundamentals are present, subject only to the cycles of prosperity and depression which visit all countries. And the fundamentals in France are, in my opinion, perfectly sound, with a consequence that her private credits are, generally speaking, safe beyond question. Moreover, with the fundamentals of private enterprise sound, the national finances, looked at in a large way, also become sound.

"As a result, therefore, of my own observations while here, I can not share the doubts or pessimisms which apparently obtain in some quarters in America and France as to her future; on the contrary I entertain only the most positive and sincere confidence in it."

Within the past month there have been new low price records made for many listed stocks and bonds. The selling has been insistent and in some respects quite extraordinary and of a character which indicates clearly that many wealthy holders have been forced to sell their liquid securities in order to make good their commitments in other quarters, or to protect their more speculative investments, according to the monthly *Business Outlook* just issued by the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank. There has been also much short selling by

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professional speculators who have sought to reduce the average security level to a price basis which would enable them to clear handsome profits on their short sales. Whatever its cause, the liquidating movement has been most extraordinary and has been effective in further deflating security prices and establishing the Wall Street market upon a safe and sound basis. On these offerings there has been heavy absorption by people who are ordinarily shrewd in their investment operations. There is no doubt that at the low price level of the last six weeks high-grade and seasoned securities have been exceptionally attractive to hard-headed investors everywhere. No one can tell just how far liquidation in any market will proceed, but it is safe to say that the readjustment in stock market prices has reached a stage where attractive securities will appeal with compelling force to that large group of buyers who will be glad to insure for themselves a 7 or 8 per cent. income for ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years. There has not been any such investment op-



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portunity within the lifetime of those now living and, because of the extraordinary declines that have taken place and the fact that the securities market as a whole appears pretty well liquidated, it is reasonable to believe that the investment demands will broaden in response to genuinely reassuring conditions.

Offerings of state and municipal bonds in the first half of 1921 made a new record, with a total slightly under a half-billion dollars. The bond market shows some improvement and broader buying is likely in consequence of a better investment demand for tax-exempt securities. Financial interests strongly favor the firm stand taken by Secretary Mellon against the soldiers' bonus bill, believing it would cause renewed inflation and bring serious evils, besides heavily increased taxation. This might defeat government economy and very seriously involve the general situation.

More foreign government loans will be offered American investors later on and it is possible that in a few cases important flota-

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namely, yield and marketability. It is also possible, even when no apparent risks have been taken, for one to eat up the principal, instead of living on the interest.

To the average investor all bonds look alike, and in his opinion all appear perfectly sound (if they are a first lien or mortgage) as to safety of principal and interest. This is not so far from it, for experience has shown that what one considers to be a gilt-edge bond might quite easily turn out to be within a few short years a heavy loss. I know a man who placed \$100,000 in bonds. At the time he made the purchase the bonds were regarded as high grade, and they were then, as far as conditions warranted, but in less than eight years his original investment

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of \$100,000 had shrunk to 32 per cent., or \$32,000.

I can cite many instances where investments running up into the millions have been impaired to the extent of 20 to 35 per cent. within a few short years, but it is quite possible for one, with a certain degree of care, to make a safe choice of the majority of all one's investments, provided certain fundamental principles and practical methods are consistently employed.

There appears to be a wide difference of opinion regarding the definition of income yield. In my opinion the investor will find his best choice in the low interest-bearing rate bonds, such as the 4s, 4½s, and 5s, and

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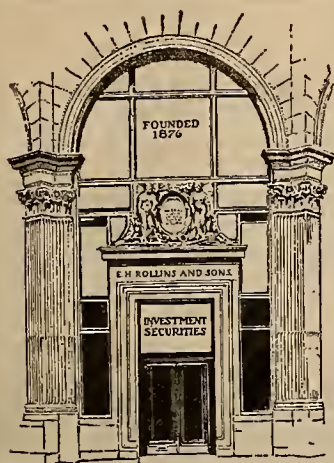
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tions may be announced shortly. It is apparent, however, that the effort of prominent bankers will be to provide for the borrowing demands of American corporations and enterprises first of all before any wholesale foreign security offerings are attempted. The total

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investments of the American people in foreign government and foreign municipal securities are much in excess of what they were before the war and it is probable that this volume will be further increased before the close of 1921. Various government officers are trying to devise ways and means of solving the foreign exchange problem with a view to building up our export and import trade. No doubt some benefits will result from these efforts, but the process will needs be slow, as restoration of foreign trade depends upon the restoration of credits, which in turn means the reproduction of wealth that has been destroyed. On this subject, we quote the National City Bank of New York in its July letter: "The condition which brings about these results is a world condition, a slackening of demand and purchasing power everywhere. The evil of falling international trade will be cured, not when some one country—our own, for instance—begins to make satisfactory progress toward post-war recovery, but when all of the important countries of the world have begun to reestablish their economic life on the basis of former balance and stability."

The Bank of Italy has opened in its new building San Francisco's first woman's banking department. This department is created to answer the need for a more complete financial service. It expresses recognition of the broader plane on which women now participate in the vital affairs of commerce and the home. Here women can learn to do those things which they have always longed to do: Solve for themselves the problems of successful investment, learn the method through which their income may be wisely directed, study the systematic budgeting of business and household expenditures, or perhaps lay the foundation for a sure and provident future by regular saving. This department is in charge of Mrs. Edward Dexter Knigut, who has wide and varied experience in the banking and financial world.

The public has recently been treated to an apparent attempt of the Federal Trade Commission to nationalize the lumber industry. It would like to put this great American industry under red tape officialism and saw lumber in any community at so many thousand feet per vote (says the Industrial News Bureau).

This commission, which apparently exists for the purpose of ripping to pieces some established line of business, could have hardly picked on a less likely line of industry to regulate than that of manufacturing lumber. Naturally the theory of the Federal Trade Commission is that the lumber industry exists as a trust for the purpose of robbing the people.

Financial disasters in saw-mill operations are numerous, and no industry takes more careful management to succeed than does lumber production. The chances are that if the Federal Trade Commission as a body was given the finest saw mill property in the West to operate their political management would bankrupt it within a year.

One need only travel through the Pacific Coast states and see the hundreds of small mills cutting and shipping lumber in every community to realize that no combination

exists to prevent any man from entering the saw mill business who has the capital, nerve, and ability to attempt it.

Competition with cement, steel, patent roofing, brick, and other building materials regulates the price of lumber, and not prices set by any organization.

The Federal Trade Commission could better spend its time helping the lumber industry solve some of its various marketing and labor problems than to be ripping it up the back for political purposes.

For the purpose of making its banking facilities a convenience for men and women in all walks of life the Anglo California Trust Company has announced that the five banks operated by this institution will remain open Saturdays until 8 o'clock in the evening.

This is in keeping with the growing tendency among banks today to render a full and complete service to the public. It is pointed out by officers of the Anglo California Trust Company that many men and women are hindered in their use of banking houses because of the conventional hours prevailing.

In discussing the new arrangement R. D. Brigham, vice-president of the Anglo California Trust Company, said:

"The Anglo California Trust Company has devoted all its efforts to the performance of service to its clients. This has been the fundamental idea back of the development of our 'city-wide bank' with its four branches in as many parts of the city.

"Our experience has proven to us that many persons are hampered in their use of banking facilities because of the conventional hours kept. To satisfy this need and give banking privileges to every one we have extended our Saturday banking period until 8 o'clock at night. This applies to all branches, as well as the central bank."

As a further illustration of this desire to render service the Anglo California Trust also announces the opening of an investment department on the lower floor of the main bank building, Market and Sansome Streets.

This new department is unique in banking operations in that it has been created entirely for the purpose of providing expert investment counsel for the public. It is intended to provide a clearing house for sound financial advice.

According to the announcement of the bank:

"All of the accumulated experience and knowledge of investment possessed by the Anglo California Trust Company will be at the disposal of the public through the operation of this department. Service has been one of the fundamental principles upon which this institution has been founded, and the addition of this new department enables the bank to extend the scope of this service along lines that it is felt meets a real need of the community."

A syndicate headed by Blyth, Witter & Co. and Cyrus Peirce & Co. is offering an issue of \$2,500,000 East Bay Water Company unifying and refunding mortgage 7½ per cent. gold bonds. These bonds will be a direct obligation of the company and a mortgage upon its properties now owned or hereafter acquired. Based on the number of services in



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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Tryst.

In reading Mrs. Lutz' latest book, "The Tryst," you are apt to think you have strayed absent-mindedly into the nursery and picked up one of the Little Colonel Series or any of the numerous other sugar-coated, elongated maxims so dear to the heart of the boarding-school girl. For, unfortunately, the outstanding impression of "The Tryst" is that of a little girl story. It would be a very naive, sentimental grown-up indeed who could immerse himself with anything approaching interest in the 350 pages of goody-goodness. However, there are thousands of naive adults, who, no matter how far they themselves have strayed from the righteous ways of, sooner or later, all of the characters in "The Tryst," will gloat over such sweet homilies and who, goodness knows, may even be bettered by reading them. They might just as well read the weekly pamphlet of the nearest Sunday-school; only they are much more apt to read the latest novel. And Mrs. Lutz doubtless figures that she may as well as not be the one to lead them to the light. But these attempts at reforming the public who caters to best sellers are not literature. The only legitimate reformation of readers of light literature is conversion to better literature. Such missionaries are indeed to be hailed with acclaim. But from the literary point of view we can not but feel that Mrs. Lutz' efforts

are misplaced. The novel is not the vehicle of Christian propaganda—even though the stage itself is being reclaimed in that fashion nowadays.

However, propaganda novels are rife—so why not religious propaganda as well as political, commercial, or atheistical? The explanation probably lies in the fact that there is greater possibility of contrast and therefore of the production of art in any of the other kinds of propaganda. Though it ought to be possible to write a strong novel that would still preach the altruistic theme of "The Tryst." But it is doubtful if it can be done with a plot that could only appeal to a romantic girl and a cast of characters that one would expect to meet nowhere outside of a novel by Harold Bell Wright.

THE TRYST. By Grace Livingston Hill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.

Round the Corner.

Coningsby Dawson has given this title to his latest novel, using it as an expression of an optimistic conviction that happiness of some sort always awaits us if we but have faith. In pursuance of this idea he proceeds to make five or six of his characters who are apparently in for a lifetime of sorrow, or, at least, thwarted hopes, discover "round the corner" an unexpected happiness awaiting them.

In the working out of his tale he depicts social England in the reckless mood following close on the war, when men and women, only too profoundly aware of the bright youth, the high hopes and noble possibilities buried in innumerable graves, seized at any joy that offered an alluring face.

Mr. Dawson begins on a highly interesting note when he shows how the highly efficient valet of a noble lord has returned a general in the army and conqueror of the affections of the noble lord's sweetheart. The social problem thus opened up promises to be most interesting, although it ends in a tame and ineffectual manner; as it probably does in England's present phase. For the great change has not come yet.

"Round the Corner," therefore, does not rise to the dignity of a thesis novel, but is an entertaining, rather sentimental story with a touch of the feminine in the description of women and their wiles. The best feature of the novel is the depiction of the after-war reckless mood of youth and its avid grasping for happiness, and the amazed and indignant state of mind of the elders, who take it for granted that the war is over, leaving all as it was before.

ROUND THE CORNER. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Company.

Low Ceilings.

The English fictionists seem to be displaying unusual activity this season, their output of novels being rather larger than that of the American novelists; perhaps because of the new yeast that is leavening the once comparatively inert mass of British thought.

The title "Low Ceilings" has a symbolic significance, the author, W. Douglas Newton, wishing to indicate by it the depressing influence of old conventions, prejudices, and conservatism on the budding mentalities partly emancipated from ancient thraldoms by the war. It is a novel of the middle class of England; that petty, that great middle class that, if it shakes itself free from hindering mental customs, can do so much to give the uncertain British giant a firmer footing.

"Low Ceilings" contains a conventional and not particularly original love story which shows how long it took a talented young architect to free himself from the sensuous charm of a mindless young siren and respond to the finely womanly attractions of the very superior girl with whom a kind fate permitted him to have a long and close friendship.

But another friendship, that between two fine, altruistic men, the author utilizes as a means of expressing by the mouths of the two friends many thoughtful conclusions deduced from the changes made in Britain's young men by the war. The book, for that reason, has a fundamental basis of good thought and good intention, and the story is set off with much provocative, snappy, modern colloquialism.

LOW CEILINGS. By W. Douglas Newton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2 net.

The Truth About the Treaty.

It is an unfortunate title, and one that suggests a theory on the part of the author that the world was wandering in the darkness of delusion until the appearance of this particular illumination. None the less the book is a good one. M. Tardieu is one of the dozen or so men who know all that went on at the peace conference and that he here constitutes himself the special spokesman of France—as he naturally would—in no way invalidates his record of fact nor the documents that are now given to the world for the first time. M. Tardieu considers that France bore the lion's share of the war, as of course she did. He believes also that France had a peculiar insight into German policies and ambitions because she had been

Germany's chief victim in the past and was intended to be so in the future. Perhaps this, also, is true. At least such a theory justifies M. Tardieu in his assumption that the leadership of the conference belonged rightly to France and that French opinions ought to be regarded as having a peculiar weight.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TREATY. By André Tardieu. Foreword by Edward M. House. Introduction by Georges Clemenceau. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Outwitting Our Nerves.

Psychoanalysis is a word on practically every one's lips nowadays, but probably few realize how general is the application of the science. In this excellently lucid book Dr. Jackson has explained the everyday uses of psychotherapy as well as its application to abnormal cases. It is the average case of "nerves" in which she is interested and it is the average nervous person who will find her book literally a revelation—for it is safe to say that no sane person who has discovered the simplicity of the Freudian principles has deliberately chosen to remain nervous. In fact, the causes for nerves are so unflattering and insignificant that it is as good as a tonic to a nervous person to merely bear them enumerated.

Dr. Jackson outlines a programme which she says is no Utopian dream, "but is merely a matter of knowing how." Her aim is to increase human capacity by keeping bodies fit, so that people can stay at their tasks longer without enforced rests; can think deeply and continuously without brain-fag; can concentrate without wasting time or energy; can use their reserve forces properly. And "Outwitting Our Nerves" actually tells people how to do these things.

Dr. Josephine A. Jackson has been using psychoanalytical methods for the past ten years in her work at Pasadena. She was the first woman to receive a diploma from the Rush Medical College, Chicago. She has also received the degree of M. D. from the Medical School of Northwestern University. She was resident physician at Cook County Hospital, Chicago, and later was on the faculty of Rush Medical College. She had had a wide medical experience before taking up the special work of psychotherapy in which she has been consistently successful for the past ten years. Miss Helen M. Salisbury, who has done the actual writing of the book, is responsible for the clear style that is at once scientific and literary.

OUTWITTING OUR NERVES. By Josephine A. Jackson and Helen M. Salisbury. New York: The Century Company; \$2.50.

Briefer Reviews.

The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati, have published three one-act plays by Stark Young. They are entitled "Madretta," "At the Shrine," and "Addio," and they are suitable for presentation or for reading aloud.

A book admirable in content and simply written is "How to Study Music," by C. H. Farnsworth, just published by the Macmillan Company. It shows something of the method by which music is learned and by which it is understood.

Those whose taste is for stories of the Far North, where human passions as well as human virtues seem to be intensified by nature, will be satisfied by "The Big Muskeg," by Victor Rousseau (Stewart & Kidd Company; \$2). It is a story of unusual vigor and unusually well told.

Those who wish to know the true inwardness of the Nonpartisan League and the extent to which it is paving the way for an American Lenin would do well to read "The

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Despoilers," by J. Edmund Buttrey, just published by the Christopher Publishing House, Boston. It is a disquieting book, but it is also a disquieting situation.

The pulse of the great Napoleon is said to have made only fifty beats a minute. Eighty is not an unusual number. But, supposing the case of a heart that beats seventy-five times a minute, expelling ten cubic inches of blood at each "stroke," it is apparent that the little pump delivers forty-five cubic inches in one hour, over a million cubic inches in a day or (as may easily be reckoned) about 7000 tons of vital fluid in a twelvemonth. In figuring this out the *Scientific American* calls attention to the fact that a human heart has four compartments—two auricles and two ventricles. The auricles are merely reservoirs. The energy developed by the pump is furnished by the right and left ventricles—the right one sending impure blood to the lungs and the left one forcing the pure blood into circulation. The left ventricle alone uses in a day enough energy to raise one ton ninety feet. All the blood pumped by one heart engine in one year would suffice to fill a tank sixty-one feet long, sixty-one feet wide, and sixty-one feet high. Or, if the tank were cylindrical and fifty feet in diameter, it would have to be 115 feet high in order to hold the 1,700,000 gallons pumped by a single heart in the course of a twelvemonth.

The first notice of an order providing that men and officers in the British navy should wear a uniform was made public March 5, 1748, in the *Jacobite's Journal*, and from that time on the officers and men have worn the uniform while in service.

In Salt Lake City is a \$40,000 monument built in honor of sea gulls. When Mormons first settled in Utah the sea gulls destroyed the locusts which endangered the crops and the monument was erected in their memory.

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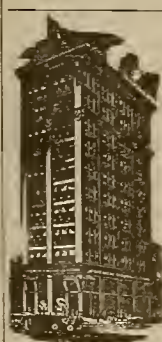
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Professor John L. Lowes in the *New York Evening Post* says: "The subjects fit the poet like a glove. The book is highly original, immensely interesting, and in its choice of themes, of the first significance."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The College and New America.

The ideal of American education should be neither the scholasticism of the past nor the vocationalism of the present, according to Professor Hudson, but rather the production of American citizens. For both scholasticism and professionalism tend to make specialists, and a nation of specialists is not well correlated. Professor Hudson analyzes the present college curriculum and reconstructs an ideal one for American working purposes. There is nothing Utopian about it and the curriculum he outlines could be established within a few years by the cooperation of those college professors who see and recognize its need.

By the production of American citizens the author does not mean college-trained politicians, but men and women trained to the serious responsibilities of the suffrage, of economic values, of democratic principles, and a national and international consciousness. To forward the last ideal Professor Hudson suggests an international bureau of education. The other aims could be achieved, he thinks, by the establishment of "correlation courses" in the upper division college classes. These correlation courses should be inter-department classes to attempt to knit together the scattered knowledge of the student. At present, Professor Hudson says, there is only one thing worse than for the student to forget his recently acquired knowledge at commencement, and that is to remember it. For if he does, he goes into the world equipped at best with an abstraction of knowledge from life and an additional abstraction of each branch of knowledge from every other. The crying need is for a correlation of subjects and for a reformed academic mind that will create instead of merely applying the machinery of education with the result of merely multiplying types.

Professor Hudson's book is constructive in a very concrete sense, comprehensive, and timely. We quote from the foreword written by President Henry Suzzallo of the University of Washington: "No volume on higher education which has thus far appeared from the press is more stimulating or useful than the one now offered."

THE COLLEGE AND NEW AMERICA. By Jay William Hudson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

Tarzan the Terrible.

There is no reason why the Tarzan stories should ever stop, and we hope sincerely that there are many more under way. They are infinitely more wholesome than the average novel with its smear of sex and dollars, and Mr. Burroughs deserves warm praise for a literary creation as definite and as welcome as any that have been seen for years. Here we have purely imaginative romance—a literary oasis in the dreariest of deserts.

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

An English Novel.

"The House with the Golden Windows" is one of the conventional English novels the

authors of which have picked up heart of grace since the war, possibly from a conviction that the war-wearied people will like to find themselves on familiar ground.

Mr. Buckrose tells of a family legacy inherited by an adopted girl to whom the property was devised under the erroneous impression that she was of the blood of the old county family involved.

The title and the motive sound melodramatic, but the story is just a routine novel, the author belonging to the ranks of those fictionists who spin out tales sufficiently well set off with human nature and the probabilities to make mildly diverting reading.

THE HOUSE WITH THE GOLDEN WINDOWS. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90 net.

A Story of Egypt.

Mr. Garrett Chatfield Pier has studied the history of Egypt in such detail that he allows it to obscure rather than to illuminate his narrative. He places his story in the days of Queen Ty and presents us with a panorama of love and hate, peace and war, intrigue and magic, that is magnificent in its totality, but that somewhat overwhelms the thread of personal fortune that should always be the most clearly visible in a novel. But as a picture of Egyptian life and of the crisis of the Hittite invasion it would be hard to praise the book too highly, not only for the spectacular drama that is involved, but also for an historical accuracy that seems to be unimpeachable.

HANIT, THE ENCHANTRESS. By Garrett Chatfield Pier. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

William Z. Foster, author of "The Great Steel Strike and Its Lessons" (Huebsch), is reported to be in Russia. The report is provocative in view of the fact that in his book on the steel strike Mr. Foster states that the failure of 1919 is merely a stepping-stone to a later and victorious struggle. What effect will this visit have on the programme of the organized steel workers?

Rarely has an author been so honored in his lifetime as Vicente Blasco Ibañez has been recently by his native city of Valencia. For a week the city was *en fête*, celebrating the world-wide success and the presence of its famous son. A triumphal arch was erected in his honor and inscribed, "To the Novelist of Genius."

Harper & Brothers discover that out of its large family of authors Mark Twain seems to be the pet of the press. They have received 5221 newspaper and magazine clippings relative to Mark Twain since January 1, 1921. The Harpers announce as a further proof of the famous humorist's growing popularity that the royalties paid to his estate during the past year were four times as much as those paid to him during the last year of his life.

In a book entitled "Russia as Seen from the American Embassy" the United States Ambassador to Russia, first under the Czar, then under Kerensky, and finally under Trotsky and Lenin, for the first time tells the full story of those momentous days. David R. Francis, the author of this book, which is scheduled for publication by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons during the summer, has not felt that it was proper to speak sooner of the situation in Russia and of his experience there.

New Books Received.

THE PLATTSBURG MOVEMENT. By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50. A survey of a citizen-soldier movement.

TORCHLIGHT. By Leonie Aminoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A Napoleon novel.

THE CRIMSON BLOTTER. By Isabel Ostrander. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$2. A novel.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL. By Carl Van Doren. New York: The Macmillan Company. A critical and historical survey.

HOLIDAYS IN TENTS. By W. M. Childs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. For the vacationist.

MORE LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS. By Thomas Burke. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90. Stories of the East End of London.

ESSAYS IN BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION. By Henry

Preserved Smith. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$2.50.

Issued in the Amherst Books.

TRYING IT ON THE DOG. By Maurice Switzer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.75. A novel.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT. By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2. Its conservative functions and social consequences.

WHAT COLLEGES FACE.

It is painfully clear that many colleges are in the next few years to experience hard times. Their friends who, under normal conditions, would come to their aid will not be able to make their regular and long-continued offerings. Some colleges will also judge it to be a matter of doubtful policy to add further to the amount of tuition fees. What, therefore, these colleges can do, and what they should do, in this crisis is a subject of grave thoughtfulness and debate. Most of the colleges will survive. But in the process of saving themselves they will experience hardships, financial and scholastic.

The scholastic hardships will relate, as I have before intimated, to the continuation of the difficulty of securing competent teachers. The present shortage will keep on for at least half a decade. Even if at this moment a thousand college youths of great intellectual power and of noble character should make a pledge to adopt college teaching as their career, five years at least would, on the average, be required for their preparation. Meantime the academic flocks are untended and the academic fields are untilled. But such a number of college youth are not coming forward to take the teacher's oath. Half the graduates are entering business, and the other half are scattered among the ever-increasing number of professions.

Meantime, and at all times, whatever can be done to render the teaching profession attractive and compelling should be done. Be it said that the professoriat represents the calling of the man who unites in himself the functions of the scholar and the heart of the lover of youth. He who has these two primary elements will usually, after possessing the technical knowledge, prove to be a good teacher. He who lacks either of these elements should not become a teacher at all; if he do, he will be a bad teacher.

But while following this great pursuit the college professor is to be made free from pecuniary worry. To him salary is not an aim, but it is a condition. It should be sufficient to give to him and his a proper living for the today of his teaching; and for the tomorrow of his retirement, when expenses will continue and when formal salary will have ceased.

For the purpose of giving to the college teacher a stipend which shall provide him with freedom, and also for the purpose of ultimately attracting to the professoriat a proper number of properly endowed and properly educated men, vast offerings should be made by the American community. These offerings may be made either through income from increased fees, or through the income provided by increased endowment. Will the American people respond to this demand? American colleges fling down this challenge! Will you, as the American community, support your American colleges? You are asking us to educate your children, will you make us able to educate them? What answer will you give us? Upon the answer rests the moral and intellectual integrity of the next generation of American citizens. What answer?—Charles F. Thwing in *New York Times*.

Conversation of Monkeys.

An incident which apparently corroborates the contention of the American zoölogist, Dr. Richard L. Garner, that the higher monkeys possess a limited vocabulary, is reported to have taken place near Calcutta. Two Eng-



THE STANDARD OF DRINKS

lishmen killed a female jet-faced monkey of the species called *langoors*, and took her little one to their bungalow. The next morning the hunters found their dwelling surrounded by fifty or sixty monkeys, which presently went away, but returned for three successive days, always visiting and caring for the little captive, and driving the servants away from him.

Finally an old male approached the little monkey and endeavored to release him, but was driven away with shots. After his fourth repulse the simian knight-errant was received with an outburst of cries and gesticulations. One of the Englishmen thus describes the incident:

"The small band of female monkeys to which allusion has been made swore at the old fellow and gesticulated wildly at him, while he began to grin and wave his arms about as though to compose their anger and beseech their consideration. Whether what was said to the old fellow was a volley of abuse or a shower of encouraging words, or both alternating, I can not say, but a few seconds afterwards, seeing he did not return to the charge, he was suddenly taken hold of by the stout old ladies and beaten mercilessly. It was a merry sight, and he had our sympathy, for he alone knew what it was to have four revolver bullets whizz past his ears. The belaboring seemed to give him fresh courage, as he returned for a fifth time to finish his work. We fired again, and he retired, this time never more to return, for the enraged dames caught him once more, and after beating him soundly chased him out of the colony altogether.

Deciding that the persevering devotion of the monkeys ought to have its reward, the captors carried the little *langoor* out to the band, which ceased chattering immediately and allowed him to approach. A female took the captive from his owner's arms, and handing her own young one to a neighbor, proceeded to care for him tenderly."

The natives of Borneo are the greatest bead lovers in the world. In many instances there are collections of beads which have been in one family for centuries and which can not be bought, they are so cherished by the owners. An examination of these collections often reveals some precious gems, which have been cut by the native artisans, in bead shape.

In England, during the reign of George III, fashionable ladies wore headdresses which involved so much preparation that they were often not undone for weeks.



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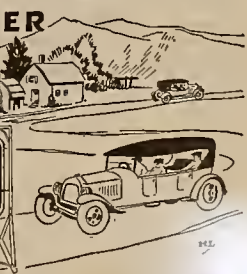
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A LITERARY MIDSUMMER.

Many are called, but everybody isn't chosen, or doesn't chose, to forsake the city in summer. Social clubs suspend activities, culture classes are off; yet one lecturer has had the hardihood to give a couple of courses in the line of general culture in this, the recreational season of midsummer. Professor John Cowper Powys is the daring one who calmly calls the elect to hear his inspired accents during this season of midsummer when country gayeties are en regle. This admired lecturer, however, has returned a number of times to San Francisco since his first visit, and has built up quite a clientele, which is rallying around him with apparently undiminished enthusiasm. The morning course he is giving, which is to be devoted to the exposition of "Great Personalities"—the title he gives the complete course—contains such weighty names as Marcus Aurelius, St. Paul, and Dante. The nearest approach to frivolity in the character of the persons discussed may be found in the names of Helen of Troy and of D'Annunzio, although the latter personage takes himself very seriously. Queen Victoria, worthy woman, for she, too, is in the list, certainly was, from the intellectual point of view, perilously near to being a lightweight. But she reigned creditably over a great empire. For certainly, if we can not forget her foibles and her diary, we must remember that she had the common sense and the judgment to delegate to others tasks too great for her own restricted abilities.

So far Mr. Powys has lectured on Julius Caesar and St. Paul, his discourse on the latter personage drawing, oddly enough, an audience double the size of that devoted to Julius Caesar. The St. Paul lecture, as it happened, was the finer of the two, the lecturer having passed judgment on so many associates and contemporaries of the great conqueror as to have left little time and space for an adequate estimate of Julius Caesar himself. The lecture, however, displayed the great erudition of Mr. Powys, his familiarity with the atmosphere and great personages of history, and the retentiveness of memory which enables him to group his information and his literary impressions and judgments so interestingly. But the address on St. Paul was the finer, not only because so compelling and all-embracing a view was given of the temperament, leading traits, literary quality, and abilities of the great convert, but because the speaker at times rose to real eloquence in the treatment of his theme.

Also, the speaker showed considerable skill in refraining from foundering his bark on Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish prejudice, there being representatives present from all three of these religions. In this respect he may be said to have done some in-

tellectual tight-rope walking which challenges one's admiration.

It was, also, quite a feat in tact to preserve the balance during brief allusions to agnosticism and Christianity, and the keen observer could not but admire the intellectual dexterity of the trained lecturer who is bound to speak from conviction, and yet anxious to avoid antagonizing the constitutional hristler on sacred things.

Mr. Powys always gratifies his hearers by his fine diction, and no doubt many derive an aesthetic enjoyment of his Englishness and his scholastic picturesqueness; although this latter quality, asset, no doubt, though it he, sometimes intervenes as an obstacle against a full intellectual sympathy between his hearers and himself.

However, it apparently is not a very great one, since the lecturer has many engagements up and down the Coast, and even the idle rich, in the midst of their sacred diversions, have heckoned him to their country mansions, that they, too, may taste of the dish of literary culture that he offers.

Mr. Powys, simultaneously with his morning lectures, is giving evening discourses on comprehensive subjects, and it is safe to say that the faithful disciple who follows him through the two courses, and who can mentally assimilate all that he—but mainly she—takes in, will have acquired a greatly enlarged mental horizon.

THE ORPHEUM.

That was a good stroke of business having Singer's Midgets back to the Orpheum in vacation. There is a dullness over the theatrical world at present, but at the Orpheum it is dissipated. The children! in shoals, blissful, occupying every other daytime seat, heamy-eyed, in a state of still ecstasy, save when some particularly demonstrative youngster raises a joyful shout. They are the same midgets, with the same programme, but the youthful audience makes the auditorium resemble that of a school on "exhibition day."

I noticed in the paper an article that quoted Tom Wise, head of the "Memories" playlet, as saying that he believed in playlets on a vaudeville programme; that they are very acceptable to an audience, that enjoys the dramatic interlude. Tom Wise, to be sure, is an interested party, but I'm with you, Tom! And being with him, I believe that he speaks from conviction.

At any rate "Memories," by Roy Briant, in which he played the leading rôle, was accepted and enjoyed by the audience in the spirit that he credits them with. They enjoyed the story, the humor, the sentiment. There was a good turn to the otherwise rather sentimental plot, which gave a pleasurable vent to our sympathies. Tom Wise appears as a soft-hearted, benevolent old figure of geniality, his leading lady, Nila Mac, speaks and acts better than the usual after-war line of vaudeville actresses, Pickering Brown has a head-waiter distinction that would carry him through a bigger rôle, and Ralph Belmont fills the bill suitably as a discouraged young actor on the verge of turning yellow under the cold eye of adversity.

Mang and Snyder are wonderfully strong, but that lifting act in which they fumbled shows that they are too heavy to continue it, and one wishes they would stop now.

Marion Weeks and Henri Barron give a well-arranged grand opera offering. The lady is young and pleasing, and their numbers hit the taste of the house, especially the "Doll Song" from "The Love Tales of Hoffman."

George Austin Moore, an engaging young man with a nice voice and talent for impersonation, gave an enjoyable turn consisting of songs and stories. Mr. Moore, who has had experience in entertaining our overseas soldiers, was notably successful in pleasing the Orpheumites by his good material, his humor, his pleasant voice, and his agreeable personality.

Bailey and Cowan mingled fun and vaudevilian musical stunts, and made quite a hit on account of their liveliness and zip. Also the audience warmly approved a singer who never slighted a single syllable.

The Harry and Nancy Cavana act showed remarkable feats on the tight rope by the man, who could do other things, assisted by his helpful girl comrade, and Francis and Kennedy, well, good dancers, but that covers the ground—for their fun aint funny and silence is preferable to their song.

THE FRENCH THEATRE.

To keep his pledge to his subscribers Mr. Ferrier is running "La Gaité Française" through the month of July with once-a-week Friday evening performances of the charming near-classic by Meilhac and Halévy entitled "L'été de Saint Martin" and of "Par un jour de pluie," a gay little modern farce which was played this year for the first time at the "Théâtre de l'Athénée" in Paris, and which won high favor.

But of the two pieces it is the older that is really of the greatest importance. That partnership of fifty or sixty years ago between the two versatile French playwrights

became quite an institution in Paris, although we forget or never knew that they were the finest librettists for the famous Jacques Offenbach, composer of the best known opéras bouffes of France, and that they wrote the books of "La Belle Hélène," "La Grand Duchesse de Gérolstein," "Péridole," and others of perhaps lesser merit, but immensely popular at the time.

Alas for fame! Who remembers that this gifted pair, whose particular line of literary gifts blended so admirably, wrote "Froufrou," a play in which was presented a real portrait of dainty Parisian charm, a character made known to San Franciscans by Bernhardt in her prime? Many other plays they wrote, of too strong flavor for Anglo-Saxon consumption, and among their best were many one-act pieces, some burlesques, some satires, and some genre pictures of French life, such as "L'été de Saint Martin."

It is to the credit of Mr. Ferrier, whose enthusiasm remains ever at a high pitch, that we occasionally have the opportunity in this far-off American city to see French plays which reflect French life, customs, and traits, presented in the traditional spirit.

The audience greatly enjoyed the Meilhac-Halévy piece, in which Mr. Ferrier, in an extremely clever make-up which represented him as the obstinate old uncle of a nephew who insisted on choosing his own bride, played the chief rôle. Mr. Ferrier contrived particularly artistic effects in indicating the wrath and obstinacy of the uncle struggling with movements of suppressed affection toward the offending nephew. The play is a pleasing example of one kind of drama popular in France during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and it makes a warm appeal to the sympathies of audiences, while "Par un jour de pluie" is the kind of piece that is punctuated with continual bursts of laughter.

The members of the company, who show a marked Gallic receptivity toward the art of the drama, ably assisted their leader in these two pieces. Mesdames Yvonne du Parc and Marie Garde having been particularly pleasing in their renditions.

At the end of July "La Gaité Française" will close until October 14th, when it will reopen with "Les Mousquetaires au Couvent," a comic operetta which ran for two thousand nights in Paris.

A BUDDING ARTIST.

A modest but talented young figure that had impressed discerning spectators in Berkeley, San Francisco, and Los Angeles by its

hudding artistry is that of Eugenia Buyko, the young Russian girl who sang and did interpretative dancing in the private theatres of those three cities.

Eugenia was discovered by Mme. Richard Hovey—now dead—who gave lessons in the arts followed by the youthful artist. Encouraged by her appreciation, Miss Buyko presented herself as a pupil to Yvette Guilbert when the French *discuse* was last on this Coast. She won a scholarship, was taken East by Yvette Guilbert in order further to enroll herself under her instruction in the French singer's New York institution called "School of the Theatre."

Winning another scholarship, she was with others of the advanced and promising pupils in Mme. Guilbert's school chosen to appear in a notable New York revival of an old miracle play entitled "Guilhour," in which Miss Buyko assumed one of the principal rôles, that of "Our Lady."

She is now touring Europe with Yvette Guilbert, who is giving the same line of concerts as we saw her in here; the programmes including old mediæval and religious songs and ballads and pantomime sketches.

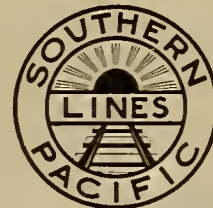
In one of these latter Miss Buyko takes part, and also figures on the programme as a soloist. Miss Buyko is apparently one of those naturally gifted beings who instinctively select the medium of song and interpretative dancing for artistic expression. She has now

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been chosen to express herself further in the art of the drama, and in the ripened artistic atmosphere of Europe the young lady, it is pretty safe to say, will soon learn to stand alone.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

The growing interest in the engagement of the motion picture, "Over the Hill," at the Columbia Theatre is making itself felt at the box-office, where an extra force of ticket sellers has been supplied to meet the rush. Never in the history of the screen drama has a motion picture so completely captivated San Franciscans as in the present case at the Columbia. William Fox has a masterpiece of film work and the public has not been slow in appreciating the efforts of this producer. The Will Carleton "Farm Ballads" have been merged into a single story with telling effect. "Ma Benton" as portrayed by Mary Carr is the living embodiment of the Carleton character. On all sides it is conceded that "Over the Hill" is the greatest mother-love story ever screened. This picture is shown twice daily, at 2:15 and 8:15. The third week begins this Sunday matinée.

The Orpheum.

Gus Edwards, a man who has written more popular songs than any other in America, comes next to the Orpheum in his Song Revue of 1921, which jumps direct from New York to San Francisco for the summer engagement. "The Gus Edwards Song Revue of 1921" brings a cast numbering thirty, including Alice and Hazel Furness and Chester Frederick. This newest of Edwards' productions is characteristic of the kind he always has produced, with new songs, elaborate settings and costume creations, and a whole bunch of first released Edwards' songs, including "When Old New York Was Young." A few days ago the Edwards' Song Revue was delighting patrons of the Palace, New York's foremost theatre. Next week the same revue will be performing the same mission for San Franciscans.

Arthur Wanzer and Maybelle Palmer will present what is called "She's Hard to Get Along With." Of course, she is not, but the possibility affords a chance for a deal of good-natured banter, and in this Wanzer and Palmer excel.

Zuhn and Dreis have adopted the method of museums and their placard-billing reads "Demented Americanos, Habitat North America." Zuhn and Dreis are eccentric comedians, who will offer a skit which is a heated family argument.

Another Gus Edwards' triumph appears next week in the person of "Sandy," Edwards' little Scotch immigrant protégé. Imitations

and Scottish folk songs rendered in highly entertaining manner constitute Sandy's part in the next week's programme.

In their interpretative costume dancing the Clinton Sisters will be found as Chinese, Gipsy, and Egyptian. That is their costumes are characteristic of these countries. Their dances, however, are of their own creation. They are based, of course, on native foundations and the stories are of these various peoples.

And there will be much more on next week's programme, for announcements tell us that Bailey and Cowan with Estelle Davis and Tom Wise with Miss Nila Mac and his specially selected company are to hold forth one more week after the current one, in which both acts are scoring decided hits.

Maude Fulton in "Pinkie."

Maude Fulton, author of "The Brat," "The Hummingbird," and other successes, now comes forward as the writer of another play with the title of "Pinkie," and it is in this play in which Miss Fulton will appear at the Curran Theatre. She comes surrounded by one of the finest groups of players seen here in many months, and not the least notable among them will be Robert Ober, one of America's leading stage lights. In "Pinkie" he will have the rôle of "the strange young man," written expressly for him by Miss Fulton. Another important engagement for the cast is William Courtleigh, a sterling actor whose work has won for him a prominent position. Stately Lea Penman, who will be remembered as a member of Miss Fulton's "The Hummingbird" cast, will be seen as "Lady," a combination of vamp and crook, who has some big acting scenes. The story is an intensely interesting one and the actress has cleverly drawn her various characters for the comedy-drama. The Curran box-office is already receiving evidence of the interest in the Fulton engagement, a large number of orders for seats having come by mail.

INTERVIEWING HINDENBURG.

General Field Marshal von Hindenburg is beyond question the most popular man in Germany. A resident of Berlin summarizes the sentiment toward him aptly in these words: "If Marshal von Hindenburg were twenty years younger he would be made the ruler of the country, whether we liked it or not, by the unanimous suffrages of the German people."

This explained the admiring stare of the young taxi driver in front of my hotel when I carelessly gave him the address: Seelhorststrasse, No. 32.

"Seelhorststrasse, No. 32?" he repeated to assure himself there was no mistake.

"Yes." "Marshal von Hindenburg's house?" he asked again.

"Yes." Obviously impressed, the lad hurriedly started his machine and dashed down the street with me at a dizzy speed.

It seemed hardly a minute before the taxi stopped in front of a comfortable villa on a broad pleasant street, a house typical of whole sections of the larger cities of Northern Germany. Nothing distinguished the marshal's residence from its neighbors except—for the observant eye—the presence of two Relichswehr soldiers in the silent avenue. They strolled about with a detached air, which, however, did not conceal their vigilance.

The little mansion is of gray granite, simple, massive, very German, and quite unpretentious. A gate, three paces of sidewalk, five steps, a little porch, and one is in front of a door bearing a small copper plate, upon which the name of the illustrious soldier is engraved in Gothic letters.

In response to my a ring a young valet with a little bushy mustache, looking like a soldier in mufti, in his striped white and blue livery and white cravat, opened the door. He took my card and my letter of introduction to the marshal on a silver tray and disappeared. In a few moments he returned and said: "His excellency desires to know your nationality. Is it English, American, Dutch?"

"French."

"French?" he repeated in blank astonishment. I confess that I felt uncomfortable for a moment and feared that, in spite of my introduction, I was to be shown the door.

But my apprehension was unnecessary. The young valet quickly came back, bowed respectfully, and asked me to follow.

We passed through a drawing-room, the walls of which were covered with hunting trophies, ranging all the way from the great antlers of the giant stags of Lithuania to the diminutive horns of Tyrolean chamois.

However, I had little time to observe these things. The door opened, and I saw the marshal seated in the bright illumination of a tall bay window at a long table covered with hooks and papers. He immediately rose, stepped forward to meet me, and offered me a chair.

It was easy to recognize the virile features so familiar from his pictures. His thick white hair was cut pompadour. His piercing eyes

flashed inquiringly under their heavy lids. His presence was imposing, and his movements were deliberate, although astoundingly alert for a man of sixty-four. The only difference I notice was that his mustache, which is but slightly gray, is not as long as it appears in his portraits. When I saw him it was cut quite short. He loomed up before me tall and square-shouldered, his black jacket buttoned to the top with military preciseness, and then took a seat in a deep leather-covered chair by my side. I noticed in the corner back of him a white marble bust of Kaiser Wilhelm with crowns hanging from its pedestal. On an ebony table were several framed photographs and metal knickknacks. On a centre table within reach of his hand was the blue bound volume of the French translation of the marshal's recent book, "Mein Leben."

We had hardly exchanged the usual courtesies of introduction when the general fixed his eyes sharply on me and said: "I never give interviews to newspaper men. I have received you as a private citizen, because you have been introduced by one of my friends, who assures me that as an officer and a gentleman I can trust to your discretion. I do not want a single word of what I say to you to appear in a newspaper." Though it was a disappointing promise for me to make, I was obliged to give it; therefore, to my great regret, I am unable to report what was said during more than an hour of interesting conversation.

However, is its substance not known in a general way by the public addresses which the marshal has delivered, and by his well-known opinions regarding the peace conditions imposed upon his country by the treaty of Versailles and the Paris conference? Has not every one read his book, "Mein Leben," and learned there his views of the great war?

Nevertheless, I did not want to be completely defeated, and somewhat reassured by the free way in which General Hindenburg revealed his thoughts and talked of his past, after receiving my promise not to print what he said, I returned to this question.

"Marshal Hindenburg, you have my promise that nothing that you have told me will be published. Nevertheless, in view of the critical relations between our two countries, a word from you would attract great attention, especially if you could say something likely to lead to a better understanding. Will you allow me to address a question to you and publish a reply?"

"No." "Just one question, and I will promise you to write it precisely as you dictate it."

The marshal hesitated a moment, then suddenly made up his mind.

"Let's know your question first."

"The war is already history," I said, pointing to his book upon the centre table. "The present friction is too acute to be discussed with impartiality. The future is what interests us now. Do you not believe that quarrels between nations, like those between individuals, are often caused by mere misunderstandings? We do not know each other well enough. Were the people of our two nations to visit each other more, to be more neighborly, would this not lessen the probabilities of war? Alsace and Lorraine were for a long period an insurmountable obstacle to friendly relations. That obstacle no longer exists. Your Kaiser dreamed of bringing about a close collaboration between our two countries. What do you conceive may be our relations at some future period, when time may have healed the wounds of today?"

The marshal listened with wrinkled brows, fixing me with a sharp glance of his half-closed eyes, as if to make up his mind whether I would misuse what he said.

"Very well, I am going to give you an answer, but in German. Then we will translate it together, word for word, so that my thought will be reproduced exactly."

"Agreed, your excellency."

"If we could become better acquainted with each other by traveling back and forth, that might perhaps pave the way to a better understanding. But so long as France exhibits the hatred toward us that it does at present, although we are nominally at peace, and so long as the measures you are taking against us continue to intensify our hatred for you, that is impossible. We are nominally at peace, but moral war continues."

I promised to give Hindenburg's reply without changing a dot or a comma. There it is. Marshal von Hindenburg defends the German position. I do not blame him. It is for us, the victors, to defend our position.—Commandant D'Elchegoyen in *L'Indépendance Belge*. Translated by the Living Age.

In the Cambria coal field of Wyoming small quantities of gold and silver are present in the coal veins. In South Africa a similar occurrence has been noted, the coal occurring in small seams running through the quartzite ore.

Among the eight hundred and forty members of the Northwestern University graduating class is a blind student who worked his way through.



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Rebuked a Dandy.

Andrew Jackson, warrior and President, was a follower of the doctrine which exalts the value of attending to one's own business. On one occasion James Buchanan, who was a diplomat, a gentleman, and a scholar, and somewhat of a ladies' man, although he lived and died unmarried, brought an Englishwoman of high degree to call upon General Jackson, then monarch of all he surveyed in and around the White House. Leaving the lady in the reception-room below and going upstairs to the President's private quarters, Senator Buchanan (for he was the newly-elected senator from Pennsylvania at that time) found Jackson unshorn and unkempt in dressing-gown and slippers before a blazing log fire, smoking his cob pipe.

When he was told about the beautiful Englishwoman he replied that he would be delighted to meet her, and ordered Senator Buchanan to go back and tell her that the President would be down immediately. Senator Buchanan was terribly afraid that General Jackson would not change his clothes before he made his appearance in the drawing-room and he ventured to suggest to him the propriety of his doing so.

"Buchanan," said the old warrior, rising and deliberately knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "I will tell you something that will do you good, as it doth the upright in heart, and that is that I once knew a man down in Tennessee who made a fortune by attending to his own business."—*Washington Post*.

Trial by ordeal still exists in some parts of Japan. If a theft takes place in a household, all the servants are required to write a certain word with the same brush. The conscience is supposed to betray its workings in the waves of the ideographs written. Tracing an ideograph involves such an effort of muscular directness and undivided attention that this device often leads to the discovery of the guilty person.

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VANITY FAIR.

A distinguished American statesman once propounded a question to the Senate that has never been answered. "Gentlemen," he said, "where are we at?" No one seemed to know where we were "at." Certainly no one knows now, since the war uncorked all the eccentricities and all the extravagances of which poor human nature is capable.

Take, for example, a single page, the European page, of the New York Herald. Even if we make allowance for a certain selective process by which the mind of the reporter is attracted toward the weird and the unusual we none the less stand amazed by the things that fashionable Europe is doing. The first column—by way of beginning at the beginning—tells us of a meeting of the British-Israel Congress, which seeks to prove that England and America are the lost ten tribes of Israel. Although how they can be said to be lost we can not for the life of us see. Fancy losing America. Lord Gisborough presided, and the Countess of Athlone, who is the king's aunt, was very sorry that she could not come. Fashionable England is much interested in the "lost tribes" theory, although it does not seem that any reward was ever offered for their recovery. The congress sent a message to the king to the effect that he was sitting upon the throne of David, but we are not told what the king had to say to that. Space forbids any discussion in this column of the problem of the lost tribes even if we were educationally competent to furnish it, which certainly we are not, but the incident seems to have occurred a long time ago and there is something rather funny in the idea of a congress of learned and fashionable people who were not only interested, but positively enthusiastic.

In the second column we find a paragraph—lamentably one of many—that seems illustrative of the hopeless idiocy of the human race. And here—if one only had the time—one might find material for quite a large volume in the effort to show that the human race does actually suffer from nothing whatsoever but its own idiocy. The Spanish government has now ordained that foreign automobilists entering Spain must deposit at the frontier no less than fifty-five per cent. of the value of their autos. The Swiss government has done practically the same thing, and it is likely that the French government will follow suit. It is not a matter of revenue, seeing that the money is returned. No reason is given, and indeed there can be no reason worthy of that name. Even a moron would know that it must be to the benefit of these countries to invite foreign tourists, and particularly wealthy ones with automobiles, and that there can be no greater need of the nations just at the present time than to go visiting in each other's back yards and to get real neighborly by a discussion of ailments and patent medicines. Presumably the cab drivers' unions or the associated brotherhoods of roadmenders have decided that it might be a good thing for them to exclude the automobile and naturally they need do no more than wave a magic wand or rub a magic lamp to get whatever they want. And presently we shall be hearing about economic distresses in some of these countries, and then there will be "drives" and "pencil days" and all the other mechanisms to exemplify the fact that we are the only and original and copyrighted and trademarked goat.

Now there comes an entirely new story from Paris. A few weeks ago we were told that the French capital was sick and tired—as we all are—of the undressed woman. But now it seems that the undressed man is occasioning somewhat similar disgust. Once more, where are we at? The theatrical critics are demanding that there be no more male dancers "to exhibit themselves in almost complete nudity." The Herald correspondent says that a recent exhibition by the Swedish dancer, Jean Borlin, said to be a left-handed son of the King of Sweden, gave even the least prudish a considerable shock. Borlin cavorted almost bare before a most distinguished audience.

"Ye gods! If we let 'em continue what will we get next?" protested one morning newspaper that has studied the gradual influx of male dancers before, during, and since the war, and says this tendency is incomprehensible, as it was expected that life in the trenches would have robbed men of any curiosity to see male contortions.

The critics have decided that this vogue started with the agility of Nijinsky and his Russian ballet, but not satisfied with the leaping dances, the Finns came next with a combination of ballet and harem numbers, and by the time the Russian refugees, seeking the solace of French money after their experiences with the Bolsheviks, arrived here the original ballet idea had been abandoned.

Instead, folkdances became a veritable rage of interpretations by physical contortion. This prepared the way for Borlin's tribe of dancers, who are incidentally going to the United States next spring unless the censorship proves too strict. So far as France is concerned the people have had enough of male beauties, and are threatening to restore

the days of the minuet and quadrilles unless the mauagers provide something more artistic than the Swedes and Russians have brought from the northern regions.

Evidently the cult of the nude is by no means the same thing as the cult of beauty. We have been very tolerant of the unadorned woman, to put it mildly, and now we show ourselves very intolerant of the unadorned male. And yet who can question that the male body is more beautiful than the female, far more perfectly proportioned, more graceful, and more agile? The beauty of the female body is a sort of pious theory, and if we are reminded of certain exquisite statues of women it may be conceded at once that the statues are exquisite, but it would be difficult indeed to find any women who are like them. But the great statues of men could be matched easily in almost any street in almost any city. It may be remembered that one of the art managers of the Portola festival in San Francisco complained that he could find very few women with sufficient beauty of form for his purposes, whereas almost any number of suitable men were available. But we do not want any of them "almost here," either men or women. Let us hope that this particular nastiness is on the wane.

Stockmen are exterminating the few remaining herds of wild horses which still roam the high ranges of Arizona, New Mexico, Southern Utah, and Oregon. Wild horses are a menace to the domestic stock when turned out to pasture on the range. They consume fodder, break down fences, and lure valuable animals from ranches. Expert rifle shots are engaged to hunt down these wild horses.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Father," said a little boy thoughtfully, as he watched his parent collect his notes and arrange the slides for a parish entertainment, "why is it that when you spend your holiday in the Holy Land you always give a lantern lecture on it? You never do when you have been to Paris."

Mrs. Profiteer was very proud of her daughter's connection with a smart private school. "My dear," she said to her friend, "she's learning civics, if you please." "What's civics?" asked her friend. "Civics? My dear, don't you know? Why, it's the science of interfering in public affairs."

"Well, Pat," said Bridget, "what kind of a bird have you brought home in the cage?" "Well, it's a raven," replied Pat. "A raven. And what did you bring home a bird like that for?" "Well, I read in a paper the other night that a raven has been known to live for three hundred years. I don't believe it, so I am going to put it to the test."

Coming to a river with which he was unfamiliar, a traveler asked a youngster if it was deep. "No," replied the boy, and the rider started to cross, but soon found that he and his horse had to swim for their lives. When he reached the other side he turned and shouted, "I thought you said it wasn't deep?" "It isn't," was the reply; "it only takes grandfather's ducks up to their middles."

Senator Willis of Ohio met Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi outside the main door of the Senate. The Ohio senator was just entering, the Mississippian just going out. "Senator," said the Ohioan, "I wish you would stay in the chamber. How will I know how to vote unless you are here? When I hear you vote 'aye' I know I should vote 'no,' and when you vote 'no' I can vote 'aye' without paying any more attention to what is up."

The pile of flints still to be broken was a very large one, thought the stone-breaker as he gazed at it disconsolately between his hites at a large sandwich of bread and cheese. A minister came along and gave him a cheery "Good-morning," remarking afterwards that he had a deal of work to get through yet. "Aye," said the eater, "then stones are like the Ten Commandments." "Why so?" inquired the genial parson. "You can go on breaking 'em," came the reply, "but you can't never get rid of 'em."

A Cambridge undergraduate, contrary to regulations, was entertaining his sister, when they heard some one on the stairs. Hastily hiding his sister behind a curtain, he went to the door and confronted an aged man who was revisiting the scenes of his youth, and was desirous of seeing his old rooms. Obtaining permisison, he looked round, and remarked, "Ah, yes, the same old room." Going to the window, he said, "The same old view"; and peeping behind the curtain, he exclaimed, "The same old game!" "My sister, sir," said the student, "Oh, yes," said the visitor, "the same old story."

Bill Hart does not bear much of a reputation as a funny man. He and Charley Chaplin have very little in common, either on or off the screen, but recently, when asking a really young girl to play a certain part, Bill uncorked a joke that threw the studio into a furor. "You're an old woman," he accused one girl, and naturally the storm started. "How dare you call me an old woman?" demanded the girl, all prepared to dive into Bill tooth and nail. "Well," replied Hart, "if you were walking across the street and you saw a worm, would you pick it up?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "Then," adjudged Bill, "you're no chicken."

"Woman is an enigma. Man can't solve her, and yet he won't give her up." De Wolf Hopper was responding—out of a very wide experience—to a toast to the fair sex. "Two beautiful young women were drinking tea and smoking cigarettes," he continued, "in a sumptuous apartment looking out on Central Park. The telephone bell rang. The hostess took up the telephone. When she put it down there were angry tears in her eyes. 'My husband,' she said, 'has just announced, if you please, that he won't be home to dinner. 'What brutes men are!' the other young woman cried. 'My husband has stuck round the house every night for nearly a week.'"

They set out to shoot rabbits—two Frenchmen and an Englishman. All were eager, anxious, active. Suddenly they beheld a rabbit. The Englishman elevated his gun. "No, no, do not shoot!" cried his companions. "That is Mimi. We never shoot at Mimi." The Englishman, wondering, disgusted, desisted. Another rabbit. Again the gun of the

Englishman was elevated, but he was not permitted to fire. "That is the adorable Lulu," they cried. "C'est un vrai bijou! We never shoot at Lulu." When a third rabbit appeared the Englishman was tired, but his companions cried out: "Shoot, shoot! That is Alfonse! We always shoot at Alfonse."

Associate Justice Day of the United States Supreme Court is long on law, but somewhat short in stature, and the zeal with which he has pursued the legal meaning to its lair in dusty books and tomes has dried his kindly face a bit. He has a son, Rufus Day, who is probably twice as big as he is physically. The associate justice took the son up to the Supreme Court and introduced him to the other members of the tribunal. Chief Justice White was about the last man they ran into. The chief justice, with an exceedingly kind twinkle in his eye, looked up from the small spare figure of the father to that big form of the son. "Well," said he with a smile, "I see your son is a block off the old chip."

Two men were waiting for a train and one said: "I will ask you a question, and if I can not answer my own question I will buy the tickets. Then you ask a question, and if you can not answer your own you buy the tickets." The other agreed to this. "Well," the first man said, "you see those rabbit holes? How do they dig those holes without leaving any dirt around them?" The other confessed: "I don't know. That's your question, so answer it yourself." The first man winked and replied: "They begin at the bottom and dig up." "But," said the second man, "how do they get at the bottom to begin?" "That's your question," was the first man's rejoinder. "Answer it yourself." The other man bought the tickets.

"The war, prohibition, taxes, and a new President have turned everything so topsy turvy that we are losing our sense of proportion and are getting like a lot of children," said Mr. Bryan recently. "A great many people I come in contact with nowadays remind me of little Muriel. Muriel the other day came running to her mother crying: 'O-o-o mamma! Did you hear the ladder fall down just now?' 'No, dear. How did the ladder happen to fall down?' 'Well, papa was washing the window and it slipped and when it fell it broke three flower pots. I told daddy you'd be cross.' 'Oh, dear,' cried the mother, 'I hope your father hasn't hurt himself!' 'I don't think he has yet,' replied the child: 'he was hanging onto the window-sill when I came away to tell you about the flower pots.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Where They Allus Is.

I like t' have my hat
Left where it allus is,
An' not have some one
Makin' it their "biz"
T' pick it up an' hang
It out o' sight fer me;
Why can't folks leave my things
Jest where they allus be?

Then, there's all my papers,
Layin' on my desk;
Why not jest leave 'em lay,
Not runnin' any risk
O' burnin' up some note
Er mortgage that might
Come due at any minnit;
All this 'ere fuss o' cleanin' up
I don't see nothin' in it.

I like t' have my things
Left where they allus be,
An' not have all th' folks
Come taggin' after me;
With broom and dust cloth
Lookin' sharp fer every
Speak o' dust they see—
Why can't folks leave my things
Jest where they allus be?

—Jessie Allen-Siple.

The Book.

"I want," I said, "a real sweet
Old-fashioned story-book,
A simple novel woven round
A farmhouse and a brook.
A tale of plain and loyal folks,
Sans twists, triangles, curves,
And situations—one to soothe
My sadly jangled nerves."

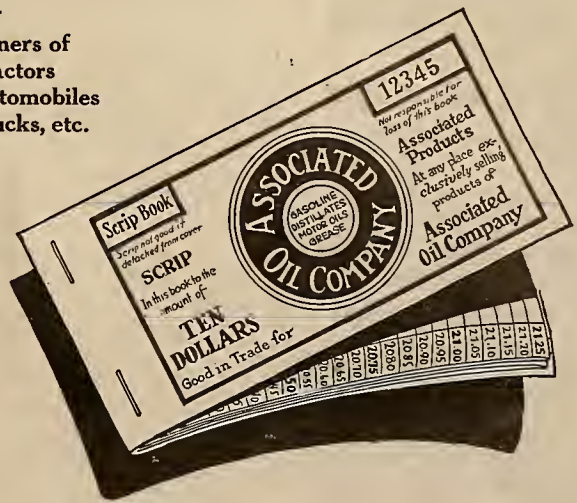
Rejecting volumes bound in red
And yellow, green, and blue,
I took a book in gray and gold—
"Now this," I cried, "will do.
A binding of such sober hue
Encloses, I am sure,
An idyl of the orchard lands,
Where love and truth endure."

The dainty covers fairly breathed
Of apple-blossoms to me;
The title spoke of innocence,
For it was "Phyllis Lee."
Alack, alas, when I got home
I found that little book
Was all about a snaky vamp,
A gambler, and a crook!

—Minna Irving.

"Why do people speak of horse sense with such enthusiasm?" "Automobiles haven't any of it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. George T. H. Holberton of Redwood City have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence Holberton, and Mr. Franklin Slade, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Slade. The marriage will take place in August.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Palmer of San Francisco, and Mr. Michel Weill was solemnized Monday in Paris. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Weill will reside in San Francisco, having taken an apartment at Sacramento and Gough Streets.

Mr. George Gordon Moore gave a luncheon Sunday at the San Mateo Club, having as his guests Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Tevis, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Elmer Boeseke, Mr. Will Tevis, Jr., and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave a dinner Saturday evening in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Joseph Grant and Miss Edith Grant entertained at luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, their guests including Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katherine Kuhn, and Miss Josephine Grant.

The Misses Katherine and Marjorie Pittman gave a moonlight picnic Wednesday night in San Rafael in honor of Miss Elizabeth Hazelhurst of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Sherer gave a supper-dance Saturday evening in San Rafael.

Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a children's party in Burlingame Friday afternoon for her little daughter, Miss Nan Tucker.

Mr. Frank Anderson was the guest of honor at a dinner given Saturday evening in San Rafael by Mr. Frank Madison. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman,

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cuthbertson, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. William Bahcock, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. George Martin, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Maude Fay, Miss Louise Boyd, Mr. Wilherforce Williams, Mr. Robert Henderson, Mr. Herbert Gallagher, Mr. George Bates, Mr. Arthur Goudale, and Mr. Starr Keeler.

Mrs. William O'Donnell gave a bridge-teea Friday in compliment to Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., of Tucson, Arizona, Mrs. Marshall Welborn of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Norvin Harris of New York.

Miss Cecile Mohun entertained at luncheon Friday in honor of Miss Genevieve Maier of Los Angeles and Miss Frances Gilman of New York. Others at the affair were Miss Marie Louise Potter, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Mary Young, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Francesca Deering, Miss Noel McGettigan, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Beatrice Lund, and Miss Hélène de Latour.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus entertained at dinner Thursday evening in Burlingame.

Miss Natalie Hammond of Washington gave a tea last week at the Fairmont for Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle.

Mr. Gordon Armsby gave a picnic last Wednesday in Burlingame in honor of Mr. Raymond Armsby's birthday. Others in the party were Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss George Cameron, Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Claudine Spreckels, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Leonore Armsby, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., Mr. George Armsby, Jr., Mr. Fentriss Kuhn, Mr. Howard Spreckels, and Mr. James Kuhn.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels entertained at dinner Saturday evening in Burlingame for Mrs. Augustus Spreckels.

Mrs. Edward Younger gave a tea Wednesday at the Fairmont for Mrs. Wesley Gallagher of Shanghai and Mrs. Carl Williams of Philadelphia.

Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild gave a dinner Wednesday evening in Burlingame, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Miss Cornelia O'Connor, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Jack Neville.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker entertained at dinner Wednesday evening in Burlingame for Mr. and Mrs. John Eden of Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr gave a bridge party Thursday in San Mateo, their guests including Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mrs. Wilson Pritchett, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. R. H. Smith, and Mrs. George Marye.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling were luncheon hosts Sunday, complimenting Mrs. Augustus Spreckels.

Miss Merrill Jones gave a luncheon Friday in San Rafael in honor of Miss Eleanor Morgan. Others in the party were Miss Betsy Dibblee, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Olive Lake, Miss Edith Pentz, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Kathleen Bradley, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Deborah Pentz, Miss Margaret Bentley, Miss Louise Sherer, and Miss Barbara Beardsley.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bradley, Miss Kathleen Bradley, and Mr. Ernest Bradley entertained several score of guests at a dance Friday night at the Marin Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. R. H. Smith gave a luncheon Monday, her guests including Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Harry Scott, and Mrs. Walter Martin.

Mrs. Stephen Nerney entertained at luncheon last week in San Rafael for Miss Elizabeth Hazelhurst of Chicago. Among her guests were Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mrs. Lloyd Hardie, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Howard Allen, Jr., Mrs. Donald McKee, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Harold Fletcher, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., and Miss Ethel Lilley.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr were dinner hosts Saturday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan gave a dinner Wednesday night at the Palace for Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Mrs. Francis Langton gave a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Marian Lee Cohs of Virginia.

Senator James D. Phelan gave a dinner Wednesday evening for Mrs. Augustus Spreckels, having among his guests General and Mrs. William Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richards of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, and General George Barnett.

The Misses Katharine and Marianne Kuhn were luncheon hostesses Wednesday afternoon in Burlingame, those at the affair including Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Virginia Hanna, Miss Rosemonde Lee, and Miss Eleanor Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Coffin are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

A dust storm recently blew for thirty hours carrying Gobi Desert sand to Shanghai and far out to sea. Japanese liners arriving at Yokohama found it difficult navigating, owing to the heavy yellow cloud enveloping them. During the blow Peking resembled a deserted city, for nobody ventured out except under stress of necessity.

The atmosphere is so clear in Zululand that it is said objects can be seen by starlight at a distance of seven miles.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Angels of Mons.

What is this tale of angels in a vision,
Bowmen that hovered o'er our broken host?
What this sound of a laughter and derision,
As when one speaks at noonday of a ghost?

Say that the myth was formed from out the dreaming
Of one who wrought it for his daily bread:
Ah, none the less, be sure it was the streaming
Of light of Heaven thro' the heart and head!

When gather principality and power,
And spiritual wickedness in places high;
When the World-Rulers of this darkness lower
In one last tempest, to triumph or to die;

When Armageddon all the world inherits,
Dark legacy of people, King, and Priest;
When issue, like to frogs, the unclean spirits
From the false Prophet, the Dragon, and the Beast.

Think ye 'tis credible that God, uncaring,
Sits in His heaven smiling at the psalms?
Think ye His angels, neutral and undaring,
Too proud to fight, can only wave their palms?

Maketh He not His angels fires of flaming,
Yea, and His ministers a rushing wind,
Sodom to burn for terror and for shaming,
The corners of the world to loose and bind?

Is it not writ that Michael to their prison
Hurled down the rebels, and bound them with a chain?
If the Black Horde have now once more arisen,
Shall not the same spear thrust them down again?

Angels at Mons?—And thinkest thou there solely
Front the the princes and powers of the air?
Nay, from the lowest Hell thro' all the heavens
holy,

Fight they the Serpent, nor ever know despair!
War in the compass of a drop of water,
War in the ebb and flow of thine own blood;
The Darkness and the Light arrayed for slaughter
In every atom of the eternal flood!

Ask art thou worthy of the shining vision,
As when the prophets opened the young eyes,
Showed on the mount the burning apparition,
Horses and chariots of fire from the skies?

Blessed who see not, and who yet believe it,
Winning assurance where the sense is numb.
Virtues and powers of the soul perceive it,
Bow down in worship, and with joy are dumb!

Blest who believe, and need no nerve of seeing;
Well may they fight, who never fight alone:
Army on army of the Heavens in being,
And, Himself wounded, the Captain on the Throne!

—Darl Macleod Boyle in "Where Lilith Dances,"
Published by the Yale University Press.

Airplanes in the Navy.

Before the air fleet can accompany the sea fleet there must be operating bases which can move as fast as the fastest cruisers. These moving bases, known as airplane carriers, form one of the most interesting and startling innovations of modern warfare.

As the name indicates, they carry the airplane, seaplane, torpedoplane, and in some cases the gas-filled airship, along with the fleet, and are constructed in such manner that the aerial fighters can "take off," "land on," and "live on" their spacious decks. What the harbor lighthouse is to an ocean liner, so is the landing field to an airplane. The airplane carrier is an ocean landing-field.

Your carrier must be fitted to carry aircraft and able to put them in the air immediately upon request, and must furnish, in addition to its own crew, living quarters for the aviators, storerooms for the spare parts, gasoline, oil, etc., photographic and meteorological offices, magazines for bombs, torpedoes, machine-gun ammunition, parachute flares, and a host of other things. In short the carrier must have every facility that exists at a first-class airdrome on the land, in addition to having guns big enough to fight off submarines, destroyers, and fast light cruisers, plus mobility and speed sufficient to keep up with the fastest units of the rest of the fleet.

The matter of speed is most important, since the airplane is the eye of the army and the navy and the cavalry of the fleet.

One airplane carrier should accompany

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each division of battleships (consisting of four or five dreadnoughts) and one airplane carrier should accompany each division of battle-cruisers (consisting of three vessels); each carrier should maintain forty fighting planes and twenty homing or torpedo planes. —Horace Green in Leslie's.

Miniature balloons carrying scientific instruments for recording atmospheric conditions have risen as high as 90,000 feet before hurrying, when the instruments are brought down by a parachute.

A phonograph cabinet has been invented into which small machines can be set to masquerade as costlier ones.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and Mr. Evan Pillsbury arrived Thursday from Boston, where they have been spending several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury Field arrived in San Francisco Monday from Montecito. Mr. Field has left for the Bohemian Grove and Mrs. Field will stay at the Francisca Club during his absence. Miss Marcia Fee came north with Mr. and Mrs. Field.

Mrs. Frank West, Miss Winifred West, and Mr. Frank West, Jr., returned last week from Washington and are at present visiting Mrs. Terry in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hill, Mrs. Elyse Hopkins, and Mr. William Crocker, Jr., are traveling through France and Belgium. Mrs. Crocker, Miss Helen Crocker, and Mr. Charles Crocker will return from abroad next month.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau and Miss Marguerite Garceau returned last week from Wawona.

Mrs. Arthur Lord has returned to Tahoe from visiting Mrs. Athearn Folger in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and Miss Hélène de Latour are visiting Mr. Frederick Kohl at Tahoe.

Mrs. J. F. Smith and Miss Libby Smith have left for abroad to be away more than a year. Miss Smith has been visiting Miss Margaret McCormick in Salt Lake City en route to the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibble have taken the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett at Tahoe for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have concluded their wedding trip and have opened their house in Burlingame.

Mrs. Eugent Lent is spending several weeks at Tahoe, where Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan have recently been her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran have sailed for Europe to be gone indefinitely. They have been in Washington since leaving California.

Mr. William Crocker left Wednesday for the

Bohemian Grove. In his party were Mr. John Hays Hammond, Mr. Henry Pritchett of New York, Mr. Karl Ahlstrom of New York, and Ambassador Boris Bakhmeteff.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. William Tubbs, and Miss Emelie Tubbs are visiting in Naples. They will return to California in the fall.

Mrs. Augustus Spreckels spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Russell of Los Angeles are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa in Piedmont.

Mr. Harry Webb and Mr. Roderick White of Santa Barbara visited in San Francisco last week en route to the Bohemian Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Corbet have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett at Capitola.

Mrs. Starr King, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Boswell King, left last week for Bremerton to join Lieutenant-Commander King.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richards of New York are visiting Mrs. E. Dore and Mrs. Ruby Bond in San Mateo.

Mrs. Warren Matthews arrived last week from New York and is with Mrs. De Pue and Mrs. Neville at their ranch in Yolo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Williamson and Miss Lorna Williamson have returned from abroad and are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Shelby Tuttle is spending several weeks in Carmel with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Plieger, Miss Helen Pierce, and Mr. Harris Carrigan spent the week-end in San Rafael with Miss Margaret Madison.

Miss Jean Boyd has gone to Portland to visit Mr. and Mrs. Allan Lewis.

Miss Lillian Hopkins is passing several days in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott.

Miss Mary Emma Flood spent the week-end in San Rafael as the guest of Miss Sara Coffin.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Ryan of New York have sailed for Europe to be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad will return August 1st from Santa Barbara, where they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George C. Kendall.

Miss Jean Howard spent the week-end in Ross with Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis.

Mrs. James Robinson is spending the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Ashfield Stow will return the first of the week from a trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee and Miss Margaret Buckbee have returned to town from a trip to Tahoe.

Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Rees and their daughters, who have been traveling abroad for several months, are en route to California. They will reopen their residence at the Presidio.

Miss Jennie Blair has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour at Ruthford.

Mr. Charles Page of New York spent the week-end in San Rafael at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bradley.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule are passing a fortnight in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Miller have taken a house at Carmel for the late summer.

Mrs. Bertram Nixon has purchased the Jolliffe residence on Broadway and will take possession of it next month.

Mrs. Henry Crocker and Miss Marion Crocker have returned from Coronado. They will leave shortly for their ranch in Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker have joined Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin have left Colorado Springs for Newport.

Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith and Miss Helen

Hammersmith returned last week from Santa Barbara.

Major-General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett have sailed for Peru to be away several weeks.

Commander and Mrs. Van Antwerp returned Tuesday from a sojourn at Pebble Beach.

Miss Ysabel Chase left the close of the week for Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bray have reopened their Piedmont home for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale has gone to Yosemite for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Sr., of New York are at the Fairmont.

Mr. Charles Black of New York will arrive soon for a visit of several weeks in California.

Mr. and Mrs. William Storey of Chicago sailed Wednesday for Honolulu.

Included among the recent arrivals at the Whitcomb are Professor George H. Barton and party, Cambridge University, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Mr. R. F. Bishop and son, Pacific Grove; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Good, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Ruschcamp, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Hopkins, Tucson, Arizona; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Austin, Santa Rosa; Mrs. Florence Perkins and daughter, Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Milton, St. Paul; Mr. and Mrs. Ray H. Burden, Cleveland; Mr. H. G. Allen, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roos, Los Angeles; Mr. R. W. Fordney, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Frederick R. Gaskin, Milton, Massachusetts; Dr. and Mrs. Jamison, Denison, Texas; Mr. Fred Bixby, Long Beach; Mr. W. B. Wheeler, New York.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis include Mr. and Mrs. Philip P. McGuire, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Roy F. Alexander, Pendleton, Oregon; Mr. Charles V. Virden, Sacramento; Mrs. Charles Baad, Los Angeles; Mr. A. E. Perkins, Salt Lake City; Mr. J. S. Wallace, Tacoma; Mr. N. F. S. Russell, Philadelphia; Mr. F. E. Lochart, El Paso; Mr. J. M. Willis, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. John Top, Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. John E. Milnor, Indianapolis; Mrs. R. E. Muleahy, Mr. Charles E. Dutton, Goldfield; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wilson, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Nave, New York; Mr. George D. Locke, Chicago; Mr. W. R. Penney, Los Angeles; Mr. Sigmund Klee, New York; Mr. W. B. Pittman, Honolulu.

LIME AS WORLD SAVER.

Among the many who have come to New York to lay before the public plans for saving the world is Eugene A. Crilly, who finds that salvation depends upon so simple a substance as lime. Mr. Crilly has arrived at this conclusion after experiments at Hartford, Connecticut, with poultry, rabbits, and guinea pigs; researches in the literature of the last ten years on soil fertility, cattle diseases, and tuberculosis, and statistics from the United States Department of Agriculture.

Mr. Crilly's theory first took hold of him during ten years spent on the Western plains, when he was impressed by the superior health and the longevity of plain dwellers, many of whom lived to be octogenarians and more without thinking anything of it.

He pursued his scientific studies at several universities, but the principal source of his information was a close and intimate observation of nature herself.

His efforts finally rewarded him with the secret of life. It is high lime and nitrogen in the fresh soils of the West that keep a man hoysish at fourscore and seven.

Mr. Crilly shows by statistics of abandoned farms in New England that there will not be enough food to go round in the future, unless we follow the example of Illinois, where 500,000 tons of lime per year have been used on the farms.

The decrease of 25 per cent. in the number of farms in some states Mr. Crilly lays to the unproductivity of the soil due to low lime, and not to the white lights from various glorified Main Streets.

The impoverished food of these worn-out soils increases tuberculosis among cows, according to Mr. Crilly. The milk from the unhealthy cows is consumed in the cities, with the doubly evil result that it fails to supply proper nourishment, and may transmit bovine tuberculosis to the consumer. The possibility of this transmission has been in the shadow of scientific doubt for some years, but Mr. Crilly considers it proved. Low lime content in food, according to Mr. Crilly, also lowers the power of the human being to resist tuberculosis, which is responsible for the death of 9000 persons per year in New York City alone.

The natural replacement of lime is a geologically slow process. Mr. Crilly's plan is to scatter tons of unburned lime over the weary earth, watch the verdant crops spring up, feed them to the cows to reduce bovine tuberculosis, and so remove the great scourge from mankind!

It appears, however, on inquiry among tuberculosis authorities in the city, that the efficacy of lime in the human body as a combatant against the disease is a centre of medical dissension, and that the cons have as good a case as the pros. The same authori-

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Tea Tales



"Are you going to be in town this week-end, Marie?"
"I think so. Why?"
"Well, a friend of Bob's, from Chicago, is going to be here and we want you to join us in a little theatre party on Saturday evening."
"Oh, that will be fun!"
"You will?"
"Of course I will!"
"And after the theatre Bob suggests that we come up to the Sun Lounge for dancing and something to eat. He wants to show his friend the wonderful night view from the Sun Lounge, and also to give him a good opinion of San Francisco's hospitality and charm."

Monlight Dance in the Sun Lounge
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ties seem to question also whether lime in the soil is transmitted directly to the human body through plants. If it is not the spring of Mr. Crilly's elixir is dried up at its very source.

Mr. Crilly has been agitating before Connecticut legislators for extension of the Land Reclamation Act to include the use of lime on abandoned Connecticut farms. That New England farms need something Mr. Crilly established beyond a doubt. The universal use of lime by suburban New Yorkers upon their backyard vegetable gardens indicates that it is of some benefit. So, even if tons of lime strewn on the topography of New England and elsewhere will not put more lime directly on the tables of city restaurants, what better can be said of Mr. Crilly's idea than the words of Swift's Gulliver, "That whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

Experiments to determine the angle at which a ladder should be placed to obtain the maximum degree of safety for those using it have shown that the angle of 75 degrees is the best, whatever the height of the ladder.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Nervous Pione Salesman (formerly a department store clerk)—Shall we send it for you?—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why do people speak of horse sense with such enthusiasm?" "Automobiles haven't any of it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mr. Assistant—I want to tender my resignation. I—*Mr. Boss*—Never mind making it tender. Make it brief.—*Cartoons*.

"Henry, do you see that man trying to flirt with me?" "No, my dear, how can I? You are standing right in the way."—*Paris Sans-Gene*.

"We want an alert office boy." "Yes, sir," said the applicant for a job. "Are you alert?" "No, sir. I'm Aleck."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Can you give me a recipe for rat poison?" "Not if you want to use it as a beverage," replied Druggist Squills.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Papa," asked little Clementine, "if they made stockings out of Irish poplin, would they call them Sinn Feinery?"—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

"Our friend has left everything to the orphan asylum?" "How much—a large fortune?" "No; five boys and a girl."—*Barcelona Hajas Selectos*.

"Your face is no longer flushed with drink." "No," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "When they proclaimed prohibition I turned pale and never got over it."—*Washington Star*.

Fother (visiting his son's room at college)—Has it gone so far that you can't stop drinking while you study. *Son*—On the contrary, dad, I can't stop studying even when I drink.—*Stockholm Kasper*.

Retired Auctioneer—And what can you give my daughter? *Prospective Son-in-Law*—A thousand a year, a car, a country house.—*Retired Auctioneer (absent-mindedly)*—Sold!—*London Passing Show*.

Visitor—Why does your servant go about the house with her hat on? *Mistress*—Oh, she's a new girl. She only came this morning, and hasn't made up her mind whether she'll stay.—*London Punch*.

"Isn't that a pretty slow railroad?" "That depends on circumstances," replied the commuter. "The only times it seems in any great hurry is when you happen to be running to catch the train."—*Washington Star*.

"You say he is a good prohibition enforcement officer?" "I'll say he is." "What especially are his qualifications?" "Well, he has gotten as high as twenty gallons of moonshine to the mile out of a flivver."—*Florida Times-Union*.

"You call this a progressive town?" "Sure," said the native. "Why, you let pigs run in the streets." "Well, them's progressive pigs. They kin dodge any autumobeel that wuz ever made."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Do you like jazz music?" "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox, "for the reason that they go ahead and play it and don't expect anybody to learn a lot of foreign words in order to talk with critical discernment about the concerts."—*Washington Star*.

George (reading from seedsman's catalogue)—This magnificent plant bursts into an avalanche of glorious bloom in June, giving

the garden the splendor of a billowy, surf-swept coast or miles of great rolling snow-drift emblazoned by the setting sun. *Mabel*—Oh, George, do let us have a two-penny packet of that!—*Punch*.

Mrs. Hiram Offun—We must treat our new cook with respect. She belongs to the Revolutionary Dames where she came from. *Mr. Hiram Offun*—Where'd she come from? *Mrs. Hiram Offun*—Mexico.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

Mrs. Newlywed (pressing husband's trousers)—Well, Robert, if all wives did as I am doing, this country would have a different aspect. *Robert*—Yes, my dear; the men would be wearing their trousers creased on the side.—*Berlin Lustige Blätter*.

"Hiram," warned Mrs. Cornloss. "We can't put up the rent on our guests this summer without bein' denounced as profiteers." "That's all right. We can get all that's comin' to us by puttin' up the price of the board."—*Washington Star*.

"You'll have to rewrite this scenario," said the movie producer. "You make the leading character a waitress and our five-thousand-dollar-a-week star refuses to play." "Why?" asked the playwright. "She used to be one."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"The old-fashioned novelist used to use the phrase 'gentle reader.'" "There is no use of trying to revive the custom; there are not enough gentle readers to be worth catering to. Everybody is now some kind of an indignant citizen."—*Washington Star*.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornloss, "I want you to promise me one thing." "What's that?" "When you go to the big town, pass all your spare time in the thea-ayters. I don't want you in the street starin' at them fashionable dressed ladies."—*Washington Star*.

"I suppose you're disappointed it isn't a boy?" "No sirc! When I think that women now vote, smoke, go anywhere, wear whatever clothes they like, if any, and that the men can't even have a glass of beer any more, I'm satisfied."—*Carolina Tar Baby*.

"Strange," murmured the magazine editor, "that this anecdote about Lincoln in his early days has never been in print before." "It isn't strange at all," returned the contributor with some indignation. "I just thought it up last night."—*American Legion Weekly*.

Dressmaker—I have come to see you, sir, about Mrs. Brown's account. *Brown (angrily)*—Why don't you see my wife about it and not come to me? *Dressmaker*—I have, several times, but every time I call she does nothing but order a new gown.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Wasn't there something about a promise to love, honor, and obey in that marriage ceremony?" asked her husband quietly. "My goodness, Henry!" responded Mrs. Voter. "You are like those tiresome politicians who never stop talking about the party platform."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Drunk—Good ol' private stock from muh'il ol' cellar. Whoopie! Home, James! *The Chauffeur*—That wasn't your private stock, sir. I saw you buy it from a bootlegger. You've forgotten, sir. *The Drunk*—Aw right. Hospital, James! *The Chauffeur*—And it was a strange bootlegger—one you didn't know. *The Drunk*—Morgue, James, morgue!—*Nashville Tennessean*.

CULTURED PEARLS.

For centuries pearls have been a desired gem, and, not excluding manufactured imitations, there has been no stone that rivals or resembles them. They have always sold readily and brought a good price. When one contemplates the rich lustre and creamy texture of the stone it is hard to realize that a pearl is but the fruit of an irritant within the oyster. A tiny pebble, bit of a mother of pearl or searab secretes itself between the mantle of the mollusc and its shell, irritates and becomes completely encysted.

The so-called cultured pearl, which has caused more or less of a sensation in the pearl trade recently, is the result of an artificially inserted irritant within the oyster. Although the cultured pearl is today the product of Japanese industry, it was originally China's innovation. A process for promoting the artificial formation was Ye-jin-yang's discovery, a Hoochow native, in the thirteenth century. Minute Buddhas were inserted within the oyster, and after the customary number of years were removed, pearl-coated.

Of recent months foreign newspapers have taken up the discussion of the cultured pearl, heralding it as a menace to the genuine pearl market. Anxiety has seized the London and Paris jewelers. A London paper recently bad it that "a crisis has arisen in the pearl trade that may have far-reaching effects throughout the world." At all of which the New York jeweler scoffs. He maintains he has not the slightest cause for uneasiness—that the trade in genuine pearls is uninjured. The cultivated pearl is regarded as purely an imi-

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tation, easily distinguishable from the natural growth. The remark of a certain Fifth Avenue dealer typifies the attitude: "The cultured pearl is equivalent to brass gold-coated."

The pink lustre, he points out, can not be cultivated; nor can a very large pearl. The bigger the stone the more pronounced its indications of artificial growth. A large cultured pearl's detection is assured. Incidentally, a very large pearl has never been cultivated, five to seven grains being the greatest known. Even a small gem can be detected by the layman, insists the dealer, for the cultured article is cold, while the genuine holds a certain warmth.

The demand for the cultured pearls has not increased very much, nor have they decreased the demand for the real. Why, then, has there been such a stir in foreign pearl markets? London feared a slump in trade to such an extent that a deputation of merchants and jewelers visited the Board of Trade with the plea that imports of pearls be suspended until adequate means be devised for detecting the real from the cultured. "A tempest in a teapot," says the Fifth Avenue dealer. "It has not hurt the market. It has hurt the buyers' confidence. That's all the cultured article can do to the pearl trade."

Maybe another few months will see a lot of cultured pearls in New York, but there are now comparatively few in the country.

KING COAL

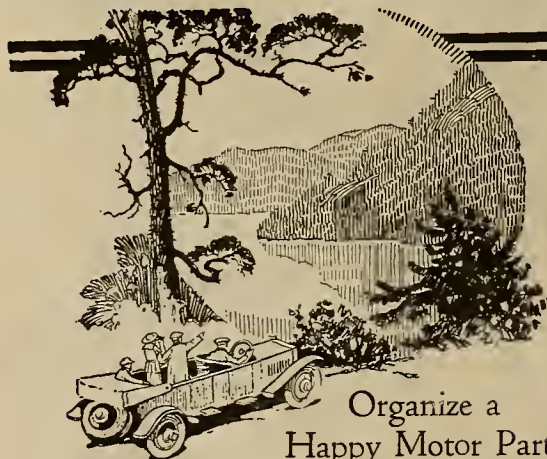
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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2314.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 30, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense !

Just now that particular brand of pure-mindedness which loves to dwell upon matters of sex, and which is never so happy as when minding other people's business, is giving itself a lot of worry about the feminine bathing dress. We hear suggestions that laws be enacted defining just how many inches of skin a girl may leave bare when she enters the surf or the swimming tank. It seems never to occur to these busybodies that modesty is not so much a matter of clothes as of conduct—and of consciousness. Whatever becomes the convention or whatever is done of necessity becomes decent. If swimming, universally admitted to be a proper and wholesome exercise, can be done better in a particular style of dress, however simple it may be, and if that style of dress may be adopted conventionally, then there is no vice of immodesty in it. Of course we have always the foolish with us; there will always be those who are lacking in taste and modesty. No system of dress may be devised that will cure these vices, since as we have already said modesty is not a matter of clothes, but of conduct and of consciousness. It would be just as well—perhaps better in consideration of the suggestiveness that makes for consciousness—that we let the young womanhood of California alone with leave to dress after its own fashion, in the water or out of it. In the meantime we commend to those vitally interested in this serious matter the experience of a Californian who recently made a tour of Japan

From the car window he saw a young woman absolutely nude bathing in a near-by stream. Turning to his guide, he asked: "Is it thought to be modest for women to bathe in public in Japan?" "It is not," replied the guide, "thought immodest to bathe in Japan, but it is thought immodest to look at persons who are bathing."

A Lay Sermon.

On a blackboard at the door of a local church last Sunday there appeared, in announcement of the programme of the day, these lines:

"REDEMPTION!"
"SPIRITUALIZATION!"
"ZITHER DUET!"

Inclination to smile at this conjunction of incongruities quickly yielded to the impulse of pity. For, despite its appeal to one's funny-bone, there was in it less of humor than of pathos. Pathetic because reflective of an effort made at that church—and making in a thousand others—to win by trickeries of entertainment what has been lost through abandonment of service.

There was a day when the churches, even the humblest, made vital contribution to the general life of the country. They were centres of sympathy and charity. Literally they shepherded multitudes in a multitude of ways that were for their good. They were sources of inspiration vastly potent for moral welfare. It is because they have ceased to be all this—because they have abandoned the functions whence their strength was derived—that they have lost their vogue, in large measure lost their usefulness, in larger measure lost their power. Now by cheap tricks of entertainment, by vulgar advertisement, and by other futile devices, they seek to regain that which they once had, but have no longer.

The salt that has lost its savor goes to the ash can. Nothing survives, nothing is cherished, unless it makes contribution to human welfare. It is because the churches, largely speaking, have ceased to minister to human needs that they have ceased to command attention and affection, lost their hold. And what has been lost may not be regained by "zither duets" or by other vaudeville stunts. Such clap-trap expedients may attract the idle and the curious and serve for a time to create the illusion of service. But illusion quickly vanishes when it lacks the backing of substance; and the trickeries of mere entertainment reach no further than the immediate hour. "Zither duets," even though in alliance with "Redemption" and "Spiritualization," will not drag a church from the slough of despond into which many appear to have fallen.

Those whose minds run to social speculation often wonder why in the general wreck of religious authority and influence the Catholic church retains its hold upon its communicants and grows in its powers. The answer is not far to seek. Whatever may be thought of its dogmas, however one may view its political impertinences, however one may smile at its mediæval ceremonial, it must nevertheless be admitted that it performs a real service. It remains a guardian of its people, a centre of charity, a visitor of the sick and afflicted, an inspiration to thrift. Further—and here in these days of golf and the motor-car there is a vital point—its services are arranged, not to spoil the one free day in the week a worker has at his disposal, but rather to endow it with the influences of a good take-off. One may attend to his religious duties early in the morning and still have an all-day hike in the Marin hills. Religious observance is maintained strictly as a duty, but it is relieved of that which would make it a burden.

Again there are those who wonder at the growth of the Christian Science cult. There is no mystery in it. Christian Science promises vital service. It relieves

its communicants from the burden of self. It offers to the weary and the worn refreshment and revivification. It imposes no burden of ceremonial. It spoils no man's free Sunday. One may motor or golf or do any of the things agreeable and essential to health and spirits and yet be faithful to Mother Eddy and all the rest of it. In brief, Christian Science holds for those who like that sort of thing and who are sufficiently credulous a real service.

Two things will build up and sustain church organization. They are Spirituality and Service. Attempts have been made to found church systems upon other bases. They have failed. There is no grace in schemes of mere entertainment to hold and bind the human spirit. The needs of humanity change; what served half a century ago will not serve today. If the churches are to regain their vogue and retrieve their power for good they must readjust their policies in line with the old truths, but with reference to the conditions of the Twentieth Century. Spirituality and Service are always and forever human needs, and always and forever they will find response in human hearts. Given Spirituality and Service and there will be no need for "zither duets."

The Coming Conference.

A better designation than "disarmament" will have to be found for the international conference that President Harding has summoned. While limitation of armaments is its nominal objective, this end may only be attained by a series of adjustments vastly wide in their scope. The issue of disarmament—more particularly with respect to naval limitation—is bound up with a series of problems arising out of Japan's ambitions, actual or presumed. Japan is the one naval power that constitutes a menace to the world's peace; and Japan will not cease building warships until the problems in which she is directly concerned shall have been solved. It is to consideration of these problems that the convention or conference will have to address itself as a preliminary to agreement on limitations of armaments. Therefore it is the affairs of the Orient that are to be considered first of all; and the Versailles conference, which resulted in the Shantung and Yap disputes, have made all the parties to the Versailles treaty parties to Asiatic questions.

No narrow limitations are placed on the conference. In his introductory statement Secretary Hughes said: "The President has suggested that the powers especially interested in these problems should undertake in connection with this conference the *consideration of all matters bearing upon their solution*, with a view to reaching a common understanding with respect to principles and policy in the Far East." There is no misreading the significance of these sentences. Practically they place the conference on a par with the Versailles conference. It is inevitable that the question of mandates will come to the front. How much further the conference may go nobody may yet venture to predict. As a matter of fact no one knows. But machinery is being established apart from the Supreme Council to reach determination, not only of the immediate problems of the Far East, but of contingent problems of world adjustments that instead of being dissipated were rendered more complex by the Versailles conference.

It is to be borne in mind that this is to be a free conference of nations. Agreements are not to be reached on the basis of voting strength. It is not a case where a majority of those participating may impose their will upon all. It may possibly reduce naval limitation to a protocol of a treaty subject to ratification, but even this is uncertain. The one certain thing is that the conference is to assemble in Washington, the best statesmanship of the world. The British delegation will be headed by Mr. Lloyd George. France will send of her best. China will send an effective delegation.

tion, for her very life is involved. Australia, New Zealand, and Canada will insist upon having their representatives present, and they can not be denied, for the object is one that affects them directly. In this connection Secretary Hughes' note to the Chinese minister last week on the subject of the open door in China is of high significance. It was a reassurance to China of American championship of her interests, also a notification to the world of the terms upon which the United States enters a conference for adjustment of Asiatic problems.

We repeat what has been said before in these columns that anything may come out of this meeting. With the example of the Versailles conference before it, the delegates to Washington are not likely to attempt a complete scheme for a ready-to-wear world league. That has been tried and it has failed. As ever when too much is attempted nothing is achieved. A long step forward toward an era of peace will be accomplished if the conference shall reach an understanding—so much of an organization of the leading powers of the world—that will provide machinery for future conferences when occasion shall arise.

It is interesting to recall that at the time when American policy in the matter of the Versailles treaty was under consideration Mr. Hoover remarked that it mattered less what the league proposed in detail than that the league should be established as an institution, leaving the future to work out its character and the incidence of its operation. We can not repeat his exact words, but his statement was to the effect that if all were stricken out of the constitution of the league save only the "enacting clause," a great point in world progress would be gained. Probably Mr. Hoover has had something—perhaps much—to do with President Harding's initiative in the matter of this conference; and we may assume that his idea of a permanent international organization distinct from and upon broader and less complex lines than the league of nations will have the backing of the American administration.

The American Commission.

With customary modesty the Federation of Labor comes promptly to the front with a demand that in the make-up of the American commission to the coming international conference "labor shall have a representative." By all means let labor have a commissioner; and while about it let capital have a man, also let the automobile business and the several branches of the grocery trade and the peanut vendors' association, and all other interests be personally represented. There is no group that may be designated by class or occupation that has not the same right to representation as labor. Make it a merry-go-round in which every social classification or ism from Christian Science to the Methodist Church (both white and African) shall be duly represented.

Now seriously the probable number of commissioners will be five. That was the number at Versailles and the precedent will no doubt rule in the immediate instance. One other precedent, however, is more likely to be honored in the breach than in the observance—President Harding, we venture to guess, will not nominate himself and set up as the whole commission. The probable chairman of the American group will be Secretary of State Mr. Hughes. The chairman of the Senate Committee on International Relations, Mr. Lodge, will almost certainly be appointed a commissioner. The minority party will as a matter of propriety and courtesy have a representative, probably in the person of Senator Underwood. Mr. Elihu Root as our most distinguished and expert internationalist should be and probably will be made a commissioner. This leaves one other commissioner to be selected by the President and choice will probably fall upon Dr. James Brown Scott or Mr. John Bassett Moore, authorities on international law, or upon a professional diplomat of which Dr. Jayne Hill is a type. All this, of course, is mere speculation. It is quite possible that President Harding may make up the commission upon another theory. Having observed the failure of the commission to Versailles—made up chiefly of officials—he may elect to appoint nobody from the official list. In that event Mr. Elihu Root would almost certainly sit at the head of the table, where by right of experience and demonstrated ability he rightfully belongs.

Again seriously, this is not a matter in which any particular profession or social group, any particular in-

terest or any claim of geography should be considered. The work in hand relates broadly to the general welfare of our country and of the world. It calls for the highest character, the best intellect, and the most expert skill in diplomatic procedure that the country affords. The demand of the Federation that labor as a distinct interest be represented is a stupid impertinence of a piece with much else that proceeds from the same source.

The "Disraeli of America."

For several months it has been understood that Mr. Barney Baruch was engaged in writing a book—or in having others write it for him—to appear anonymously. It was to be his defense and justification against many sordid tales that have been afloat concerning his connection with the conduct of the war. Now there has just come to the *Argonaut* advance proofs of "The Mirrors of Washington," anonymous, published by Putnam, with a note saying that the book is now ready for release.

It is an interesting book, albeit done in ahject imitation of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." The large figures of current history are taken up, X-rayed, dissected, and chewed over in ruthless fashion. They are, we are told, all little men, poor imitations of statesmen, no heroes among them, their feet on the ground. Hoover and Hughes more hero-like than the others, but still not quite up to the mark—all save Bernard Mannes Baruch.

Sandwiched in between character studies of Root and Lodge one finds Bernard Mannes Baruch in glorified conspicuousness. Lodge, we are told, "has no great talent. * * * He has read much, but absorbed little. His is the parasitic mind that sucks substance from the brains of others and gives nothing in return. * * * He has genius for misunderstanding public opinion," etc. Root is treated more respectfully, still "as Secretary of State he was not creative. * * * Always the advocate, he takes other men's ideas. * * * In spite of it all, some greatness remains, the impression of a powerful though limited intelligence."

But when we come to Bernard Mannes Baruch the pen of the anonymous author takes on inspiration. "He is the Disraeli of America," and from then on this phrase freely speckles the chapter devoted to him through its repetitions. His accomplishments at Washington during the war made him "next to the President the most powerful man in Washington." "Baruch and Hoover," the narrative continues, "alone of the business men who came to Washington during the war achieved real successes in the higher positions, and he (Baruch) showed vastly the greater capacity of the two to operate in a political atmosphere."

We read further: "Mr. Baruch's mind escapes easily. * * * It possesses the secret of some fourth mental dimension known only to the naïve and illogical or perhaps super-logical. * * * He has brilliant intuitions, hunches, presentiments, the acute perceptions of some two or three extra senses that have been bred or schooled out of other men," and so on for many thousands of words.

President Harding, we are told in the same book, has "a certain softness about him mentally." His is "a mind that bows to authority," and the picture presented is of a stodgy, stupid, easy-going, conventional figure transplanted straight from Main Street. And all the others are inferior sort of folk, all but Bernard Mannes Baruch, the master mind.

Wherefore the *Argonaut* is not deeply impressed by this new mystery book. It bears all the marks of press-agenting for Bernard Mannes Baruch.

Raids on the National Treasury.

President Harding was not easily or lightly moved from his purpose to leave to Congress the legitimate business of Congress and of limiting presidential activity to its strictly constitutional functions. His direct appeal for postponement in the case of the soldiers' bonus only came when it became necessary to shut down the flood gates against tremendous raids, planned and in the way of accomplishment, upon the national treasury. The situation was and still remains very serious, due to division of the membership of Congress in both branches into blocs or groups, each representing a special interest and standing arbitrarily for a special demand. Just prior to the President's interference in the matter of the bonus attempt had been made by the Republican leaders of the Senate to secure

a recess agreement, the purpose behind the recess proposal being to keep the Senate from voting funds from the treasury against its combined better judgment, but at the instance of special blocs, notably the agricultural bloc. There was danger that political pressure to be applied by the soldier bonus bloc, the agricultural bloc, and the uplift bloc would force the government to incur obligations that would increase the general burden of taxation instead of reducing it. The soldier bonus measure was at the front of the raiding forces, and in order to put the kibosh on the whole wretched business the President had to step into the breach. Nothing less than the Executive Authority with its tremendous powers, including those of party leadership, would have been able to do the job. It was a case calling for resolution, for hardihood, for courage; and in the emergency President Harding was not found wanting in these high qualities.

For the moment the raiding groups have been thwarted, but their objects have not been abandoned. The bonus bill, calling for anywhere from a billion and a half to five billion dollars, has been thrust aside, but its advocates are frankly hopeful of its revival. Then there is the Norris bill, urged by the agricultural bloc, appropriating at once one hundred million dollars for the formation of a government-owned and operated Farmers' Export Association to finance the sale in foreign countries of American farm products. The bill grants to the association power to issue one billion dollars' worth of bonds, interest and principal guaranteed by the government, the bonds to be free from ordinary income-tax provisions and on a parity with other government bonds. Furthermore, the bloc insists on legislation increasing from \$10,000 to \$25,000 the amount a Farm Loan Bank may lend to an individual farmer. Following these measures are several other farmer bills more or less in the nature of government subsidies.

The uplift group, while not quite so magnificent in the detail of its demands, is advocating a series of measures which in the aggregate would vastly increase the cost of government. Its maternity and education bills alone would involve an outlay on government account to the extent of about one hundred million dollars a year. Another raid large in its immediate demands and with colossal potentialities is in the name of good roads. The cost would run to about one hundred million dollars per year.

When it is considered that one-third of the membership of the Senate comes up for reelection next year, the magnitude of the menace implied in these combined blocs becomes apparent. It was this situation which caused the Senate leaders to send a hurry-call to the White House for the President to go to the Congress with big stick in hand. Mr. Harding responded in valiant spirit, but in most tactful manner. All credit and honor to a President who has the nerve to put a firm foot upon the brake of extravagant and ruinous public expenditure.

Editorial Notes.

At Turlock in the San Joaquin Valley last week a group of overheated patriots, inspired by potations of home brew, marched about the neighborhood and drove out from their homes some fifty or more Japanese who were engaged in the entirely innocent business of picking fruit. With the morning light came sobriety. Also came the local officers of the law in defense of certain Japanese who had been missed in the raid and of those who wished to return. The local sheriff, a man with both common sense and courage, took prompt and firm action, and within twenty-four hours practically all of those who had been driven out were back again. Now at Turlock all is as it was before. The incident, at most a trivial one, is closed—or will be when the rioters shall be properly punished.

On the whole the Turlock incident is not to be regretted, since it has been the means of defining the rights of Japanese resident in California. They are here by authority of a treaty which has the binding force of law and which guarantees the rights of protection of life and property and the privilege of working. The fact that there are those who believe this treaty to have been a mistake, and who resent the presence of Japanese here, does not in the least affect the legal status of the case. This was illustrated in the prompt action of the local authorities at Turlock; it was further emphasized by the prompt declaration of

Governor Stephens that the Japanese would be protected in their treaty rights. Probably this little tempest in a tea-pot at Turlock may serve to prevent action elsewhere against resident Japanese more general and more grievous.

This is a good time to declare again what we believe to be the sober judgment of those most capable of judgment. It is that the presence of Japanese here in growing numbers is a menace to the social welfare of California. It is not because of the vices of the Japanese, for they are not a vicious people. Their habits and standards of life are different from ours and—measured by our habits and standards—of a lower grade. Our people, especially in the agricultural industry, can not compete successfully with Japanese without lowering their standards of living. American instinct, American policy, American sentiment looks to higher standards of living. There is nobody who wishes to see our civilization placed on a level with Japanese civilization, and in process of time this must surely come about if Japanese are permitted to come here in unrestricted numbers. We have had in this country two race problems. We had the Indian, and the means by which the Indian problem was solved is little to our credit. We have the negro problem, which remains an unsolvable riddle and a tremendous menace. It would be folly akin to madness at this stage of our history to open our doors so wide as to let in so many unassimilable aliens of another race as to create another problem.

It is speciously argued that importation of Japanese or other Orientals in large numbers is a necessity, that the essential work of the country—particularly of the agricultural industry—requires it. Our own people, it is declared, lack the patient endurance called for by many forms of field work. If this be true, the pity of it is truly great. A country whose welfare calls for kinds of work that its people will not do is in sad plight. It is on the direct road, through inertia, incompetence, and decadence, to ruin. And before the movement becomes too rapid it is time to stop, look, and listen. California must not be permitted to drift to its ruin through dependence upon alien hands for the essentials of its life. Our people must learn to do their own work; and there is no schoolmaster like necessity. And we would better meet the issue of inertia and incompetence—in plain words, laziness and shiftlessness—now than at some future time when the habit of dependence has become fixed and incurable.

California's objection to the coming of more Japanese does not constitute anything approaching a serious "issue" between the United States and Japan. The Japanese government has upon more than one occasion declared and illustrated its willingness to a closed door here against Japanese immigration. Its policy at home is as exclusive as our own. It has, for example, never permitted aliens of any type to possess Japanese soil. There are no differences between us that may not be adjusted diplomatically and without friction. All that is required on either side is the exercise of plain common sense. The danger is that some overheated individual or group here or some similarly overheated individual or group in Japan may by some extravagant or lawless act create a situation tending to "fire patriotic hearts" either on one side or the other. The situation is tense, not because there is any sound reason for it, but because of infirmities of emotion and passion liable to break out in overt acts. Not too soon has the Administration at Washington taken steps calculated to establish the relations of our two countries upon a definite basis of amity and friendship.

At Boars Hill, near Oxford, England, there is a little notion store, which looks a little different from the usual country store, but the residents of the vicinity patronize it liberally. Most of the residents are literary personages and one is likely to encounter in the store any one of a number of prominent English writers. It is said on many occasions the poet laureate of England has been seen behind the counter waiting on customers and others visiting the place frequently are Mr. Masfield, Mr. Galsworthy, and Sir Gilbert Murray.

In the mountains of Southern Arabia, a region of tremendous crags and precipices, lives a mysterious tribe of people who are entirely different from the Arabs. They are far lighter in color, and live in villages, not tents. They are said to be a relic of the Persian army which invaded the country nearly 1000 years ago.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"The Call."

BALTIMORE, July 15, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: There has just come to my attention the article in the *Argonaut* of June 4th headed "The Call and the Postoffice." I have heretofore expressed my great admiration for your soundness, your sanity, and your loyalty, but I can not acquit you of the charge of fallibility.

I have recently had correspondence with William H. Lamar, 921 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. He was a solicitor for the Postoffice Department and had charge of the Call case, which was recently reviewed by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, wherein the case was decided against the *Call* and in favor of Postmaster Burleson. I am going to ask Mr. Lamar to send you a copy of the court findings and a statement from himself which will throw a flood of light on the *Call* case.

There is no doubt in the world that a conspiracy exists to overthrow the government of the United States by force. Therefore it follows that if any publisher or other person in favor of the revolutionary movement knowingly performs an act in furtherance of that conspiracy, whether such an act in and of itself might otherwise be legal, he makes himself a co-conspirator under the circumstances of this case, and renders himself liable to punishment as such. Also, that any written or printed matter intended for the accomplishment of such act becomes nonmailable. There is abundant evidence on file in the State Department at Washington to connect the *Call* with the activities of Lenin, Trotsky, and the other agents of the communists. I am sure that the information which Mr. Lamar can furnish you will change your view of the *Call* case.

Very truly yours, ALBERT PHENIS.

[It is largely a matter of expediency. There were other newspapers in the country, of vast circulation and influence, and whose continually treasonable activities were unpunished and unrebuked. They were, and are, much more mischievous than the *Call*. To discriminate in favor of wealth and power brings the law into contempt, and Mr. Hays is to be congratulated for an act of tardy equity.—Ed.]

The German Professors.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Some time ago you very courteously published a letter from me referring to the now famous Appeal signed in 1914 by ninety-three learned men of Germany, for although the latter had vouchsafed "their names and honor" to its truthfulness, it has proven to be an agglomeration of falsehoods. May I this day refer to Professor Justi, German art historian, highly considered and venerated in Germany. In 1888 he published in Bonn two volumes consecrated to the life of Velasquez. This work included a diary purported to have been kept by Velasquez, giving his impressions and notes taken by him during a sojourn in Italy. As the commentaries expressed were so opposite to the views known to have been held by him, Mr. Breal, also the author of a work on the great Spanish artist, inquired from Herr Professor Justi where he had obtained the diary in question, the existence of which being a revelation. Mr. Breal tells us that after waiting a long time for a reply the professor wrote him as follows: "I regret to say that I can not quote you the source of the information given, as the diary does not exist. The chapter was simply conceived by me; far from me the intent to mystify the reader, who, if familiar with the life of Velasquez, could not he readily deceived. The views expressed were personally collected by me." The foregoing is one of many flaws (to use a gentle word) which can be found in the writings of German authors. Who will inform us how to detect or separate, in German intellectual productions, the tares from the wheat?

Yours very truly,
JORIS VAN ANTWERPEN.

From a Man in a Hurry.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your editorial on the proposed construction of the bridge across the bay was read with much interest, and even amusement. But are you not yourself open to an implied charge of lack of humor in treating this subject? For instance, you do not remind your readers how many things we are "going to" do.

We in San Francisco are "going to" build the hay bridge to Oakland.

We are "going to" build a bridge to the Marin County shore.

We are "going to" buy the United Railroads, now the Market Street system, I believe.

We are "going to" buy Spring Valley. We have been "going to" do this for thirty-six years to my personal recollection.

We are "going to" build the Hetch Hetchy system, and the bonds were voted so long ago—ten years or so—that probably not one person in five in San Francisco knows the difference between Hetch Hetchy and a brand of suspenders.

We are "going to" improve the condition of the ocean front and we are "going to" remove the shacks that make our beach a rattle-trap scandal.

We are "going to" level Rincon Hill.

We are "going to" extend Van Ness Avenue to Mission Street and widen certain streets in the Mission and transform them into boulevards.

We are "going to" engage in an advertising campaign, that right off the reel shall discount and outdo the thirty-five years of intelligent campaigning that has been done by Los Angeles—yes, indeed we are. I asked a man the other day how much progress had been made and he said that he understood about \$11,000 remained in the "B B" treasury.

We are "going to" establish a grove for the dead of the great war; the grove to be located in Golden Gate Park; one tree for each of the San Franciscans who gave up his life. The *Examiner* was "going to" do this. Where is the grove? No better memorial could be conceived.

We are "going to" build a better city on plans and specifications of some supervisory committee. If recollection is not at fault, such a committee exists, although I would not be sure. What of the Burnham plans?

We are "going to" extend the Park Panhandle to Market Street—maybe—and assuredly to the Civic Centre. At least so I read in one of the hectic and frantic evening newspapers not long ago.

We are "going to" have a reorganization in the matter of managing the affairs of the harbor. At least the *Examiner* said so about two years ago. The Commonwealth Club has considered the establishment of harbor plans that will include all of the navigable waters of San Francisco Bay. The upshot of it all is a bill that is presented to every legislature depriving the state of control of the six-mile water-front of San Francisco and turning over the management to San Francisco politicians.

We are "going to"—well, what is the use?

But we are "going to."

Indeed we are.

S. W. M.

RESCUING RUSSIA.

A Paris dispatch dated July 21st informed us that Maxim Gorky had cabled to Anatole France, Gebhard Hauptmann, and Blasco Ibañez to the effect that 300,000 Russians were dying daily of disease and starvation. On July 24th we have a dispatch from Berlin containing a summary of an interview with Mme. Gorky, who was then in that city. Mme. Gorky had received messages from her husband in Russia announcing that 6,000,000 persons were in flight from the Volga districts, that this national panic was filled with innumerable tragedies, that famine had spread over eighteen provinces, and that 20,000,000 of people were starving. Other reports spoke of the devastations of typhus and of the imminent danger that this plague would sweep over Europe. Maxim Gorky addressed his appeal to "all honest men," but he made particular demands upon Europe and America, and he added somewhat untactfully that "those who during the war disseminated hate and led the people to massacre should be the first now to hear Russia's cry for help." I do not remember any one who "led the people to massacre" unless it was Gorky's own associates, but much may be forgiven to the novelist under the influence of strong emotion. Some surprise may also be expressed at Mme. Gorky's assertion that her husband is not a Bolshevik. It does not matter in this connection whether he is a Bolshevik or not, but there is a general impression throughout the world that Maxim Gorky joined the extremists some time ago, and that some sort of official position had been assigned to him, something in connection with the rationing of literary men. Now comes the latest phase of the situation in the form of a statement by Mr. Hoover that the American relief administration is willing "freely and frankly to feed all children and invalids alike without regard to race, creed, or social status," on condition that all American prisoners are released and that relief workers are allowed to come and go without restraint. I say that this is the latest phase of the situation, but this is not quite correct from a wider perspective. It is not wholly irrelevant to observe that Russia has just ordered a mobilization of new Red armies against Poland, that other Red armies are penetrating Armenia, and that Bolshevik aggressions in the south are continuous and successful.

We have learned to be cautious about news from Russia. Dispatches from Russian cities are censored, and usually inspired, by the Bolshevik authorities. Dispatches from places outside of Russia are either guesses, worthless rumors, or the invention of interested persons. But this news seems to be true. Mr. Hoover must have satisfied himself on that point before committing himself to a definite offer. It is believed by Paul Miliukoff, who is in Paris, and who has been told that the high roads in all directions are littered with corpses. Moreover, it is precisely what we have been expecting. News of a contented and prosperous Russia would have been incredible. The history of the human race would have denied it. Russia as a festering charnel house seems to belong to the established order of things, an inevitable chapter in the book of Nemesis. It is the awful way in which nature works for the correction of human follies. She has done this same thing over and over again.

There is no need to discuss the economic causes. When Gorky talks about the dissemination of hate and the incitements to massacre he is talking nonsense. He does not know it because he is a fictionist and a poet, but it is true. Russia is starving because Lenin forbade the farmers to sell their produce, and naturally they declined to create what they were not allowed to sell. They produced only what they themselves needed, and then came the drought and destroyed even that. There we have the obvious common sense of the whole thing. When Lenin found that he could not drag the farmers into communism he allowed them to revert to the old way of doing things. He said they were too stupid to understand the new evangel of working without pay, and they must be educated slowly. But it was too late. To ascribe the tragedy to the war is about as reasonable as to ascribe it to Peter the Great or to the Fall in the Garden of Eden. All things have antecedent causes in an endless chain of cause and effect. Perhaps Gorky's own novels form quite a large link in that chain. Other countries were in the war, but their roads are not littered with the dead, although that may come. But then other countries did not adopt Bolshevism, in spite of the efforts of their respective Gorkys.

What are we to do about it? There is, of course, one quite simple thing that we can do, and probably we shall do it. We can establish a sort of crusade for the relief of Russian babies, with the usual organizations, agitations, appeals, committees, and pencil days. We can indulge in spasms of emotionalisms and sentiments, which in their way are quite beautiful and essential things, although congenial and easy. We can carefully avoid the laborious processes of thinking, allowing their place to be taken by such catchwords as "the babies are not to blame." Perhaps this is what we ought to do. Heaven forbid that the head should always triumph over the heart. The money raised for the accomplishment of the Hoover plan shall become concrete. We have the Hoover plan

hy this time and—with some reservations—it is a good habit.

But what will be, or may be, the political results of a great crusade for the relief of Russia? To ignore those results would be mere folly. Would it tend so to relieve the Bolshevik government of internal embarrassment that it would be free to pursue its aggressions westward and southward? Is not that government somewhat in the position of the burglar who begs you to run round to the restaurant and get him a hot meal while he picks the lock of your door? Or of the woman who implores you to hold her dear little baby while she rifles your pockets? We do not usually extend our active charities to the thug—not, at least, until he stops his thuggery. Some sort of reform is surely called for when our charities are invoked. Nor can we quite understand Mr. Hoover's single stipulation for the release of American prisoners in Russia. Of course it sounds well to the patriotic gallery, but is it not somewhat as though one were to confront the pirate on his blood-slippery deck and sternly demand that he keep the Sabbath or cease to smoke cigarettes? How about the Americans who have not only been imprisoned, but murdered—Mrs. Schwartz, for example? How about the Bolshevik propaganda in America, certainly the cause of many bloody crimes? If Americans are unjustly imprisoned in Russia they ought to be liberated, but not by bargain. The Bolshevik government will naturally suppose that a few American prisoners represent the indictment against it. Either there should be no stipulations at all or the stipulations should be more substantial, more representative of the actual situation. They might include, for example, the demobilization of the Russian armies, at least their withdrawal from Armenia, and a cessation of Russian efforts to debauch America. A general offer to "look after the children," so that their parents can sail the Spanish Main, so to speak, with easy minds, flying the skull and crossbones at the fore, may not be good business, to put it mildly. At the present moment there is not the least evidence that Russia repents of her Bolshevism. Now by Bolshevism I do not mean a system of government. Russia has a right to any sort of government that she wishes, and we have no right to coerce her or bribe her, into or out of any particular economic system or mode of ruling. But she has no right to familiarize the world with torture and massacre, she has no right to preach a world gospel of robbery, she has no right to break down the moral sense of the race. We do not allow the individual to keep a cesspool in his backyard, nor to manufacture explosives in his dining-room, and we are in no sense "minding our own business" when we disregard the stench of blood from Russia. It is a law of God that the fathers eat sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge, and that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations. We must not cite this law in order to harden our hearts, but neither on the other hand can we disregard it to the softening of our heads, already soft enough in all conscience. If the relief of Russia means the perpetuation of the Terror in Russia, immunity for the awful firing squads in Russian prisons, a smooth road for the greasy carts laden with naked corpses, for the terror and the pestilence of human cruelty which is a thousand times worse than typhus, if it means these things we had better walk warily. We are not a very logical people, not even a very intelligent people, and the relief of Russian misery may easily merge into a defense or palliation of Russian wickedness.

Now these things are not said to the discouragement of charity, but rather to the encouragement of caution, and that we may do the right thing in the right way, and not in the wrong way. If we allow Bolshevik Russia to believe that it is, after all, a success, that it has admitted claims upon the sympathy of the world, that there is no count against it except in the matter of a few prisoners who do not happen yet to have been murdered, but who doubtless wish they had been, then we may easily do more harm than good. Incidentally we may observe that it is not peculiarly the children that are suffering in Russia. No reference to children is to be found in the Russian dispatches, although Mr. Hoover seems to particularize the children in his reply.

But there is another side to the shield, looking at the matter wholly from the intellectual or non-emotional standpoint, but with full recognition that the emotional standpoint is a valid one and in no way to be neglected. And so we may ask ourselves what will happen if no relief is given to Russia, if she is allowed to "stew in her own juice," which certainly she will not be allowed to do. We are told that 300,000 Russians are dying daily from typhus and that 20,000,000 Russians are starving. The figures may be exaggerated, and probably they are. Russia has no mechanism for compiling vital statistics, but we need not cavil at the figures. Russia is in a bad way, and it is doubtless as bad as it can be. Now the starvation is much more serious than the typhus. Men do not become desperate from disease. They do not usually become wild beasts from disease, which, for some inscrutable reason, they regard as the "act of God." But they become wild beasts from hunger. The moral nature seldom holds its own against starvation. And what will happen to the world if Russia should rise *en masse*, if her maddened masses should throw themselves like wolves across the frontiers in search of food to keep their bodies and their souls together. There are one hundred and

seventy millions of people in Russia, and now we are told that one in every eight of them is starving, and that 300,000 of them die every day of typhus. At that rate, and from typhus alone, there will be no Russians left in about eighteen months. And how about the contagion of the typhus? It might conceivably be possible to pen up the Russians behind their frontiers, but it is not so easy to pen up the typhus, and typhus is not a lovely disease. If typhus is actually producing this holocaust in Russia—and once more it is what we might expect—then by what superhumanism can we prevent its spread westward across Europe and among those dense masses of people enfeebled by war and privation. It is all very well to say that we are not our brothers' keepers. Nature seems to think otherwise, since she insists that we share one another's diseases and establishes a community of germs in which there are neither exemptions nor privileges, a sort of morbid draft or conscription where there are no evasions nor slackers.

Evidently there are two sides to this question. Suppose we suppress our ready hysterias for a time in order to find some sort of equilibrium between head and heart. Both are needed if we are to jump out of the frying-pan and at the same time escape the fire.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27, 1921.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Walrus and the Carpenter.

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
The hillows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We can not do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his hoary head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice."

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one. —Louis Carroll.

In Australia the eucalyptus tree grows to unusual size, and at the famous exhibition of 1851 there was displayed a board that was 148 feet in length that was sawed from the trunk of one tree, while pictures of others were shown that were as much as eighteen feet in diameter.

Medieval Irish troops used the battleaxe as their chief weapon.

India rubber cloth was patented 130 years ago in England.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John J. Tigert, college professor of Lexington, Kentucky, has been appointed commissioner of education to succeed Philander P. Claxton.

Dr. Helen A. Pepoon, dean of women at Whitman College, has just retired, after nearly thirty years of service as a member of the college faculty.

At twelve years of age Betty Jane Hamilton of New Castle, Pennsylvania, has completed the four-year high school course and is ready for college.

Mrs. Francis P. Keyes, wife of United States Senator Keyes, has been conferred the degree of Bachelor of Letters by George Washington University.

Miss Ila A. R. Wyle, an English fiction writer, did 7000 miles over the deserts and mountains of California and through the big trees of the Yosemite in her own motor-car and is now back in her English home.

Mrs. Myrtle Kennedy, still in her teens, is a daring and capable "steeple jill," probably the only one in the world. She began this career for fun when she first met Kenneth Kennedy, and after the pair were married she began to work regularly with him. Her home is at Bedford, Indiana.

Mme. Inga Julieva, Norwegian prima donna, can sing in nine languages, but this is not the only feat of this accomplished linguist. She recently mastered the Inca Indian language of Peru and sang several Inca melodies in the native tongue of the Indians at the Manhattan Opera House.

For his work in exposing the frenzied finance of Ponzi in Boston, Richard Crozier, assistant editor and publisher of the Boston Post, has been awarded the Pulitzer gold medal for the most distinguished and meritorious public service rendered by a newspaper man in the United States in 1920.

As head of the debating society at Wellesley, Miss Eleanor S. Burch of Hartford, Connecticut, has gained the title of champion debater of the United States. It was her coaching and captaincy that enabled the Wellesley debating team to gain a double victory over its two most formidable opponents, Vassar and Barnard. The subject in these debates was, "Resolved, That European immigration to the United States be further restricted."

Dr. Charles Karsner Mills was born in Philadelphia in 1845 and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1869, receiving from it two years later the degree of Ph. D. His field in medicine is neurology, which he still practices; for thirty-five years he taught on the subject in the University of Pennsylvania, with which he is still connected as emeritus professor; he is consulting neurologist to the Philadelphia General Hospital and the Philadelphia Orthopedic Hospital and Infirmary for Nervous Diseases. Age and experience have mellowed him and broadened his views until narrow ideas are foreign to him; that this is so was indicated by a remark which he made subsequent to the delivery of his now famous address to the effect that as he was still here he believed it was because there were still things to learn.

Chief Kabongo of the Congo has a harem as large as that of Mwata Yamvo and a palace of beautifully woven basket work, a bath and a garden of gods, all enclosed in a compound with an elaborately woven reed wall about it. The royal bath is a hole in the ground, but it is the only one used for the purpose in all the Luba territory. (And the rivers are infested with crocodiles!) His majesty gets down in the hole, and servants throw buckets of water at him from every direction at once. Then he climbs out with mud sticking to him and pronounces the ceremony a complete success, which it is not, according to the white man's standards. A clay crocodile and some white pigeons are Kabongo's principal deities, and these he worships fitfully, mostly for political reasons. Kabongo's cunning has made him the logical usurper of the throne of Mwata Yamvo in the minds of many subchiefs of the Congo. He always manages to turn up on top when seemingly about to lose out.

Wallace R. Farrington, publisher of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, has been chosen governor of Hawaii by President Harding in view of unique conditions of both national and international importance prevailing in the territory. From almost thirty years' residence in the Islands, Farrington is regarded by the President as well qualified to meet the problems relative to the presence in the Islands of a predominate Oriental population and the development of the Island of Oahu as a naval and military outpost. Born at Orono, Maine, May 3, 1871, Farrington has devoted his life to newspaper work, which he leaves for the first time to assume the responsibilities of governor. Following graduation from the University of Maine in 1891, he joined the staff of the Bangor Daily News, and subsequently joined other publications in the East. In 1894 he went to the Hawaiian Islands to become editor of the Pacific Commercial Advertiser. As editor and publisher of that paper and later of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, he became closely identified with the civic movements in the territory. He devoted much of his time to educational work and was one of those responsible for the founding in the Islands of the University of Hawaii.

SOME FRENCH PROFILES.

Mr. Stuart Henry Writes of the Poets, Salons, Theatres and Life of Paris.

There are few who are able to write of another country so competently as Mr. Stuart Henry writes of France and of the men and women who have contributed to her distinctive life. To observe from the outside and as a non-participant is comparatively easy and correspondingly unimportant. To sit at the national table, so to speak, to be received as a member of the family, to share its intimacies and its confidences, is quite another thing. And it may be said that to write of them gracefully, admiringly, and as from a crowded memory completes a combination as enviable as it is rare.

Mr. Henry gives us seven essays and seventeen profiles, most of the latter being from his personal acquaintances. Perhaps the most interesting of the essays, at least from a certain popular point of view, is the one on the French ballet. In France dancing has had its vicissitudes, like most other things. Under Napoleon and the Restoration it was relatively insignificant until suddenly Taglioni appeared and idealized it.

The male dancer predominated in the ballet before the era of Taglioni. It was he who developed and displayed the dance as Blasis described it about 1829 in his scholarly and authoritative book. On the other hand, by contrast, the danseuse relied largely on graceful attitudes, wavings of arms, poses of head, and coquettish smiles and toilets. She did not revel in the dances par en haut with all their dextrous liveliness. Her art was comparatively confined to the upper half of the body. She sought to be a *Ninon de L'Enclos* in the rôle of a ballet personage—a kind of grand dame who did not seek to triumph by difficult evolutions.

Blasis laid down this rule: "Men must dance in a manner very different from women; the temps de vigueur and bold, majestic exertions of the former would have a disagreeable effect in the latter, who must shine and delight by lithesome, graceful motions, by neat and pretty steps on the grounds (*terre-à-terre*), and by a decent voluptuousness and abandon in all attitudes."

The French public dance of today dates from 1829, when Marie Taglioni signed a long engagement with the directors of the Grand Opera. Of her performance, and that of her brilliant successors, there is really little exact, satisfactory knowledge, since the art of the danseuse, like that of the orator, the singer, the actor, melts into air and is apt to be lost to precise trait:

One learns that Taglioni was born in 1804, in Stockholm, of Italian parents, and was consequently twenty-four years of age when she was first engaged at the Paris Opera. Her father trained her, and they followed their own fantasies in their profession. They had enjoyed perfect independence before they came to Paris, for they had never been connected regularly with a theatre.

Free from the corsets of the then school, their dance donned the draperies of inspiration. Castil-Blaze remarked that Taglioni's grace was naïve; that her pas were at once seemly and voluptuous; that she was gifted with extreme lightness; and that the newness of her effects came from Nature and not from rubric. Her sylphlike manner, he repeats, was elegant, facile, and of gentle contours.

Dr. Véron, who was the director of the Paris Opera when Taglioni soared into the fullest flight of her glory, noted her lightness, her elevation (to appear elevated from the ground), and above all her ballon (to have ballon is to be able to leap lightly from the stage to a great height). He emphasizes that her dance partook of delicacy, taste, and authority; that she possessed a naïveté almost mystically religious; that all women were her enthusiastic champions because her art was so modest and refined and her homeliness so exceptional. He writes that her legs suggested those of Diana; that her bust was short and narrow and that her arms were very long. This explains why she was sometimes called the "little hunchback." He says that she did not lack esprit, and was fond of raillery. She plied her task during four hours a day. Neither fatigue, perspiration, nor tears on her part ever persuaded her father to shirk the daily lesson. She received six thousand dollars a year, with three months' leave of absence.

Saint-Léon said of Taglioni that she did not dance better than her precursors, but her dance differed in kind. To this the author says that Taglioni may not have detailed so much difficult skill as her male fore-runners; but she certainly achieved more expert and exhausting pas and evolutions and displayed more grace than her female predecessors:

There was in 1900, in Paris, a venerable gentleman who had been connected with the ballet for sixty years. He saw Taglioni dance, likewise nearly all of the ballerines who have appeared in France since her day. He said that she was a little taller and larger than Fanny Elssler; that, while the latter had a prettier face, Taglioni was better proportioned and had more harmony of physique; and that she outdanced Elssler, for it was the mere art of the dance that won with her, whereas Elssler freely exploited on the stage her claims as a seductive woman. He also said, comparing Taglioni with her successors, that she was good in dramatic pantomime; that she mounted very well on the pointes while not relying on them particularly; and that she paid little notice to pirouettes on the pointes.

The accepted French account of her runs about like this: We are told that she personified delicate grace, exquisite taste, correctness, aerial lightness and chasteness. She coiled in facile undulations; her arms curved in an elegance of action; her feet posed on, or skimmed over, the ground without noise, as if she were a sylph. Appearing and disappearing like a dream, a vision, she was now a veritable winged caprice, and then a tender, affecting elegy, with her eyes bathed in tears and her wings fallen. She writhed in no lascivious contortions, and offered no sensualities. She poetized the dance.

Taglioni was the first to claim the *grande vigueur* for her sex, and to create the ballon for which she was famous. But her chief glory was that she surpassed her male precursors:

This fully explains the significant result of the Taglionization of the dance, namely, that the sceptre of Terpsichorean glory was therein definitely snatched by woman from the

hand of man. Before Taglioni's day most of the distinctively great dancers were men, and to them the art owed most of its progress. Since her time, nearly all the leading artists have been women; the transformations of the dance have been due to their revelations; and it has indeed become almost wholly their own prize. The point of departure for the new and aerial art of Taglioni lay in the free and dextrous use of the legs. In their skill of flight she could buoy up her lightness and grand ballon and make herself seem a shapely form floating hither and thither. Her arms, face, and body entered fully into the easy harmony of her evolutions, so that one part of her person was not sacrificed for another, and she was therefore able to present a perfect ensemble of volatile grace such as is fancied in a sylph.

The author points out the curious fact that the great danseuses have not been beautiful. Indeed it is said that dancing somewhat destroys the symmetry of face and bust, since it tends to drag downward the upper half of the person. The danseuse, he says, tends to become decadent as soon as beauty is made to go before grace:

The fact that there are always many danseuses on the stage who have little grace may be explained, in part at least. A danseuse should begin training about the age of eight. Very crude of action are the eight-year-old girls of the common people, for it is of the common classes that most ballerines come. It appears impossible to foretell whether a tiny maid may turn into a graceful danseuse. Herein the art of the dance is held to be unlike that of singing. The professor of song knows that his young pupil has an ear for music and at least something of a voice. But the girl who wishes to attempt the dance may present no trace whatever of elegance, and eventually be able to transform herself at pleasure into an idyl of lovely motion; or she may have grace at first and yet develop after a year's training into nothing save inelegance.

It results that she is accepted on presentation as a pupil if she has good health and good proportions. Thus many danseuses, to whom grace has been rather severely denied, become sujets, because they have toiled faithfully and are not uncomely. The case of Léontine Beaugrand is a favorable example of the discriminating taste of the Parisians. She was adored by them for her elegance of motion and consummate knowledge of the dance, in spite of the fact that she was quite small and had a very prominent nose.

As a general comment, remarks the author, it may be said that the modern cult of the body for health and beauty might be advantageously extended more and more from the domains of mere athletics to the ballet realms of refined grace and elegant vigor. This is the practical object of the dance:

As for the spiritual part, one may hazard the saying of the philosopher Joffroy that the dance "makes souls appear by means of the body." And, indeed, those who think the dance necessarily sacrifices the head to the feet might be enlightened by perusing a forgotten little book by a danseuse named Mademoiselle Michelet, entitled "Bluettes antinomiques d'une danseuse," wherein the author reverently promenades back and forth in serious philosophical disquisitions on religion with as much ease as she doubtless displayed in her ballon and temps parcourus.

Turning to the author's "profiles" we find him saying of the elder Dumas that he was not a man. He was a force of Nature. If there were any conventions that he did not break it was because he did not know of them. He had money only for extravaganzas, and as he could seldom pay he preferred to move on—he lived *en voyage*:

A French gentleman whom I knew in Paris was in the Alps in the early 1850s. A storm caught him late one afternoon high on a mountain, and he was forced to seek accommodations in a poor sort of chalet. Another storm-driven tourist soon hustled in, and with jovial boisterousness began trying to have something served for dinner, the proprietor protesting that they stayed at their own risk—he was not prepared for guests. The stranger insisted on at least having chicken. No chicken at hand. Then it would be eggs. No eggs, positively. What! not merely two eggs for two famished visitors? Well, perhaps two eggs might be spared, no more; and they would be dear, being from the host's own yard. Eh bien, we'll take the two eggs fried; and since you have your own eggs, you have a hen—I knew you were lying; here's five francs for her. The two men had eggs and chicken for dinner.

Who was this irrepressible, astonishing stranger? my friend asked himself. They fell to talking of literature at table. My friend's favorite writer proved to be Alexandre Dumas: what youth could resist "The Three Musketeers"? But at this announcement the other, who was much older, indulged in expressions of disgust and wrath. He disapproved of Dumas in round terms—an author with no style, no ideas, in short, an imbecile. A fine literary quarrel thereupon waxed loud and strong, my friend feeling that he must defend the Musketeers, the Count of Monte Cristo. He excitedly set forth the merits of his author as best he could, smarting under the roustabout arguments and assertions of his vis-à-vis.

When the young man had finally exhausted the list of his good reasons for adoring Dumas, the stranger broke out in roaring enthusiasm, embraced his companion vigorously, exclaiming:

"My hoy, I am Alexandre Dumas!"—to the utter amazement and delight of my friend.

The author thinks that Dumas was perhaps the greatest of modern story-tellers as well as one of the leading French playwrights of the nineteenth century. He may not have written his own stories, or all of them, but he certainly wrote his own plays. Moreover—and perhaps unexpectedly—his attitude toward women was always a correct one:

The commemorator of Dumas the Man might perhaps find a fortunate theme in the fact that Dumas loved the good women he knew—and there were many of them, and of the best in France—as a devoted father or brother, and not as a lover. He was fond of inscribing in their albums playful sentiments. "To embark on your career with a woman is to embark with a tempest, in which, however, she is the lifeboat." He liked to send to them from long distances, at rare and all the more precious intervals, affectionate letters and throbbing poesies over which he shed many a tear, and which made them weep for tenderness, and which make our eyes moisten today. For he could evoke, with much of the familiar power of his overshadowing mate and friend, Victor Hugo, a gentle memory and womanly feelings for days far removed or for friends long gone or forever.

The author gives us a sketch also of Dumas the Younger, who was in many respects the opposite of

his father. His was a sturdy, unappealing, not very communicative character, never expansive nor confiding, with no airs and doing nothing to attract attention:

As we mounted his stairs Dumas gave me a sample of his humor, though he was more inclined to wit. It happened that a French scientist had just declared that he was about to perfect a method with his chemicals by which children might be born into the world in laboratories in an intelligent, scientific way. The Paris press, as might be expected, were seizing upon this purported discovery with Gallic jibes, developing the promised programme with gay deductions.

My host turned to me with a deep twinkle in his eyes and said:

"No matter what the clever scientists may pretend, I think the old-fashioned way of producing children in the home instead of in a factory will always be the most satisfactory and popular."

Mr. Henry gives us five pages on Judith Gautier, of whom he thought highly. There was about her no hint of formality or parade, but rather a noiseless simplicity, a frank modesty, a shrinking confidence, an utter lack of grand manners and social veneer:

Like George Sand's best books, the books of Judith Gautier are written as if for girls and boys. Her "Cruelities of Love," notwithstanding its sensational title, is but a grouping together of four plain, old-fashioned tales of love such as American girls devour at sixteen. There is nothing French about them except the language. The same is true of all her productions: they are exotic to Parisians. I ventured to tell her that her contes were the most like our typical American love stories of any I had ever read in French.

She led the way back to our seats. The name of Goncourt was mentioned. "Oh, I do not feel that the Goncourts are exact," she said. "I do not recognize my father at all as he appears in their pages. They observed things at little corners, and leave you with general and abiding impressions which should have been noted only as exceptional—accidental. If they happened to see you when you had a cold, you would always have, for their readers, weeping eyes and a strange voice, and, as a result, you would go down in their history as a kind of curious beast."

Another five pages is given to Gyp, pseudonym of the Countess de Martel de Janville. She was the first one to introduce into Parisian fiction the modern free girl as a desirable institution, so to speak. She herself was a revolutionist, as was fitting in a descendant of Mirabeau. She believed that a great big broom would come into play and the French empire be swept back into power:

"Under the empire," she urged, "there was no misery. Today what a dreadful state of things! I hate the parliamentarians. I know the men in Clichy and St. Ouen—all those quarters there—I go riding there with my dog. I love the people, the lowest class, the loafers, the tramps and all that. When the times come they will march down into Paris very gayly—I'm sure of it. I've never been molested in those parts of town, though my coachman did get stoned at St. Ouen one day when I went to give some money to a rag-picker whose rent I pay. But I've never been harmed or approached. What they lack is a leader. I know we would be apt to get hurt—we who are along the edges. I, for example—it's true I'm not rich—but for my part if it comes to that, to be shot dead is not a disagreeable death—it's chic, I think. I've always fancied it on the contrary. I would try my very best to put on a brave face if they were to put me against a wall and shoot me down—with a Rothschild on each side of me."

Pierre Loti, says the author, is distinctly a writer for women, and this is a curious fact, seeing that his books have no religious or moral sentiments or aspirations. He has never tried to make any one better. He seems to have been resolutely determined to leave the world precisely as he found it, only better known:

He early saw service in war, having made the campaign of Tonkin, which incidentally got him in official disgrace for a year. This was caused by his writing to the *Figaro* criticisms of the behavior of the French soldiers in a certain action. Loti has been "captain of vessel" in the navy since 1906. His life on the sea is, of course, the great distinguishing mark of his literary output. Year after year he has set out upon his ship's deck describing right at hand the marvelous, unpaintable sunrises and sunsets of the tropics and the Orient as no other man in French literature. And in the far-off ports he has had months of leisure to describe the strange women of dusky skins whom he frankly loved in French sailor marriage fashion. He approached each of these successive idyls of his heart with an aspect of sadness, and wept with each inamorata in genuine tears of salt when he quitted her harbor. Frankness, gentleness, beauty, and lack of any profoundness characterize these pictured episodes and inventions of his wandering career, his mark of genius lying in his descriptions.

The concluding essay, and the shortest in the volume, is devoted to Victorien Sardou, one of the very few international Frenchmen. Sardou was an excellent business man and strongly executive. He had fifty definite plays rampant in his mind, each greater or more important than the others:

Sardou was an accomplished actor, though he was never on the stage. As in the case of Madame Bernhardt, the best acting he did was going on constantly, every day, in the strictly domestic side of his life. A young American woman once happened to overhear that I was going to see him the next morning. She was "dying" to meet him. Would I not take her? I did, feeling that he would not take exception. As we were leaving his study, he took her hand to say good-by. He put his other palm over both hands and turned to me with the air of a conquered admirer, courtier, and down-right friend, admitting, "What beautiful eyes she has!" It was a perfect little piece of stage business and coquetry.

My young unmarried friend was swept off her feet. She bounded down the boulevard as if a king had proposed to her. "Just think of it!" she kept exclaiming. "I shall be able to tell my grandchildren that the great Sardou told their grandmother she had beautiful eyes." I have always thought that incident turned her to the stage, for she had never dreamed of the theatre as a profession. At any rate, she became one of our conspicuous actresses.

There have been many books of interpretation written about France and Frenchmen, but it would be hard to find among them any so deeply competent as this one.

FRENCH ESSAYS AND PROFILES. By Stuart Henry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

Sau Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending July 23, 1921, were \$124,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$155,200,000; a decrease of \$30,900,000.

Deflation is still going on in various lines, and as the general buying policy seems to be reflecting only a hand-to-mouth demand we may look for further declines in average commodity prices. The month of May saw a sort of let-up in the slump in commodity prices, but June brought a renewal of the sharp downward movement. As labor becomes liquidated more and more and wages decline, it will be possible to do business on a more satisfactory scale; but this is a long-

during the war and that practically every other commodity that enjoyed similar exploitation has declined far below the price levels existing before the war.

The stock market has some sharp rallying movements from time to time, but of late they have been so spasmodic as to suggest efforts on the part of large holders of securities to run in such shorts as might be scared into covering and at the same time encourage even such little outside buying as might now be possible to enlist.

So many people seem to understand and appreciate the serious position of many of our industrial concerns as to choke the market at times with shorts, but of course strength in a market that must find its impetus from the covering of shorts is not of the permanent sort by any means, and despite the fact that the great army of industrial security-holders has been hanging on to its stocks on the theory that the "last bad news was out," it looks as if they will have many more grievous disappointments in the market.

The readjustment in prices of everything is going ahead without any particular regard to precedents so far as mere prices are concerned. It is a matter of liquidation and getting our skirts clear of the mess of debts that are encumbering them before we shall be in position to make material headway.

The wage situation seems to be holding us up in all directions. Instead of slashing wages right and left and running the risk of serious strike troubles, the larger employing interests seem to have adopted the policy of restricting their operations more and more and thus adding to the army of the idle. In due time it is to be hoped that labor as a whole will recognize the fact that it is to its own interest to cooperate entirely with the employer in facilitating radical reduction in operating costs. Otherwise it is quite certain that we can have no prosperity in this country, especially in view of the fact that the rest of the world seems to be forgetting war wage scales.

The unfavorable tonnage report of the United States Steel Corporation will be followed on the 26th of this month by a very unfavorable earnings report for the second quarter of the year, which in all probability will not even show the preferred dividend earned. Meantime there will be even more lugubrious reports made by the Lackawanna and Republic Steel companies. Dividends have been slashed all around in the steel trade, and we will not get through this industrial depression until there are a good many fears expressed regarding the dividend on Steel Common.

The matter of frozen credit is more and more oppressive as deposits are decreasing in the banks and loans must be called in order to pay them. Meanwhile the crop-moving demand is coming at a time when Western banks are none too well fortified to meet it.

The railroad share list, which several weeks ago enjoyed a radical rally, has been holding its gain on the whole pretty well, helped by the knowledge that the government is going ahead with its arrangements to do the right thing financially by the railroads. However, general railroad business is so very poor that it would not be surprising to see a decided decline in railroad stocks along with indus-

tries during the summer, and the next month's low prices may be considerably below any that we have been seeing as yet this year.—The Trader.

The United States is practically through the period of violent business disturbance which began in May, 1920 (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York). We will from time to time have visible evidences of the distressing conditions through which the country has been passing, but these occurrences should be regarded, not as indices to forward conditions, but as relating to the past. The changes which have taken place have not as yet been recognized by the business public for two main reasons. The period of normal midsummer dullness now at hand has obscured the certain evidences of improvement and there has been lacking a thorough comprehension of credit conditions.

Failure to recognize the passing of the period of insufficient credit has resulted from lack of recognition of the fact that for a long time the credit shortage has been apparent rather than real and due in large part to the unsatisfactory character of some of the risks offered. There is now no bank credit available for operations designed to hold prices at fictitious levels. Orderly organized marketing, if fair, succeeds, but attempts to hold prices above the levels determined by international supply and demand are certain eventually to fail. American business and government alike have thus far kept clear of entanglements of this character, but even so, American business can not avoid their indirect effects. Valorization schemes providing for indefinite holding for arbitrary prices of such commodities as wool, silk, coffee, sisal, and sugar, if successful, would involve the purchase by American consumers of raw materials at levels likely to involve ultimate loss, and as long as these plans contemplate the maintenance of an artificial price they can not be disregarded in consideration of credit risks.

Some businesses have found difficulty in getting what they have felt to be a fair line of credit. This has been because of a desire to operate on a basis of inventories of raw materials and goods not yet written down or because in these instances heavy investments have been made in plant and equipment at inflated prices. In such cases they are not yet willing to admit that they will have to take their losses and adjust their operations to make profits on real values only.

Although occasional failure to secure desired credit accommodations has served to keep alive the impression that there is a shortage of bank credit, the truth is that there is now available a volume of credit larger than the present business requires. The main requisite for a return toward normal conditions is the will to try for business on a level where it can be had. The period of general liquidation of the raw material markets of the United States has passed. Recent declines are due to conditions of supply and demand in specific lines. This is a normal condition. Wholesale prices of many classes of manufactures have been fully deflated. This is not true in all lines, but recent cuts in the price of steel and widespread reductions in wages indicate that adjustment in wholesale prices will not be long delayed.

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Retail prices show wide irregularities, and high-cost stocks have been largely disposed of. Price stabilization is, therefore, not far ahead.

Steady betterment of the banking position which has been in progress during the current year gives full assurance against credit stringency when crop-financing requirements become effective. The reserve ratio of the Federal Reserve Banks now stands at 61.6 per cent. against 43.9 per cent. a year ago. At this season last year the bill holdings of the reserve banks exceeded \$2,846,000,000. They now total \$1,729,000,000. During the same period, the reserves of the system against combined note and deposit liabilities have increased more than 25 per cent. Loans of reporting member banks are far below the level of a year ago. The banking system is in a splendid position to meet autumn requirements for credit, which will be much smaller in volume than last year because of lower prices.

Throughout the Continent, except Russia, conditions are steadily improving, although the disordered state of public finances con-



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tinues to be a heavy handicap to industry. German competition in the international market is favored by the position of the mark, but on the other hand, continued inflation of the German currency after inflation has practically ceased in other countries, is serving to maintain German production costs, including labor, while they are declining elsewhere. While the Russian situation imposes a heavy handicap on European recovery, it is to be remembered that Russia has been practically cut off from Europe for seven years, and business has become accustomed to do without Russia.

In the European situation there are also indications of a steadying of political conditions and of a better attitude of the respective nations toward each other, which are of especial significance. A restoration of political stability must in large measure precede Europe's economic rehabilitation. Tangible evidences of this improvement are the attempt at a solution of the difficulties between Great Britain and Ireland, the passing of the Silesian crisis, and the discussions

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drawn-out proposition and it is idle as yet to conjecture how long it will take to bring its consummation.

The Cuban sugar situation is sensationally critical. It begins to look as if our bankers would have to raise a good many millions of dollars in order to save it. The coffee market is low and looks very cheap, but again here there is the factor of an overhanging surplus that might be thrown upon the market at any time, and of course this acts to discourage bull efforts.

A similar situation obtains in the cotton market, though there is a little stronger speculative urge in cotton that would probably

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come to life in the event of any very serious crop damage reports, as the crop, with a vastly reduced acreage, has entered upon the critical season in very poor condition.

Weather reports will probably have as much influence on the grain markets now as the export demand. Our grain crops are going to be short of the ten-year average, but still in view of the general economic condition it looks as if there will be a plentiful supply.

Steel prices are being slaughtered right and left, and, what is worse, the reductions that are being made do not seem to bring in any new business of importance. Steel and iron are commodities that have not returned to pre-war levels, and it must be remembered that these industries were vastly expanded

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under way between France and Germany, with a view to payments of reparations in kind. Encouragement is also found in plans for a conference looking toward limitation of armaments.

Conditions in India and China are clearly, even if only slightly, better, despite the position of silver and uncertain political factors in both countries. Improvement in Japan is clearly indicated by improvement in the bank position. The less developed countries, those chiefly dependent on an export market for raw materials, are at this time in the least satisfactory condition. Reviewing the world situation as a whole, however, for the first time since the armistice, there is a sound basis for a hopeful view.

Not the least serious element in the process of industrial reconstruction through which the country is now passing is the large number of dividends which have been passed or reduced recently, the *Magazine of Wall Street*

notes. There have been nearly fifty important corporations—to disregard the small fry—which have passed or deferred dividends aggregating \$18,177,000 on \$870,000,000 of stock in the first five months of 1921. That there is a bright as well as a dark side to this, several financiers agree. Undoubtedly, the passing or curtailment of dividends worked many a genuine hardship upon individuals or institutions dependent on revenue from investments; also, we read, dividend reductions “have an important effect on the general current of trade, inasmuch as they curtail the buying power of those who would otherwise use the funds for current purchases and expenses.” The income loss from reduced dividends has been accompanied by “a savage shrinkage in principal,” we read in the *Boston News Bureau*, which says:

“The most disconsolate phase of the story is that a considerable fraction of such principal had been made up of securities regarding which in the days prior to 1920 practically no doubt had ever been felt as to dividend return. But nobody prior to 1920 had visioned any business reversal so sudden and sharp as came with 1920. That very severity and sharpness is the best sign of probable shortness. For it covered changes in price and volume that otherwise might have been spread over much longer periods. . . .

“In a good many instances the passing of dividends was evidently an act of decided prudence or conservatism. In several cases the Street opinion was uncertain up to the last moment whether a long dividend record would be broken. The favorite phrase of directors in such cases has been, ‘to conserve resources.’

“In numerous instances of preferred dividends there is also the deferred consolation that the dividend is cumulative; some day it will be made good.

“Meanwhile, this dividend chapter has its correlative meaning for the whole country. Not the wage-earner alone—some of whose professional spokesmen have been so loud in alleging conspiracy by capital—must hear the burden of transition from inflation to deflation. It is a common ordeal. For many individuals—minor capitalists—it is quite tragic for the time.

“The omitted or reduced dividend is own cousin to the lost job or the cut pay.”

Further evidence of the city’s hanking expansion has been furnished in the announcement of the Anglo California Trust Company that it will shortly open its sixth bank at the intersection of Market, Jones, and McAllister Streets. Plans for this work are now being rushed forward with a view to expediting the opening as much as possible.

According to officers of the bank, the significance of this announcement is that it points to the movement of San Francisco’s business district out Market Street toward the general vicinity of the Civic Centre. Like the other five institutions of the Anglo California Trust Company, the Market and Jones branch will be a complete bank, with commercial, savings, trust, investment, and safe deposit departments.

The June issue of *Banktairy Life*, published by and for the employees of the Bank of Italy, has just reached the *Argonaut* office. This issue is the most artistic and interesting yet published. On the front cover is a picture of their new building, surmounted by a picture of a bear and surrounded by the California poppy. The magazine is handsomely illustrated from cover to cover and contains much interesting and instructive information.

What is the difference between gambling and speculating? Some say there is no difference, but there is. If so, what is the difference? The difference is this: A gambler is just a plain sink-or-swim plunger; a speculator usually has some definite object in view, namely a rise in market value. The gambler doesn’t know “why,” but depends entirely on what is termed “inside information” or “tips,” while the speculator who knows “why” buys accordingly. Cheap information is worth what it costs—no more.

The gambler has, and always will, played a losing game until he wakes up to the fact that he can not dictate to that little fellow known in the Street as the “ticker.” Mr. Ticker, by the way, come from “Missouri,” so the gamblers’ chances of telling him what to do and what not to do are slight.

No, Mr. Gambler, there is no overnight road to wealth, but there is a way to make money providing certain fundamental principles are applied intelligently and consistently. The successful speculator applies these principles sanely and methodically.

The late Russell Sage was probably without exception the most successful of speculators. He was in his time one of the shrewdest market forecasters in Wall Street.

Many outsiders who are not familiar with the doings of Wall Street associate it with Monte Carlo or some other get-rich-quick institution. The mere mention of the name Wall Street sounds to the uninitiated a sort of chamber of horrors. Far from it. It is without question the safest and biggest open

market in the world. Wall Street is what people make it.—*John D. Dunlop.*

Metal mining in California during the first half of 1921 has been even more depressed than in 1920, according to Charles G. Yale of the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior. Owing to the low prices of most of the metals and the increasing cost of production many mines have shut down and others have reduced operations.

During the first six months of 1921 the United States Mint at San Francisco and local smelters and refiners received from the mines of the state \$7,362,294 in gold, or \$482,000 less than during the first six months of 1920, when the receipts were \$1,086,739 less than in 1919.


The silver received during the first half of 1921 by the mint, smelters, and refineries amounted to 1,235,820 ounces, or 726,535 ounces more than in the first half of 1920, and the first half of 1920 showed an increase of 376,310 ounces over the same period in 1919. This is somewhat remarkable, for several of the large copper mines of the state, from which most of the silver produced in California has usually been derived, have remained closed in 1920 and 1921. The deficiency thus caused has been more than made up during the last two years by the silver and silver-lead mines, more of which have been producing than in the preceding twenty-five years or more. Most of these mines are in Inyo and San Bernardino counties. By far the largest producer of silver in the state is the Rand, in San Bernardino County, opened in 1919.

No signs of immediate improvement in gold mining in California can be seen. The cost of supplies has diminished somewhat, but wages continue to be a source of contention between the operators and the miners’ unions. Within a few weeks two of the most productive deep mines of the state will probably be added to the number that are closed down. At one of the larger mines, which crushed more than 60,000 tons of ore last year, the cost of producing gold was \$19.15 an ounce, and this property has perhaps the best equipped production plant in California, making a total recovery of 97½ per cent.

The decrease in output does not affect equally the deep and the placer mines. The output of the deep mines appears to be falling off about 16 per cent., whereas that of the placers is falling off only 12 per cent. The placer gold output is kept up mainly by the dredgers, which show little total loss, but other forms of placer mining are not so prosperous as formerly. The supply of water this year, however, has been much more favorable for the placers than in 1920.

Unfavorable conditions exist, not only at the gold mines, but at those yielding copper and other metals. Most of the larger copper mines and nearly all the smaller ones are still closed down, as they were in 1920. The most productive counties are Plumas, Calaveras, and Shasta, in the order named. The largest producer in the state is the Engels mine, in Plumas County, which continues its large production in the face of adverse conditions. There has been an increase in the output of both lead and zinc, due almost entirely to the mines in Inyo County, although some zinc comes from Shasta County.

The industries of this country can neither prosper nor long survive under the burden of war-time wages and working conditions. This is as true of the railroads as of other industries. There can be no prosperity or normal employment of labor unless the general cost of production is lowered. It is evident as to all industries, and particularly the railroad, that wages and working conditions are abnormal. The number of idle industries, the number operating on part time, the number operating at part capacity, and the number of idle workmen in each particular is distressingly large, but instead of recognizing this as necessitating revision downward of wages and working conditions because largely occa-



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sioned by abnormality in this respect, so-called labor leaders are making matters worse and increasing the already large number of idle factories and workmen by arbitrarily opposing every effort toward such revision.

It is surprising indeed that railroad employees, who constitute the highest paid class of labor in the world, and who during the war and since benefited from wage increases and working concessions to a much greater extent than any other class, should now be the most active and conspicuous in opposing readjustment.—*The Industrial News Bureau.*

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An African Adventure.

We in the United States are used to bearing that South America is the land of the economic future, and sometimes China is quoted as a potential rival. But after reading Isaac F. Marcossion's comprehensive analysis of the situation in Africa one is thoroughly convinced that the materials for world prosperity are pretty well concentrated in the Dark Continent. To any one unfamiliar with African statistics the information contained in "An African Adventure" comes as a revelation. It is not so surprising that Africa "produces the three most valuable of all known minerals in the largest quantities." We associate diamonds with the Kimberley and gold with the Rand. And we now learn that the "Katanga contains probably the greatest reserve of copper in existence." But what is astonishing to any one who has been overlooking Africa is its economic, political, and agricultural possibilities. Most of us have gotten our scanty knowledge of South Africa from the always alluring South African novel; but such novelists as even the fascinating Cynthia Stockley have taken stock of the romantic potentialities of the country rather than of its economic. The wildly romantic Karoo country is probably one of the least valuable assets to the Union, useful though it is to the romantic novelist. It is a genuine service on the part of Marcossion

to put before us this graphic account of the Union, its politics, its great men, and its probable future. The first division of the book—the portion devoted to South Africa—is also a splendid portrait study of the South African Premier, Smuts, of whom Mr. Marcossion repeats the prophecy that he "will be the Prime Minister of these United States of Great Britain" and whom Mr. Marcossion himself hails as one of the three great men of the war. We would like to linger on anecdotes of Smuts, but the best way to get these is to read them in their entirety.

The second division of "An African Adventure" is "Cape-to-Cairo." Cecil Rhodes' dream of an African railway from Cairo to the Cape is almost a reality. It is now possible to make the journey by rail and river, with but a short gap of overland hiking in less than eight weeks. The first 2700 miles from the Cape can be made in a through car in about nine days. But that is through the Union and Rhodesia. It is slower work after one hits the Congo.

"Rhodes and Rhodesia" is a chapter packed with the glamour of the great imperialist, and the romance of this country that is really a business corporation. The charter, we learn, is perpetual, "but it contained a provision that at the end of twenty-five years (1914), and at the end of each succeeding ten years, the imperial government has the power to alter, amend, or rescind the instrument so far as the administration of Rhodesia is concerned." Mr. Marcossion goes on to say, "Whatever happens, charter rule in Rhodesia is doomed and the great company, born of the vision and imperialism of Cecil Rhodes, and which battled with the wild man in the wilderness, will eventually vanish from the category of corporations." It is probable that Rhodesia will become a part of the Union of South Africa, or possibly a self-determining British colony. The party in favor of the Union contend that Rhodes meant his corporation to become annexed to South Africa; the opposition is anxious to avoid the race problem (between Dutch and English) and the disadvantage of a bi-lingual system that would follow in the wake of the Union.

Another surprise for the average reader is in the part played by Americans in the development of both Rhodesia and the Congo. Both Rhodes, in exploiting Rhodesia, and Leopold, in developing the Congo, depended very largely on American engineers. Rhodes himself had a great admiration for America. Mr. Marcossion records his statement: "The greatest thing in the world would be the union of the English-speaking people. I wouldn't mind if Washington were the capital." Another story is characteristic:

"Upon one occasion at Bulawayo he was discussing the Carnegie Library idea with his friend and associate, Sir Abe Bailey, a leading financial and political figure in the Cape Colony.

"What would you do if you had Carnegie's money?" asked Bailey.

"I wouldn't waste it on libraries," he replied. "I would seize a South American republic and annex it to the United States."

The latter half of the book is given over to the Congo, and again a great name and personality is conjured up, that of Henry Stanley, whose name and achievements are synonymous with the opening up of the Congo. Leopold first awoke to Belgian possibilities in the Congo on reading Stanley's London articles. Incidentally, Mr. Marcossion endeavors to remove the stigma that has attached to Leopold's name as a result of the so-called Belgian atrocities in the Congo. The atrocity campaign was German propaganda, according to Mr. Marcossion. One gets quite an insight into German machinations in Africa from "An African Adventure." "Up to 1884 Germany did not own an inch of African soil. Within two years she was mistress of more than a million square miles. Analyze her whole performance on the continent and a definite cause of the world war is discovered. . . . It is now no secret that her plan was to annex the greater part of French, Belgian, Italian, and Portuguese Africa in the event that she won." In fact it was as a check on German expansion in Africa that Rhodes first founded his company-colony. Germany has played an important rôle in the development of Africa, even though it has been one of unpleasant instigator.

Many other great men figure in this remarkable book beside Smuts, and Rhodes, and Stanley, men who are not even dwarfed by those giants. But there is only space here to mention such names as Thomas F. Ryan, who was Leopold's business partner in the Congo project; Robert Williams, who built the railway from Broken Hill to the Congo border and who is now constructing the so-called Benguela Railway from Lobito Bay in Portuguese Angola to Bukama; Emile Francqui, Belgian financier and African explorer, and Dr. Jameson of Rhodesian fame. In 1920 the remains of Dr. Jameson were placed about a hundred feet from the spot where Cecil Rhodes had lain for eighteen years, the spot that commands what Rhodes called "The View of the World."

Much more might be said about "An African Adventure," but the best advice that can

be given is to read it. It is one of the big travel books of the generation and one of the most important books that has grown out of the war.—R. G.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE. By Isaac F. Marcossion. New York: John Lane Company; \$5.

The Human Motor.

This volume is sub-titled "The Scientific Foundations of Labour and Industry" and it has been written by Dr. Jules Amar, D. Sc., director of the Research Laboratory of Industrial Labour at the Conservatoire National des Arts et Métiers of Paris. It contains 309 illustrations and numerous tables.

The author begins his volume with a mathematical résumé of the general principles of theoretical mechanics with an explanation of the laws of thermo dynamics and of the conservation of energy. He goes on to examine the "Human Machine," "Human Energy," "Man and His Environment," "Experimental Methods," and "Industrial Labour," with the object of presenting in compact form all the physical and physiological elements of industrial work with a view to finding a solution of the problem of "obtaining from the workman an increased output," a problem "intimately bound up with the question of the relation of work and wages." This investigation, he tells us, "entails no material sacrifices or moral concessions," and it will be observed that the "material sacrifices" comes first.

We are not sure about the "moral concessions." It may be granted that there is nothing inherently immoral in any scientific inquiry whatsoever, but something that is inherently immoral may easily result from a concentrated attention to human beings as labor-performing mechanisms. We are dangerously disposed to regard them as nothing else. There is something repugnant in the assertion—selected almost at random—that "man is indeed a valuable machine, which can be utilized in any position and immediately, so long as his fuel (food) can be supplied, also he can himself win this fuel from the earth on which he lives. The economical employment of human labor should be the constant care of our captains of industry, the officers of our army, and our colonists, who exploit the labor of the indigenous natives. The maintenance of the human machine is as difficult and important a matter as the maintenance of any inorganic motor. We must do our best to eliminate all internal and external conditions tending to cause depreciation."

THE HUMAN MOTOR. By Jules Amar, D. Sc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$10.

Briefer Reviews.

The Macmillan Company has published "The Star People," by Gaylord Johnson, a book about astronomy for very young people, and with all sorts of simple and illuminating illustrations.

"The Borderland of Country Life," by Augusta Larned (Neale Publishing Company), is a volume of essays on the delights of the country. The author is a fervent nature lover, a keen observer, and a graceful and sympathetic writer. What more can one want?

The Macmillan Company has published "Lyrics of the Links," an anthology of golf verse compiled by Henry Litchfield West and with selections from John Kendrick Bangs, Ring Lardner, Clinton Scollard, Grantland Rice, Tom Masson, Edgar Guest, and Andrew Lang. Some clever illustrations are contributed by George M. Richards. Price, \$2.

W. M. Childs is the author of "Holidays in Tents," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (\$2). The book is written for the vaca-

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tionist in England and is therefore adapted to English conditions. None the less much of its advice is of the universal kind, and, moreover, it is very brightly and interestingly written and well illustrated.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

There are few periods in history that have more often been exploited by the novelist than the French Revolution, and yet Rafael Sabatini has in his latest novel, "Saramouche" (Houghton Mifflin Company), courageously moved in this well-populated field, and shown himself quite able to hold his own against all comers.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are bringing out a new issue of Sir Henry Lucy's "Men and Manner in Parliament," one of the best series of sketches of leaders and methods in that body ever written.

The award of the Pulitzer Prize to Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence" as the best American novel of the year has so stimulated the sale of the book that the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., announce that they have been obliged to print another huge edition.

Viscount Bryce arrived in this country on July 10th. He will be in New York for a short time before starting out to give some special lectures on international matters. He will be glad to learn of the particularly warm reception given by American readers to his new book, "Modern Democracies."

Dr. Edward E. Slosson says of radium that it is "not the most mysterious of the elements, but the least so. It is giving out the secret that the other elements have kept." This enlightenment as to the secrets of energy, and not its practical uses, not even its curative properties, is the great gift of Mme. Curie to the world. Dr. Slosson explains in the account of that fascinating mineral which he gives in his book, "Creative Chemistry."

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Professor John L. Lowes in the New York Evening Post.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Historic English.

"Historic English" is the last of Professor Fernald's many splendid works on English philology. Begun more than ten years before the author's death, and continued as a labor of love during that period, "Historic English" fulfills Professor Fernald's promise when he said, "Some time before I die I am going to write a book which will show that the English language is what it is because of the way it came into being. No one can fully grasp the meaning and completely master the use of the English language without knowing the history of English as a language." "Historic English" presents the history of the language in a way as far removed from the proverbial dryness of philology as a book may well be. True, the history of English is so much a part of the history of England that a discourse on English philology must necessarily ring with the most brilliant achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race. Incidentally one is reminded of the looseness of the term Anglo-Saxon. Though Professor Fernald points out that, contrary to the prevalent idea that England has been conquered by many races and is sometimes spoken of as a great a melting-pot as America, nevertheless the only invasions of lasting mark were those of the Scandinavians. The Angles, Saxons, and Danes were Northmen, not Germans, and the Normans, despite their French culture and language, were Northmen, too, as far as England was concerned.

"Historic English" traces the descent of our language from its Anglo-Saxon origins to the present in a way that is a marvel of lucidity in a space that would ordinarily permit only of the driest outlines. The author has seemed to pour the synthesis of his wonderful knowledge into this book that, his editors say, was his favorite—the most personal of his twenty-six works on the English language.

HISTORIC ENGLISH. By James C. Fernald. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Thought Relics.

This volume consists of 112 paragraphs, each one the expression of a spiritual idea and intended to direct the mind away from

material things. Perhaps it would be incorrect to speak of the philosophy of Rabindranath Tagore. His philosophy is that of the Upanishads, the Vedanta, and the New Testament. But he translates it for us into a finely poetic form, and if he can thus secure for it a hearing he has rendered a most substantial service to those most in need of it.

THOUGHT RELICS. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Impenetrable Mystery.

If you like a tale of mystery that is utterly and entirely baffling get "The House in Queen Anne Square," by W. D. Lyell. In this tale of crime, mystery, and intrigue the author shows no intention of lightening by one ray of divination the reader's utterly befuddled state. He lures him on by painting a group of young people drawn to the house in Queen Anne Square by the radiant beauty and happy, innocent youth and charm of the daughter of the house. The author amuses himself and, no doubt, many of his readers, by showing a talent for ready, light, humorous versification when the group of gifted young people, many of them musically inclined, join their wits together for the composition of an operetta palpably inspired by the Gilbert-Sullivan school. Then abruptly, on the evening when the completed operetta is presented before a concourse of friends, the seething mysteries in the fateful house develop crime, and one of the gayest and most talented of the youthful group is found murdered.

In a moment all the gayety is plunged in gloom. There is presumable guilt of the lovely girl heroine, public accusation, a public trial.

In the scenes of the trial the author shows considerable familiarity with the traditions and observances of the Scottish bar. So much so that the reader surmises that he preceded his writing experiences by being trained for the bar.

In the character-portrait of Lord Pittenweem—who served as presiding judge at the trial mentioned—members of the Scottish bar will no doubt recognize some well-known legal luminary whose harsh, implacable attitude toward prisoners on trial has, in past years, made him a prominent and execrated figure.

The story is told in a series of narratives by different characters, and carries along the absorbed reader who is partial to this kind of fiction ever hopeful of lighting on a clue. But the wily author keeps his mystery unsolved until the very last, and even then he professes himself unsatisfied by one solution offered.

THE HOUSE IN QUEEN ANNE SQUARE. By W. D. Lyell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Everyday Adventures.

Everyday adventures of this sort may be sought by one who is within reach of a patch of open country, or even of a city park. No more is needed than sympathy, patience, and the power to observe—and these, it may be said, are quite an equipment. Suffice it to remark that Mr. Samuel Scoville, Jr., has written one of the most delightful of nature books,

a book in which human and animal life are so blended that the boundary line is blurred, which is just as it should be. He tells us of animals that live in strange homes, wild, shy, furtive animals that peep and peer, and fascinate us with their mysterious ways and that yet make the best of playmates when we have their confidence, which is not very hard to win. Mr. Scoville illustrates his book with photographs by Mr. Howard T. Middleton, veritable triumphs of skill and patience.

EVERYDAY ADVENTURES. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$3.

New Books Received.

ORIGINALITY. By William H. McMaster. Boston: The Four Seas Company; \$2.
A volume of essays.

FRENCH ESSAYS AND PROFILES. By Stuart Henry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.
The life of France.

THE STAR PEOPLE. By Gaylord Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Astronomy for children.

THE MASQUE OF MORNING. By Edward Viets. Boston: The Four Seas Company; \$1.50.
A volume of verse.

IN THE CLAWS OF THE DRAGON. By George Soule de Morant. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.
A novel.

DOG-TOWN COMMON. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.
A narrative poem of old New England.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN. By Rev. Francis P. Le Buffe, S. J. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.
An interpretation.

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES. By E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.
A novel.

THE LARGER SOCIALISM. By Bertram Benedict. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.
Socialism from the non-Marxian point of view.

OLD FIGHTING DAYS. By E. R. Punshon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.
A novel of pugilism.

INDUSTRIAL GOVERNMENT. By John R. Commons. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.
An industrial report by a group of teachers and professors.

The Deadly Karait at Work.

There were three objects on the rock. The canteen was between. A miniature striped squirrel was nearest. It looked sick and hurt—no larger than a field mouse. It hunched and straightened, moved forward, but seemed to fall to the side, as if shoved every step or two by an unseen hand. Hilliard had seen only so much, before the third object—a little dark snake. She slithered leisurely across the rock and halted with poised head six or eight inches from the squirrel. The little chap made no attempt to get away, though feverishly concerned about something else, not yet clear to the watcher.

The snake's head, which poised about the squirrel, suddenly vanished. That was all Hilliard could tell. It vanished in the strike and appeared again. Now the little squirrel was more hunched than before, scratching his shoulder with fumbling paw and falling sideways. Presently, however, his feverish quest went on; and now it was all suddenly clear. Hilliard saw that he was following the scent of water.

The squirrel had been struck at least once before the man arrived; the poison was already at work there, causing the death-thirst. The snake had merely hurried the action with another injection. The doomed thing showed no fear—merely passing remonstrance against the recent stab in the shoulder—and now trudged in his crippled, crumpled fashion, past his enemy toward the canteen.

Hilliard moved. The snake saw him and slid back to the edge of the rock, dropping half her length behind and watching angrily. The squirrel reached the canteen, fell, lolled against it, making low sounds. It was more than Hilliard could stand—this thirst-madness, this thirst-dying. He stepped forward to the rock. The snake disappeared.

Hilliard quickly unscrewed the top of the canteen and let the flow begin, as it lay. The little beast drank from the stream and hollows of the rock—drank until he bulged, drank until he lay down, drank until he died. That was the only vivid part—a poignant and shocking part of the drama. The rest was the stuff that made Hilliard grope questioningly toward the so-called Omnipresent God. It was not long before the snake appeared. . . . Then the smear, the swallowing, head first, the little demon, finally at the mercy of her own gorge.—Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dist in Asia Magazine.

"Red" Influence Strong in Colleges.

In his appeal to American citizens to combat the sinister influence of radical propagandists seeking to undermine our educational institutions, Vice-President Coolidge says in the *Delineator* for August: "As this is written the attempt to open the colleges to undirected radical influences is going on. The press reports two hundred and fifty students organizing such a movement at Harvard.

"There was a report in the New York



THE STANDARD OF DRINKS

Herald of April 26th of a serious difficulty at Valparaiso, Indiana, which forced President Hodgdon to resign, and to say:

"The university is a hotbed of Bolshevism, communism, and other cults, and nothing we could do to thwart their propaganda has been of any avail because of sinister inside influences."

"The same paper reports an article written for the *Yale News* by E. G. Buckland, vice-president and general manager of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, in which he says:

"Periodically Yale is written to, visited, and talked to by men who present ideas at variance with what have long been regarded as sound economics. This propaganda appeals to the sympathies and exploits the credulity of the younger part of their hearers and readers. It taxes the patience and offends the common sense of the older part."

"Again it must be said, 'Let the students hear all sides'; but undirected they do not hear all sides. Education is a leading out. What influence and who is to lead student thought?"



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THE THEATRICAL SLUMP.

Yes, we are obliged to admit, nor need we blush a blush of local shame, for it seems to be world-wide. We are in the throes of a theatrical slump. Who ever heard of San Francisco, during the heated term in the East, not having her small share of the big New York attractions? And here we are with picture plays at our two leading theatres and with the little theatres—lucky for them, no doubt—temporarily closed.

The Alcazar seems to have run along with a lively succession of plays, and no doubt has profited by the withdrawal of the spoken drama from the other houses.

The high cost of transportation has prevented the Eastern attractions from coming our way, and a number of the big producers more than hint that not only will players' salaries have to come down, but those of all people connected, whether mechanically or artistically, with the work of the theatre.

Of course the world is going to worry through and out of its present business condition, but it is going to take time. At present the lucky ones who have money are husily engaged in salting it down in some safe place. Expenditure is not the rule, unless, perhaps, the numerous Americans who have suddenly gone off in droves to Europe will be profiting in that depleted continent by the high value of the American dollar, and gayly spending it.

But the public must have its theatres, and in time, as we found out during the war, the condition will partly adjust itself on account of the public demand for theatrical amusement.

At present the picture-play producers are filling the void. But we will get lonesome for the sound of the human voice on the boards, and in the meantime the big producers are, rather agitatedly perhaps, discussing ways and means.

THEATRES IN EAST AND EUROPE.

In the middle of June and thereabouts it was noticeable that there were occasional items in the Eastern press chronicling an unusual dullness in the theatrical world. Business, it was asserted in the New York Times, was at a low ebb in the New York theatres, and at a lower in those of Chicago.

As to the European theatres, from Paris comes the information that the theatres in that city are having the worst season on record. Half empty houses stuffed with paper eloquently bear testimony to the prevalence of business depression and high costs, and the general financial stringency seems to have had a deterrent effect on the creation of new plays.

This dullness extends to the Grand Guignol, home of theatrical sensationalism, and the only profitable and popular attraction in the form of a "show" is the Neuilly Fair, which is drawing people away from the theatres.

Early in June James K. Hackett played "Macheth" and the third act of "Othello" at the Odéon, Paris. The performance was given at the invitation of the French Ministry of Fine Arts, and it is said that Mr. Hackett is the first English-speaking actor invited to play in a French theatre subsidized out of the national funds. This performance, however, has no real bearing on the theatrical situation, as it was given for the benefit of the "Orphans in France," a number of well-known or eminent players having contributed their services to the affair.

The London theatres are still suffering from the British industrial depression. A London paper bravely came out with the truth, early in June, and said that not half a

dozen of the attractions running were drawing adequate profits for their producers, although new plays by famous playwrights are announced, and some have come out; among other authors there are plays by Galsworthy, Barrie, and Dunsany. The general depression, however, seems to have affected the creative abilities of authors. John Galsworthy's play, "A Family Man," not being equal to his best work, while the play "It," by Dunsany, has not made a great success. Of Barrie's play, entitled "Shall We Join the Ladies?" we have not yet an authentic verdict, as only the first act has been played—by an all-star cast, it seems, at a benefit performance.

We hear from Berlin that the German purveyor of operettas for American consumption is going to suffer because German plays are not adequately protected in America. There is, or has been, a decided American tinge to Berlin theatricals, several dozen American jazz hands having been flourishing there, and an event in early summer was the production of "Potash and Perlmutter" in Germanized form. It is the first American play to be produced in Germany since the war, and made the highest hit of the season; that is, from the financial point of view, and the verdict of the Berlin press was almost unanimously favorable.

AN UNHALOED LINCOLN.

Professor Powys delivered a discourse last Monday morning on the subject of Abraham Lincoln—the lecture being included among the morning group dealing with "Great Personalities"—to an audience composed principally of women. In spirit, however, the lecturer had plainly composed the lecture with the American men in mind, and it was to them mainly that it was tacitly addressed. For all during the delivery of the lecture we felt the invisible presence of the composite American man: that keen-eyed, hustling, shrewd, out-for-the-main-chance being who yet has such stores of old-fashioned idealism and conservatism about him.

Mr. Powys has a way of advancing by easy stages upon some rather emancipated point of view. He gets his audience well prepared, and then he springs it upon them. Thus he sprang upon us the idea that we have placed Lincoln, our hero and almost god, upon a pedestal and crowned him with a halo, and whosoever dares to hound an eye of detached scrutiny, a mind of cool, intellectual discrimination upon this "Man of Sorrows," as pointed out the lecturer, one writer has called him, is guilty of blasphemy. Our English observer remarks that, with extraordinary unanimity, the whole nation is bound together in the uniformity of its attitude toward the great emancipator.

What Mr. Powys criticizes in us is our tendency to romanticize this great historical figure, and to object to allowing the light of common day to play about him. In other words, to avoid a calm, judicial, truthful consideration of the man "who is your darling," says Mr. Powys, "because he is you." In other words, he is a representative American because he had the salient American traits of humor, kindness, and above all he was a horn politician, one who read the newspapers instead of books, in spite of the story fed to schoolchildren that Lincoln was a great reader of books.

The lecturer notes that there is an invisible but steady propaganda going on to inculcate this idea that that very simple, direct, human, and humorous figure of the '60s was a semi-saint: an idea deprecated by Mr. Powys, who is constitutionally a determined seeker after truth, because it subtracts from Lincoln some of his simple humanness. He feels that an almost religious cult of the sacredness of the figure and personality of Lincoln is a wrong to a man who was so simply and truly great that he could hear the most searching light of truth.

And as I listened I said to myself, "It is well for the people of one nation to learn how they are regarded by discriminating observers from another." We are, as Mr. Powys truly says, a nation of politicians. Something in the air of a social democracy causes a general hatching out of politicians. Politicians are rarely, if ever, intellectualists. They are, I suppose, emotional themselves, and they live by skillfully working up and guiding the emotions of the man in the street. And these emotion-dispensing politicians have a lot to do about choosing our state text-books for the schools—or choosing the men who write them—because there is money in it.

That, I think, is the root of this propaganda about the origin of which the Oxonian professor expressed his curiosity. Anything a politician does he does with his ear to the ground. Hence the character of our school histories, which rarely, if ever, tend to a dispassionate estimate of the character of our great men. Each of them is placed on a pedestal, his hand in the breast of his coat, while history proceeds to engarland them, disregarding their possibilities for being as faultily human as the devotees who bend the knee before them.

Now which is right, the politicians or our

English critic? From the scholarly and intellectual point of view certainly Mr. Powys is right. Truth is mighty and should prevail, even when it infers the recognition of Lincoln's hearty enjoyment of questionable stories. But, on the other hand, there is the need for welding all that heterogeneous mass of young brain stuff and raw emotionalism in the public schools into something that approximates Americanism. Uniting them, Old World aliens and youthful Americans, into one common worship of idealized heroes seems to help. For there are strange outbreaks sometimes from the children of anarchists, who will obey the paternal injunction at home and refuse to join in the morning pledge to the flag at school.

It is, on the whole, a puzzling question. The man continues the beliefs inculcated in the child, and he deeply admires and exalts—as is the tendency of man—those national heroes who had, so says tradition, practiced virtues in a way he is unable to emulate. Thus the habit of clear and critical scrutiny of our great public figures is never acquired, and the American biographies are generally eulogies. Mr. Powys, in fact, declares that there is not a single American biography of Lincoln written in the spirit of simple, truthful investigation.

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN."

The Curran can show a comparatively well-filled lower auditorium even in the daytime, these days of the "Four Horsemen" run; something of a triumph, in view of the present theatrical situation. I saw the play through twice, and was fully as much interested the second time as the first.

It was rather an interesting question as to how an American public would take a two-volume French novel translated in terms of the picture play. For that is what the story of Julio and Marguerite amounts to. Ibañez' idea in his novel was evidently to show the effect of war on the average French love intrigue, but the scenario-maker, with a wary eye on Young America, sentimentalized the love episode so successfully that everybody forgets that Julio is poaching on forbidden ground, and the lovers win the complete sympathy of the majority of the audience.

It was not, never is, the intention of Ibañez to sentimentalize. But his intentions have been well carried out in respect to the scenes connected with the château on the Marne and one great effect has been adhered to.

All wars lead to the cemetery. That was

the idea indicated in the finale of the novel, when the Desnoyer family wearily toiled over interminable and unlimited pathways between mathematically ruled lines of graves to find the final resting place of the handsome boy who had lived life up to the hilt.

How pitifully sad, how futile it all seems! War leads to the hero's lowly grave, upon which fall hovers and tears, as the mourners painfully tear themselves away to face lives crippled in joy and love, while in the distance we see the budding of young, new destinies.

And so there is your moral if you want it. War, anguish, death, and the grave, with the war profiteer carefully avoiding the cemetery.

YOUTH VERSUS AGE.

Age has been wont to complain of being displaced in the industrial market by youth. And there is indeed much pathos in the enforced retirement from important positions of the oldsters who once had been indispensable. But there is one department in this world of ceaseless industry occupied almost exclusively by age that seems to call for a change. It is middle-aged or old men that keep in motion the governmental wheels of the various nations. Age is in the position of authority and youth defers to its judgment.

But it has gradually been dawning upon us that age, not youth, was responsible for the

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war; that age, not youth, has always included in its ranks statesmen and diplomatists who, in their itch for national power and prestige, have disregarded the rights of the great majority.

We felt beloved and benevolent, during the war, when the services of so many aged men were called on. It seemed as if, after all, the world had need of the old as well as the young.

But they betrayed us. How completely, the tricked, deluded young men in the different national armies were to learn later. And they learned that this boasted wisdom of the older men was really a keener conception of the value of place and power, and a more ruthless determination to possess those agreeable attributes to a worldly existence.

But the "plain man" made many discoveries during the war. In all the fighting nations men who had toiled for a living automatically and as a matter of course came from afar to be drilled near the great cities. And they saw the big world, in spite of the war, enjoying itself, tasting the pleasures they had never known. And each man said to himself, "Why not me, too?"

That was a momentous question, out of which the whole of modern life may yet be reorganized in those nations where caste has prevailed. For these young men, their wits sharpened by the new and stimulating life and by the dread imminence of death to the young soldiers who were in constant danger of losing even the little heritage of happiness due them, began to perceive that this idea of the superiority of the few was a shibboleth invented by them to impose on the many. It has always been crafty, astute, far-seeing age that invented these self-protective caste slogans.

And now what? For one thing this turmoil of armies, this mingling of divers nationalities, this clashing of national aims in Europe has cleared the mists from the eyes of the millions who were imposed on.

And they have developed, many of them, into a vast body of youth that is determined to get its grasp on all the good things. It has borrowed from age its ruthless grasping for power, from aristocracy its unscrupulous use of privilege. It has become keen-witted, predatory, alive.

Knowing, through the light that has been thrown upon the stupidities and inefficiencies of the various army administrations during the war, that countless young lives were needlessly lost, youth burns with the rage that comes from having its high exaltations utilized for purely selfish purposes.

Those high ideals the present generation has lost beyond recall.

For that we may thank the politicians and statesmen, the old foxes who may yet be trapped in their own holes. For they have found that they can no longer, with a stroke

of the pen, send armies to enforce their will. The men who are fighting nowadays are doing so from personal conviction.

In the meantime the world is suffering from the destruction of youthful ideals. Millions of young men, who formerly worked like oxen, are now out for a good time. They care not a rush for economy, efficiency, national progress. They are capable of saying with Louis XIV, "I am the state."

Knowing, recognizing this mood, we wonder that age still holds the high places. But its time of surrender has not yet come; it will not come until youth has had its fling. And then, let us hope, it will buckle down to the job.

At present its reproach is its inefficiency, resulting from the present supreme importance of the joy of living. For youth has seen and almost known the agony of dying. When the freshness of the horror has become dimmed, and the sense of wrong has lessened, the finer spirits will perhaps come to the fore, gently but firmly displace the unscrupulous old foxes, revive the generous attributes of youth, and perhaps set itself to the work of making the poor, old, muddling world over again.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

All San Francisco appears to be turning out to see the great William Fox picture, "Over the Hill," at the Columbia Theatre, now entering upon its fourth week.

Mary Carr's impersonation of Ma Benton will live long in the memory of those who will have the pleasure of attending the Columbia during the run of this picture. Vivian Osbourne, Johnny Walker, Edna Murphy, Noel Tearle, William Welsh are among the members of this superb cast.

No picture ever screened in this city has created so generally fine an impression, for all classes are crowding the Columbia these afternoons and nights. Matinees are given daily.

The Orpheum.

He's only sixteen years old, four feet five inches tall, and weighs seventy-nine pounds, but he is big in ambition and philanthropic in ideas.

That is Alexander Milne, the little Scotch comedian with Gus Edwards and his "Song Revue of 1921" at the Orpheum this week and next week.

This young entertainer, generally known as "Sandy," has a twin brother, Willie, who is five feet six inches tall and weighs 128 pounds. The parents and the other two children came to this country from Edinburgh a few months ago as immigrants. "Sandy" had stage talent and was "discovered" by Mr. Edwards, who was giving a show at Ellis Island. Mr. Edwards engaged him on the spot.

"Sandy's" twin is more of a student. He drowns himself in literature and is trying to educate himself to become a lawyer.

"My ambition is to see my mother comfortable and my brother Willie educated as he wishes to be educated," says "Sandy." "Some day you'll read of William Milne, the eminent jurist, and if I grow up to be a big fellow I'll throw out my chest and say to myself, 'I had something to do with that.' If I don't grow up I'll do the same thing and say it anyway."

Scotti Grand Opera.

Antonio Scotti of the Metropolitan Opera House brought an excellent company numbering one hundred and twenty-five to San Francisco last October and gave a week of most satisfactory grand opera at the Exposition Auditorium. Mr. Scotti was so pleased with the success of his initial venture that he will, commencing Monday night, September 15th, give a two weeks' season. He will have an enlarged repertory and company increased to two hundred and Geraldine Farrar will be the guest artist. Miss Farrar is now in the prime of her powers as a singing actress. San Franciscans are particularly enamored by Miss Farrar, as was proven by the fact that eleven days before her concert at the Curran Theatre every seat in the big house had been sold. Miss Farrar will make five and possibly six appearances here with the Scotti company. She will be the highly dramatic Floria Tosca in Puccini's intensely tragic "Tosca," also Cho-Cho-San, the adorable, unforgettable blossom of Japan in "Madam Butterfly," and she will give her alluring portrayal of the cigarette girl in "Carmen." Miss Farrar's delineation of the title-role in "Zaza" is one of her famous, if not the most famous, of her rôles.

Those acquainted with the standard of excellence demanded by Scotti will not be surprised when they learn that in "Tosca," which will be the opening night performance, every rôle with the exception of that sung by the tenor will be filled by exactly the same people as when the performance will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House. Miss Farrar as Tosca will be playing opposite Scotti in his famous rôle of Scarpia, chief of police. The tenor rôle (Mario Cavaradossi) will be sung here by a new and remarkable Spanish tenor,

José Palet, who will here make his first appearance in America.

Mr. Scotti's second night's performance will also be a remarkable one, for he has selected Rossini's melodious "Barber of Seville," and has Riccardo Stracciari, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, baritone in the entire world as Figaro the Barber. Angela Ottein, a remarkable Spanish coloratura soprano, will be the Rosina. Charles Hackett, the splendid Metropolitan tenor, will be the Almaviva. Almaviva is the part in which he made his debut and triumph at the famous La Scala in Milan in 1912.

Mr. Scotti's repertory is now in the making. It will be another week or so before complete repertoire and complete casts will be available. It is known that Scotti has engaged Alice Gentle as principal mezzo-soprano and that Quena Mario will be the principal lyric soprano.

Frank W. Healy, under whose local direction the Scotti company appears here, and Samuel Simmons, Mr. Healy's technical director, have planned a complete seating rearrangement of the Auditorium. Every seat in the entire house will afford an unobstructed view of the stage and there will be decorative and several other innovations by J. L. Stuart intended to contribute to the comfort of those in attendance.

Maude Fulton Coming.

Maude Fulton is credited with having made the outstanding success of her career in her own new play, "Pinkie," announced for the Curran Theatre, beginning with Sunday night, August 7th. Not only has she written a remarkably good rôle for herself, but every member of the carefully selected special cast has been given a strong part.

Those who saw Miss Fulton, first in "The Brat" and later in "The Hummingbird," will undoubtedly flock to see her as the heroine of her new story revolving around the rôle of the girl nicknamed Pinkie. This little girl makes her appearance near the close of the prologue and her short but effective scene with the "Lady" brings many a curtain call. "Lady" has endeavored to "place" Pinkie in more than one way, endeavoring to forestall any unpleasant consequences that might arise through the girl's remembering a crime apparently lost in the haze of the past. Before the close of the play "Lady" is a thoroughly disillusioned female crook and little Pinkie has a romance all her own.

Miss Fulton will be seen in the title-rôle and Robert Ober as "the strange young man." William Courtleigh, Lea Penman, Frank Darien, John Ivan, Helen Audifred, and William Lewis are among the members of the cast.

THE SULTAN EATS A BANANA.

Abdul Hamid clapped his hands. In the proverbial trice a huge negro, wearing the magnificent livery of the imperial household, stood with head bowed and hands folded before the sovereign.

"Get me a banana," said Abdul Hamid.

The negro raised his hands, covered his face to signify that he had received the command, and harked from the room.

He reëntered. On a dish of gold (part of the historic plate of the House of Osman) that scintillated with precious gems he bore a solitary banana.

"They are not very ripe as yet," said Abdul, as he took the fruit. He peeled it and threw the skin on the plate. He bit off half. This he chewed with great difficulty, taking care to masticate thoroughly and periodically thumping his chest. "I don't believe in eating too much, of an evening. I shan't sleep if I finish it. You finish it, Hilmi. Never waste the good things with which Allah has endowed us."

The general, the Sultan's son-in-law, bowing courteously, took the remaining half of the banana in his white-gloved hand and then, drawing himself up to his full height, clicked his spurs together and proceeded to eat it, holding his head erect and taking care not to move his jaws too much.

The negro withdrew and returned with a glass pitcher of water and a little basin of silver. The Sultan put out his left hand over the basin and the slave poured water upon it. Abdul rubbed his fingers together and, taking from the negro's shoulder a napkin of the finest Brusa silk, he dried his hands with it and then violently blew his nose upon it. With a contemptuous gesture he flung it on the floor.

"See, Hilmi," he said, "what poor creatures we are, even when we are kings. I can no more resist a sudden desire to blow my nose than can the humblest peasant of Anatolia. He does it on a coarse, common piece of linen that comes from Manchester. I, being more patriotic, do it on the silk of my own country. My silk means no more to me than his coarse linen means to him; and my silk serves no better purpose than his coarse linen does. Both have to be washed, only his is washed by his wife, in love, and mine by my slaves, in fear. Now which of

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us is king? Truly, I say to you, Allah is king!"

"In his purpose," said the general, reverently, "Allah, the All-Providing, is inscrutable!"—K. K. Ardasher in *Asia Magazine*.

A man invited three friends to spend a week on his yacht. The boat caught fire and, although all hands escaped, their valuables were lost. The three guests are now suing their host for amounts aggregating more than \$50,000 to recompense them for the loss of clothing, pet dogs, gold cigarette cases, and the like. It is charged in the complaint that the host, in violation of the law, had intoxicating beverages abroad the yacht, and that, partaking thereof, he neglected precautions against fire. So what was once the embodiment of hospitality now becomes the basis of gravamen. But the question which will be asked by many who are interested in yachts, bottles, and gold cigarette cases is this: Is it clubby to complain under such circumstances? Are there not thousands of persons who would willingly risk all their clothing, Pomeranians, and gold cigarette cases for a trip on a yacht wetly provisioned? We fear so. If the bountiful yachtsman bas to pay, what of the future? If John Doe fall downstairs after sampling Richard Roe's bone brew, does an action lie? If a guest burn his fingers while investigating his host's private still is he to collect damages?—*New York Herald*.

"Charley, dear," said Young Mrs. Torkins, "the new cook is going to leave unless you quit playing the phonograph." "Doesn't she like music?" "Yes. But she says those jazz records set so rapid a tempo she forgets herself and works three or four times as fast as her wages call for."—*Washington Star*.

As an evidence of the emancipation of women in Turkey a recent visitor to Constantinople noted that the women of the upper class are beginning to do their own housekeeping and to help their husbands to entertain.

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VANITY FAIR.

Nature has a decidedly grim way of her own when she sets her hand to the task of adjusting our social differences. And what a staggering shock it is to us when she does this, particularly if we happen to be the unlucky toads selected to pass under the harrow. What an utter and desperate perplexity it is as we discover that our "fixed institutions" are not fixed at all, and that the social edifice that seemed so firm is by no means firm, is, indeed, no more than a house of cards that nature shakes into ruin whenever the time seems to her ripe for readjustments. How horribly it hurts.

We get some idea of this from the "personal" or "agony" advertisements in English newspapers. Before the war these were usually foolish or sentimental. Now they are tragic. There are so many derelicts that have been swept from the moorings that they supposed to be ordained of God and that now are drifting hither and thither, and wondering why they were ever born. Take, for example, the following announcement from a London daily:

PENNYLESS and HOMELESS — Well-known Prince and Princess (Russian), with five very young children and aged relative, absolutely stranded in London; will any one OFFER ACCOMMODATION anywhere? A small fund being arranged for food by friends; any kind of help most gratefully accepted.

What a strange mental bewilderment is there set forth. Let us hope, sincerely we do hope, that relief has come to these babes in the wood and that at least some charitable robins have covered them with leaves. Evidently they believe that the world owes them support, even though they toil not, neither do they spin. Observe the emphasis that they lay upon the fact of their aristocracy, as though starvation were so much worse for a prince and a princess, "well-known" at that, than for a shoeblack. And indeed perhaps it is. Being neither a prince nor a princess, we can not say. That a mere man and woman with five young children and an aged relative should be stranded in London would of course be ineffective as an advertisement. But a prince and princess! There we have an attack upon the established order of things, a violation of the social contract, an outrage upon the social solidities.

Let us not laugh. It is not the fault of these people that they were born in pre-revolutionary Russia and of princely stock. Doubtless they believed most firmly that they had a sort of divine guaranty against dispossession and that the eternal hills would be uprooted as soon as they. What are they to do now? In very truth it is no laughing matter—not, at least, for them. The only trade they know is the prince trade, and that has momentarily gone out of fashion. What a pity they have five children and an aged relative.

There is another advertisement almost as eloquent. Here it is:

SPORTSMAN—Will any sporting influential man give or HELP ex-officer just demobilized to find a decent job with a liveable wage? Age 30; excellent references; gentleman by birth worse luck! Good education, fair appearance; eight years in bank, seven in army; energetic, good organizer, keen gardener; no private means.

Now here is a man who frankly admits that he must struggle against the disadvantage of his birth, for he was born a gentleman. "worse luck," which means that somehow he must reconcile a champagne taste with a soda-water income. This particular gentleman is a sportsman, which ought to help him quite a lot. Vicissitude is of the essence of sport and variety is the spice of life. Probably he, too, believed that the established order of things would go on forever and forever, world without end. He, too, is surprised to find that the wheel revolves. Let us hope that he will find that "decent" job that he craves and that he will get lots of sport out of it. But he might do well to forget that he was born a gentleman. To be born a man is rather more to the point.

There are various other "agony" advertisements, and the name is by no means misapplied. There is the ex-officer who is in financial difficulties and who has a family. Will some one buy his thoroughbred filly, three years old? Let us hope that some one will, but what then? But there are other advertisements that suggest that there may be balm in Gilead for those who are willing to forget that they are gentlemen and princes and princesses. For example, we find the following:

IS there today a man of initiative who, unassisted, will earn a good living by retailing super milk in small town?

Hurriedly we bespeak this job for the Russian prince. Let him dissolve his sorrows in milk, so to speak. Let him apply to them a lacteal lubricant. This is one of those jobs that bless him who gives and him who takes. Considering that it is a milk job perhaps it would be awkward to say that it falleth like the gentle dew from heaven. Imagine having your milk delivered by a Russian prince. Then it would indeed be super milk. Now one would suppose from the tone of this advertisement, the desperately imploring note that pervades it, that it is not easy to find any

one who will deliver super milk, and this ill accords with the seeming despair of the unemployed. Perhaps the sporting gentleman would like to have the milk route.

These "agony" advertisements are numerous and they emanate from women as well as from men. Thus we find that Lady Marcia Black will be glad to receive resident lady pupils on her poultry farm and she promises expert lectures and examinations. And there is the unnamed gentlewoman who is a "very special cakemaker" and who "desires post." Another impoverished one has a "levee dress" for sale guaranteed complete and in perfect order, "with hat, sword, and buckles, worn only twice." The price is not named, but we should advise a would-be purchaser to exercise a little caution unless he happens to be running a museum. Levee dresses are not likely to be greatly in demand in the years immediately ahead of us.

And so it goes. The pillars of the society commonwealth have been shaken and the roof has fallen through in sundry places. And they seemed so firm. No wonder there is bewilderment among those whom they sheltered.

"That new floorwalker gets on my nerves," said Estelle at the handkerchief counter. "Mine, too," said Bertha, the gloves saleslady. "Thinks because a poor girl has to earn her own living she's a slave, yeah, a slave. I gave him a piece of my mind this morning." "What did you say?" "He strolls up an' says, 'Miss Burke, show a little more interest in the customers, please,' an' I upped an' told him we wasn't staging a department store scene an' he wasn't no movie director."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A homely young English chap, having his view obstructed by the headgear of the girl in front of him, ventured to protest. "See here, miss," he said leaning over, "I want to look as well as you." "Oh, do yer?" she replied, in a rich Cockney accent. "Then you'd better run 'ome and change yer fice."

Little Willie was enjoying a play with his kittens on the street when a gentleman passing by asked him the names of the kittens. "Joe and Jerry," was the prompt reply. "Why not call them Cook and Peary?" the man then asked. "Go on, man," Willie said, "these aint no pole cats."

"Divvie a bit do I believe the messages these mediums are after gettin' from the dead," declared Dugan. "Ye can't be tellin' whether they're true or not." "More fool ye. Ye can and I can prove it," contradicted Monahan. "By mistake I was reported killed entirely in the war, and one day me sister went to a medium who told her I was wishin' I was back on earth. And at that very time I was on a transport in a high sea, d'ye mind?"

A soldier while serving in France during the war had picked up a smattering of the French language. After some months he was discharged and, with the money he scraped together, opened up as a coal merchant. He was very proud of his knowledge of French and took every opportunity of "airing" it to his customers. A woman entered the office one day and asked him: "How do you sell your coal?" "A la carte or eul de sac," was his reply.

He was one of the few remaining old-time darkies. He had finished the odd jobs for which he had been employed, and, hat in hand, appeared at the back door. "How much is it, uncle?" he was asked. "Yo' say how much. Jest whatever yo' all say, missis." "Oh, but I'd rather you'd say how much," the lady of the house replied. "Yes, ma'am. But, ma'am, Ah'd rather hab de 75 cents yo' all would gimme dan de 50 cents Ah'd charge yo' all."

"France is very hard up for food," said President Barrett of the National Farmers' Union. "The French farmer has got France by the throat. High prices, low quality—that's the farmer's idea over there. One day in a Paris restaurant a doughboy ordered a boiled egg—five francs, or \$1 in our money. The doughboy tasted the egg, then he called the waiter. 'Waiter,' he said, 'I can't eat this egg. It's bad.' 'Have you tried the other end, sir?' said the waiter."

"Dad," said the financier's son, running into his father's office, "lend me six hundred." "What for, my boy?" "I've got a sure tip on the market." "How much shall we make out of it?" asked the old man cautiously. "A couple of hundred sure," replied the boy eagerly. "That's a hundred each." "Here's your hundred," said his father. "Let's consider that we have made this deal and that it has succeeded. You make a hundred dollars and I save five hundred."

Oswald Garrison Villard, the famous New York editor, once complained at a vegetarian banquet about the materialistic quality of the age. "When I was a boy," he said, "and a young fellow would be starting out to seek his fortune, his mother would say to him with tears in her eyes: 'Be good, be good.' But the mother of today in the same circumstances slaps the young fellow on the back, blows a cloud of cigarette smoke in his face, and says: 'Whatever you do, make good.'"

The late Ollie James was one of those who admitted that there would never be such a thing as a perfect tariff. "You can't make a tariff that will work successfully both ways," he once declared, "and half measures even to work little better than no measures at all." Then he laughed. "It reminds me of a friend of mine who awoke one morning to find the house reeking with the most awful smell. 'James,' he cried to his butler, 'what's this awful smell?' 'Well, sir,' said the butler, 'it's this way, sir. Today's a saint's day and the footman, 'e's 'igh church, sir, and is burning hincense, but the cook is low church, sir, and she's burning brown paper to hobviate the hincense, sir.'"

Her name was Fannie Adams, her color Cuban brown, her age sixty, and she came as a pupil to a night school. "Ah waanster learn ter write mah name," she announced, and teacher wrote it for her and set her to copying it. She was thinking of the many other things she'd teach Fannie Adams after the first had been accomplished. Night after night the elderly woman sat in the classroom learning to write her name. It took her five weeks to learn to write it without the copy—and as soon as this had been achieved

she was seen no more in class. But three months later, to the surprise and satisfaction of teacher, she looked up one night to behold Fannie Adams among her pupils. "Well, Fannie," she said, "what do you want to learn now?" "Ah waanster learn ter write mah name." "But," said the teacher, "you did learn to write your name." "But I'se done changed it," said the dusky lady.

Mr. Hindleton appeared at his neighbor's door one evening in a towering rage and uttering fierce threats against his neighbor's dog, Pongo. Vainly the neighbor tried to explain that Pongo was only a puppy. "It belongs to Johnny," he said, "and it would break his heart if anything happened to it. I think," hopefully, "that its manners will improve." "Manners!" repeated Hindleton. "I'm not complaining of its manners, but its nature. After it had jumped all over me it bit the back of my leg." "That's as far as it can reach," broke in Johnny, in a wounded tone. "You don't expect a little pup like that to bite a big man like you on the neck?"

A rather successful Hoosier schoolma'am has for one of her ambitions never to look her profession so that people can guess it when they see her. So whenever she goes on a vacation she poses as a stenographer, a clerk, or a member of some other profession than her own. When she left at Easter time she said that this time she "was going to be a widow for a week." She succeeded in carrying off her pose successfully, too, until the day before she started home. Then on that day she overheard the colored elevator boy talking to a man she had met. "So she am a widow?" he said. "Yes," the man nodded his head. "I aint surprised," the boy retorted with conviction. "I said that the day she come. I say that woman's either a widow or a schoolteacher. Both of 'em always have such a pert 'I have bossed the world' way."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Aintyet Mariners.

The Francis X steamed into port,
And all her sails were set.
The stern threw up a steady spray,
The port boles were all wet.

The captain in the engine-room
Stoked coal with manly zeal,
And on the bridge at midnight
No one spoke except the wheel.

The engineer got breakfast,
Upon the galley stove,
And as they crossed the bar the crew
Rusbed madly for a clove.

And why do you suppose that things
Were going thus today?
Because the moving-picture man
Had ordered them that way.

—Bernard L. Wells in Cartoons Magazine.

A Journalistic Nightmare.

One night I dreamed the sun rose on
A day that none could censure;
A perfect day! No scandal and
No corybce's adventure;
No railroad accidents occurred
No murder was committed,
No jury probed unwritten laws,
No millionaires remitted.
No rich man's wife took leave of him,
No poor man's home got triplets,
No Profiteer's excuses came,
No candidates told fiblets;
"At last," I cried, "the perfect day;
A journalistic bey-day:
But one thing could improve on it
And that if it were payday."
I donned my togs and went to work
As is my daily caper;
The edit' gruffly said: "Go home!
Today there'll be no paper!"

—Buffalo News.

When Kitty Brings My Supper Up.

When Kitty brings my supper up
I know I'll have delight for tea,
I know I'll have the thinnest thin
Glass tumbler any one could see.
I know I'll have a pot of cream—
The little "luster" pot 'twill be.

When Kitty brings my supper up
I know I'll have two ancient spoons
(Her great-great-great's—they're marked "N. M.")
I know my simple supper prunes
Will come in wreathen glass. I know
My lemonade will play sweet tunes.

When Kitty brings my supper up
My plates and cups will all be blue
And not prosaic kitchen hacks;
My bread-and-butter cut in two
Or triangles, first brown, then white;
My silver bright, my napkins new.

When Kitty brings my supper up
I know there must be something hid.
I see it in her eye, her hair
That curls to a degree forbid
In former days—a note or flower
Surprise—for she's that kind of kid!

—H. M. in New York Times.

"I always wanted to have a Japanese valet," said the man with luxurious ideas. "I'd prefer a Turk," replied the citizen with some choice bottled goods stored away. "Why?" "His religion forbids him to drink."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Atherton Russell has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Florence Russell, and Mr. Philip Hurn of Chicago. No date has been set for their wedding.

Miss Marian Lee Cobbs of Virginia was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Wednesday by Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Mrs. Francis Langton. The affair was held at the Woman's Athletic Club, among those present having been Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Christian Miller, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Jr., Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Daniel Madden, Mrs. John Henry Russell, Mrs. Walter Baldwin, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Harry Fair, Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mrs. George Pinckard, Miss Charlotte Cromwell, Miss Louise Braden, Miss Helen Foster, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Emily Merriman, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Betty George, Miss Anne Peters, and Miss Geraldine Grace.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble entertained at dinner Saturday evening in Palo Alto, their guests including Miss Jean Howard, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Ynez Macondray, Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. William Dimond, Mr. Ben Cory, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. Edward McNear, and Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr.

Mr. Leon Boqueraz gave a luncheon Friday at the Pacific Union Club for Mr. Ignace Paderewski.

A picnic supper was held Sunday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill in Los Altos. Among those at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. William Taylor, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, and Mr. John Parrott.

Miss Laura Miller gave a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club for Miss Marian Lee Cobbs of Virginia. Others in the party were Mrs. Christian Miller, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss

Elizabeth Watt, Miss Barbara Kimble, and Miss Margaret Buckbee.

Mrs. Joseph Grant gave a luncheon Tuesday in Burlingame.

Mrs. George Kelham gave a luncheon Monday for Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

The Misses Marjorie and Katherine Pittman gave a picnic supper last Wednesday evening in San Rafael for Miss Elizabeth Hazelhurst of Chicago.

Mr. Frederick Tillmann entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richards of New York. Others in the party were Baron and Baroness Van Eck, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Marion Zeile, Mr. Kenneth Moore, and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt gave a luncheon Wednesday for Mrs. Frank West.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a dinner Thursday in Burlingame for Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hutton of New York.

Mr. Stewart Lowery entertained at dinner Thursday night at the Burlingame Club, having among his guests Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Batesi, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Will Taylor, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

A dance was held Saturday evening at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear. Mrs. Andrew Welch arranged the affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham gave a musicale and supper Saturday evening in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richards of New York were complimented at dinner Saturday evening by Baron and Baroness Van Eck.

Miss Florence Martin gave a tea Thursday in San Rafael, her guests including Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Miss Betsy Dibble, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Marjorie Pittman, Miss Katherine Pittman, and Miss Amanda McNear.

Mrs. Edward Dimond chaperoned a picnic luncheon at which Mr. William Dimond was host last Friday. Others in the party were Miss Mary Baldwin, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Edna Taylor, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. Burbank Somers, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., and Mr. Lalor Crimmins.

Mr. Wendell Kuhn gave a dinner at the Burlingame Club Saturday night in honor of Miss Marjorie Wright. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Miss Mary Martin, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Edith Grant, Mr. Walter White, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Frank Kennedy, and Mr. James Kuhn.

Mrs. William Kent, Jr., gave a bridge-tea Monday in Kentfield. Among her guests were Mrs. James Jenkins, Mrs. Denman McNear, Mrs. Stephen Nerney, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Howard Allen, Jr., Mrs. Howard Hansen, Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Miss Elizabeth Hazelhurst, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Marjorie Pittman, Miss Katherine Pittman, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Anne Frazier, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Audrey Williams, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Emily Apple, and Miss Margaret Madison.

General and Mrs. William M. Wright and Miss Marjorie Wright were the guests of honor at a dance given Friday evening at the Presidio. Receiving with them were Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Pearce, Colonel and Mrs. J. T. Clarke, Major and Mrs. George Gillis, and Lieutenant Wright.

Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr entertained at luncheon Friday in San Mateo for Mrs. Augustus Spreckels. Others at the affair were Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Downey Harvey, and Mrs. George Marve.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin gave a dinner Saturday at Cupertino, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, and Mrs. Will Taylor.

Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a luncheon Friday in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a swimming party Tuesday night at Atherton.

Miss Margaret Williams was complimented at luncheon Thursday by Mrs. Marshall Williams. The affair was held at the Town and Country Club, among the guests having been Mrs. Hanson Grubb, Mrs. Effingham Sutton, Mrs. Archibald Tinning, Mrs. Hugh Fairlie, Mrs. Burbank, Mrs. Philip Sheridan, Miss Louise Bullock, and Miss Edith Slack.

Mrs. Harry Scott gave a luncheon in Burlingame last Thursday, her guests including Mrs. Leopold Heebner of New York, Mrs. Louis Titus, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. George Marve, Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax, Mrs. William Roth, and Mrs. William Porter.

Miss Elizabeth Hazelhurst of Chicago was the guest of honor at a bridge-tea given Friday in San Rafael by Mrs. Alan Van Fleet. Among the guests were Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. William Gerber, Mrs. Paul McKee, Mrs. Walter Perkins, Mrs. Jack Selfridge, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Donald McKee, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Clement Gray, Mrs. J. J. Meigs, Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Miss Katherine Pittman, Miss Marjorie Pittman, and Miss Ethel Lilley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Casserly entertained at luncheon Sunday in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker gave a dinner a few evenings ago for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richards, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Miss Marion

Zeile, Mr. Joseph Tobin, and Captain Ronald Banon.

Mrs. Willard Chamberlin gave a luncheon Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club. Among her guests were Mrs. Elkins de Guigné, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Archibald Johnson, and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Mr. Jerome Kuhn gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club, his guests including Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Ellita Adams, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., and Mr. James Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox were guests at the royal garden party held at Buckingham Palace on July 21st. On the same day Mr. and Mrs. Knox gave a luncheon at the Ritz Hotel for the Chinese minister and Mme. Koo.

CURRENT VERSE.

Vorticism.

Red or yellow, black or green,
Dots and dashes on a screen—
Shorthand of an art obscene!

Gone the godlike curve and line
From the human form divine!
Gone is beauty's secret sign.

Gone the light from every eye,
Blindness hides the starry sky—
Beauty's dead—oh, misery!

Groping hands that seek to trace
In the darkness light and grace,
Can but fashion evil's face.

Fashion him, as evil can,
Like, yet how unlike, to man,
Crooked, pitiful, and wan!

Where once beauty brightness shed,
Evil scatters dark instead!
Lying lives and truth is dead.

—Saturday Review.

A Song.

O, gather me the rose, the rose,
While yet in flower we find it,
For summer smiles, but summer goes,
And winter waits behind it!

For with the dream foregone, foregone,
The deed forborne forever,
The worm, regret, will canker on,
And Time will turn him never.

So well it were to love, my love,
And cheat of any laughter
The fate beneath us and above,
The dark before and after.

The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
The sunshine and the swallow,
The dream that comes, the wish that goes,
The memories that follow!

—W. E. Henley.

The Unknown Warrior.

The cherry trees that guard our gate
Are clothed in scarlet robes of state
And every day the sun shines through
November's sky to mark their hue.

But you, in English pastures bred,
Will see no more their glory shed
Where you walked out each summer morn
And heard with leaping pulse life's horn.

You sleep, Beloved, in that cold shrine
Whose home was here, whose heart was mine,
And I must weep in this brown field
Where you the scythe and spade did wield.

The petals of the cherry flower
Fell fast and soft in that last hour,
I heard your happy tread fall slow—
You halted, waved, and turned to go.

Oh, "Killed and Missing," are they words,
Or poison, flame, and reeking swords?
Needs must the cherry leaves drop red
That saw your spring, that mourn you dead.

I saw through Whitehall by your side
The warriors steps in mournful pride,
I saw the tears of thousands fall
On your historic, bloody pall.

But ah! with eyes all bright, my Dear,
I watched the deaf form on the bier—
Today my heart in hopeless grief
Sees fall the red familiar leaf!

You haunt the garden path, you wait
With exiled face beyond the gate.
A darling voice rings in my ears:
"Bury me here, close to your tears."

Those cherry trees that guard our gate,
They drop your pall, your robe of state!
What though in proud sequestered gloom
You rest—tis here, my son, your tomb!

—Rosie Graham in Westminster Gazette.

Up to the age of six or seven a Chinese baby is the most gorgeously dressed creature extant. Its garments are of silk of the brightest colors and richly embroidered. A portion of the embroidery is always symmetrical, consisting of a well-executed figure in silver or gold thread to represent longevity.

Brazilian railroads are burning wood for fuel. A modern locomotive fitted with a water-tube and fire brick arch with a correct proportion of firebox and boiler burns wood with no serious waste of the fuel.

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The Winkler Exhibit.

The present exhibition at the Print Rooms of the San Francisco etchings of John W. Winkler marks a new step forward in the artistic history of California. We have had painters and sculptors before who achieved national fame and recognition as artists of first rank, but no etcher of national importance other than Winkler has grown up and worked among us, finding his training, his inspiration, and his subject matter all in San Francisco. It is one of the most stimulating exhibitions of etchings by an American artist that has been held in San Francisco for a long time, and it fully bears out all that has been said and printed in favor of the etched work of Winkler. Every one of his motives is taken from the picturesque and cosmopolitan city of the Golden Gate.

Delicacies made from the flesh of whales are now being put on the market by Newfoundland whalers. Among them are sausages, meat extract, canned steaks, and tongue. It is asserted that the flesh of the whale tastes and looks like beef.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. and Mrs. John Howard Child, who have been traveling abroad since their marriage last April, will sail for home tomorrow. They will come directly to California for a brief sojourn at the matron's Santa Barbara residence, leaving in September for New York, where they will pass the winter.

Mrs. Robert Noble is spending a fortnight in Saratoga with Mrs. Henry Dimond.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott have gone to Santa Barbara, where they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher.

Mr. Robert Burroughs of New York has gone to the Feather River to join Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. William Hincley Taylor, and Mrs. Stetson Winslow at their camp.

Miss Jean Howard spent the week-end in Palo Alto with Miss Barbara Kimble.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman left Friday for Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch have returned from a trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and Mr. Kenneth Pope have been spending several days at Del Monte.

Commander and Mrs. William Van Antwerp are passing a fortnight at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Jr., who have been living in Paris, will sail for home in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller and Miss Laura Miller have returned to Oakland from a visit to Castle Crag.

Miss Ysabel Chase has gone to Coronado to visit Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Allan Poe of Baltimore, who have a cottage there for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin and their children will return this week from Pebble Beach, where they have been staying at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark.

Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gove will spend the coming fortnight in Santa Barbara.

Miss Marion Zeile has been spending a fortnight in San Mateo with Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. George Bolling Lee and her little daughter

left Friday for Santa Barbara to join Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker. Mrs. Walker spent several days of last week in town.

Mrs. Augustus Spreckels will leave the first of the week for the Atlantic coast, where she will remain some time before sailing for Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker are spending several days at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Charles Butters and Mrs. Wendell Hammon have returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar have been spending several days in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hutton of New York left Friday for Los Angeles, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond of Washington and Miss Natalie Hammond will sail tomorrow for the Orient. They recently spent several days at Del Monte.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore is spending the late summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. George Greenwood and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall are passing a fortnight in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill returned last week to Los Altos from the McCloud River Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George Forderer have returned to town from a sojourn in Santa Cruz with Mr. and Mrs. William Seson.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wilcox have left for Los Angeles, after a brief visit in San Francisco. They recently returned from Canada.

Miss Charlotte Cromwell is staying with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Lawrence.

Miss Rosario Moran is in Santa Barbara visiting Mrs. Adrian von Behrens and Miss Josephine Ross. The former's nephew Mr. John Lloyd of Vancouver, is also their house guest.

Mrs. William Weir and her children are visiting at the Feather River Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lilienthal are passing several weeks in the Feather River country.

Mrs. James Kennedy will return the first of the week to the Presidio from Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schwabacher and Miss Marjorie Loewe have returned from a trip to Honolulu.

Miss Louise Bradbury of Los Angeles is visiting her niece, Mrs. Reginald Jenkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nichols and their children are visiting in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Halstead of Philadelphia arrived in San Francisco last week for a visit with Admiral Alexander Halstead, U. S. N. They are at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle and Miss Louise Gerstle, who have been abroad for several months, will sail for home in September.

Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, and Mr. George Pope, Jr., are spending a fortnight in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richards of New York are staying at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Butler have returned to their ranch at Oxnard from visiting Mrs. Adrian von Behrens and Miss Josephine Ross in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering returned Monday from a trip to Seattle. Mrs. Peter Fletcher of New York and Miss Harriet Fletcher are spending several months in San Francisco. They will leave for their home in September.

Mr. George Gordon Moore will leave in a few days for England. He is at present visiting Mr. Richard Tobin in San Mateo.

Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton is passing several weeks in Southern California.

Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer and Miss Marie Louise Meyer will leave shortly for the Atlantic coast, where the latter will attend school.

Miss Emily Merriam of Baltimore is visiting Miss Mary Emma Flood in Menlo Park.

Mr. Frederick Juillard of New York left Friday for Tahoe. He will return to San Francisco before leaving for the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. George Marye, Miss Ethel Cooper, Mr. Henry Scott, and Mr. George Newhall left Saturday for Tahoe to remain a fortnight. The group will spend a portion of the time at the residence of Mr. Frederick Kohl, as well as at the Newhall home.

Mrs. John B. Wright is visiting Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Franklin in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody have returned to San Mateo from Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Harry Fair left Saturday for Santa Barbara to visit Mrs. Mhoon.

Mrs. Max Rothschild spent the week-end at Napa Soda Springs with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass.

Mrs. Charles Hartigan and her children have returned to town from Saratoga, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris. They are guests of the matron's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla and Dr. and Mrs. William Lyle have arrived from New York. They will spend the late summer in San Mateo with Mrs. Clement Tobin.

Miss Marjory Wright spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold have gone to Southern California for a brief visit.

Mrs. William Henshaw and Mrs. Alla Henshaw Chickering have returned to Santa Barbara from abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kenney are occupying the Henshaw house in the southern city for the summer.

Included among the recent arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. A. K. Carter, New York, with a party of twenty-five tourists; Mr. G. A. Maxwell, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Rogers, Detroit; Mr. A. E. Elliott, El Centro; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Goodrich, Los Angeles; Mr. William Kahrmann, Fresno; Miss Kathleen Owens, Brooklyn, New York; Mr. and Mrs. George Wallin, New York City; Mr. Fred S. Dewey, Hanford; Mr. E. C. Gardner, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haas, Sacramento; Mr. C. S. Fisher, Washington, D. C.; Mr. A. A. Connor, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Thrift, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Johnson, Santa Cruz.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. C. E. Flanders, Detroit; Mr. F. A. Petrie, Mr. George I. Cochran, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Bossum, New York; Mr. F. P. Dunlap, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Russell, New Zealand; Mr. Arthur C. Sinclair, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mr. I. M. Rossi, Santa Rosa; Mr. H. E. Sweet, Boston; Mr. George H. Smith, Salt Lake City; Mr. W. D. McKeefrey, Leontia, Ohio; Mr. Warren C. King, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Hurlburt, Philadelphia; Mr. E. Reinhart, Winemucca, Nevada; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Henry, New York; Mr. H. F. Carlin, Chicago; Dr. H. B. McCormick, Colorado Springs; Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Pringle, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Klaner, Pittsburg.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Hill are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrill are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Scientists to Explore Ruins of Beth-Shan.

Relics of seven or more cities which successively stood on the same site and of nine different civilizations are expected to be uncovered by the excavation of the biblical city Beth-shan, in Palestine. The work will be done under the direction of Clarence S. Fisher, curator of the Egyptian section of the museum* of the University of Pennsylvania. Official permission to undertake this work has been received from the government of Palestine.

Beth-shan is now known as Beisan. It is situated in the valley of Jezreel, just west of the Jordan and not far south of the Sea of Galilee. More great battles are believed to have taken place within sight of this city than, perhaps, any other spot known to history. The investigators hope to find there the keys to the whole history of that section of the world, written either on marble slabs containing the laws, decrees, treaties, and other information or on bronze tablets or written in clay with cuneiform characters.


Beth-shan was a strategic point of value to any of the great military leaders of ancient times who aspired to try his hand at world domination. It was on the route of all the builders of ancient empires.

Beginning 5000 years ago, it suffered the blows of the armies of Sargon, Abraham, Hammurabi, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, Thotmes, Saul, David, Alexander, Pompey, and Napoleon. Joshua led his troops against Beth-shan, but could not take it because its defenders used iron chariots—forerunners of the tanks of the world war.

The crusaders made Beth-shan a point of attack in their vain efforts to conquer Damascus. When the Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold, Beth-shan was one of the places they took and it has been dominated in turn by the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs.

The investigators expect to find there the strata of perhaps more than seven cities, each built upon the ruins of the other as successive waves of invasion swept over and destroyed it. It is within sight of the Mount of Transfiguration, the scene of battles between David and Saul and the witch of Endor, who recalled the shade of the prophet

Tea Tales



"Oh, Mary, please come!"

"My dear, I simply can't. My aunts giving a tea at her home down the peninsula and it would rush me too much to have to come back to the city and dress for a dance."

"Well, you could arrange it if you would. I should think you would when I'm giving the party—and you always enjoy the Sun Lounge so much."

"Why, Carol, you didn't say it was to be the Sun Lounge!"

"Of course, it is. It's a summer dance!"

"Well, I think perhaps I could leave the tea early if you really want me to come."

"Oh, Mary, the very thing! We'll have the best time ever. Now remember, next Saturday evening."

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Of the 287,000 women who became brides in England last year nearly 250 were more than seventy years old.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Restaurant Keeper—I hope the sausage was all right. *Guest*—Yes, I feel it has given me horsepower.—*Houston Post*.

"Why did you discharge that splendid cook you had?" "It was the only way to get our guests to go home."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Dobson is always bragging about his courage. Is he really cool in the face of danger?" "Well, his feet are."—*New York Sun*.

Census Man (to tramp)—Now, let's see, what's your religion? *Tramp*—Oh, stick me down a Roaming Cath'lic.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

She—Enthusiasm is contagious. *He*—Not always. I've courted girls who didn't share my enthusiasm in the least.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Jones is always airing his knowledge." "Well, the sort of knowledge that he has certainly needs a little air."—*Florida Times-Union*.

"Did the traffic cop arrest you?" "Twice," replied Mr. Chuggins. "When I couldn't stop he arrested me for speeding, and when I finally stopped and couldn't start he arrested me for blocking the traffic."—*Washington Star*.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the inquisitive old lady. "There is a great crowd around that bulletin board. Has a catastrophe occurred?" "Yes, ma'am," said the disgusted fan, as he

paused in his flight to a suburban car line. "You said it, ma'am. The home team lost."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Wife (to husband alarmed at expenses)—I say everything's gone up. You can't tell me a single thing that hasn't. *Husband*—My income.—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

"Who is the mysterious stranger?" "Some kind of investigator." "Working for the government?" "I doubt it. He keeps pretty busy."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"What is Flubdub kicking about?" "He thought a preparation advertised significantly as non-alcoholic." "Well?" "And found it just as advertised."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The Bore—I think this weather is awful. *The Girl*—You shouldn't grumble at the weather. If it wasn't for that you would have nothing to talk about.—*Christianity Korikaturen*.

The Guest—I notice that hat boy always brushes my clothes before handing me my hat. *The Head Waiter*—Certainly, sir! How else would he find out if you had any change left?—*Boston Globe*.

Jugs—I say, do you think Binks is a man to be trusted? *Bugs*—Trusted? Why, rather. I'd trust him with my life. *Jugs*—Oh, yes, but with anything of value, I mean.—*London Ideas*.

"Remember Job—he was the most patient man who ever lived." "Yes, but don't forget one thing." "What is that?" "He never had to ride ten miles on a flat tire with a quarrelsome wife."—*Florida Times-Union*.

"Could I sell you Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' sir?" asked the book agent. "Certainly not," replied the self-made millionaire. "I'm not interested in the career of colored pugilists."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Bacon—I see a vocational school for its employees has been established in an Idaho mine fourteen thousand feet underground. *Egbert*—Evidently trying to make deep thinkers of the men.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Knicker—How in the name of the seven wonders of the world do you manage to hang on so long to the same cook? *Bocker*—She's a golf fiend, and my wife and she play every day to see whose day off it is.—*Houston Post*.

Reading Under Difficulties.

If books are treasures anywhere it would seem that they would be especially valuable at sea. But, speaking of the average seaman, an old-time mariner says that the rarest sight to be seen in a ship's fore-castle is a man with a good stock of books. Occasionally, it seems, a sailor does get hold of a good book or two, and it is quite pathetic to see how he will treasure them.

The mariner adds that he was never in but one fore-castle that had not a Bible and a copy of Shakespeare, the property of some man who held on to them voyage after voyage. And such books get read at sea with a close-

ness and persistency one may look for in vain ashore except among students.

It is interesting to note the difficulty of reading in the fore-castles of ships, especially foreign ones. In the ship's fore-castle it is seldom possible to read at all owing to the absence of light, either by day or by night. Men have been known to expose a ship to terrible risks by fire by sticking odd lengths of purloined candle on the edges of their bunks so that they might have light to read when lying down on the only spot on board rightly their own. One man, an American of great mental qualities, had such a passion for reading that he would sit up the whole night with a favorite author, Dickens for preference, and bribe his watch mates heavily to take his duties for him, such as wheel or lookout, so that he might remain undisturbed. Bent nearly double in his bunk, the miserable lamp hung upon a surreptitiously shifted hook so as to bring it nearer to him while still affording some light for his shipmates to rise or retire by, he made a pathetic picture of the pursuit of literature under difficulties, yet one familiar to many deep-water sailors.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2315.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 6, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Editor

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The United States Government and Its Debtors.

Neither Congress nor the public can be expected to know all of the details of the very intricate work involved in the refunding of the debts owed to this country by various European nations. The job is a banker's job. It calls for expert skill in the field of finance. In Secretary of the Treasury Mellon the government has an expert of unquestioned qualification, and the method which he proposes naturally commends itself to the public judgment.

Several nations of varying degrees of financial instability owe us money. They declare that they can not pay immediately, either principal or interest. Secretary Mellon wants authority to settle each case upon consideration of the circumstances of that case. But there are those in the Senate—none other than our old friends the irreconcilables, whose leader is Senator Borah—who insist upon a hard-and-fast rule for settlement applied equally to all nations. Obviously, as pointed out by Mr. Mellon, the terms of settlement with Great Britain may with propriety be upon one basis and that of Czecho-Slovakia or Poland upon another. We are far more likely to get satisfactory returns by dealing with the different countries upon business principles and by business methods rather than under hard-and-fast rules devised by politicians and made compulsory.

On the whole we would much better refer this job to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Mellon is a first-class financier, a man who by honorable methods has

won success and gained eminence without sacrifice of character. He is a specialist who has won, and who deserves, public confidence. He is devoting himself whole-heartedly to solution of the problems of his client, the United States government. A private client would not hesitate about trusting either the discretion or the integrity of Mr. Mellon, and as a country we would better do the same.

It is to be feared that the protest voiced by Senator Borah, aided by Senator Reed and others, is founded more in the spirit of criticism and opposition than in sound principles of business. Borah and his crowd have acquired the habit of protesting, and have become fond of the objector's rôle merely as an exercise in the game of opposition. No one of them has had serious financial experience, not the first claim to expert ability. No private client would think of engaging any one of them as his agent in an important financial operation.

This is not to belittle Senator Borah and his associate irreconcilables, for in truth the country owes them something on the score of real service in the sphere of our foreign relations. They were the first to realize the peril that lay in the league of nations when that now discredited project was promoted by President Wilson, at a time when superficial thinkers throughout the country were inclined to support it. Had it not been for the vociferousness of Borah and his associates there is no doubt that we would have found ourselves in the league of nations without realizing what we were about. The irreconcilables were right once; no doubt they believe themselves right now. But, as both history and current events teach us, there may be vision and understanding in one sphere and lack of vision and understanding in others. The fact that Mr. Borah and his friends had a true instinct in a concrete case of international politics does not qualify them for judgment in the field of technical finance. The judgment of the country, we believe, will discredit their protest and confidently refer settlement of our foreign credits to Secretary Mellon.

Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe.

There was a definite basis for the irritation in Downing Street which exhibited itself rather trivially in the calling off of a dinner to Lord Northcliffe planned by the British Ambassador at Washington. In the London Times of July 13th (Northcliffe's paper) there appeared an article on the Washington conference, in which the Prime Minister (Lloyd George) and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Lord Curzon) were pretty severely handled. We quote:

In so grave a matter as this—a matter which promises permanently to affect the relations, not merely of London and of Washington, but of all the English-speaking peoples—it seems to us a duty to record without delay our strong and clear conviction that neither the Prime Minister nor the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is fitted by his position, by his temperament, or by his past career to take a direct part in these negotiations.

In the same article the Prime Minister is charged with direct discourtesy to President Harding and the American government. It had long been known, it is declared, that the President contemplated proposing a conference, and "the courteous course would have been to await action upon his part." Nevertheless Lord Curzon proceeded "to hold conversations" looking to British initiative in the matter. President Harding's invitation arrived in the nick of time to forestall "action on the part of the British government" that would have "aroused suspicion."

Proceeding, the Times says:

It is for the same reason of avoiding suspicion that the attendance of Mr. Lloyd George or of Lord Curzon at Washington seems particularly undesirable. The pompous and pretentious manner of the Foreign Secretary, his business incapacity, as exhibited in the present state of his department, and his obsequious docility to the Prime Minister's behests, even when these may not commend themselves to his judg-

ment, unfit him for the discharge of the responsible duties which the mission would impose upon him. The Prime Minister himself has many admirers at home, even among his opponents. The "magnetic influence" of the man, his courage in debate, and his humor appeal to them. But of all statesmen in Europe he is probably the most distrusted. It is notorious that no government and no statesman who has had dealings with him puts the smallest confidence in him. In America he is widely regarded as the man who encompassed Mr. Wilson with his "wizardry" or, as Mr. Keynes—whose book has been largely read in the United States—more brutally puts it, as the man who "bamboozled" the ex-President and was unable to "de-bamboozle" him. Mr. Lansing's striking picture of Mr. Lloyd George has also found its way into many American minds. The great qualification needed for the representatives of the empire is a character for conspicuous straightforwardness and honor. We have many such men, in our public life, but Mr. Lloyd George is not one of them.

It is not surprising that Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon should resent these strictures. They hit home and hit hard. Nevertheless the offended gentlemen we think would better have served their dignities by paying no attention to them, or at least by not making the matter one of international scandal. Surely there is time enough and there are ways enough of adjusting personal differences, even personal resentments, at home without reaching across the Atlantic Ocean to put an affront upon a man quite capable of turning it into an advertisement and to his own advantage.

Happily for us, the quarrel is not one in which we have any part, although there are those who assume that President Harding's reception to Lord Northcliffe after the ambassadorial dinner was canceled had special significance. It had none at all. The President had arranged to see Lord Northcliffe before the storm broke, and even if he had wished to alter the programme he could not have done it without appearing to mix in a purely personal and from our standpoint an alien quarrel. The President did in the case of Northcliffe only what is done in the case of all distinguished foreign visitors, and it has no bearing at all upon differences between the Prime Minister and the editor of the Times.

The New Order in the British Empire.

Many circumstances and events, during the war and since, have tended to illustrate a spirit on the part of the greater British "dominions" out of line with tradition. While there has been no change in the nominal order of things, the status of colonial subordination has practically become obsolete. The colonies have attained a new status—they have grown up, so to speak. They regard themselves, not as appendages of England, but as integral parts of the Empire, as established individual nationalities in a practically federated Empire.

In a speech delivered at a complimentary occasion in London after the war, just prior to his sailing for home, General Mannash, commander of the Australian forces, made no less than eight distinct references to the "Australian nation," uttering the phrase with significant emphasis. In a recent letter to the editor of the Argonaut, Lord Northcliffe referred to Australia, New Zealand, and Canada as "these splendid new nations." It is only the other day that Canada declined to receive as governor-general the choice of Downing Street, and practically dictated the appointment of General Byng. It is to be remembered, too, that during the war and since the premiers of the several dominions resorted to London and there participated authoritatively in the councils directing the war.

Still more significant is the present demand of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand that they be represented in the coming Disarmament Conference by independent delegations. Thus it is not left to Downing Street to speak for the Empire, but only for England. The dominions and colonies will speak for themselves. This does not mean the break-up of the Empire—far from it. But it does mean that the de-

minions, having shared in the sacrifices of the war, both in a military and financial sense, have earned the right to hold themselves in an attitude of practical independence, to speak for themselves definitely and authoritatively. It marks a new and a forward step in the organization of the world. It means that the old status of subordination has been succeeded by an order of things in which the one-time colonies now assume relations of full partnership in the far-flung British realm.

Thus far there has been no clash between Britain and her children. But with nations as with men, authority long established and exercised, dies hard. Will the British government continue in the era of peace to acquiesce in the order tacitly accepted in the period of war and in the time that has succeeded it? Can the English government and the English people so readjust their ways of thinking and their courses of action as to concede that the one-time colonies have become "splendid new nations" with the right to assert themselves authoritatively in matters affecting their fortunes? If yes, then the empire will endure. If not, then nothing is more certain than that the example of the American states a century and a half ago will be imitated widely. Canada, the Australian states, New Zealand, South Africa will no longer submit to the old system of mothering. The war has emphasized their powers. It has stiffened their spirit. Whether it shall please England or not, each of the dominions will stand on its own legs in matters wherein it shall feel its interests directly involved.

The situation is a delicate one. Authority, as we have already said, dies hard. It is not in the English character to yield readily wherein it conceives its rights—or its pride—to be at issue. But in the new order of things there is English character on both sides. "These splendid new nations" are fixed in their determination to think and act for themselves. They have no wish to sever the old bond; their pride is in the imperial connection, as of old. But their spirit is precisely that of the spirit of '76, without its bitterness. England will do well to see the situation as it exists, to abate whatever remains of her pretensions to autocratic authority, to recognize the fact that her one-time children have attained maturity, henceforth to be dealt with, not only as sharers in the burdens of the empire, but as full partners in the business of defining imperial policies.

At this crisis in the world's affairs it would be an unspeakable calamity if serious conflict should arise between the branches of the English-speaking nations. Nothing less than that which we style English civilization is at stake. Its integrity—its continuance as the leading force in world affairs—is dependent upon good will and amity all round. In the great essentials Britain, America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and even South Africa must stand in coöperative relations. There must be no loss of force in internal misunderstandings and conflicts. Through coöperation, and through coöperation only, may the standards that are common to us all be sustained and strengthened.

Concerning Income-Tax "Experts."

The new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Mr. Blair, has found it necessary to issue a public warning against fraudulent or dishonest attorneys or agents who offer their services as "experts" in the matter of preparing statements of income tax. He says:

Since the beginning of the income-tax period there has developed throughout the country a great mass of Federal tax business, by far the greater part of which has fallen into the hands of attorneys and public accountants of the highest professional standing. However, because of the large number of claims presented to the Bureau of Internal Revenue there has arisen a class of so-called Federal tax advisers whose training and experience do not qualify them for this work. Certain of these "experts" base their claim on former connections with the bureau, and adroitly insinuate that they are in position to obtain special consideration. * * * Every taxpayer, in presenting a claim, is given equal consideration, whether he appears in person or is represented by an attorney.

This is a seasonable utterance. Four times out of five the professional expert is no expert at all, but a more or less clever scoundrel whose business it is to lead his clients into acts of quasi-criminality. Income taxpayers have, to a very considerable extent, been mulcted by so-called experts, who at best render no real service and at worst involve those who deal with them in questionable courses.

Then there is another class of tax experts who really are expert, though illegitimately so. As often as other-

wise they are former officers or employees of the Treasury Department and the service they render is to show dishonest taxpayers ways and means of evading their obligations. The favorite method of this type of expert is to act in collusion with clerks in the service. To illustrate, an individual or a corporation who has a claim pending for a refund, or who may not be aware that he has a basis for a claim, receives a letter from a private attorney exhibiting knowledge of what is contained in the confidential files of the department, soliciting retention, on a contingent basis, to collect the refund. In many cases collusion has been demonstrated.

Similar crimes have been committed in the War Risk Insurance Bureau and in connection with the Shipping Board. In consequence of the rapid increase of the personnel of the government incident to the war many dishonest persons secured posts in the government service and have used their positions as a basis for dishonest practices. All along the line the rolls are now being purged, but the process is slow. Where many thousands of men are employed it is inevitable that a percentage of dishonesty will remain, even under the most careful scrutiny.

Caruso.

With the death of Enrico Caruso was silenced one of the great voices of all time. So far, the immense outbreak of memorial articles in the press in honor of the great tenor have not recorded from which of his parents he inherited his musical talent; presumably from his mother's side, since it is asserted that his father disliked music. As far as we know he was a sport—to use the word in its biological sense—and stood, in his humble, obscure, and ungifted family, as a marvelous representative of the national love of song. He seems, like Adelina Patti, to have been insidiously a singer, although, unlike her, he was not in his tender years hailed as a child prodigy. This, however, was doubtless due to the lack of musical surroundings in his childhood, his father having apparently tried by beatings to drive him to the mechanical trade of plumbing which he himself followed.

This prince of tenors, therefore, had his ups and downs and was obliged to pledge his future earnings to his singing teachers during these years of boyhood when he was earning a precarious living. But in his apparently vigorous prime—for Caruso was only forty-eight at the beginning of the chain of ailments which finally struck him down—the lofty and the lowly from all over the world united in sending messages of encouragement and sympathy to the singer whose matchless voice had made him supreme in the world of song.

Caruso's pure tenor was a rare example of the voice that fairly glows with physical resilience and splendor. Every warm and glowing note seemed to express the singer's optimism of temperament and joy in song. So much was this the case that in spite of his full mastery of the technic of vocalism Caruso's voice rarely—and to some perhaps hyper-sensitive receptivities never—conveyed that spiritual message that moves to deep emotion. Nor was he a singer whose ebullient temperament could be subdued to the instinctive expression of tenderness. The emotions that he aroused, therefore, in his hearers were mainly wonder and delight. Prodigious by nature—in regard, at least, to his singing—he poured forth the magnificent vocal volume with an unstinted lavishness that made each song a *tour de force*. There are those whose hearing has blanched somewhat at the royal splendor of song pouring forth in such unrestricted abundance that it smote upon their ears like the unveiled splendor of the sun upon unshaded eyes.

Nevertheless all the world has united in acclaiming the once obscure son of the Neapolitan plumber as the world's king of song. As such the world mourns for him, and his desolated countrymen, who have been so proud of his fame and glory, know well that not in their time may they dare to hope to hear such another voice as Caruso's magnificent tenor, to whose molten gold all the civilized world has listened with unabated delight.

Caruso never knew the sorrow of feeling his voice refuse an answer to his demands. There seems to have been during the last two years a slight darkening of its silver glory, but otherwise its almost perfection was unmarred. Perhaps if he had lived and his voice had not returned he might have lived fairly contentedly without it, for he had the gift of a joyous temperament. But great artists can rarely reconcile themselves to the

loss of the gift that has been their mode of temperamental expression. Caruso was never to know old age nor the comparative obscurity that attends a great singer when his retirement from public acclamation becomes necessary. Evidently he would never have regained his voice. His premature death indicates that his physical vigor was greatly impaired. And so the greatest tenor of his time passes away, leaving behind him the near and unblemished memory of song whose splendor and beauty lasted through his last public appearances.

The Braying of an Ass.

Senator France's report on conditions in Russia might have been written before he left America. Every one knew why he was going to Russia; every one knew what he would do and what would be done to him when he got there; and every one knew what he would say when he returned. The programme has been carried out in its entirety. Senator France went to Russia in the service of his own childish vanities and in search of a notoriety that he could certainly never win either by his intelligence or his attainments, which are non-existent. He was personally conducted by official Bolshevik guides and interpreters, who filtered every sight and sound for his consumption. And now he issues his asinine report, in which he recommends the immediate recognition of the Bolshevik government and a loan to that thieves' kitchen of three billion dollars. Incidentally we have a picture of Russia as a sort of kingdom of heaven upon earth and of its government as the summation of human virtues.

The *Argonaut* would not give such space to the chattering of Senator France except as an example of the pestilent interferences of irresponsible and feeble-minded persons that serve not only to confuse the mind of the public, but actually to embarrass the work of government. Henceforth Senator France will rank in his own estimation as an expert on Russian affairs. In season and out of season he will bedevil and stun the Senate with his orations. He will be duly reported by scores of newspapers that thrive upon such idiocies as his. And he will be believed by innumerable half-witted or malign persons whose minds are hermetically sealed against everything save lies. It is strange to observe how much of a nuisance a single individual can make of himself.

We do not need any more "personal investigations" into the Russian situation. Already we are overwhelmed with unimpeachable testimony. It comes from all sorts and conditions of men—from refugees, soldiers, social workers, rich and poor, saint and sinner. It has been coming in an unbroken stream for four years, and if anything more were needed we have it in masses of official documents, from the agencies of government all over the world, and from patent facts. We are satiated with evidence, and it is unanimous except where the taint of vanity, falsehood, and sedition is too evident to be mistaken. It is too evident here to be mistaken.

To say that Senator France's report is mischievous is almost suggestive of intelligence on the part of its author. But there is also the mischief of pure, undiluted silliness, and we have it here.

Demands Upon the National Treasury.

Chairman Warren of the Senate Committee on Appropriations has figured up the total of governmental appropriations for the fiscal year which began July 1st, and has found it to be \$3,909,782,209.46, as against \$5,337,966,723.23 asked for in the estimates and as against \$5,365,460,031.62 appropriated during the previous fiscal year. This looks well, but it affords no basis for getting at the current cost of running the government. At the very hour when Senator Warren was submitting his figures Chairman Lasker of the Shipping Board was announcing that he had found that the board must ask Congress for \$300,000,000 at once to save the present investment in the board's property from suffering a greater loss. On top of that there is the Sweet bill, consolidating the several agencies for aid of wounded, disabled, and afflicted veterans of the war, presently to be taken up and passed. President Harding in his speech to Congress asking that the bonus bill be shelved estimated the cost of the Sweet bill for the first period of years at \$468,000,000 a year. Assuming that this demand will be granted—for it surely will be—this puts the total up to \$4,677,782,209.

But this is not all. Deficiencies are impending in

both army and navy in sums not yet specified. Then there are demands—demands in aid of the depressed agricultural interest, the uplift programme, national roads, etc. All of these are insistent and each is supported by a powerful organization of senators. In the aggregate these projects call for no less than a round billion dollars. It now looks as if the President would be compelled to make positive protest as he did in the matter of the soldiers' bonus.

Nobody knows better than the individual members of the Senate that these demands are unseasonable, unreasonable, ruinous. But one-third of the members of the Senate and all the members of the House will be up for reelection next year. Group interests, aided unconsciously by many uninformed newspapers, and consciously by many reckless ones, are insisting upon these appropriations. The attitude of the press of the country towards the proposal for a Senate recess would be amusing if it were not for its tremendous seriousness. The only way to head off these untimely and unreasonable appropriations is for the Senate to take a recess. This is proposed by the wiser Senate leaders and it is favored by many senators who would like to be protected from voting for or against pending raids on the treasury. They know how mischievous the pending bills are and would gladly vote against them, but are fearful that by doing so they would alienate support essential to their success next year.

Yet many newspapers are shrieking, What! Let the Senate recess at a time when the country demands and must have legislative relief from intolerable taxation; let its members go home without revising the tax laws? Preposterous! They do not understand that the Senate can do nothing with the tax revision bill until it shall come from the House and that it can not be ready until at the end of the summer. They do not understand that if the Senate remains in session there is imminent danger of its wrecking the treasury.

Curiously enough, it is the old stand-pat group in the Senate that is struggling to hold back the raids upon the treasury. Lodge, Curtis, Penrose, the wicked ones as the public has come to regard them, are working desperately to shut down the flood gates. They are having a hard time of it; and, curiously, they get little popular sympathy.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Distinctly Pertinent.

BERKELEY, July 31, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The article headed "A Lay Sermon" in this week's *Argonaut* is written with all your accustomed clarity and directness. It has served to illuminate a hazy corner in my mind in which thoughts germinate to your article had gathered. While agreeing that the modern church is exerting only the weakest, dimmest, and faintest influence upon the time, it occurs to me that the fault may not lie entirely with the church. May it not be necessary for a people to hunger and thirst after righteousness? To knock before it can be opened unto them? Can we ever hope to be a great nation in any sense of the word other than large if we are not animated and inspired with that flame of the spirit to which all religions have sprung in answer?

Should we expect the Christian church to animate a people whose souls aspire only to health, wealth, and happiness, achievable through the Christian Science method with the Mary Baker G. Eddy tag affixed? Poor indeed we seem beside the poverty and humility of the Man of Sorrows.

Perhaps the church might again lead its flock, instead of stumbling aimlessly in the rear, if it were to become in truth the *Church of Christ*. Let it strip away on one hand the accumulated confusion of nineteen centuries of priestcraft and on the other hand the domestic rules and regulations of the almost prehistoric Jews. Sunday could then join the other days of the week upon the friendliest terms.

I can recall, even as a child, wondering why we were asked to hang breathlessly every week on the minutest doings in Jerusalem. I listened to long descriptions of arks and covenants in the vain hope of happening upon a clue. It certainly is time that much of the Old Testament was classed merely as history and we turned what time we have for religious meditation upon the words of Him who said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

THEODOSIA ADAMS.

Colonel Irish in the Cause of Truth.

OAKLAND, July 30, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your Editorial Notes, issue of July 30th, you reflect certain popular fallacies and misrepresentations. These have become fixtures in the metropolitan press and have occupied the place of facts.

First is the conclusion that in our agriculture Japanese drive white farmers off the land. That has been written in books, has place in official reports, and no one thinks to call for a bill of particulars. The Committee on Immigration of the House last summer made an extensive tour of the state and held sessions and heard witnesses at many points. It called for witnesses, especially for farmers who could report the destructive competition of Japanese farmers. Not one such witness appeared, neither here nor in Washington nor Oregon. No farmer came to testify to failure in his calling because of the low standard of living of his Japanese competitors.

What is the "American standard of living"? What are its indices? Is it to be itemized as shown in personal cleanliness, adequate diet, clean and proper clothing? If not, by what? The Japanese farmers hate daily. The governor of the state does not. He must step up, not down, to the Japanese standard. The diet of the Japanese farmers exceeds in its variety, its sufficiency, and its sanitary and nutritive value that of any other people of the same class and occupation. In their

dress they excel any other class of workers. This is not hearsay. It is my personal observation of thousands of those people.

You err if you intend to identify the movement I have led with the importation of more Japanese or any other immigrants. I stand only for telling the truth about the Japanese who are legally domiciled here. They are an industrial necessity that increases because of the rejection of farm labor by our white people. That rejection is not caused by low wage competition, because our Japanese farm laborers are paid the highest farm wages in the world and are willing to earn it.

You hut repeat what has seemed to crystallize into a fact in saying that Japan has "never permitted aliens of any type to possess Japanese soil." Mr. John Gadsby, a lawyer who long practiced his profession in Japan, corrected this in the *London Law Quarterly* for September, 1914, showing that "by the law of Japan a corporation composed of aliens, and entirely non-Japanese, organized under the laws of the empire, can buy and own all the land it wants, and that individual aliens can lease all the land they want in Japan for a term of fifty years." Here we deny the right of land ownership to corporations composed of Japanese and prohibit leasing land to individual Japanese.

These are facts carefully excluded from our metropolitan and other press. But if they are known by our people they will materially change both views and policy in dealing with Japanese.

The only basis of amity and peace between this country and Japan is the decent, considerate, and lawful treatment of the nationals of each, who are lawfully domiciled in the jurisdiction of the other. In this we have erred and Japan has not. It is about time to dismount from our high horse and begin telling the truth and behaving as if we believe in our boasted superior standard of civilization and religion.

JOHN P. IRISH.

Congress and the Panama Canal.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: During the Taft administration Congress wasted several weeks debating the problem of free tolls for American coastwise shipping through the Panama Canal. In the early days of the Wilson administration the comedy was repeated. And now under the Harding régime Senator Borah has undertaken to stage a third rehearsal of the worn-out farce. Comedy? Farce? Yes, comedy and farce, for the simple truth is Congress has no more power to modify the tolls of the Panama Canal in favor of any special interest than has the Sultan of Sulu or the Big Chief of the Island of Yap.

The proof. The Spooner Act of June 28, 1902, authorized the President to acquire "the rights, privileges, franchises, concessions, grants of land, rights-of-way, unfinished work, plants and other property, real, personal, and mixed, of every name and nature owned by the New Panama Canal Company of France on the Isthmus of Panama."

In May, 1904, the purpose of Congress was consummated, forty million dollars being the consideration paid. The organic act of the Panama Canal—the Wyse concession—became the property of the United States and was placed in the archives of the Department of State in Washington, D. C. This organic act or concession was granted in 1878 by the Republic of Panama to Lieutenant Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, who accepted same on behalf of the Inter-oceanic Canal Association of France, by whom it was sold subsequently for the sum of ten million francs to the Universal Panama Canal Company. Upon the collapse of said company it passed to the New Panama Canal Company, from which source the United States obtained it.

The Wyse concession, as held by the French, contained five severely restrictive conditions. First, the concession became null and void if ceded or mortgaged to any nation or foreign government. Second, the duration of the concession was limited to a stated term of ninety-nine years, at the expiration of which the canal was to become the sole property of Colombia. Third, the concession permitted Colombia to share in the profits of the enterprise. Fourth, the concession was to be forfeited if the canal should remain closed for six months without such having been occasioned by the act of God. Fifth, the grantees were expressly forbidden to give preferential tolls to any special interest. In the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty of November 18, 1903, the first three of these restrictive conditions were canceled by the provisions of Article VIII and Article XXII, but the fourth and fifth have remained without any modification whatsoever, and are as binding today on these United States as they were in 1878 on Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse. Let them in their ugly nakedness speak for themselves: The Wyse concession, Article XXI—"The grantees or their representatives shall lose the right hereby acquired * * * if the service of the canal should be interrupted for six months without it having been occasioned by the act of God." Article XIV—"In order to indemnify the grantees for the construction, maintenance, and working expenses incurred by them they shall have during the whole period of the privilege the exclusive right to establish and collect for the passage of the canal and its ports the dues for lighthouses, anchorage, transit, navigation, repairs, pilotage, towage, haulage, storage, and moorage according to the tariff which they may issue, and which they may modify at any time under the following express conditions: First, they shall collect these dues without any exceptional favor from all vessels in like circumstances."

Thus speaks the organic law of the Panama Canal. Before Senator Borah can proceed with his bill the President must first negotiate a new treaty with Panama.

The outstanding and astounding feature of this ludicrous legislative lachrymation is that in a Congress largely composed of lawyers not one single member, seemingly, has had sufficient gumption to familiarize himself with the organic document of the Panama Canal. There can be no other explanation, for it is not for a moment permissible to think that the Congress of the United States would emulate the Huns voluntarily by relegating the Wyse concession and the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty to the category of "scraps of paper."

EDWARD THOMPSON,
Formerly of Empire, Canal Zone.

Forest Service laboratory workers at Madison, Wisconsin, have discovered that kiln-dried timber is fatal to some if not all the wood-boring grubs. This fact is of special importance to users of hickory, ash, and certain other woods which are subject to attacks from these insects.

To avert the danger of forest fires caused by sparks from locomotives, the officials of the Kushequa Railroad of Pennsylvania announce that no trains will be run over that road during dry weather. Inhabitants of the danger zone welcome this decision.

In the old China of empire days soldiering was regarded the basest of occupations.

"THE PUBLIC BE DAMNED."

A distinguished psychologist said recently that there are some phrases that seem to have the power of inhibitory suggestion, and this, translated into the vernacular, means that they prevent us from thinking. Without wandering far afield in search of examples we may find one staring us in the face from every page of every newspaper. When we read of the "struggle between capital and labor"—and there are some half-dozen alternative phrases that mean the same thing—we are presented at once with a mental picture of two contestants engaged in the settlement of a claim, very much as Brown and Jones settle the matter of a disputed legacy, or the ownership of a building site. Now that is a phrase of inhibitory suggestion, because it arbitrarily fixes on the mind the idea that there are two parties to that suit, and only two. It forbids, or tends to forbid, the realization that there may be three parties, and as a matter of fact this is exactly what it has done. For some half-century or more we have been looking at the industrial strikes, that are now like the sands of the seashore in multitude, very much as we would look at a prizefight, or a quarrel between Galicians and Ukrainians, or any other sort of a duel that is interesting because it is a duel, that is to say a struggle between two rivals. And having got the idea of duality firmly in our minds, or having had it firmly put there by a phrase, we have been rather stupidly oblivious of the fact that actually there are three parties to the "struggle between capital and labor," and that we, the public, are the third party, and that we have been allowed neither advocacy, nor representation, nor a hearing. Imagine two boys engaged in throwing stones at one another through a glass window. Well, we are the glass window. Or an artillery duel from opposite sides of an orchard. We are the orchard.

But we, "the party of the third part"—that is the title of the new book by Governor Allen of Kansas—are not wholly without a spokesman. Governor Allen himself has played that rôle, and if our newspapers were not so exclusively engaged in catering to the feeble minded we should know all about what he has tried to do for us, and we might even have plucked up heart of grace to do a little something for ourselves along the same lines. Governor Allen has created a new court of law in Kansas, the Industrial Relations Court, and to all the suits that appear in that court there are three parties. There can not be less than three, because Capital and Labor are not allowed to show themselves unless the Public comes also, and the status of the Public is just as good as that of the other two. The rôle of the public is that of the innocent bystander, and it may be recalled that if two gentlemen shoot at each other in the street the indictment against them will probably include something about the danger to the innocent bystander. It is only in strikes that the innocent bystander has been assumed to have no rights, unless the right to be shot through can be so described.

This is not the place to describe the Industrial Relations Court of Kansas. That Kansas has such a court is fair presumptive evidence that Kansas is the only civilized state in the Union, and the only state inhabited by human beings. By an industrious search, although not in newspapers, we may learn all about this court. Or we may go to Kansas and inquire. Or we may buy, beg, borrow, or steal Governor Allen's book that has just been published by Harper & Brothers. The point is that there is such a court, that it is based upon the hitherto unheard-of and revolutionary idea that the public has rights, and that it may not be starved, frozen, boycotted, blacklisted, kicked, buffeted, and spat upon without some sort of a hearing, that a nation of human beings is not an arena, nor a road, nor a platform, nor a grandstand, and that there can be no tolerable theory of self-government or democracy that precludes either the right of self-protection or the emergent duty of rendering the streets safe for the traffic of lawful people on their lawful errands. Another point is that this Kansas court is a success. That is why they hate it so.

Governor Allen laid down this amazing doctrine of public rights a year or so ago in the course of a public debate with Mr. Samuel Gompers in Carnegie Hall, New York. Mr. Gompers had been pursuing Governor Allen all over the country. Whenever Governor Allen appeared anywhere in public in order to explain the new court in Kansas that not only prevented strikes, but that left every one satisfied, Mr. Gompers would turn up about a week later in order to explain that the right to strike was "divine"—that is exactly what he said—whereas the right of the public—well, there was no such thing, so why talk about it? Governor Allen, who is quite a moderate man, says that Mr. Gompers never gave a moment's sincere consideration to the law, any more than a bull gives consideration to a red rag. It prevented strikes and therefore it was an insult to God. Moreover, it was bad for business—the labor leader's business. So Mr. Gompers chased Governor Allen about the country and explained what a beautiful thing it was to hate one another and how the public ought to be proud to be a doormat for bloody feet.

Then came an opportunity to meet Mr. Gompers in debate in Carnegie Hall, but Mr. Gompers was ?

shy. It was difficult to agree on a definite theme, but at last Governor Allen said that any theme would do. Let Mr. Gompers talk about anything he pleased, and he would oppose him. There were twenty thousand unsuccessful applications for seats upon that occasion, and no wonder. Not for some half-century had any one ventured to suggest that the public had any rights except the right to hold its tongue, and now here was the public creeping out of its bomb-proof shelters and dug-outs to see if the miracle could be true. Decidedly it was "unfair to organized labor."

Mr. Gompers made a good speech. It was no packed audience, this in Carnegie Hall. There were hurricanes of applause for him, and he was well nigh buried in flowers. He said some good things, too, mighty good things. He can. He said, for example, "The free man's ownership of himself and his labor implies that he may sell it to another or withhold it." Why Mr. Gompers said this is one of the things that no fellow can understand, seeing that the sheet anchor of labor unionism is the doctrine that a man shall *not* sell his labor to another unless that other has been duly approved by the Labor Temple. None the less he said it, and the crowd cheered to the echo. Then he said, "Capital is that which one has—labor is that which one is." That, too, was applauded, although it does not seem to mean anything in particular, but then aphorisms seldom do. Summarizing Mr. Gompers' fine speech, it may be said to have been a plea that the workman's only defense against tyranny was a refusal to work. Any law that compelled a man to work was a slavery law, which, along broad lines, is true enough, although we compel men to work at the fighting trade during a war, we compel them to work on juries, at extinguishing forest fires, at the preservation of public order during riots, and in a dozen other ways. We are all apt to be a little rash when we begin to talk of what the State has a "right" to do. Like Louis of France we may all say, "The State, we are the State."

There was a short speech from a working man after Mr. Gompers sat down. He wanted to know what Mr. Gompers meant by liberty. Was it liberty to refuse coal to the Pittsburg hospital and to threaten its inmates with death by freezing? Was it liberty to suspend a man called Guffey from the union for ninety-nine years for going to work while his family was actually starving?

Then came Governor Allen. He explained at some length that there was no quarrel with labor unionists, who, each and all of them, had a right to work or not to work just as they pleased. Mr. Gompers had been setting up his own ninepins in order to have the fun of knocking them down again. The right of any man to work or to loaf had never been questioned except by the labor unions themselves. That was indeed a "divine" right. But the labor leader has no right to "order men to quit work." That was a power that ought to be taken from him and that had been taken from him in Kansas.

Then came Governor Allen's great question, perhaps as memorable in its way as Lincoln's question to Douglas. This was the question:

"WHEN A DISPUTE BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR BRINGS ON A STRIKE AFFECTING THE PRODUCTION OR DISTRIBUTION OF THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE, THUS THREATENING THE PUBLIC PEACE AND IMPAIRING THE PUBLIC HEALTH, HAS THE PUBLIC ANY RIGHTS IN SUCH A CONTROVERSY OR IS IT A PRIVATE WAR BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR? IF YOU ANSWER THIS IN THE AFFIRMATIVE, MR. GOMPERS, HOW WOULD YOU PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF THE PUBLIC?"

Mr. Gompers rose to his feet. He was visibly perturbed and he paced back and forth. "It is one of the most difficult tasks for one to attempt to keep up with a statement of facts or alleged facts and expect another to answer," he began. "The governor has taken up the last minute of his time to read a question. If I had time I would answer the governor." Then there were loud cries of "Answer it!" with laughter and cheers. Mr. Gompers lost his head just a little. "I will prove it to you, if I live long enough to prove to you that I can. Let me say this, however, that an innocent child can ask more questions of his father—" But the end of the sentence was lost. Mr. Gompers did not answer that question. He will never answer it.

The question was final. If Mr. Gompers had admitted that the public has rights in a labor strike, rights that ought to be protected, the whole case for the radical unionist would have been given away. If he had maintained that the public has no rights, he could never again have appeared before an American audience.

We shall hear more of that question. Indeed we are hearing of it now, and in San Francisco. There is a dispute in the building trades—employers vs. employed. Acting under the "inhibitory suggestion" of the phrase, we call it a quarrel between Capital and Labor. But how about the Public that has no houses to live in, the browbeaten and bullied Public? Is it not a party to this suit? It would be in that oasis of civilization that we call Kansas. At the present time a dozen or so men are meeting in private in San Francisco to determine whether they shall order thousands of workmen to leave their work and so intensify our misery. It never cuts to them for one moment that the public has any rights in the matter. The public, in point of fact, be-

damned. Now this may be democracy. We will not split hairs about that. But if this is democracy, then we may well look back with wistful regret to the good old days of European medievalism, when tyranny was at least represented by one crowned head, that could always be lopped off, and indeed was lopped off, whenever the worst came to the worst. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 3, 1921.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Catherine Chambers has received appointment as a court bailiff in Cleveland.

One of the most influential diplomats at Washington is Marc Peter, Minister from Switzerland.

King Alfonso of Spain, who reigns over one of the greatest wine-growing countries in the world, has always been a total abstainer.

Señorita Raquel Meller, a young Spanish singer, who has taken London by storm, was a poor sewing girl in Barcelona when her marvelous voice was discovered.

Pierre Hamp is now called the French Gorki. He began life as a pastry cook and has just been awarded the annual prize of 10,000 francs by the committee of the Lasserre Foundation.

Ever since his midshipman days, King George has been collecting postage stamps. He is the only monarch sufficiently interested in this pastime to have a special official in charge of his collection.

The daughter of poor Italian players, Elenora Duse was made to do her share in supporting the family at the age of four, when she played Cosette. From then on she was always working, playing first one rôle and then another, always traveling from place to place in dirty, third-class Italian railway carriages, often hungry and cold. There was nothing to compensate for the drudgery of this life. She was not heralded as any child prodigy, in fact her companions looked upon her as a rather stupid, plain little girl, who was absolutely hopeless as an actress. Duse's greatness did not manifest itself until she was a mature woman. Rachel was famous at the age of seventeen, but Mrs. Siddons was twenty-seven before she made her first great impression, and Duse was twenty-four before she showed evidence of genius. She had achieved a few small successes before that, but it was her twenty-fifth year in Naples, after her first sad love affair, that she brought the Italian public to her feet.

One of the greatest dealers of tigers, llamas, bears, camels, and other wild animals in the world is an American farmer living in Missouri, William P. Hall. He can well be called the American Hagenback. When Farmer Hall was a boy he had one consuming ambition—to own a circus of his own, which he could keep in his back yard and could have fun with at will. Now he has had his ambition gratified tenfold. Not only has he got the animals in his back yard, but he possesses the largest group of so-called wild beasts of any individual owner in this country. He was born near Lancaster, in Schuyler County, Missouri, February 29, 1864, and during his early years he was not different from other freckle-faced farmer boys; only he was a bit more crazy than most country kids over the circus, and he never missed a show in the vicinity of his home. Besides his one great ambition, to which he has stuck all these years, young Hall, in his early days, wanted to be what every normal boy aspired to—a circus clown, with a set of new jokes always in supply. But while nearly every farmer boy goes back to his chores disappointed, Hall found he could be something better than a clown, and ever since he was fifteen he has been on the job.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, well known in this country for many years, has been elected to the presidency of China—not by the Chinese electorate, but by the "Parliament of China," sitting in the British colony of Hongkong. His electors mostly belonged to the province of Kwangtung, which forms about one-eighteenth of the total area of China, and while he now exercises a certain amount of authority there, his rule is being recognized nowhere else in China. Dr. Sun Yat Sen is a most gifted and erudite man, with an extensive knowledge of European and American politics and speaking several European languages with the utmost mastery. But in spite of the undoubted support which he has received at various times from the English, from Americans, from the French, and especially from the Japanese, he has never succeeded in establishing his rule over his native land or in creating an impression upon its leading statesmen or upon its great and powerful commercial and industrial guilds. His most notorious recommendations have been a fantastic scheme for the conquest of all Russia, in 1913, and proposals for the reorganization of Chinese currency by the unlimited issue of inconvertible paper notes. Sun first came into the public eye when he was kidnapped in the streets of London by agents of the Chinese Embassy, where he was held in durance for deportation to Peking until Lord Salisbury, then premier, at the instance of Sir James Cantlie, came to his rescue and peremptorily ordered his liberation from prison, under the threat of giving the Chinese envoy his passports and compelling him to leave the United Kingdom.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Coronation of Inez de Castro:

There was music on the midnight:
From a royal lane it rolled,
And a mighty hell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly tolled.
Strange was their mingling in the sky;
It hushed the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high—
The lonely hell, of death.
There was hurrying through the midnight,
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
Along the shadowy street;
And softer, fainter, grew their tread
As it neared the minstrel gate.
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.
Full glowed the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave,
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom.
For something lay midst their fretted gold
Like a shadow of the tomb.
And within that rich pavilion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
Midst the glare of light, alone.
Her jeweled robes fell strangely still;
The drapery on her breast
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stone-like was its rest!
But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below—
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow.
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from the encircling band
Stepped prince and chief, midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.
Why passed a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the ebon parted hair,
Sit on the pale still face?
It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head.
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
All gathered round the Dead!
And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compressed,
Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her, his martyred one.
But on the face he looked not,
Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turned,
Save of the breathless queen:
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place.
It was not for him to hear.
Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that poured those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed. Bear back the dead
Unto the chamber deep:
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep.
There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow.
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay.
And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train;
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lowered the dust again.
'Tis hushed at last the tomb above;
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
Nighther thou wast and art. —*Felicia Hemans.*

The gold, diamond, and other mines of South Africa are enormous consumers of candles. According to the commercial year book for 1920 of the Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce, these mines in the preceding twelve months used 9,917,716 pounds of paraffin tallow candles. The bulk of these, 8,218,367 pounds, was consumed in the gold mines of the Rand. In the coal mines of the United States no candles are used, for fear of dust explosions, but a great many of them are burned in our metal mines. Even in the latter carbide lamps are preferred, and these have been replaced to some extent by electric lamps fed from small storage batteries. The battery is attached to the miner's back at the waist, the cord passing up behind and over his head to the lamp fixed above his forehead.

A French inventor has perfected a tank which resembles the ordinary whippet tank except that it is propelled from the stern. It crosses trenches, climbs walls, enters water, cruises on the surface, dives and crawls ashore along the bottom, according to French army officers who recently witnessed the performance.

Esperanto, the only one of all the many so-called universal languages that shows any signs of survival, was invented by Dr. Darnhof during fifteen years' captivity in a Polish prison.

More than 5000 pieces of one meteor which fell in Iowa were picked up after it had burst.

TAMING NEW GUINEA.

Captain C. A. W. Monckton Relates Some of His Experiences as a Traveling Magistrate.

The author, Captain C. A. W. Monckton, says modestly that he has written this substantial account of his experiences as a New Guinea magistrate at the request of his wife and for the information of personal friends. He pretends to no style, but he has the best of styles, for he tells us what happened in the clearest and most direct way. He claims no scientific value for his book, but it has high scientific value, and for the same reason. He tells us that he has written of every one as he found him—governor or ruffian, bishop or cannibal, and "I freely confess that I think when the last muster comes, the Great Architect will find, as I trust my readers will, some good points in the ruffians and the cannibals, as well, possibly, as some vulnerable places in the armor of governors and bishops."

It is an extraordinarily racy narrative that the author gives us. Nothing escapes him, and his opinions and judgments are always unbiassed by convention. He tells us about fishing at East Cape, and we learn to our surprise that the codfish is more dangerous to the diver than the shark. The shark is a coward, but the codfish is absolutely fearless:

The codfish, however, is afraid of nothing, and will nose up to a diver, smell round him until it discovers his naked hands, and then bite them off. Owing to this unpleasant trait on the part of the codfish, the first and important duty of a diver's tender is to wash the former's hands thoroughly with soap, soda, and warm water before he descends, in order to remove any trace of perspiration or grease from them. A diver's hands are the sole portion of his body outside the diving suit, the dress ending at the wrists, where thick india-rubber bands prevent the admission of water and expulsion of air. Should a diver meet a large groper, the only thing to be done is to either ascend twenty or thirty feet and drift out of the short-sighted fish's range of vision or, if there is no tide or current, rise to the surface. Then he can lower a dynamite cartridge or two, which will either kill, wound, or frighten the beast away. A groper, I have been told by divers, and my own experience bears this out, will never pursue a diver or leave the bottom! It is sluggish in the extreme. These fish grow to an immense size. I have myself seen a fish so large that, when his mouth was open, the lower jaw was on the bottom and the upper jaw above the level of one's helmet.

The author tells us something equally interesting about the swordfish. Sometimes these monsters seem to go mad and will attack vessels. The natives believe that this is due to a worm that bores up into the brain, a theory that seems to be reasonable enough:

My boys then told me that the swordfish frequently behaved in this manner, went "Kava Kava" or mad, and then died. They gave the cause as being a "small snake," that is, a worm, which bored up through its sword into the bone of the skull and thence into the brain. This explanation accounted to me for the numerous well-authenticated cases of swordfish charging and breaking off their swords in ships' hulls. I myself have seen the broken sword fast in the solid keel of a big sailing canoe; and natives have told me instances of the sword being driven through a canoe's planking, and the fish being secured by first lashing the sword fast with cords and then spearing the fish. They, too, believed that the fish did not attack from malice prepense, but as an accident when driven mad and blind by pain. I have never heard of the swordfish, or its big cousin the sawfish, attacking naked men or clothed divers; though I fail to see how they could withstand or escape from the charge of either. Natives of fishing tribes are not in the least afraid of the swordfish, but they are to a certain extent of the sawfish. The latter has a shorter, broader, and altogether stronger beak than the former, blunt at the point instead of sharp, and studded down each side by villainous sharp and bony teeth.

Stories of rats that fish with their tails are usually supposed to be apocryphal, to use no harsher word, but Captain Monckton tells us that he was an eye-witness of this performance. He had camped on a small coral island and was smoking an ante-breakfast pipe:

While sitting quietly there, I noticed some rats going down to the edge of the reef—lank, hungry-looking brutes they were, with pink naked tails. I stopped on the point of throwing lumps of coral at them, out of curiosity to see what the vermin meant to do at the sea. Rat after rat picked a flattish lump of coral, squatted on the edge and dangled his tail in the water; suddenly one rat gave a violent leap of about a yard, and as he landed, I saw a crab clinging to his tail. Turning round, the rat grabbed the crab and devoured it, and then returned to his stone; the while the other rats were repeating the same performance. What on earth those rats did for fresh water, though, I don't know, as there was none on the island that I could see.

The author reverts to the subject of the dangerous codfish in connection with an experience that befell him at Pusa Pusa, where there seemed some likelihood of finding shell:

On arrival at Pusa Pusa, Silva donned the diving dress and descended, only to ascend in about ten minutes, holding a large shell in his hand and gesticulating to have his helmet removed. He said that it was a good shell bottom, promising very well indeed, but that immediately on descending he had met a groper larger than any he had even seen, and he would prefer to remain on deck until the fish had had time to remove itself. Half an hour elapsed, Silva descended again, and almost immediately signaled "Pull me up." Pulled up accordingly he was; he then complained that he had met a shark, and that—though as a general rule he did not mind sharks—this particular one was longer than the *Mizpah*, and he thought he preferred to be on deck! Again we waited perhaps an hour, and again Silva descended, and again came the urgent signal, "Pull me up." Upon his helmet being removed, he at once demanded, with many oaths, that his whole dress should be taken off; and then, seizing a tomahawk, he declared: "The first time I went down in this blank place I met a groper, the next time I met a shark as big as a ship, the last time there was a ———— alligator, and if any man likes to say there is shell here I'll knock his ———— brains out with this tomahawk!" A hero of romance would now have donned the dress and descended, but I freely confess that I—as an ama-

teur—was not game to take on a work that a professional diver threw up as too dangerous.

It seems that the missionaries are not always immune from those falls from grace that are sometimes the lot of the unregenerate laity. Nor is detection always followed by the penitence that is supposed to take so much of the poison from the misdeed:

Hunter had as a rival in his timber business—if a man could be called a rival who got in a year about as much sandalwood as Hunter got in a day—a Frenchman known as "Brother John," a jovial fat person looking like the typical old friar. Brother John had been a lay brother attached to the Sacred Heart Mission at Mekeo, and he had, I regret to say, been smiled upon by the Papuan girl who did his washing, and, sadder still, he returned the smile. Time went on, until one day the girl's parents appeared at the Mission, hauling along their erring daughter; they presented her to a scandalized monastery, drew particular attention to her figure, and asked what the Mission was going to do about it. Brother John was immediately expelled from the lay brotherhood of the order and commanded to marry the girl, which he did at once. Over this little incident some little time afterwards he scored rather badly off the governor or chief justice, one of whom met him and, shaking his head, said reprovingly, "I am sorry to hear of your fall, Brother John." "Fall, Monseigneur," said Brother John, "fall! Why, before I was only ze bruzzer, now I am ze fazzler!"

The enterprising alligator may always be trusted to relieve the monotony of New Guinea life. Curiously enough, the alligator is entirely harmless in some parts and a veritable monster of aggressiveness in others. Not only will they attack men in canoes, but they will enter villages and seize the inhabitants:

The Rev. W. J. Holmes, of the London Mission, once told me an alligator story about one of the Mission boys; a story which the local natives confirmed as true. Holmes sent off one of his Mission boys to borrow some dozen six-inch wire nails from a trader, who lived some miles away; the boy was shortly to be married to a village girl, and she accompanied him on his message. On their homeward way it was necessary for them to ford a shallow river; the boy walked first, when suddenly, hearing a shriek, he turned to find that an alligator had seized his sweetheart by the leg. Hastily running back, the boy grabbed his lady-love by one arm and, inserting his hand behind her leg, jammed his packet of nails down the reptile's throat, thus forcing it to open its mouth and release the girl, whom he then dragged to the shore. The only remark the boy made about the accident, when he returned to Holmes, was to regret that the alligator had "stolen the missionary's nails."

The criminal code as applied to the natives of New Zealand seems to be by no means a severe one. Doubtless some allowance must be made for tribal customs, but a sentence of six months for cutting the throat of one's mother-in-law can hardly be said to err on the side of severity:

Leaving Taupota, I called at Wedau to inquire into the murder of a mother-in-law, that Moreton had told me about; I found the culprit safe in the custody of the village constable, and also that the calling of evidence was hardly necessary, as he made confession in this way: "Two years ago I married my wife, then my father-in-law died and my wife's mother came to live with us. At early morning she got up and talked, when I came home at night, she talked; she talked, and talked, and at last I got my knife and cut her throat. What have I got to pay?" "Six months' hard labor," I replied, "when the judge comes along; and many a white man would be glad to get rid of a talking mother-in-law at the price!"

Sorcery is a very real problem that the white man in New Guinea must face. However harmless the sorcery may be, the fear that it inspires is by no means harmless, and Captain Monckton tells us that on one occasion he had to make a counteractive display of his own sorcery:

"Now," I remarked, "I have heard a lot about sorcery since I came here, I am going to treat you to a little. Basilio, tell them to look at my eyes as I pass down the line, and tell me what they notice!" "Well?" I asked, when they had all looked, "what do they see?" "They say your eyes are not as the eyes of other men, alike in color, but differ one from the other." "Very true," I said, as I stepped back a dozen feet where all could see me plainly. "Now tell them to look at my mouth," and I grinned, showing an excellent set of false teeth. They looked. "Well?" "They see strong white teeth," Basilio interpreted, smothering a grin as he guessed what was coming. Turning my back for a second, I dropped my false teeth into my handkerchief and, swinging round again, exposed a row of toothless gums. A yell of horror and amazement went up, and fearful glances were cast behind for somewhere whither to bolt. I swept my handkerchief before my mouth, and again grinned a glistening toothful grin. There were no sulky or defiant glances now, nothing but looks of abject fear and horror. "Ask them, Basilio, whether in all their villages there is a sorcerer that can do such a thing as that?" "No," was the answer, "the white chief is greater than them all!"

The magistrate in New Guinea must occasionally do a little doctoring, and we have an example of the stoicism with which excruciating pain is endured:

At Mekeo it was my custom to spend a couple of hours on Saturday afternoons attending to any simple surgical cases, or broken bones, brought to me by the village constable. Sometimes I got one that was anything but simple. For instance, on one occasion a native came in with his shoulder all plastered up with mud and leaves; he told me that he had fallen from a coconut palm the week before and hurt his shoulder, and that it was so painful that he could not sleep at night and that he meditated suicide. In passing, I might remark that a favorite New Guinea method of suicide is to climb a coconut tree, and then drop head first to the ground. I examined the shoulder and found it badly dislocated, but apparently nothing broken. I struggled with that shoulder for a good hour, the man's howls meanwhile alarming the country for a couple of miles around; then I gave it up in despair. "Are you not going to mend me?" he asked in an injured tone. "Mend you, yes," I replied. "But I shall have to hurt you a bit, and you make my head ache with your howls." "I won't say another word," he said. Then I sent to the whaleboat for blocks and tackle, which I attached to his arm, after lashing him firmly to pegs driven into the ground; in five minutes, by the aid of that tackle and some lusty police, the shoulder was back in position, and during the whole process the man did not give so much as a whimper.

A novel method of catching fish as practiced at Goodenough Island is described to us:

We completed our journey across the island without any

further incident worthy of note, old Enamakala being very friendly. Then we sailed for Goodenough Island; there, Sata-deal collected some natives, and gave an eye-opening exhibition of sling-stone throwing. "I never before realized what a poor chance Goliath had against David," remarked Judge Winter, after he had watched the slingmen for a few minutes. At Wedau, on the northeast coast, the governor and judge went up to the Mission Station, while Barton, Murray, and I went shooting: as I noticed the state of the tide in the streams the idea occurred to me that my friends might like to witness a peculiar method of catching fish. "Would you like to see a fishing even stranger than the Dobu kite fishers?" I asked. They would most certainly; so I took them to the mouth of a small stream, where a row of four or five women stood in it, holding shallow scoop nets in their hands and attentively watching the water. Presently, first one and then another in succession leant forward and milked her breasts into the water; then very carefully and quietly she inserted her net under the surface, and brought it up full of tiny little fish; after which she emptied her basket, and resumed her watch.

When the author was appointed to the North Eastern Division he found that he had a peculiarly wild lot of natives to discipline and he found it necessary to construct some simple fortifications. Then he found that his men had stupefied themselves with some narcotic, but there were even worse troubles in store:

Corporal Sara now came to me with a fresh alarm. "How many cartridges have we got, sir?" he asked. "About three thousand rounds," I replied. "Have you looked at the boxes?" he queried next. "No," was my answer, "they are ordinary service cartridges, I suppose." "They are nothing of the sort," said Sara; "with the exception of the rounds in the men's pouches and one box of 320, they are all cartridges condemned by Captain Butterworth years ago. They burst the rifles when you attempt to fire them." I examined the boxes, and found they were filled with a patent cartridge made by Eley Brothers, which was supposed to consume its own case when fired. I made certain experiments with these cartridges, by firmly securing rifles to trees and firing them with a string attached to the trigger, and found that they did one of three things on every occasion: either the explosive consumed the case entirely and generated gases which blew the breech block clean out of the rifle; or it did not completely consume the case and effectually blocked up the cartridge chamber with the remains; or it left the brass case of the cartridge and cap stuck firmly to the fire pin of the rifle. If I could have got hold of the government storekeeper then I would have shot him, and cheerfully have hanged for doing it. Fifteen men left among some thousands of the supposed wildest savages in the world, and the larger portion of our ammunition more dangerous to the user than to the enemy!

There are two kinds of sorcerers in New Guinea, benevolent and malevolent, and the author seems to think that there may be "something in it":

New Guinea sorcerers, in my experience, kill their subjects by two methods: firstly, by material means, that is, by the administration of actual poison; secondly, by esoteric means, that is, by working on the fear of the intended victim. Sir Francis Winter once told me that though he had tried many murder cases in which sorcery was alleged, he had never found any direct evidence that the sorcerer had caused the death; notwithstanding the fact that in some cases the sorcerer had actually admitted his guilt. To this I reply, that poisoning by animal or vegetable poisons is always very difficult to trace, or bring home to the prisoner; even when the poisons used are common or well known, and when highly skilled chemists are employed to detect them. In New Guinea there were no chemists, and the poisons used were probably either very rare or quite unknown to science. The second method to which I referred, as being employed by the sorcerer, namely, that of fear, was worked in this way: the sorcerer sent a message to his intended victim, telling him that he had bewitched or poisoned him, thus so preying upon the mind of the unfortunate receiver of the threat as to cause him either to fret himself into a fever or commit suicide—usually the latter. In New Guinea the law warranted a magistrate sending any native convicted of sorcery to gaol, for a term of six months. This was all very fine; but the sorcerer always overawed the witnesses by saying, "I may get six months, but then I shall be free again and you will pay."

The author tells us on his final page that he had many more adventures to relate, but the war had broken out and was calling to him. Let us hope that we shall hear of him again, for no name could be more welcome on a title page.

TAMING NEW GUINEA. By Captain C. A. W. Monckton, F. R. G. S., F. Z. S., F. R. A. I. With thirty-seven illustrations and a map. New York: John Lane Company.

Although New Zealand is accounted by geologists one of the oldest countries on the globe, its admirable assortment of flora and fauna suggests no primitive mistakes. It has no more snakes than Tipperary. It cherishes, indeed, no poisonous creatures whatever, save an ill-famed spider that nobody meets. Its only wild animals are two species of bat and a small, unobtrusive rat. That in very recent times "the Dominion" could boast of that lordly bird the moa, fourteen feet in height and cousin to the ostrich, is asserted by a recent correspondent. Now, "as extinct as (his neighbor) the dodo," the moa remains a popular favorite, a real Br'er Remus, in the native Maori legends. Bones of the big bird, sometimes with mummified flesh still attached, have been found in various places; also aboriginal implements contrived from his great skeleton.

Footprints, believed to be one hundred and thirty years old, of a Hawaiian army that fled from the wrath of the volcano Kilauea, Hawaii, have been found in the Kau Desert, south of the great crater, by a professor in charge of the volcano observatory. Thousands of tracks in the volcanic ash, all pointing in the one direction, deep at the toes and light at the heels, indicate that the inhabitants had been running at top speed.

A claim to 14,000,000 acres of land in Oklahoma and Texas, including the cities of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, together with practically all of the Burkburnett oil field, was recently filed in the Supreme Court in the name of the Cherokee Indian Nation.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending July 30, 1921, were \$111,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$150,600,000; a decrease of \$39,300,000.

"The Corn Crop in Relation to Banking" is the caption of an article in the August number of *Commerce Monthly*, published by the National Bank of Commerce in New York, from which the following is taken:

"The skilful corn belt farmer stands, not in the traditional relation of agriculturalist to banker, but in the relation of manufacturer to banker. Since the major portion of the

investment in land. Efforts on the part of farmers with extra capital to secure corn land which promised good profits because of high prices resulted in speculation in farm lands, which has left the country face to face with a farm mortgage problem which is now a vital factor in the entire problem of agricultural credits.

"It is not yet clear as to how the farm mortgage situation is to be met, for the indebtedness incurred by the purchase of farms at inflated values must now be liquidated by the sale of farm products at prices practically identical with what they were before the war.

"In areas where there are many mortgaged farms many bank loans will continue frozen until the mortgage loan market improves. The problem can not be solved by efforts to maintain prices of farm products above the international market. Even if this could be done it would be so detrimental to the entire economic position of the United States as to react on agriculture with consequent failure to accomplish the desired end. Moreover, every attempt made since the war to support prices by artificial means has ended in disaster. The only possible solution appears to lie in mortgage renewals for long periods.

"When farmers have learned the need of supplying a fair proportion of their own working capital, and not until then, can a recurrence of the present situation be avoided. The local banks are under the heavy obligation of helping them to recognize this necessity. If sufficient liquid capital is to be kept available safe methods of short-time investment must be provided for these funds. The time certificate of deposit, to a certain extent, affords such a method, and experienced farmers in many localities also buy to considerable amounts of notes of other farmers whose credit is known to them. There is much to be done, however, both as to providing adequate facilities for short-time investment and in educating farmers to their use.

"Good long-time investments must be made readily available to farmers. They will thus gradually become familiar with other types of investment than farm lands and permanent improvements, while at the same time they will learn to eschew unsound enterprises. Farmers of the corn belt, because of the nature and conditions of their occupation, are primarily business men rather than tillers of the soil. When they come to a full realization of this, that region will not only be able to finance itself, but it will offer a potential investment market of great promise."

The bond market was dull until the beginning of July, when a fairly substantial upward movement of prices occurred, partly as the result of activity of dealers in anticipation of reinvestment demand, and partly as a result of actual reinvestment. The latter, however, has been poorly sustained, and activity has fallen off. Municipal and state bonds have been in fair demand throughout the period. Flotations have been limited in amount, the chief issue being \$25,000,000 of Canadian Northern Railway twenty-five-year bonds, guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada, sold on a basis to yield 6.80 per cent. The outlook for the near future is one

of summer quietness, with gradual investment absorption of the better issues.

The belief seems to be gaining ground that the shortage of capital for long-time investment has been exaggerated and that the high rates which now prevail are primarily due to unusual risks resulting from the violence of post-war adjustments.—*Commerce Monthly*.

If the investor is looking for a few real bargains he will not find his best choice in the average industrial group. Abnormal wartime profits are no more.

In glancing over the annual reports of many of the leading manufacturing and industrial concerns, it is not difficult to decide just where the dividing line crosses between the weak speculative group and the investment group; the gap is becoming more apparent every day. In other words, with the exception of a few strong issues such as equipments, utilities, and coppers, the "war babies" must make room for their "bigger brothers"—the railroads. In the majority of cases the industrials have had their innings. Now for the carriers.

It must be a source of joy and satisfaction to many holders of railroad securities to see their storm-battered securities coming into port none the worse for their trying ordeal, but these have only been signs and symptoms of an abnormal period. What has happened is now over. The worst has been fully discounted and the best has yet to come.

Now that the carriers are safely "out of the woods" their future outlook is much brighter than some observers make them out to be. The fact of the matter is the railroads, generally speaking, occupy a much stronger position today than the average run of industrial issues, with the exception of a few specialties of which I have already made reference to.

For the sake of comparison, let us compare in a relative way the position of the two groups:

20 Average Prices, Yearly Range.			
Industrials.		Railroads.	
High.	Low.	High.	Low.
92.95	60.70	69.80	55.20
High		23.15	
Low		5.50	
		17.65	
Average net difference in favor of industrials, 8.825.			
Average prices as at July 30, 1921.			
Railroads		73.78	
Industrials		68.75	
Difference in favor of railroads		5.03	

The above figures would indicate that the railroads have the best of the argument. The relative position is much stronger in this group, while the technical position in the industrial group is, comparatively speaking, decidedly weak.

Personally, if I were carrying any quantity of industrials I would have no hesitation in deciding what to do with them. It is my decided opinion that the common stocks in the industrial group will, to a great extent, respond more or less to technical conditions. In view of their bazaar position they do not appear to be, strictly speaking, in the investment group. If the investor must purchase the industrials he will find safer ground in a few specialties such as utilities and equipments, together with a few selected coppers.

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List of Current Offerings on Application

Since the February reaction of this year the industrials have given way to disturbing factors more freely than the railroads or even the coppers. In many instances sharp declines have been more pronounced in the high-priced speculative group, such as Crucible Steel, Vanadium, and other speculative favorites. Many of these will not show favorable factors on publication of their annual statements, and it may be difficult to predict:



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how far most of them are short of dividend requirements.

Important manufacturing concerns are now fully realizing that the abnormal or rather inflated period has definitely passed. They are now busily engaged adjusting their top-heavy inventories and are establishing economies necessary to the sane conduct of normal time business. It is not unlikely that many sound companies will be obliged to curtail and conserve cash for future requirements in order to carry out their purpose conservatively. In many instances these increases will be of a more or less permanent nature, and I venture

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American corn crop is marketed in the form of hogs, and hence ultimately as pork products, he is not primarily the producer of a raw material, but the maker of a bigly finished product.

"A result of this clean-cut relation of the farmer to his banker, whereby he is a borrower on a short-time basis and against self-liquidating assets, is the extension of the use of bank checks. This has reached proportions undreamed of by the dweller in large cities. This substitution of bank credit for cash in country communities is one of the great accomplishments of American banking.

"The period of unusual agricultural prosperity which terminated with the price declines of 1920 afforded an opportunity for the

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entire corn belt to establish itself on the satisfactory financial basis of the older parts of the corn country. This in large measure it failed to do.

"Failure to take advantage of a favorable situation was not through lack of desire to do so, but failure to understand how it could best be done. The great prosperity of the war years, the latter part of 1919 and the first five months of 1920, was quite as new an experience to many country bankers as it was to the farmers who were their customers.

"Farmers and country bankers did not differ from other large sections of the business community in their lack of knowledge of how best to take advantage of prosperity. The form of investment they knew best was

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Of all public service corporation securities, Water Company Bonds rank first, not on sentiment, not by habit, but because the distribution of water to stable communities is one of the most dependable of all business activities.

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to predict that within the not too far distant future some of these non-dividend payers will be placed on a fair dividend basis.

During the next quarter, which is usually the best, we may confidently look for much higher net earnings in the majority of the

carriers. Already there is a marked improvement in the earnings of most of the railroads, more particularly in the low-priced rails of the non-dividend-paying type. Many of these discredited securities will give a good account of themselves during the next quarter or in the latter part of this year.

It goes without saying that within a reasonable period of time many of the junior roads will be more or less on a permanent self-supporting basis. That period is not in the far distant future. The non-dividend payers will then be in a position to work their way into the dividend-paying class, and through time will fall in line with their bigger brothers. When that time does come it will be one of the most active periods for railroad securities because the results will be directly due to actual accomplishment.

The present opportunities to be found in the railroad group are numerous and deserve the intelligent consideration of every far-sighted investor.

The bargains may be divided into three groups as follows:

For the conservative investor who buys for income return alone, he will find his best choice in the medium-priced rails.

For the semi-investor, the moderately-priced rails will prove profitable.

For the semi-speculator, the low-priced non-dividend-paying securities (of the reorganized type) will show the biggest returns in the end.

Outside of the railroads, the discerning investor will make no mistake in accumulating a few specialties such as a few well-chosen utilities, together with a few equipments and standard coppers.

The far-sighted investor, who has courage and patience, will have no regrets if he makes his choice along the diversified lines suggested herein.—John D. Dunlop.

Jonathan S. Dodge, superintendent of banks of California, has issued a summary of the condition of the 423 banks and 193 branch offices in the state banking system. "The banks of California," declares Mr. Dodge, "are solving splendidly the tremendous problems that have faced them in the present and insistent demands of financial and banking reconstruction. I am firmly convinced that they have passed successfully the hazards of deflation. They are entitled to the fullest confidence of the people of the state."

"The fiscal year that has just closed has been one of serious and dangerous vicissitude, but in the sixty-three days from April 28th to June 30th as represented by our call reports our banking institutions have increased their assets twenty-five and one-half millions of dollars until the aggregate is now one and one-half billions."

"The normal relationship between loans and discounts on the one hand and deposits on the other has in a very remarkable way been restored. While the loans have increased thirteen million dollars the deposits have advanced more than twenty-nine millions."

"Our banks are to be congratulated on this

notable achievement. In their commercial activities they have in the sixty-three days under consideration materially liquidated their speculative loans. They have eliminated many of their frozen credits. They have made new loans, aggregating many millions, to meet the seasonal needs of our industrial, farming, and manufacturing communities.

"They have increased their capital and surplus and they have indulged a broader but entirely safe use of acceptance credits, bringing themselves into healthy relationship with modern banking functions. They have decreased their bills payable more than two and one-half millions. They have nineteen millions cash on hand and thirty-one millions due from other banks. They are deflating normally, they are meeting the necessities of the productive energies of the state, and they are maintaining a high degree of liquidity."

"Our savings banks, now fourth in the United States in assets, are rapidly on their way to third place in the Union. They have passed the billion-dollar mark in assets. They have more than nine hundred million dollars in deposits, which represent the savings of 1,593,090 people of California."

"In sixty-three days they have increased their deposits more than seventeen and one-half millions of dollars. They have in their own vaults more than eighteen millions and they have to their credit and immediately at their command in the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco and in other banks more than sixty-two million dollars."

"The people of California may accept this situation with an optimism that is based in the reality of attainment. Our banks are meeting every obligation and justifying every demand made upon them."

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are participating in an offer of \$25,000,000 Swift & Co. ten-year 7 per cent. bonds, dated August 15, 1921. Price 97½, to yield 7¾ per cent. The purpose of the issue is to refund five-year notes which mature August 15, 1921.

Immediately following W. C. Durant's resignation as president of the General Motors Corporation he determined he would then build an automobile that he had for a long while on paper, that he would give to the public the greatest automobile value ever offered them at less than \$1000.

He formed the Durant Motors Incorporated a company incorporated under the laws of the State of Delaware, around which he is going to weld an automobile combination such as America has never known. One of his next important steps was his assembly plants for assembling this car in different sections of the country. He therefore formed the Durant Motor Company of Michigan for the assembling of the car in the State of Michigan and the Durant Motor Company of New York for the assembling of the car in New York. He next turned eyes towards the State of California. Calling his son, R. C. Durant, from California a second time, he told him what was uppermost in his mind—that of building on the Pacific Coast a plant to



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assemble the Durant car as he had done with his former projects. The result was the organization of the Durant Motor Company of California.

It has been planned to finance this company so that they will have ample capital to carry them through their objective, thereby being absolutely independent of any banks and in no need of assistance from any outside source.

The capitalization of this company is \$3,000,000, divided into 300,000 shares of common stock at \$10 per share. The original offering is 100,000 shares, to sell at \$10, and

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to net the company the full \$10, so there is no deduction for selling expenses whatsoever. Each share is to be on the same basis, has equal rights and same voting power. There are no promotion or stock-selling expenses in the company whatsoever.

A small office was obtained in the First Savings Bank Building of Oakland, and the treasurer of the company was authorized to issue letters of invitation to those whom he thought would make good associates for the company. Up to June 25th 300 people had responded, all of whom enjoyed the benefit of the initial offering price of \$10 per share.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Death of Society.

What might he called the mad note of Scandinavian literature is heard again and again in "The Death of Society," whose subtitle is "A Novel of Tomorrow." There must be some peculiar magic in the mists of the northern fiords which clears the vision and while divesting natives—and even travelers—of a sense of humor, restores to them the sense of reality that men lost when they first fell under the insidious sway of that other madness—civilization. What is humor, after all, but an optimistic juggling of relative values? The Scandinavian refuses to juggle. And his solemn search for static truth is apt to strike the Southerner as robbing life of its mirage of glory—to say nothing of the compensations of cynicism. The Scandinavian, of literature, at least, strikes all nails with the same sledgehammer—universal truth. And his earnestness and honesty are edifying and awesome. The Norwegian family in "The Death of Society" is no exception. These people, like most of their literary compatriots, are dominated by one idea—in their case the Utopian dream of an existence after the "death of society." It is this singleness of purpose, perhaps, that makes for the unreality of the story and the people in it. One is constantly surprised at reminders of the contemporary date—the hero fought in the world war, reason enough for his mad-

ness. And at that he is the sanest of the lot.

The story—or action—element is very simple. It is the familiar one honored from Goldsmith's day to Wells' and DeMorgan's, of a stranger-hero dropped with fatal consequences into the midst of a family circle. The theme's the thing. It is well represented in the title, for the book has the unusual merit of being well named. The idea that society as an anachronistic body of inhuman laws and doctrines is the greatest barrier to man's greatest development fairly dominates the book. The superman—that creature of unfailing Teutonic interest—will never be the result of society as we understand the term; but rather of a *modus vivendi* of which truth replaces the criterion of decorum.

If the book has an artistic fault it is this slight over-emphasis of theme, but it is difficult to see how the fault could have been avoided. With Scandinavian ease, for they are adepts in dealing the truth, the characters conscientiously set aside the dishonest laws of society and deliberately enact the drama promised in the title. They can not kill society, but they can and do nobly ignore it. They can pretend that society has died. The strange thing is that the normal reaction to reading this programme—like that of reading Hudson's beautiful "Crystal Age"—is to want society to live. Utopia would be so stupid. It might root out every other evil, but the germs of ennui it could not destroy.

We have mentioned the "Crystal Age." "The Death of Society" is reminiscent of it in two respects. Of course the first analogy is the subject of a reconstructed society, though Romer Wilson's is immensely more human and interesting than the older book. The more important analogy is the style; and any book can be proud of having its style likened to that of the exquisite clarity of the "Crystal Age." "The Death of Society" is, in fact, so beautifully written that one reads on entranced and for the time being is made a convert to its weird philosophy. And even afterwards one finds that the search for reality on which he has been briefly engaged has left its mark. For awhile he, too, sees life through the Scandinavian mists, stripped of all but its essentials.—R. G.

THE DEATH OF SOCIETY. By Romer Wilson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Three Loving Ladies.

These loving ladies may be found nearly everywhere with due allowances for differences in local color. General Fulton, anxious to retire from the British army after the war, finds himself compelled by his family to accept a lucrative military position at the industrial centre of Millport. Then begin the activities of the wife and the two daughters. The eldest daughter is sated from benevolent radicalism by marrying an army officer of grim and Puritanic pieties, and she finds she has enough to do to save her own soul without worrying about the soul of Millport. But Teresa, who is really delightful, feels the hand of social duty laid heavily upon her. Ought she to sell all that she has and give the money to the poor? It is true that she has nothing to sell, but then her lover has a good deal, and how can she marry him until he has obeyed the sacred command? There are various other ladies who are engaged in "social service," and with what delicious cynicism we are told about them. It is to be feared that Lady Varcens is a reactionary. We may even suspect that she belongs to the capitalist class. When Teresa asks her why the man in the Bible was told to give all his money to the poor, Lady Varcens thinks that it was probably for the benefit of the man himself, and not for the benefit of the poor. So Teresa decides to marry her lover in spite of his obdurate resolve to go on owning what he owns instead of throwing it into the bottomless and thankless abyss commonly known as "the poor."

Mrs. Dowdall has written a decidedly clever novel, and one that is full of a gentle but cynical laughter. All of her characters are living people and most of them live next door or just around the corner.

THREE LOVING LADIES. By the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A Fool's Errand.

We are inclined to question if ever fool went on such an errand as this. Quentin Dillon finds himself a loose end at the expiration of the war. Acting on a sudden impulse he assumes the identity of a seedy rascal whom he casually meets in a London hotel and he sails for Rangoon to become the tout for a vulgar gambling house. On the steamer he finds himself the companion of a girl who has momentarily struck his fancy in a London art gallery and who turns out to be the niece of the gambling-house proprietor. At once we foresee the complications that will ensue. Dillon is saddled with the unsavory and criminal record of the man with whom he has made his impulsive bargain and he finds it hard enough to get rid of it when he wants to recover his respectability in order to marry the girl, who has also been smirched by the company she has had to keep.

The story is readable, but the hammer and anvil of construction are audible all the way through and the element of coincidence is overworked.

A FOOL'S ERRAND. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90.

Call Mr. Fortune.

Some one says that the detective novel is on the wane in England, that its headquarters is now on this side of the Atlantic. We seem to prefer the non-professional detective, the man or woman whose peculiar aptitudes have forced them from the more normal currents of life into the troubled eddies of crime. Mr. Fortune, for example, of whose exploits we have here six stories, is a physician, but his flair for seeing into the heart of a mystery has made him a consultant of the police force. But he prefers a case of chicken-pox to a murder at any time.

The stories are surprisingly well told. Mr. Fortune has the unusual power to see the obvious, and it is, after all, the obvious that escapes us.

CALL MR. FORTUNE. By H. C. Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Brief Reviews.

"America Triumphant Under God and His Christ," by Kitty Cheatham (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2), is a sort of Christian Science rhapsody based on somewhat disputable premises.

"Will-Power and Work," by Jules Payot, Litt. D., Ph. D. (Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.75), is a valuable suggestive volume on what may be called the conservation of mental energy. The author shows how the will may be used to hest advantage in all the pursuits of life.

Those interested in psychic stories should read "True Tales of the Weird," by Sydney Dickinson (Duffield & Co.; \$2). These stories derive some sort of authenticity from an introduction by R. H. Stetson, professor of psychology, Oberlin College, and a note by G. O. Tubby, assistant secretary American Society of Psychical Research.

The Macmillan Company has published "A Bill of Divorcement," a play by Clemence Dane. A woman is divorced from a man supposed to be insane, and just when she is about to remarry the husband suddenly reappears, sane, and deeply in love with his wife—a dramatic theme and dramatically handled. The price is \$2.

Those who remember the cowboys of old Bar-20—Hopalong Cassidy, Red Connors, and Johnny Nelson—will have a warm welcome for this further volume of their adventures, which are in every way worthy of their distinguished reputation. It is entitled "The Bar-20 Three," by Clarence E. Mulford. The publishers are A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.90.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Her age she never has revealed,
But, as the rings the tree,
Her sixty novels, signed and spieled,
Show her chronology.
—Keith Preston in the Bookman.

From Queen Victoria and the Kaiser to the Matabele savages, Cecil Rhodes could gain the confidence of almost any one whom he chose to win. "Oom Paul" Kruger was an exception; so was Leopold of Belgium, after interviewing whom Rhodes said to an attaché: "Satan, I tell you; that man is Satan." A

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characteristic story of his dealings with De la Rey, a violent old Boer: "Blood must flow!" was De la Rey's answer to Rhodes' first words. "No, give me my breakfast," said Rhodes, "and then we can talk about blood." "Well," he added in telling the story, "I stayed with him a week. I became godfather to his grandchild, and we made a settlement."—From *Homer Woodridge's review of Basil Williams' "Cecil Rhodes"* in the *Literary Review*.

Samuel Gompers' new book, "Out of Their Own Mouths," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is of very great interest and importance for a number of reasons, but especially so on account of the growing propaganda in this country for commercial relations with Bolshevik Russia. It has been written in collaboration with William English Walling, whose "Sovietism," which the Duttons published a year ago, showed him to be thoroughly well informed on Bolshevik doctrines and practice.

The London *Daily News* believes that "the detective story is passing, it seems, almost wholly into the hands of the Americans. It is full, as a rule, of yeggs, gats, dope, buckoes, guys, bulls (that means policemen), cinches, getting the goods on people, and Irish police sergeants. The language," remarks our esteemed contemporary, "takes a little learning, but repays study."

The Houghton Mifflin Company is publishing a new popular edition of Emerson's works, which will appear under the title of the Fire-side Edition.

Switzerland is now overwhelmed with young girls looking for situations as domestic servants.

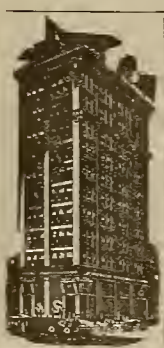
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Capital Actually Paid Up.....1,000,000.00

Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,591,000.00

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CASSIUS J. KEYSER, Professor of Mathematics, Columbia University: "It is momentous in what it contains, even more so in what it suggests, and most of all, I dare say, in the excellent things it will eventually help men and women to think and say and do."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Thoughtful Novel.

"True Love," by Allan Monkhouse, would never be a best seller. It is too thoroughly packed with real thought. The story sounds simple enough. A playwright falls in love with the leading lady of the company which is acting in his play. Something exquisite in her mind and spirit conquers the regard of his deeply-attached and jealous sister, and all looks favorable for future happiness. But the English-seeming Sihyl—London is the scene of the story—has a secret to confess before she will accept the offer of her wooer. Anglified though she is by her long residence in England and attached to its land and people, she is of German birth.

The situation is painful in the extreme, for it happens during the war, at the height of the strong feeling against the Germans.

The lover feels the shock of Sihyl's avowal, but his constancy is rooted fast. It is apparently the author's desire to show the individual tragedies brought about by race hatred, but what he really purposes is to show how pure, selfless, and lovely true love can be.

The story is almost too leisurely in its beginnings, and probably the average reader would feel that we have too much of Mary's—the sister's—mental processes. But the fact is that the author has given a singularly true conception of the woman of disconcerting idealism who remains true to her standards in the midst of war and the terrors of a tottering state.

Mary is not a woman toward whose rather austere figure love is attracted, but the author is a writer who abjures romanticism and loves truth.

Like Mary, he, too, has his ideals. He shows us all the workings of Geoffrey's thought when he finally rouses himself—a man "with a natural turn for comfort"—into a perception that he has a duty to the nation; and he finally makes himself pay his debt.

Mr. Monkhouse looks deep into the soul of the young men on the staff of the *Herald*. He gives us composite portraits of young men of the times discussing the war, the true inwardness of it, turning their minds inside out while "they criticized and even blasphemed."

The leisurely attitude of the author may be deduced from the numerous discussions that take place between this group of journalists with high standards, and men of real powers of thought could not but be intensely interested in and intellectually stimulated by all of these discussions.

They are written in a tone of simple nature; really fine dialogue. The men use slang, they swear like husky he-men, but all the time thought is pulsating and ideas are clashing in the joy of intellectual conflict.

Toward the close the sadness and full beauty of the intrinsic idea penetrate deeply, and it is with sympathy, admiration, and respect that the reader will close this book that he knows will never be "a best seller."

TRUE LOVE. By Allan Monkhouse. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Chautauqua Movement.

The Chautauqua movement is not intimately known in the West. In the East it is perhaps the greatest of all centres of popular education. But in its beginnings the movement was not an educational one. All its aims were then in the direction of religious education through the Sunday-school. But it has grown and broadened. At the present time its main idea is "education for everybody, everywhere, and in every department of knowledge, inspired by a Christian faith."

In this volume we have the story of the whole of the Chautauqua movement from the pen of Dr. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D., with

fifty good illustrations. The author's style is somewhat of the exuberant order and with a tendency to insignificant anecdote, but we leave its pages with a competent knowledge of aims and achievements that are of a signal kind and that are probably indicative of an even greater extension.

THE STORY OF CHAUTAUQUA. By Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

Two Belgian Plays.

Two plays by Gustav Vanzye, a conspicuous figure in the contemporary drama of Belgium, who seeks to offer such services to the Belgian stage as will prevent it from relying altogether on Paris, may be found in the volume with the above title, which has been translated from the original French by Barrett H. Clark.

Gustav Vanzye is at once a thinker and instinctively a dramatist. He feels that the true play, written by an artist, should convey an underlying idea or theory, but so feelingly, and with such emotional response from the audience as to make them forget to analyze until the play is over. Then the full force of the idea rushes over them as they review their impressions.

Both "Mother Nature" and "Progress"—known in the original French as "La Souveraine" and "Les Etapes"—are emphatically plays with a purpose. They would be considered almost too serious by an American audience, so determined to have its interludes of comedy, but a European dramatist, fortunately for him, is able to surrender himself wholly to the working out of his idea, unhampered by the necessity of ministering to the needs of the laughter lovers.

Mother Nature shows, in hateful light, a husband, best described by M. Vanzye's term as "a sterile cynic," who by his cold and selfish attitude toward life and love antagonizes his young wife and drives her into the arms of another man.

"Progress" shows how each generation wins, in the field of science, its own special glory, and at the same time the younger successors to its achievements look with clear, unflinching criticism on the earlier theories that time and further evolution have, partially at least, discredited. Each displaced scientist suffers deeply, allowing personal resentment to influence him.

When we finish the play we recognize that the true scientist should try to put personal pride aside, and that the three generations should work together like brothers for the good of humanity.

There are some exaggerations in the traits of M. Vanzye's characters, but the simplicity and directness of structure, treatment, and theme cause the plays to make a strong dramatic appeal.

TWO BELGIAN PLAYS. By Gus Vanzye. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Ballad.

Dr. Louise Pound, Ph. D., professor of English in the University of Nebraska, has written what is probably the best account of the origin and the story of the ballad. She vigorously combats the view that the ballads of primitive people had a collective or communal authorship, that they were the spontaneous creation of the assembly or dance. She regards as absurd the idea that individuals have choral utterance before they are lyrically articulate as individuals, and perhaps her argument will not be wholly convincing to those who have studied the inspirational effects of the ceremonial, effects that may be articulate in the individual, but that none the less have a collective source.

But of the author's historical narrative of the ballad it would be hard to speak too highly. She has searched the world for her material and for her examples, and the result is a literary presentation of a high order, and one that should do much toward a comprehension of the ballad, of the place that it has held in the past and that it may yet hold in the future.

POETIC ORIGINS AND THE BALLAD. By Louise Pound, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

New Books Received.

FERN SEED. By Henry M. Rideout. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.75.

A novel.

THE BOROUGH TREASURER. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A novel.

PAN. By Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

A novel.

THE LABOR PROBLEM AND THE SOCIAL CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN FRANCE. By Parker T. Moon. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A study of French labor conditions.

THE PARTY OF THE THIRD PART. By Governor Henry J. Allen. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.50.

An experiment to do away with strikes.

THE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH. By Ernest Weekley, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$15.

Answering the questions "Whence?", "How?", "When?", and the "Why?", and occasionally the "Who?". Where desirable, the uses of the words

are illustrated by quotations which themselves represent the result of nearly fifty years of omnivorous reading.

ERNEST RENAN. By Lewis Freeman Mott. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$4.

Biography.

TAMING NEW GUINEA. By Captain C. A. W. Monckton, F. R. G. S., F. Z. C., F. R. A. I. New York: John Lane Company; \$5.

With thirty-seven illustrations and a map.

SIGHT UNSEEN AND THE CONFESSION. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

Two stories of the occult.

A PLEA FOR OLD CAP COLLIER. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company; 75 cents net.

A humorous essay on literature.

THE BOOK OF BIOS. By F. Schuyler Mathews. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.

For young people.

A FOOL'S ERRAND. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90.

A novel.

SEX. By William Leland Stowell, M. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.

Illustrated. For parents and teachers.

THE STREET OF A THOUSAND DELIGHTS. By Jay Gelzer. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$1.90.

Chinese stories.

ROSALEEN AMONG THE ARTISTS. By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90.

A novel.

ADVENTURES OF THE NIGHT. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90.

A novel.

MIGRATORY BIRDS.

Lovers of nature always find something to interest them, and when the knowledge is passed on posterity gains by it, as it did in the case of Audubon, who established the fact that many migratory birds return to the haunts in which they were nested.

That most distinguished of all our American naturalists who flourished early in the nineteenth century tied strands of silver thread about the legs of a brood of phoebes in the autumn. The following spring several of them returned and took up housekeeping on their own account.

The practice of marking birds for identification has grown with the passage of time. The American Bird Banding Association used to have branches throughout the country. Bands were placed on the legs of young birds and in this way much valuable information was gleaned of the movements and life history of migrants.

Recently the Bureau of Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture assumed control of the experiments in this direction. It seeks to extend interest throughout the country so that the percentage of birds under observation may be increased. With this end in view department circular 70 has been prepared for distribution, and will be sent on application. The method has been to band fledglings. This has established the age of the bird. By the second method, which calls for the systematic trapping and banding of adult birds, exact lines of travel, speed of flight, and other items of interest, many of them having direct bearing upon the study of bird life, and useful in the administration of the migratory bird treaty act, will be ascertained. As Federal trapping permits are required under the law for the work, these must be obtained from the Bureau of Biological Survey.

H. S. Osler of Lake Scugog, Ontario, trapped 200 ducks last season and banded them. Most of them were black bucks and mallards, but in the bunch were a few blue-winged teal. Many of the birds were killed near home, but bands and reports have been received from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, while one of the blue-winged teal was killed near Port of Spain in the Island of Trinidad, more than 2500 miles from the place where they were banded. Here is an instance of the surprising results banding may yield.

Moral Equivalent for Starvation.

It is always bad weather for poets and true artists, and so far as the present goes the skies are, if anything, a shade brighter than they usually are. That is our guess, at any rate, and we stick to it, despite a very gloomy portrait of present-day conditions by a really able poet of the new school, John Gould Fletcher, in the *London Nation*.

Mr. Fletcher is an American by birth, but he has settled in London, and it is of the poet's lot in England that he writes. That unhappy creature, he declares, is ground to pieces between the "monstrous amalgamations of capital" above and "the equally monstrous indifference of the laboring classes to anything but the most gross material enjoyments" below. The writer who would succeed must pander either to the taste which demands a "Tarzan of the Apes" or the taste which likes to be humbugged by "inane eccentricities," like cubism, vorticism, etc. Mr.



THE STANDARD OF DRINKS

Fletcher continues: "I have reason to think that never have there been so many writers of individual talent living in circumstances of obscurity as there are today. I know of a novelist who, though past middle age, has only recently had his first book accepted, after a dozen or more refusals. . . . And even I—to take but a small instance—have just had a collection of verse which cost me five years' work refused by the sixth publisher to whom it was submitted."—*New York Herald*.

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STOCK COMPANIES AND STARS.

There has been quite a controversy going on in the New York press respecting the serious condition of the theatres. Many theatres closed before the heated season began, and an anomalous condition resulting from the closing of theatres and picture-play studios has resulted in numbers of the histrionic artists out of a job seeking employment, the regular players in the studios, the movie players on the stage.

New York, of course, can struggle along, the New York successes being pretty sure of runs. But the pinch comes when companies are sent out on tour, as the transportation costs are pretty nearly prohibitive.

This seems to do away with the touring company, a fruitful source of managerial profit. It is a dismaying thought for San Francisco, depending, as it does, on the East for its first-class attractions. And as we are so far away from the centre of the dramatic world it looks as if we would be included in the lesser cities which are liable to be side-tracked.

George Arliss, who has been playing a long and successful engagement in New York with "The Green Goddess," has come out in print with a proposed solution.

He recommends a return to the custom which prevailed in the early and middle parts of the nineteenth century—the system of the stock company and the visiting star. Mr. Arliss recalls to his and our recollection his oft-repeated tours with "Disraeli" in every section of the country. Today he feels that it would be impossible, and that, as David Belasco was presumably obliged to shelve "Dehuran," one of the season's most successful productions, after its New York run was over, so other productions, including "The Green Goddess," the attraction in which he is starring, will be unable to win the profits of the road tours.

Therefore Mr. Arliss, recognizing that the public will not pay the increased admission charges necessary to cover the rising costs of production, proposes the resident stock company and the visiting star.

The actors in the resident stock companies will play, he thinks, for about half the salary they now demand, partly because of the permanency of their job and partly because they can indulge in the comfort of fixed homes.

They will be rehearsed in the plays of the star's repertory before his arrival, under the guidance of the star's own stage director if he so desires.

Under this system Mr. Arliss points out that transportation charges would lose their terrors, as the star would travel without company, properties, or scenery.

Mr. Arliss' communication—which appeared in the New York Times—immediately stirred

up a managerial controversy. Among the prominent men who contributed to the most interesting theatrical symposiums which resulted are George Broadhurst, Lincoln A. Wagenhals, A. H. Woods, Sam H. Harris, Arch Selwyn, William A. Brady, Lawrence Grant, and others. Besides these producers, and possibly others whose communications I have overlooked, several other people connected with the theatres have written statements of their views on this and other questions relating to the theatrical slump.

William A. Brady writes to agree with George Arliss. The revival of the custom of regional stock companies, he thinks, will restore to the stage its lost vitality. He recalls some of the names from the long line of American stars who practically received their training in the stock companies of a generation ago: Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern, John Drew, Robert Mantell, Otis Skinner, and Maude Adams. Compared to them he feels that "our overnight stars" are superficial, and deficient in the versatility gained in stock company training.

Mr. Brady recalls a condition that the old guard of San Francisco playgoers remember to their present sorrow. This was the time when there was original stage production in cities—San Francisco, Boston, Louisville—outside of New York, and when that inflated metropolis was not "the rubber stamp of the nation."

He also tells us a dismaying fact, which will make us in San Francisco tremble. Dozens of cities, we learn, formerly rated as "good show towns," are for their theatrical fare subsisting entirely on picture plays.

The time, this veteran producer declares, is ripe for stock companies, only he would make them regional instead of having each one located in a fixed place.

Unfortunately Mr. Brady runs upon that old, storm-worn reef (the privately) subsidized theatre. He thinks, as do many of us, that every important city should have one, and so say we all of us, but who dares to hope? For some reason millionaires do not care to bestow their benefactions on theatres. It will apparently never happen that the subsidized theatre will become a settled fact until rich players pool their legacies when they die and plan for it; for players seem to be the only ones who are convinced enough of the importance of subsidized theatres as continually to advocate such an undertaking.

I may have overlooked a copy or two of the Times containing other communications that express agreement with the views of Mr. Arliss. But in those I have read the majority flatly disagree with him. Mr. Arch Selwyn, it is true, is of the same mind with him in thinking that there will have to be a speedy change in present conditions in order to make it possible to send metropolitan successes on tour. Mr. Selwyn foresees one indispensable feature in the speedy change to be the lowering of actors' salaries. He recommends the player to arrange to live on a "reasonable salary," for, as he points out, the man who owns a theatre can not make a profit because of the exorbitant terms he must pay for a traveling attraction, while the man with the traveling attraction can not afford to take it to the theatre-owner's town because of the enormous expenses to which he must submit in respect to salaries, production, and transportation.

So here we see things working in a circle; to break which the actor is invited to come to the rescue.

Sam H. Harris thinks that every one connected with the theatre must take a hand in readjusting things, "from the producer right down to the last usher," and that unless this readjustment is brought about thousands of actors will be idle and there will be suffering and hardship.

This producer points out that in every other line of business, whether wholesale or retail, wages have been reduced. And that there is something else besides payment for services that will have to be reduced, and that is theatre admission fees. To bring this about, says Mr. Harris—a measure, he feels, which would eventually restore the theatres to their pre-war prosperity—everybody—actors, playwrights, stage hands, musicians, costumers, railroad executives, builders of scenery, printers, and newspaper publishers—must share the burden which the producer alone is now carrying on his shoulders by charging less for their services.

This may well make large numbers of people who foresee the falling of the axe feel like the oysters in "The Walrus and the Carpenter":

"But not us!" the oysters cried,
Feeling a little blue.

But Mr. Harris' remarks sound very much like vigorous common sense.

Mr. George Broadhurst agrees with Mr. Harris in thinking that the theatrical business, as in other lines, requires a process of readjustment. As to Mr. Arliss' suggestion of a return to the resident stock companies and the visiting star, Mr. Broadhurst utterly scouts the idea, jumping on it with both feet, and tearing it asunder with growls of dissent. In fact, by this time the innocent San Franciscan who is far from the dissensions that

are ripping up theatrical circles in New York will begin to perceive that there is a smouldering antagonism between the producers and the actors, dating, no doubt, from the time when the New York actors went on strike. No doubt, however, Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Harris both spoke from conviction when they condemned the visiting star system, both producers feeling that it would mean makeshift scenery and slipshod, second-rate performances.

Mr. Broadhurst, like the other contributors to this very interesting discussion, tells the public things that it finds keenly interesting; the amount of time, for instance, that actors must spend in the theatre at rehearsals. But besides disagreeing radically with George Arliss about the stock company and visiting star idea, he is very much at outs with William A. Brady's conviction that the stock companies, such as used to exist a generation ago, provided the most efficient school ever known for the training of actors and actresses in their special art.

"Without such training and its enforced versatility of rôle," writes Mr. Brady, "it is doubtful whether our stage could have produced such notable artists as Maude Adams, Amelia Bingham, Otis Skinner, and Grace George."

While Mr. Broadhurst writes earnestly: "Could a company which could give a first-class performance of 'Hamlet' give an adequate one of 'Hamlet'?" Could the splendid company now supporting Mr. Arliss give an equally good presentation of a Collier farce? Certainly not! And yet a stock company under Mr. Arliss' plan would be called upon to play them all."

Mr. Lincoln A. Wagenhals declines to get agitated over present conditions. He does not subscribe to Mr. Arliss' idea, which he thinks would be a deliberate step backward, which, he asserts, is never made in the progress of business of any kind in this country. He also lays his finger on something which Mr. Arliss had overlooked. And that is the lack of a sufficient number of stars to supply the demand of the play-going public in the numerous good "show cities" of the United States.

Mr. Wagenhals also speaks of actors' salaries being too high. But instead of dwelling on that point he also indicates that transportation, printing, and advertising rates are also too high. Everything, however, says this rather commonsensical producer, will inevitably come down, and the process of readjustment in the theatrical world will coincide with that in other lines of business.

A. H. Woods is a cheerful optimist. He thinks there has been an inflation of production. Now is the time for readjustments. "Before predicting the doom of the theatre isn't it wise to see if this adjustment can be made? In other words, it means convincing the actor that it's better to work thirty or forty weeks at a reasonable salary than five weeks at an extortionate salary. . . . This applies as well to stage hands, scene painters, costumers, and others. As for the railroads, I am certain that a little vigorous organized persuasion on the part of the managers would let them see that it is more to their profit to carry five or six hundred companies a season at a fair rate than one hundred or fewer at almost prohibitive prices."

As for the visiting star idea, Mr. Woods thinks that it is all very well for the visiting star, but it does not show consideration for either the actor, the author, or the manager.

In a very interesting letter Grace Griswold alludes to a reply to the managers of George Arliss which I unfortunately did not see, which she says, together with other replies by Lawrence Grant and Willamene Wilkes, seem to cover the managers' objections conclusively.

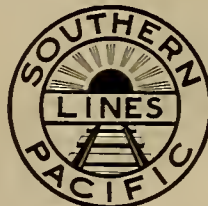
This actress, who was formerly a member of the Daly company, takes a rather comprehensive survey of theatrical conditions in this country. She seems to believe that a return to the visiting star system under modern conditions would work, as it would en-

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large the supply of trained actors, while increasing the field of their operations. She recommends the creation of small circuits, covered by four or five companies, each playing with its own star. Thus the visit of one company headed by a star could be succeeded in due time by the visit of another, the length of each being proportioned, when the booking was made, to the probable demand made by the theatre-goers of each town. Mrs. Griswold points out the tendency of the early star system to produce gigantic figures, and describes the system of understudy by which the obscure actor of ability could rise legitimately to stardom.

Mrs. Griswold, referring to that law in New York which decrees that the theatre workshop must not be under the same roof as the theatre proper, on account of the danger of fire, mentions a project that is now under way for creating a sort of glorified workshop which will serve the general market, instead of one special theatre only, with all the various accessories for theatrical production. In this shop the services of beginners are to be used in lieu of tuition, and an attempt will be made to so reduce production expenses as to make repertory possible.

All these various theatrical people's communications were extremely interesting and very informing. But one piece of information we could not deduce; namely, as to which was right, producers or players.

It is noticeable that with almost one accord, William Brady was the only exception, producers believe in the reduction of salaries and do not believe in the visiting star system. It is also noticeable that the actors gracefully evade the salary question, but are unanimous in believing in the visiting star system.

I have a suspicion that the producers look at the question from a hard-headed business point of view and that the players do not; and it is not at all probable that the visiting star system will return.

As to the numerous intimations that salaries should come down, there the actors will probably, like the rest of the world, submit to reductions. It is all a part of the process of readjustment which the business world must undergo, and as the high cost of living is slowly, grudgingly, but surely falling, so will the wages and salaries that were raised to meet it.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

In the famous Soho district of London there is a restaurant where guests are able to select their fish alive from a glass tank in the centre of the dining-room. Guests are furnished with fishing tackle if they desire and can have the pleasure of catching their own whiting or trout. Through a glass screen separating the dining-room from the kitchen the fish can be seen cooking on a Tuscan spit, which revolves over a wood and charcoal fire.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Curran Theatre.

A new play by Maude Fulton is always an event of moment in the theatre world, and with the author-actress in the leading rôle is doubly important. Miss Fulton's engagement to open this Sunday night at the Curran Theatre will have the advantage of a brilliant start.

On the coming occasion Maude Fulton will make her appearance in her newest work, "Pinkie," a comedy-drama in a prologue and two acts, in which she has the assistance of Robert Ober. "Pinkie" is a girl with a Cinderella touch—a waif who has felt the irony of fate through the medium of a tragedy which befell her loving brother. "Lady," the smooth female crook, undertakes to gather in a hundred-thousand-dollar necklace, and has no compunction as to the methods employed. This rôle will be played by Lea Penman, and she has a number of big scenes. Robert Ober is seen as "the strange young man," who is just dying to commit a burglary; William Courtleigh as the wealthy Westerner who has retired after making a clean-up in soap; John Ivan, Frank Darien, Helen Audifred, and William Lewis are in the cast.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" will end its successful engagement at the Curran with the performances of this afternoon and this evening.

The Columbia Theatre.

"Over the Hill" is filling the Columbia Theatre, where it is in its fourth successful week. The name of this William Fox picture is known wherever there is a motion-picture theatre, because of its remarkable run in New York, where it is still being shown at the Park Theatre, after nearly a year of presentation. Its story of family life is a thing of naturalness as visualized by Harry Millard, the director of the picture. It strikes a responsive chord in the breast of every man or woman who sees it. The fifth week of "Over the Hill" commences with the Sunday matinee, August 7th.

The Orpheum.

A new idea holds forth next week at the Orpheum. Ona Munson is to present a revue by Howard Emmett Rogers. Miss Munson caters more to women in the audience than she does to men; instead of being surrounded with a bevy of girls, her supporting company is entirely masculine. The revue does not depend on a carload of scenery and props to "get it over." Miss Munson's beauty and dancing ability, coupled with the voices of her company, make a novelty of unusual value. LeRow Duffell, tenor of great range and technique; Harry Holbrook, a baritone basso; Joseph Miners, and Wallace Clark make up the voices, while two excellent young dancers, Shean and Phillips, work with Miss Munson in the numbers besides doing a specialty themselves.

"Any Home," the third playlet Jean Adair has given to vaudeville, brings that clever character actress, specializing in the same type of parts played by Emma Dunn. Miss Adair first attracted conspicuous attention in vaudeville in "Maggie Taylor, Waitress" and "When Ella Comes to Town." Her present sketch is a symbolic comedy with a touch of pathos. As the title implies, the piece deals with any home. The characters are the mother, the father, the son, and the daughter. Miss Adair, of course, plays the mother.

Billy Frawley and Edna Louise will offer a one-act playlet called "Seven A. M." Here the author has gone to the hotel lobby and taken the night clerk from behind the desk and the cigar girl from behind the counter, and by writing incidents of their lives has written a sketch of accumulating interest with sparkling dialogue.

Formerly of the Imperial Russian Ballet, Theodore Bekefi, with assistance from Sofia Rossova and Helen Nelidova, is to be seen in classical and character dances. The notable trio will present such classic movements as "Slaviah Rhapsodie," "Reconciliation Polka," and "Holland Gambol." A spirited rendition of "Sailor's Hornpipe" is to come from Mr. Bekefi, and Miss Nelidova will draw a dramatic picture by the dance entitled "The Butterfly."

Completing the rest of next week's Orpheum show will be Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, Jack Inglis, Lady Tsen Mei, and Paul Gordon and Ame Rica, forming a quartet of acts known individually the country over.

Bohemian Club Concert.

The Concert Committee of the Bohemian Club, consisting of R. M. Tobin (chairman), Charles T. Crocker, F. A. Denicke, W. H. Leahy, R. C. Newell, and Joseph D. Redding, announces that arrangements have been completed for the giving of this year's concert at the Tivoli Opera House on Friday, August 12th, at 2:30 o'clock sharp. Tickets will be placed on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kearny and Sutter Streets, on Monday, August 6th, and will continue there until noon of Friday, August 12th, after which they will be placed on sale at the box-office of the

Tivoli Opera House. Prices of seats will be from \$2.50 to \$1, plus 10 per cent. war tax.

Humphrey J. Stewart, the well-known composer and organist, is the composer of the music of this year's Grove Play, "John of Neponuk," the music of which will be the feature of the concert. Clay M. Green is the author of the play, a brief description of which will be read at the concert.

In addition to the music of "John of Neponuk," which will be conducted by the composer, Humphrey J. Stewart, and which will have the assistance of a great symphony orchestra, the Tivoli organ, and a great chorus, there will also be numbers from the Grove Plays of previous years, all of which will be conducted by their composers.

John Mc Cormack.

John McCormack has been booked with Frank W. Healy for a concert at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, April 9, 1922. McCormack's return to America, after a tour of the world, was signalized recently by two great benefit concerts, the first of which was given at the New York Hippodrome, resulting in gross receipts of \$75,000, and the second of which was given at the Auditorium Theatre, Chicago, resulting in gross receipts there of \$80,000. Not only did Mr. McCormack draw fabulous figures at the box-office, but his singing proved evidently much refreshed from his tour in the Antipodes and in European musical centres.

Scotti Grand Opera.

With the exception of one great tenor, whose engagement with the Scotti Grand Opera Company awaits the consent of Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, the list of artists and the repertory for the two weeks' engagement of the Scotti Grand Opera Company at the Exposition Auditorium, commencing September 19th, is complete. The repertory for the entire engagement will be given next week.

Fritz Kreisler.

The coming of Fritz Kreisler to San Francisco for the first time in several years will be of interest to local music lovers and admirers of the great violinist. Frank W. Healy, under whose local direction Kreisler will appear here, announces that on April 16th next the great artist will be heard in but one recital at the Exposition Auditorium. This will be the only recital in Northern California.

Old Cape Cod.

It is said that the great Francis Drake was the first Englishman to set foot in New England, and that he landed on Cape Cod. French, Dutch, Spanish, English—all had names for the cape; but in 1602 Gosnold, examining the coast of New England with a view to colonizing gave it the predestined name—Cape Cod. "Making across Massachusetts Bay with a fresh gale of wind," writes his chronicler, "in the morning we found ourselves embayed with a mighty headland, with a white sand and very bolde shore." After landing they returned to their ship and sailed on to Cuttyhunk, "amongst many fair islands." "But the significant point for us," says Miss Mary Rogers Bangs in "Old Cape Cod," "is that the Indians pestered their ship so frequently with codfish that they threw numbers of them overboard and thereupon named the land Cape Cod."

Henry Hudson, too, spent a night off the cape and had difficulty with shoals and tides and mists; but he testified that the land was "very sweet." In 1614 Captain John Smith set sail for those shores to look for whales and for gold mines. With eight men in an open boat he explored and charted the coast and dedicated his map to Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I, with a request that he change the barbarous names thereon, "so that the posterity might say Prince Charles was their godfather." New England, the River Charles, and Plymouth retain the royal names, but the prince's "Stuart Bay" and "Cape James" are still Cape Cod Bay and Cape Cod.—*Youth's Companion*.

Many Newspapers Centuries Old

The Manchester *Guardian*, one of the most influential newspapers in England, has just passed its hundredth year; but by comparison with other newspapers in the world it has still a few centuries to go before it may be considered a venerable institution. According to the list of the world's newspapers the most venerable of all the venerable newspapers is already 1303 years old and still making its appearance regularly.

The Chinese have it. The Peking *Gazette*, containing official decrees and official versions of the news, has appeared regularly since the days of the Tang dynasty in the year 618.

In the Western civilization newspapers became possible only after the middle of the fifteenth century, when printing from blocks was invented and it first became possible to produce many copies of lettered matter at a reasonable cost.

It was not until 1665, however, according



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to an English historian of printing, that the *Oxford Gazette* (the original *London Gazette*) made its appearance as the first newspaper in the precise sense of the word; that is, as a flat paper of news rather than a pamphlet or a bound book.

In the United States the oldest newspaper which is still in existence is already 165 years old. It is the *New Hampshire Gazette* of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, established in 1756.

Most of the space in the Colonial newspapers at first was devoted to foreign affairs. Local matters were considered to be too well known to be worthy of mention.

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VANITY FAIR.

If there is any one desire that lies close to our heart it is to be scientific. Anxiously we search the Sunday supplements for the column headed "Science Says," and we believe every word of it, even though we know it to be untrue. Slowly and painfully we have acquired a hoard of scientific misinformation of which the component and bitterly hostile parts struggle ferociously for the upper hand and devour each other like Kilkenny cats.

But now comes a conflict of scientific testimony that staggers us. And all of it in the same column of the same newspaper, too. It reaches us in the form of a dispatch from London and it concerns the fate and fortune of the girl athlete who belongs to what may be called the upper middle class. Now we have been in the habit of applauding the girl athlete under the guidance of our scientific sponsors. We have regularly used all the customary scientific phrases with regard to her. We have rejoiced at her emancipation, whatever that may be, we have predicted her influence upon the coming generations and we have even furtively studied those anatomical disquisitions with charts that have so often been exhibited for our reluctant edification.

But now comes a scientific attack upon the girl athlete. She is advised to cultivate "less muscle and more sense." Her strenuous pursuits are having "a lamentable result" upon her. Women educators and women physicians in solemn conclave are warning the modern girl that if the future of the race is to be safeguarded she must stop playing boys' games. No one supposes that the modern girl cares a red cent about the future of the human race. Nor, for the matter of that, does any one else, always provided that it is future enough. But the phrase has a rich, juicy, humanitarian flavor about it. It is always sufficient excuse for making a speech and being a scientific nuisance.

These admonishers of the young woman take a line that is delightfully learned. Here, for example, is Dr. Arabella Kenealy. She says the attributes of the father descend to the daughter and the attributes of the mother descend to the son. She does not prove it. She just says it. But we know that this is true because we saw a diagram of the process in a learned and heaven-inspired book about eugenism, a diagram full of sloping lines connecting the parents with the children and that made the whole thing as clear as mud, although we remember thinking that it was hard lines on the mothers, knowing what we do about a good few of the sons. Now the athletic woman, having become a sort of man—which was always her secret hope—usually has girl children, whereas she ought to have boys, who would profit from her educational opportunities and be useful factors in the male work of the world. If she does have boys they are the kind to suggest that nature could not make up her mind until the last moment which they should be and so produced something that was half and half, so to speak. They are puny and delicate and with minds to match. Moreover—and this is the unkindest cut of all—"our young girls who are too sportive and boy-like are almost always badly tempered and unsound." Miss Annie Radman, who is the director of the Michain School of Physical Development, then takes up the running with the assertion that "muscular development in girls does not make for elasticity, and woman can not carry out her proper functions if she is a mass of muscle." Then Mrs. Roger Watts, vaguely described as an "expert on poise," brings up a battery of light guns and says that feminine muscle destroys rather than makes poise, and Sir J. Crichton Brown remarks sagely that to overlook sexual differences is "to court disaster." A good deal of disaster has been courted by not overlooking sexual differences, but then we know what the learned physician means.

Now it will usually be noticed that whenever a scientific sharp says anything interesting some other scientific sharp will forthwith knock him down, kick him in the stomach, and otherwise admonish him. So when Dr. Arabella Kenealy brought up her horse, foot, and artillery to the attack of the modern girl athlete, at once there was a counter attack with high explosive shell, poison gas, and flamethrowers. Dr. Alice Benham, speaking as a maternity expert—what swarms of experts there are—said that the athletic girl had much the best of it. Dr. Jane Walker said that the athletic girl had beautiful children and plenty of them. Dr. Sloan C. Jesser said that no sensible person wants to have the Victorian girl around any more, and then with the logic for which her charming sex is distinguished she reminds us of the girls who drove the war lorries in France.

Now what is the poor layman to do in this matter? Do these scientific ladies know what they are talking about? It may be doubted. Does Dr. Kenealy actually know that athletic women seldom have sons and that when they do have sons they are of an inferior kind? If she does know this, how comes it that Dr. Jane Walker knows the direct opposite? Do either of them know anything about it, or

are they just making assertions in support of their own crotchets? It will be observed that these ladies are not advancing theories, or offering suggestions or asking for facts. They know.

But why discuss the athletic girl? Does any one suppose that she will change her ways by one hair's breadth for all the arguments of all the experts in the world? Can any one imagine a girl refraining from playing baseball, for instance, out of consideration for the future of the race? Do men think of the future of the race when they go to war, or persist in being out after 9 o'clock at night or breaking the Sabbath? Why this mania for censoring women? Why not leave them alone? There might be some sense in it if all this nagging had any effect. But it has none. Why hither?

A cable dispatch from London to the New York Herald says that in liberation from the trammels of fashion lies the ideal for the human race, according to Henry Parkes, a West End dress designer. He sees a new, happier, and healthier people coming, but says that this glorious goal can not be reached in the present day clothing and environments.

"If we are to create a superman we must dress for the part," he says in scorn of the sartorial effects of today. "The age that is just ending will be looked back upon by future generations as stiff-collared and steel-legged. The new race which is arising must be a heroic one, for the present man must free himself for the assertion of his better self."

"We must array ourselves, not in the blackness of the earth's caverns or the drahs and grays of mire, hogs, and valley mists, but in the pure rich colors of the world of sunshine, in garments that match the beauties of nature and do not falsify the temper of life within. Lately ties, socks, and braces, even underclothing, have turned toward brilliant hues. In the coming era clothes must fit the man and not man the clothes."

"If a man is stout the cut of his garment will suggest manly strength; if slender he will be given an air of grace and agility. Instead of trousers he will wear knee breeches with stockings of silk; no collar, but an ornate cravat. Women will wear hats designed for use rather than fashion. Her waist will be where Nature put it."

Mr. Parkes has extensive designs proving his theory, but he admits so far his business has been slack. Sadly he says that it is difficult to persuade a conservative race to be sensible.

More and more infrequently with the succeeding years do we read of the observance of the golden wedding anniversary. Memory recalls the time when such celebrations were of frequent occurrence; when the sons and daughters, grandchildren and often great-grandchildren, gathered to honor and felicitate those who had shared the joys and sorrows of two-score-ten years and invoke heaven's blessing upon them as they continued hand in hand the journey toward life's sunset. This infrequency may be due in a measure to the present custom of marrying at a later age than was the rule several generations ago and to the fact that we of the present seem to fall earlier under the hand of the grim reaper than did our sturdier ancestors. But to the divorce evil may be accredited the greater part of the blame. The present-day marriage is too often hastily contracted, the parties thereto fail to weigh carefully the responsibilities of married life, and the most trivial differences sometimes lead to separation. The number of couples who live to round out fifty years of matrimonial companionship becomes even smaller and smaller. —Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

The world did without scissors, cutting cloth with a round-bladed knife, until 400 B. C., when an Italian genius invented the contrivance. Not until two or three centuries later, however, were they fitted to the fingers or convenient grasp.

Rupert—Don't talk to me of discipline. Jack—Why not, old chap? Rupert—I served in the war then got married; but now I'm home. I'm only just beginning to learn the real meaning of discipline.—Toronto Telegram.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Oscar Wilde was asked once by some admirers in Paris if he knew George Moore, who was also a familiar figure in that city. "Know him? I should think I do!" replied Wilde. "In fact, I know him so well that I haven't spoken to him for the past ten years."

A motorist came upon another whose machine had broken down on the road. In the disabled car sat a woman. "Need any assistance?" inquired the newcomer courteously. The other man lifted his flushed and grimy face from under the hood. "Yes," he replied, "I wish you'd answer my wife's questions while I'm fixing this infernal engine."

A negro registrant from a farming district was called to service. Arriving in town, he found the local board had moved to another street. At the new address another negro languished in the doorway. "Is dis whar de redemption ho'd is at?" queried the newcomer. "Sho' is," answered the second. "But de blessed redeemer done gone out fo' lunch."

A man was walking along the street, when he drew near to some laborers, who were engaged in building a house. As he passed the scaffolding a brick accidentally fell, striking him on the shoulder. Looking up to the men, who were two stories high, he shouted indignantly: "Hi! up there! You've just dropped a brick on me." "All right!" responded one of the bricklayers. "You needn't trouble to bring it up!"

A Japanese "hoy" came to the home of a minister in Los Angeles recently and applied for a position. Now it happened that the house was already well supplied with servants, so the minister's wife said, "I am sorry, but we really haven't enough work to keep another hoy busy." "Madam," said the Oriental politely, "I am sure that you must have. You may not know what a little bit of work it takes to keep me employed."

Robert, aged eight, ran to his father with his nose bleeding. "What have you been doing?" demanded his father, as he rendered first aid. "A hoy hit me," was the answer. "Well, and did you hit him back?" "No, father; you see, he was smaller than me." The father's heart glowed. "And beside he was a poor hoy." The parental face beamed with pride. "And," added the hoy, "you can never tell, father, how strong those poor hoyes are."

W. J. Bryan's father once missed several large hams that had been hanging in his barn loft. He suspected that the thief did not live many miles away, but he made no direct charge against any one; in fact, he refrained from mentioning his loss to a single soul. A few days later his neighbor called. "Say, judge," said the man, "I heard you had some hams stole the other night." "Yes," replied the judge very confidentially, "but don't tell any one. You and I are the only ones who know about it."

"The late Champ Clark," said a Chicagoan, "was an out-and-out American. He hated all kinds of affectations and fads. He wouldn't let you call a sitting-room a living-room, or a silk hat a topper, or a shoe store a hoot shop. Get what I mean? I ran across Champ Clark one Sunday afternoon on the board walk of Atlantic City. 'Hullo, hoy, what you doin' down here?' he asked me in his hearty way. 'I'm down here for my week-end,' said I. Champ gave a sneer. 'Oh,' he said, 'something wrong with your head, eh?'"

The popular author entered the publisher's sanctum, seething with indignation. "What's this I hear—you want some alterations in my manuscript?" he demanded. "I've made some libelous statements, have I? Where?" "You have," said the publisher, calmly. "Here on Page 39 your heroine, who lives in Mudchester, 'clutched the air convulsively.'" "Well, what's wrong with that?" demanded the irate writer. "And then," went on the man who objected, "on Page 40 you say 'the heroine went and washed her hands.' It's a libel on the Mudchester air, sir!"

Dr. Simon Flexner, head of the famous Rockefeller Institute, said at a dinner in Philadelphia: "Don't be surprised at the faith cures you hear about. Even in legitimate medicine faith plays a large part. A friend of mine treated an old Manayunk woman for typhoid fever. At each visit he put his thermometer in her mouth to take her temperature. She improved, and finally a day came when my friend could dispense with his temperature taking. That day he merely prescribed and departed. But he hadn't gone far from the house when the old woman's daughter ran after him and called him back. 'Mother's much worse,' she said. My friend went back to the old woman. She looked at

him reproachfully from her pillow and moaned: "Doctor, why didn't ye gimme the jigger under me tongue today? That does me more good than all the rest of yer trash."

Admiral Sims said at a dinner party in New York: "Youth is always an extremist. Take, for instance, the battleship question. We middle-aged sailors are just now asking ourselves exactly how much the submarine has impaired the value of the battleship, but youth has got the question settled for good and all. 'What is the value of the battleship today?' I said to a naval cadet at a luncheon. 'No damned value at all,' he answered. Then he thought a moment and added: 'Of course, she's got a very nice deck for dancing.'"

The young mother was worried over her youngster. "Sometimes I think there is something the matter with his ears," she said, "for he does not answer me when I speak to him; and often he doesn't seem to understand that I've given him any directions. I wonder if I should take him to an ear specialist." The mother of four grinned. "I've found just such deafness among my children," she said, "but I didn't let it worry me any." "What did you do for it?" inquired the young mother anxiously. "Why, I just spanked 'em all round," was the reply, "and they heard beautifully for several months after that."

President Jensen of Brigham Young College said in a talk on education in Logan: "The purpose of education is to get the child mind to think. You can't do this by frightening the child. That is why I disap-

prove of stern, severe, had-tempered teachers. A teacher of the latter sort had a visit one afternoon from the bishop of the diocese. The bishop, a genial soul, called before him a white-faced urchin who was very much cowed and depressed from an undeserved punishment he had received that morning. 'My hoy,' said the bishop, in eloquent tones, 'who made this great and glorious earth of ours, and set the sun, moon, and stars in the wonderful firmament?' The white-faced hoy began to blubber. 'I did,' he said, 'but I won't do it again.'"

There was an amusing ending of a civil case tried in a Wyoming court. It was an appeal case and on one side was a testy lawyer and on the other a number of inexperienced attorneys. The arguments on both sides had been heard and the case closed for judgment. Suddenly one of the inexperienced lawyers got up and addressed the court once more. The testy lawyer stood it for a moment, but losing patience, he also arose and addressed the court in this wise: "Your honor, I would beg with all respect to point out to the court that my learned friend opposite is entirely out of order in addressing the court, and if I may be permitted to say so, the court has no right to be listening to him." The court, who at that time was writing, put his head out in a helter-skelter way and said: "Mr. Smith, it is a great piece of impertinence on your part to assume that the court is listening to him."

In Finland lawyers, before they can obtain government employment, must serve as policemen for the purpose of gaining practical experience.

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They advertise they rest the guest.
The hostess' cousin gets the best,
The hostess' paw—you've guessed the rest—
Plays cards and warmly hets the guest.

The latter loses, hets the rest
Of all he owns; Paw wrests the best.
The host—none other—gets the rest,
And all combine to hest the guest.

—Quin A. Ryan in Chicago Journal of Commerce.

From the Layman's Point of View

A "Doc" there was in our town
And he was very smart;
He operated on a man
And cut out all his heart.

And when he saw the heart was out
What did this doctor do?
He stitched it back in place again—
The man was good as new.

Except that auricles and valves
He had somewhat misplaced,
So that in spite of balms and salves,
The blood reversely raced.

And when this man would cut himself
He never, never bled,
But sucked in so much atmosphere
He caught cold in his head.

When "Doc" saw this, he took his knife
For operation bold;
He cut the patient's head right off
And cured him of his cold!

—Journal of the American Medical Association.

More than 250 women enrolled for a short course in economics and politics offered recently at the University of Minnesota.



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"SULPHO"
COMPOUNDS

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TO THE BOOK
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ACHIEVEMENT

How We Overcame
the cause of motor oils
breaking down rapidly under engine heat

DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Leila Butler Stoddard has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Leila Hedges, and Dr. Edward Dennen of New York. Their marriage will be solemnized during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rodolph have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Doris Rodolph, and Mr. Harold Havre, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Havre of Oakland. No date has been set for the wedding.

The marriage of Miss Dare Stark, daughter of Mrs. H. S. Stark of Palo Alto, and Mr. Hays McMullin, son of Mrs. B. H. Morris, was solemnized last Thursday evening at the bride's home. Mrs. John Gallois was matron of honor. The little flower girl was Miss Cynthia Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill. Mr. John Norris was the best man. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. McMullin will reside in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson gave a dinner Thursday evening in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Schurman.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr entertained at dinner Monday evening, complimenting Mrs. J. J. Van Kaathovan of Los Angeles and her son, Mr. Barklie Henry of Philadelphia. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Herbert Payne, and Miss Josephine Grant.

Miss Josephine Moore gave a house party over the week-end in Santa Cruz, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Betsy Dibblee, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. Vincent Butler, and Mr. Dean Dillman.

Mrs. Sydney Cloman gave a luncheon last Thursday at the Burlingame Club for Mrs. John Hays Hammond of Washington and for Miss Elizabeth Hammond. Those asked to meet them included Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Francis Loomis, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Wilson Pritchett, Mrs. William Kuhn, Mrs. Page Brown, Mrs. John Johns, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Dorothy W. Hartigan, Mrs. George Barr Baker, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. W. M. Newhall, Sr., Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Miss Mary Louise Phelan, Miss Lily O'Connor, and Miss Flora Doyle.

Mr. Evan Evans entertained at dinner last Thursday for Miss Kathleen Bradley. Among his guests were Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Betsy Minton, Mr. Addison Keeler, Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. Arthur Evans, and Mr. Harrison Dibblee, Jr.

Mrs. Leroy Nickel gave a luncheon Thursday at Menlo Park in honor of Mrs. Washington Dodge. Among her guests were Mrs. James Cooper, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. William Perkins, and Mrs. Ira Pierce.

Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a luncheon Saturday in Burlingame, her guests including Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Willard Chamberlain, Mrs. Harry Scott,

Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. William Wright, Mrs. George Cameron, and Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. D. Grubb entertained at dinner Thursday night for Miss Frances Revett and Mr. Bradley Wallace, those in the party having been Mr. and Mrs. Alden Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson Grubb, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Smith, Mrs. Herbert Gould, and Mr. Effingham Sutton. Miss Josephine Grant gave a dinner last Tuesday evening in Burlingame.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., entertained at luncheon Thursday in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith gave a dinner Thursday night at Tait's-at-the-Beach.

Mrs. Christian Miller entertained at a bridge-tea Thursday in honor of Mrs. M. P. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson Grubb gave a dinner Thursday night for Miss Florence Revett and Mr. Bradley Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a dinner last Tuesday in Burlingame, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr, and Mr. Lawrence McCreery.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening in Ross, among their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Patchin, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Miss Maud Fay, Miss Louise Boyd, Mr. Frank Madison, Mr. Herbert Gallagher, and Mr. Arthur Goodall.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin gave a dinner Saturday for Miss Anne Fraser.

Miss Marjorie Wright was the guest of honor at a tea given Thursday by Miss Sue Alston McDonald. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Miss Frances Burroughs and Miss Edith Burroughs of Florida, Miss Eleanor Morgan, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemunde Lee, and Miss Barbara Kimble.

Miss Margaret Madison entertained at luncheon Friday in San Rafael, her guests having been Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Elsie Lilley, Miss Florence Martin, and Miss Amanda McNear.

Miss Leonore Armsby gave a luncheon Friday in Burlingame, complimenting Miss Natalie Hammond of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner Wednesday night in Burlingame for Mr. Cyril McNear and Mr. Howard Spreckels. Others at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. Fred Tillmann, and Mr. Kenneth Moore.

Complimenting Miss Margaret Madison, bride-elect of Mr. Wakefield Baker, Miss Amanda McNear entertained at a luncheon Tuesday in the Town and Country Club. Her guests were Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. Harry Magee, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. E. H. Daniels, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Helen Pierce, and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase entertained at a small luncheon Tuesday at the San Mateo Polo Club in compliment to Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy entertained a luncheon party Wednesday at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee gave a dance Saturday night in San Rafael for Miss Betsy Dibblee. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Limey, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, and Mr. Kittle Boyd.

Miss Alysse Allen gave a picnic luncheon Saturday in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford entertained at a luncheon Sunday in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope entertained at luncheon Saturday in Burlingame.

Colonel Louis Chappelcar gave a dinner at the Presidio Golf Club Wednesday night for General and Mrs. William Wright. Others at the affair were Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Pearce, Colonel and Mrs. Guy Edie, Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, Colonel and Mrs. E. O. Orton, Colonel and Mrs. E. B. Smith, and Miss Elsie Heyburn of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a dinner last Wednesday in Burlingame for Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Mrs. Edson Adams entertained at luncheon last week, complimenting Mrs. Joseph Lee Jayne.

Mrs. Gustavus Ziel and Miss Marie Lichtenburg gave a tea last Wednesday in San Rafael for Mrs. Ernest Bradley and Miss Katherine Bradley. Mrs. Harry Johnson and Miss Charlotte Ziel assisted in receiving the guests.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster entertained at a luncheon Tuesday at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. I. A. Haynes entertained at a luncheon Friday at the Woman's Athletic Club, her guests having been Mrs. Robert McMillan, Mrs. E. S. Fowler, Mrs. John Barrette, and Miss M. Biddle.

Mrs. Frank Hooper gave a luncheon and bridge Wednesday at Woodside. Among her guests were Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mrs. Warren Hunt, Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli, Mrs. McClure Gregory, Mrs. Mervyn O'Neill, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, and Miss Helen Perkins.

Miss Margaret Williams was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Miss Marion Huntington at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat gave a luncheon and bridge last week at the Francisca Club, her guests including Mrs. Washington Dodge, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Leroy Nickel, and Mrs. Anson Hotelling, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a dinner

party Thursday night in Menlo Park, among their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William Taylor, and Mr. Stuart Lowery.

Miss Elizabeth Boyd gave a tea Thursday afternoon, complimenting Miss Kathleen Bradley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye were luncheon hosts Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Spence of Baltimore.

Miss Katherine Bigelow gave a tennis party last Monday for Miss Marjory Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leimert are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

"George Washington is the only person I ever heard of who always told the truth," remarked Justice Darling in the hearing of a case at the Old Bailey in London. As a matter of fact, this claim for unswerving veracity was originally made on behalf of one of the judge's own countrymen, the eldest son of James Beattie, who died at the age of twenty-two. The author of "The Minstrel" soothed his grief by writing a biography of his son in which appeared the story of the cherry tree and many other instances of young Beattie's faultless demeanor. When Washington died an American bookseller named Mason L. Weems thought that a biography of the first President, written in a popular style, would be a profitable venture, and determined to write one. Little was known of Washington's boyhood, so Weems evolved much of this portion of his hero's life from his own imagination and from books he had read. The cherry tree and little hatchet incident was taken almost verbatim from Dr. Beattie's account of his son, which was published eight years before Washington's death. Other things credited to Washington were equally trustworthy; for example, the assertion that in his younger days he had thrown a silver dollar across the Potomac at Mt. Vernon—a feat which is manifestly impossible.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Due to failure to receive full coöperation of its members and being unable to compete with the chain stores in the vicinity a coöperative store established by employees of the Treasury Department in Washington failed.

Ex-Presidents of the United States receive a pension of \$25,000 a year after they retire by a provision in the will of Andrew Carnegie.

Dr. Susan Harris Hamilton

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Private Booths for Ladies

John Cowper Powys.

The recent staff lecturer of Oxford and Cambridge, John Cowper Powys, is creating an interest in San Francisco and vicinity by his talks at the Hotel Bellevue under the general subjects, "Great Personalities" and "Influences That Have Made for Civilization."

The lectures at the Hotel Bellevue on Mondays and Fridays, morning and evening, continue through the month of August. The subjects still to be given are "Joan of Arc," "Queen Elizabeth," and "Queen Victoria" at the morning lectures, and in the evening "Russia, or the Unknown Future," "England, or the Secret of Individualism," and "America, or Experimental Democracy."

Women of the Penobscot Indian tribe have won the right to vote in tribal elections.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond of Washington and Miss Natalie Hammond sailed Saturday for Honolulu to be away six weeks.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., and her children have taken apartments at the Hillcrest, awaiting the arrival from Arizona of Mr. Kruttschnitt.

Mrs. Willard Drown is visiting with Mrs. Frank Preston of Medford, Oregon.

Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Howard Spreckels, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann sailed Saturday for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin and Miss Florence Martin have gone to Lake Tahoe, where they are occupying the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett.

Miss Josephine Parrott returned Monday from Washington and has joined Mrs. John Parrott and Miss Emily Parrott in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard are visiting Mr. Frederick Kohl at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Howard Huntington is spending the month of August at Wawona.

Colonel and Mrs. B. F. Cheatham arrived last week from the Atlantic coast and have joined the latter's mother, Mrs. James Denman, at the Hotel Dorchester. Colonel Cheatham will be stationed at the Presidio.

Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow spent last week at Pebble Beach with Mrs. L. A. Nares of Fresno. Commander and Mrs. William Glassford left Tuesday for a visit of several weeks in Vancouver.

Miss Margaret Buckhee has returned from a visit to Miss Helen Perkins in Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan have gone to Webber Lake for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Bowie Detrick has returned from a visit of several months in Honolulu with Mr. Bowie Detrick.

Captain and Mrs. John Ellicott have gone to the Russian River for a brief sojourn.

Mr. Ernest Folger and Miss Betty Folger have returned from Europe. Mrs. Folger and Miss Elena Folger will remain away indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin and Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman arrived the first of the week

from Santa Barbara and they have opened the Bothin home in Ross for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walter have returned to the Fairmont from a sojourn at Tahoe.

Sir Frank and Lady Popham Young spent the week-end in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney.

Mrs. John Wright and Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton have returned from visiting Dr. and Mrs. Walter Franklin in Montecito.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman and Mrs. Wilson Pritchett have gone to the Webber Lake Country Club for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Arthur Sharp, Mrs. Robert Bentley, Miss Katherine Bentley and Miss Adrienne Sharp have returned from a trip through the Northwest.

Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, and Miss Louisa Breeze will return next week from a trip to the Sierras.

Miss Francesca Deering and Miss Agnes Weston returned last Friday from Santa Cruz, where they have been visiting Miss Mary Bernice Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody and their children have gone to the Webber Lake Country Club for several weeks.

Mrs. George Marye returned Sunday from a visit to the Kohl place at Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla and Dr. and Mrs. William Lyle arrived Saturday from New York. They will spend the remainder of the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali have returned from New York and they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson will leave next week for the Canadian Rockies.

Mrs. Mariadna Cobb has returned from a visit to San Mateo with Countess Eric Lewenhaupt.

Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks have been spending several days in Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood and Miss Mary Emma Flood sailed last week for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter returned the first of the week from Seattle.

Miss Ysabel Chase returned Tuesday from Monterey.

Dr. Bolling Lee of New York will arrive in Santa Barbara next week to join Mrs. Lee at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott returned Sunday to San Mateo from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John R. Clark and Miss Barbara Clark returned Sunday from Santa Barbara, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mullins. Miss Dorothy Clark remained with her grandparents for another fortnight.

Mrs. Ernest Bradley and Miss Kathleen Bradley left Sunday for New York en route to Europe.

Miss Emily Merriman of Baltimore is visiting Miss Barbara Donohoe in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau and Miss Margarita Garceau left Monday for Tahoe.

Mrs. Watson Fennimore and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore spent several days last week in Santa Rosa with Mrs. Joseph Grace and Miss Geraldine Grace.

Miss Elizabeth Adams has been spending the week at Tahoe with Miss Ruth Hobart. Mr. William Hobart arrived at Tahoe last week from the Atlantic coast.

Miss Alice Requa has gone to Santa Barbara for a month's sojourn.

Mrs. Frank Hooper has returned to Woodside from Santa Barbara.

Miss Jean Howard is spending a week at Hollister with Miss Helen Hawkins.

Miss Jennie Blair and Miss Ethel Cooper have gone to Tahoe for a brief sojourn.

Mrs. Elkins de Guigné has returned to Burlingame from Del Monte.

Mrs. Anson Hotelling, Jr., spent the week-end in Menlo Park with Mrs. William Porter.

Mrs. Frederick Tillmann has come to town for a few days. She is at the Fairmont.

Mr. Scott Smith left last week on a trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor has gone to Tahoe to visit Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall.

Mrs. James Robinson is visiting Mrs. Francis Underhill in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. J. Van Kaathoven of Los Angeles and her son, Mr. Barklie Henry of Philadelphia, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George de St. Cyr in San Mateo.

Miss Margaret Scheld of Sacramento is spending a few days in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen and Miss Alyse Allen have reopened their San Anselmo home for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Miss Edith Grant, and Mr. Madison Grant of New York have been spending the week at the Grant ranch near Mount Hamilton.

Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt left yesterday for Tahoe for a three weeks' sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Spence and Miss Ida Lee Spence of Baltimore are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Marye in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamilton Sherwood are going from their summer home near Santa Cruz to the high Sierras.

Miss Julie Helen Heyneman has gone to Carmel as the guest of Miss Ellen O'Sullivan.

Registered at the Hotel Whitcomb are Dr. J. G. Coyle, New York, in charge of a delegation of the Knights of Columbus; Mr. T. G. Waugh, Edinburgh, Scotland; Mr. L. D. Mooney and family, Seattle; Mr. L. C. Ilieth, San Pedro; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Dawson, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bleeker, Mr. Walter B. Cox, Mr. A. W. McKenzie, Mr. S. Rosenberg, Los Angeles; Mr. J. E. Johnston and family, Stockton; Mrs. A. H. Ballard, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Guthman, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Finley, Pensacola; Mr. John J. Blake, Mr. L. L. Kelley, Richmond, Virginia; Mrs. A. R. Reischman, Miss Agnes J. Dreyer, New York; Mrs. George Fiske, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Clark, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Adams, Stockton.

Included among those registered at the Hotel St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Emil, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. L. H. Farnsworth, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. M. Schott, St. Louis; Mr. George E. Hise, Chicago; Mr. William Penfield, Washington, D. C.; Mr. George A. Eddy, Mr. J.

Hately, Chicago; Mr. Frank Duncan, Stockton; Mr. C. H. Wolfelt, Los Angeles; Bishop W. H. Moreland, Sacramento; Mr. W. H. Hoffatt, Reno; Mr. C. A. Cullen, Mr. M. W. Purcell, Casper, Wyoming; Mr. William O. Bristol, Portland; Mr. Herbert Jackson, Cincinnati; Mr. Lon Stafford Harriman, Seattle; Mr. M. W. Hackett, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Spense, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Nelson, Santa Rosa; Mr. Martin Carmody, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

MADE A RECORD JUMP.

A negro fisherman once told me a tale for which I will not vouch, but which I am not prepared to deny, since I think it may be true. With another negro he was taking a scow through one of the smaller tideways that wind through the marshes of this coast—a narrow, shallow creek which went almost dry at low tide. A fair wind was blowing, and the men had rigged a square sail to help them as they poled their clumsy craft along against the ebbing tide. Suddenly, when they had reached a point where the creek was very narrow, they saw a porpoise in the water ahead of them. Tempted, no doubt, by the shrimp and mullet which swarm in incalculable myriads in the marsh waterways, this porpoise had remained far up the creek longer than was prudent, and now he was hurrying downstream with the ebb in order to reach the deeper waters below before the creek channel became too shoal. The scow blocked his way. On neither side was there enough water for him to pass by, and it was doubtful whether there was sufficient depth for the porpoise to dive and pass underneath. He increased his speed as he drew near the scow, until he was fairly flying through the water; and then, when he was still a few feet from the square bow of the craft, he launched himself up into the air. In a long, beautiful curve he passed clear over the forward deck of the scow, struck the sail head on, broke through it like a greyhound leaping through a paper hoop at a circus, and, with no apparent slackening of his momentum, cleared the scow's stern and plunged into the water behind it.

The scow was some twenty feet in length, according to the negro's story. This would imply a leap of at least twenty-four feet by the porpoise, and probably more, because these scows are generally high-sided craft, and the animal must have left the water several feet in front of the square bow in order to reach the elevation necessary to clear it. Perhaps the part of the story which seems most difficult to believe is the porpoise's plunge through the sail; yet this may not be a very serious obstacle, after all. The sails on most of the marsh negroes' boats are weird and ancient makeshifts, composed of many patches of different sorts of cloth sewed together; and a plunging porpoise might well go through one of these crazy quilts as easily as a six-inch shell penetrates a brick wall. I would not swear that the story, just as the man told it, is inaccurate; and, he that as it may, there are many other illustrations, less spectacular but no less impressive, of the porpoise's ability to travel as fast as, and probably faster than, any shark.—*Herbert R. Sass in Harper's Magazine.*

Reading Old Stories.

When you go on your vacation and take some hooks along, you may include some stories written twenty or thirty years ago—perhaps an adventure or detective yarn. You will not have read long before you find yourself puzzled. Why didn't the disabled ship in the Caribbeean use its wireless? Oh, of course—wireless had not been invented. And as you turn over the pages of the tale of New York life, how quaint it seems. Why did the suspect flee from the detective in a Sixth Avenue elevated train? When the beautiful heiress suddenly decides to go to the country the old family coachman drives her down to the Thirty-Fourth Street ferry. No subways, no automobiles as a daily incident of life; the characters in the story do perhaps use telephones, but they never seem to have heard of the game of golf, and they have "clubmen" and "star reporters" and "cuh reporters" and other quaint-sounding designations, and some utterly reckless young spendthrift couple may spend as much as \$60 a month rent for an apartment. You would almost think you were reading an historical romance of the period of Governor De Witt Clinton.

No, it was only a quarter of a century ago, when the horse-car bells jingled and nobody would have had the slightest comprehension what a movie palace was and all the policemen in stories had to talk with a brogue, and there were "men about town" and "Knickerbocker families" and "the Four Hundred" and "dudes"; when English noblemen used to come over here and put up at the Brevoort House and if a woman smoked a cigarette you knew she was an adventuress.

Some of these old, old stories of the forgotten, prehistoric life of Manhattan twenty years ago are still good reading, having been written with an instinct for a realistic style. But one grave mistake the publishers make. Even in a new edition they will use the old




Table Talk

"A fine dinner, like this one, at the end of the day puts one in a good humor, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does. You know the old saying, 'now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both.'"

"That's very true. My wife and I make it a point to dine out at least once a week. It relieves her of responsibility and is pleasant for us both. We generally come here to the Whitcomb."

"Because of the excellent dinners, I suppose."

"Yes, and the quiet, unobtrusive service which makes this hotel distinctive."

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illustrations. One look is sufficient to destroy all the illusion the author has so skillfully built up. Those incredible skirts—bell-shaped and touching the floor all around! Those impossible sleeves, looking as if they were stuffed with pillows! Those curly-moustached men, nine feet tall! Those Tammany district leaders with silk hats and double-breasted long coats. Nobody, positively nobody, ever could have looked like that, even away back in A. D. 1900! Read some of the old stories; you may get the hang of the funny way people lived in those days, but don't look at the pictures.—*Brooklyn Standard Union.*

Membership in a certain gun club in California costs \$150,000 since a gusher was brought in on the land recently. At present the well is yielding 30,000 barrels of oil daily.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"You are under arrest," said the cop. The vagrant sighed philosophically. "The pinch of poverty," said he.—*Detroit Free Press.*

First Postal Clerk—Aha! back from your vacation, eh? Second Postal Clerk—Yup, back to the old stamping-ground.—*Cornell Widow.*

"What is sadder than a man who loses his last friend?" "A man who works for his board and loses his appetite."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Wife (to downcast hubby)—Why so sober, John? Hub—Compulsory. Twelve a quart, now. Wife—Oh, dear! Hub—Too dear.—*Pitt Panther.*

Voice (from next room)—A pair of queens. Fair and Warmer (in unison)—Oh, I do believe they are pecking through the transom!—*Virginia Reel.*

Wife—I had to laugh! Mrs. Newrich, in telling me about her house, spoke of the spiral stairway. Hub—Perhaps she referred to her backstairs.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did you have a good time at Smith's last evening?" "Can't say that I did. Mrs. Smith is an old sweetheart of mine and I owe Mr. Smith ten dollars."—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Nouveau-Riche (opening mail)—Look at this! The Duke of Bastos addressing me as "Dear Friend." Mrs. Nouveau-Riche—How much does he want?—*Paris Le Rive.*

Old Gentleman—If I give you a quarter, little girl, what will you do with it? Six-Year-Old Miss (contemptuously)—Why, spend

it, of course. Old Gentleman—And what will you buy, a peppermint stick? Six-Year-Old—No, a lip stick.—*Fashionable Dress.*

Patience—Can you keep a secret, dear? Patrice—Certainly; can't you? Patience—Why, the idea! Of course I can! Patrice—Well, why don't you, then?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Millions are involved in this divorce suit." "Well, what about it?" "Oh, nothing, except that when money gets mixed up in a scandal it's more garrulous than ever."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"How old are you?" asked the judge. "Dunno!" was the surly reply. "When were you born?" "Wot's de use o' tellin' yer? Yer hain't goin' t' gimme a birthday present, are yer?"—*Boston Transcript.*

"Beloved," he cried, throwing himself at his wife's feet, "we have lost all save honor." "How awkward!" she sobbed. "Just the thing we don't need if we've got to live by our wits."—*London Winning Post.*

Mrs. Arista Krat—My son's a geologist, and he's piling up the rocks so we don't know what to do with them. Mrs. Reese Ently Rich—Aint it grand? My Charlie's doing the same thing—hut he's in the grocery line.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

Big Man in Audience (turning round)—Can't you see anything? Little Man (sarcastically)—Can't see a streak of the stage. Big Man (sarcastically)—Why, then, I'll tell you what to do. You keep your eyes on me and laugh when I do.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"Are you the President-elect?" "Yes, my friend. What can I do for you?" "Not a thing. I don't want an office. Don't even want to offer you any good advice." "My friend, I'm sorry the cabinet appointments have been made up."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Parson (at table, to fellow-boarder)—My dear sir, theology does not teach the existence of a literal hell, but merely that a potential hell lies within each one of us at this moment. The Landlady (overhearing)—You force me to remind you, Mr. Smith, that you may leave at once if you are dissatisfied.—*London Passing Show.*

Aspiring Young Actress—How should one register emotion? Movie Fan—To show the formation of any heroic resolution a man shuts his eyes and swallows hard, while a woman opens her eyes wide, parts her lips, and breathes rapidly. Aspiring Young Actress—And the other emotions—love, hate, fear? Movie Fan—Simply do the same thing.—*Film Fun.*

Sanctity of Toil.

President Burton of the University of Michigan impresses upon his graduating class the sanctity of labor. He asserts that the principle that "every human being is of supreme worth" is the foundation of democracy. Most men, he says, can be judged by their attitude toward work, "the essence of existence, the vital test to which civilization puts each person." Repetition has made such statements orthodox doctrine for baccalaureate sermons.

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The fact is that there is nothing noble in labor itself. Quite the reverse is true. If a man discarded pick and shovel and set to digging a ditch with his hands, he would increase his labor, decrease its product, and brand himself an idiot. If, on the other hand, he discarded pick and shovel and invented a ditch-digging machine which would reduce his physical effort and increase his results, we would do him honor and give him reward.

It is not toil, but intelligence, which is sacred. The young men instructed by Dr. Burton probably know this. If they do not know it now they will learn it quickly when

they see the comparative rewards of stolid labor and of intelligent mental effort.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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The Argonaut.

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2316.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 13, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mitigations of Prohibition.

When the prohibition amendment to the Constitution was adopted our foremost American historian, Mr. Rhodes, took upon himself the labor of exhaustive study of historical prohibitions. He found that wherever prohibitions ran in opposition to widespread public sentiment there followed interpretations in practical nullification of extreme provisions. Of course, it takes time to yield results, but already we see that in the matter of the Eighteenth Amendment Mr. Rhodes' prophecy tends to work out. Within a year departmental decisions have in some degree mitigated the severities of prohibition enforcement. It is not very long ago that travelers were subjected to examination of their private baggage by zealous prohibition agents. Motorists were held up and their bags and lunch-baskets were rifled. Impertinence reached its extreme in search of the pockets of persons who for any reason or no reason, were suspected of concealing flasks. All this has changed. One may with impunity carry a flask in his traveling bag or his hip pocket; no inspector or agent may interfere with him unless he can show a special warrant. Proceedings in the Senate on Monday of this week indicate the growth of sentiment unfavorable to the extreme activity of enforcement agents. A minority of twenty in a total vote of fifty-eight expressed itself as opposed to the so-called "Anti-Beer Bill." Several senators, among them both Republicans and Democrats, found courage to support a propo-

posal to fine and imprison any person, official or other, presuming to violate the constitutional guarantee of the citizen against "unwarranted search," as provided in the Fourth Amendment. Obviously the tendency in Congress and out of it runs against the impertinences and violations that have so frequently within the past year and a half attended enforcement of the prohibitory law. Historian Rhodes is undoubtedly right. Interpretations will in time reduce prohibition practice to the limits of legality and common sense. In the meantime irregular practice tends widely to nullify a law which never should have been made in its existing form, and which, as has often been declared in these columns, will not permanently be sustained.

The B-B Campaign.

San Francisco may not be able to boast a career of unspotted virtue, but until now she has contrived to maintain her dignity. While certain neighbors up and down the Coast have been loud and more or less successful spieler in the cause of local development, San Francisco has proceeded upon the even tenor of her way, scorning devices of "promotion," taking what has come to her in the natural order of things. The result, to the thinking of many of us, has been fairly satisfactory. San Francisco has ten times the accumulated capital of any one of her vociferous neighbors. San Francisco's clearances, reflecting financial and commercial transactions, quadruple those of any other Coast city. San Francisco's population—counting her immediate tributary communities—is about double that of her most ambitious rival. Now for something more than seventy years San Francisco has stood the financial, the commercial, the social capital of the Pacific Coast region. She remains far and away the most important city in the western half of the continent. Though there may be dashes of lavender in her civic record, she is none the less the first city of the Pacific Coast, the symbol of its life, a product of the substantial activities of the country, already rich in tradition and notably God-blest in the item of civic temperament.

What is set down in the foregoing paragraph is designed to explain why the *Argonaut* has not been able to work up anything in the nature of enthusiasm over the "B-B" campaign recently launched with hysterical accompaniments. It appears to be the idea of the whippers-in of this spectacular movement that San Francisco may enhance her prosperity by diverting her energies and resources from actual business to a campaign of shouting and spieling. Presumption has gone so far as to levy assessments arbitrarily upon the capital and energy of the city to be expended in a vast booming programme, to be conducted, as all such movements are, by men who have never succeeded in making a go of their own business. The programme includes many forms of exploitation—the calling of conventions, the braying of brass bands, excursions, balls, etc. As we observe this movement in its manifestations, and reflect upon its logic, we are somehow reminded of the amiable jackass who sought to lift himself by his boot straps.

As an old and more or less respected citizen of San Francisco the *Argonaut* protests against this tin-pan-beating campaign. It declines to be assessed in support of a project calculated to damage San Francisco in its dignities far more than it can possibly help in other respects. Here for a score of years and more we have been smiling contemptuously at promotion activities north and south of us. We have valued ourselves on the score of solidity and dignity. We have found satisfaction in being regarded as a substantial city as contrasted with certain boom cities up and down the Coast and elsewhere. In evidence, only last week there appeared in the leading newspaper of New York City this paragraph:

It is only in Southern California that towns are made by building a Spanish mansion for the founder, with his real estate office hard by at which lots are sold under the inspira-

tion of a brass band. * * * The Queen of the Golden Gate would deprecate such methods, modestly relying on the fact that she is the financial and commercial centre of the Coast, that since the days of the Argonauts she has been the centre of a life and culture as distinct and full-flavored as that of New York, Paris, Munich, Vienna. Those may be worthy people who are attracted by the real-estate's manorial suburb, by Mission architecture and brass bands; but the modesty of San Francisco is such that it prefers to attract only those others who value its unchallenged commercial supremacy, its unassuming artistic and intellectual eminence—its character, in short, as one of the few distinctive cities of an appreciative globe.

This is in its way gratifying. It bespeaks understanding of San Francisco's spirit; it is respectful of our practice; it should be stimulating to a wholesome pride. It ought, upon reflection, to call a halt upon a movement calculated not to yield any advantage to anybody save its salaried promoters.

There are ways of advancing the fortunes and the repute of San Francisco. They have often been defined in these columns. They are: (1) Make San Francisco industrially free, relieve its enterprise and its legitimate labor interest from the tyranny of labor radicalism. Encourage capital to invest itself here upon the sound bases of security and moderate taxation. Guarantee to labor employment at liberal rates of pay and freedom from arbitrary and demoralizing rules. (2) Clean up the City Hall and give us a civic administration respectful of every man's rights and prudent in use of public money. Until these things are done it is useless to talk about inviting new population, new capital, new business. These will not come to a city fettered by vexatious and ruinous restrictions upon industry and cursed by a horde of tax-eaters. If we will clean up our city, prosperity and progress will take care of themselves. In no event are they to be won by clap-trap devices of promotion.

A Matter of Business Policy.

Senator Penrose, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has presented a bill giving to the Secretary of the Treasury authority to deal with our foreign debtors—the several nations with which we were in alliance during the war—in his own discretion according to the conditions and circumstances of each particular case. This means that Mr. Mellon may pursue one course of dealing with England or France and another with Poland or Czecho-Slovakia. This is precisely what any capable business man or firm would do. But there are those in Congress who object. They would have a common rule of procedure on our part, applicable to all our debtors. They would make no distinction between a strong and solvent country like England and a weak and bankrupt one like Poland. The plea in support of the common plan as against that of Senator Penrose is that the latter would give to one man more power than ought to be reposed in a single hand. This is specious rather than sound. Authority given to the Secretary of the Treasury is in practice and in reality given to the administration, which includes the President, his cabinet, and the higher offices of the Treasury Department. In the nature of things it would practically be impossible for the Secretary of the Treasury to proceed independently and autocratically. Large things done in the open, other than in times of war, are not carried forward in any such fashion.

The Penrose plan ought to be accepted. First, because it proposes a business-like way of dealing with creditors of varied responsibility and capability. Second, because in Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, we have a man of proven discretion and unquestioned character. It would be absurd to tie the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury, whose capability in the particular matter in hand is obviously greater than that of the entire membership of the Senate. Furthermore, it is essential in matters of large and varied character that authority of some

tive should be concentrated. We give such powers to the President. Similarly we give such powers in time of war to the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and to general officers commanding in the field. When big things are to be done, calling for discretion and promptness, a debating club is not the best source of executive authority. By all means Secretary Mellon should be empowered to act as the conditions and circumstances of our several creditors may require. This is sound business, and sound business ought to be applied in governmental as well as in other affairs.

The Washington Conference.

All the nations invited to participate in the coming Conference at Washington have accepted. November 11th has been tentatively fixed as the date for assembling. Interest now centres upon the agenda—in plain English, the making of the programme—to be agreed upon prior to the meeting. Our government is interested primarily in seeing that the agenda shall cover the essentials of the whole Far Eastern question. All are more or less interested in this phase of the procedure, but only Japan takes it seriously. Japan would like to exclude questions which have been closed, which is a bit vague, in view of the fact that what one country may regard closed another may consider open. Japan desires to exclude Shantung and Yap, upon the theory that decision regarding them was reached at the Versailles Conference. The American position, on the contrary, is that the real disputes over Shantung and Yap were not ended, but in fact only begun at Versailles.

The only means by which Shantung and Yap may be excluded from the coming discussion is an adjustment prior to November 11th upon lines satisfactory to this country. This will probably be done. Japan has no stomach for admitting these questions to a discussion in which China and other nations are participants; and the indications are that both Shantung and Yap will be off the boards—settled satisfactorily to the United States—before the assembling of the Conference. To this extent the President's project for the Conference has already yielded results. Put bluntly, it has scared Japan into hurrying a settlement of two questions whereon her attitude has been offensive to the United States.

The crux of the Yap situation has been control of the former German cables radiating from that island. Under cover of the Versailles treaty Japan has grabbed those cables and has diverted the terminus of one of them from China to Japan. While no definite announcement has been made, Secretary Hughes let it leak out that readjustment of the Yap matter is imminent on a basis satisfactory to the American government.

While immediate interest is now centered upon the agenda, Secretary Hughes is busy setting the table, so to speak, for the main event. He is assembling a body of experts who will be ready when the Conference begins with information and advice. The American representation will be prepared adequately for any contingency which may arise. There was no such preparation on our part for the Versailles Conference, and it was in a measure due to the lack of it that the results were what they were. Among those who are being brought in by Secretary Hughes is Edward Thomas Williams, professor of Oriental languages and literature at Berkeley. Professor Williams was one of our technical delegates to the Peace Conference at Paris, but while his knowledge was available it was not used. He is one of our most distinguished Orientalists, having served for two years as interpreter to the American consulate-general at Shanghai, for three years as translator for the Chinese government at Shanghai, for seven years as secretary to the American legation at Peking, for two years as consul-general at Tientsin, for two years as assistant in the Division of Far Eastern Affairs in the Department of State, for four years as chief of the division of Far Eastern Affairs in the same department.

The American commissioners will be vastly helped by three men of notable ability who represent the country in the Orient. General Leonard Wood, now in the Philippines, is already supplying information that will be of use, and it is an open secret at Washington that he will remain at Manila in the capacity of governor-general. The Administration will lean heavily on Wood's counsels in forming its policy in the Far East, both directly and in the coming Con-

ference. Wood in the Philippines, Dr. Schurman in China, and Ambassador Warren in Japan will constitute an American triumvirate in the Far East whose advice will go far toward guiding the American commissioners in the Conference.

Already it is evident that the issue of disarmament, while not forgotten or likely to be overlooked, is to be held in abeyance. Disarmament must come, if it shall come at all, through elimination of the conditions which make armament necessary. So long as there are problems in international affairs—matters of profound difference between nations—there will be preparation for war. It is to the end of getting rid of these problems—at least, of those of the Far East—that the Conference has been called. Disarmament must wait upon adjustment, which it is hoped the Conference will be able to make.

It is an interesting fact that international conferences or congresses rarely achieve the direct purposes for which they are called. Our own experience will illustrate the point. So long ago as 1881 Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, invited all the independent countries of North and South America to participate in a congress "for the purpose of considering and discussing methods of preventing war between the nations of America." Mr. Blaine's successor, Secretary Frelinghuysen, for sufficient reasons postponed the congress to an unnamed future day. It was not until six years later that the project was revived. The congress assembled at Washington in 1889 and prepared its own agenda. It then proceeded to business, promptly forgot or overlooked most of the things contained in the programme of its own devising, and proceeded to do various other things, all very much to the good, but not at all in line with the plan. The interests of the continent have been very largely sustained during the succeeding years by influences growing out of this congress, despite the fact that its chief objects were not attained. It is ever thus with human progress. Forward movements proceed by eccentric steps, rarely or never in pursuance of previously defined plans.

Public Opinion Sustains the President.

It was to be expected that President Harding's emphatic and successful protest in the matter of the bonus bill would arouse resentment in many quarters. Not all of them, to be sure, but a majority of the "boys" want the money. Certain newspaper and certain politicians who make a profitable trade of "standing up for the soldier" have, of course, made loud hullabaloo. But the sober sentiment of the country has accepted the President's view of the matter and stands solidly in approval of his course.

Moreover, there is universal admiration of the President on the score of his courage in taking a bold stand in connection with a matter definitely popular—popular because its significance in relation to the conditions of the treasury and of the country were not understood. Not even yet, despite the President's clear statement of the case, is the situation fully comprehended. But while the public mind may not readily grasp complicated conditions of finance, it quickly and surely recognizes courage when it sees it, and as surely takes off its hat to it. There is, too, on the part of the public mind instinctive appreciation of character; and the President's obvious sincerity and honesty have won for him the applause of millions who may comprehend little or nothing at all of the conditions which led to his protest before Congress.

On the whole, President Harding has gained popular good will and substantial support by a course which at the moment threatened to array against him a vast force of popular resentment.

Editorial Notes.

Some prowling adventurer minus fear of God or wrath of man has stolen the bell whose vibrations for something more than a hundred years have echoed and reechoed daily through the decaying halls of the old San Miguel Mission near Paso Robles. We say ancient because in this relatively new world anything prior to 'Forty-nine smacks of the dark ages. We have no definite information as regards the San Miguel bell, but it is probably one of many of the Mission bells forged, not in Mexico or Spain, as commonly supposed, but in Alaska. The Russian occupation of Alaska, which flourished something more than a century ago, was designed to be permanent and was established on a fairly substantial basis. Its vitality was presumed

to rest upon shipping and there was set up at Sitka what was for that day a large shipbuilding establishment, including among other things a foundry. In this establishment there happened to be means for casting bells, and as it was the most convenient source of supply the Mission Fathers frequently resorted to it. A relatively large number of the Mission bells are therefore of Russian manufacture.

If Russian colonization in Alaska—and further south—had proceeded under rational policies it would almost certainly permanently have possessed Alaska, even perhaps the whole Coast as far down as San Francisco. Long before American pioneers found their way to the Coast Russia was in full possession, but it was a possession, not of domestic life, but of a military project. Instead of sending settlers to the country Russia sent soldiers who served under military orders. They occupied not only the Alaskan coast, but stations as far down as our Farallone Islands, where for several years a considerable establishment was maintained in furtherance of fur-sealing enterprise. An agricultural settlement of some importance had its headquarters at Fort Ross, whose name with that of the Russian River perpetuates an interesting historical incident. It was the settlers with domestic accompaniments of wives and children who finally overcame and in a sense literally drove out the Russian soldiers. International contentions between Russia and Britain finally gave the United States possession of Alaska, but by that time the Russian establishment had dwindled to an unimportant military station, too far removed from the centre of authority to be anything more or better than a detached appendage and an annoyance. If, instead of sending soldiers, Russia had occupied the country with a few hundred families, their descendants would today be possessors in a land where only a dwindling group of mixed-bloods and a few place names sustain the record of a valiant but futile enterprise.

With all due respect to Senator Shortridge, the *Argonaut* finds it difficult to get excited over his proposal of a "Dante Day." We are under the impression that Dante had his day, and a very good day it was, too, a long time back; and we can see no reason now for digging up his bones, metaphorically speaking, and intruding them upon the present generation. Surely we have troubles enough of our own, with demands enough upon our time and our resources, without disturbing the peace of the worthy but long-time-dead Dante. Seriously, this business of appropriating special "days" for this or that purpose has been run to a wasteful extreme. The limit has not only been reached, but passed. Besides Sundays, Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Year's, Labor Day, Admission Day, and several other fixed holidays, we have Flag Day, Egg Day, Apple Day, Prune Day, Raisin Day, St. Patrick's Day—Help! Help! While these several "days" are being celebrated to the disturbance of business in its regular order, and usually to the demoralization of the participants, the ordinary charges of life still go on. However many holidays there may be, there is no surcease of rent, interest, and taxes.

A recent visitor to San Francisco records as a point of social and political significance that he found greater interest in "large issues" among our women than among our men. Others have noted the same fact. In their clubs and in various meetings the women of California, and we suspect the whole country, are addressing their minds to greater interests as compared with ordinary subjects of discussion among men. This may or may not be wholesome. It surely will be if in conjunction with their discussions our womenfolk may develop what we may style practical-mindedness. The danger is that, lacking working experience, our womenfolk may formulate their judgments upon theory rather than upon fact; and if theoretical opinions of things shall be reflected in political action we may through feminine influence and through feminine powers at the polls be involved in courses neither just nor wise. The country has had enough experience with the scholar in politics—with the man of academic knowledge without the correcting instruction of working experience—to know that in this direction lies serious danger. Theory is all very well in its way, but theory must be well seasoned with practice before it is safe to permit it to become a dominating factor in political and social life. However all this may be, it is a healthful sign of the

times if the women of the country are thinking of serious things and seeking to inform themselves concerning large as compared with trivial matters.

Time for talking about who won the war is past. Each country—and perhaps it is just as well—believes and always will believe that it won the war. The Belgians know that their valiant stands at Liège and elsewhere in the line of march held back the invading hosts and gave time for France and England to get their forces in the field. Frenchmen know that it was the French army that stayed the invaders at the Marne and drove them back upon their own line of advance. Englishmen know that it was the first hundred thousand of their own countrymen that ultimately saved Paris. Many Americans, perhaps the greater number, know that in the final campaign it was our boys at Château Thierry and in the Argonne who “put the fear of God” into the German heart. And by the same token the people of every other country who in any way participated know themselves to have been effective if not essential factors in the great struggle. All of which is helpful to patriotic spirit. It is a fresh demonstration of the spirit in respect of which England honors Wellington as the hero of Waterloo, while Germany gives the palm for the overthrow of Napoleon to Blücher.

At this time, when each country participating in the late war plumes itself as the victor, heroic pretensions react upon whatever country has the temerity to present them. The tendency is to destroy rather than to establish general respect. The least now said about who won the war the better. Let us all admit that it was a good job well done, leaving to each “victor” in the case whatever self-satisfying consciousness national pride may tend to sustain. The moral of it all is that we would better drop congressional investigations, typified by the recent report concerning the relative merits of Secretary Daniels and Admiral Sims. They tend not at all to patriotic sentiment at home, and in so far as they are heeded in other countries they are taken to illustrate “American brag.” Congress would better address itself to immediate problems, leaving the question of who won the war to be worked out by historians, as it surely will be—to the honor and glory of to whatever country any particular historian may belong.

Herman Bernstein, an American writer just returned from a tour of observation in Russia and in the several countries of Southern and Central Europe, declares that “little or no gratitude is felt for the United States on the score of American relief work.” This was to have been expected. Gratitude is seldom the reward of those who make sacrifices for others. Even where it is found it usually takes the form of expectancy of favors to come. We have not given to the sufferers of Europe for their gratitude, but as an exercise in humanity; and it is a case where the consciousness of having done our humane duty should be a sufficient reward. But however this may be, it is all the reward we will get and all we ought to look for, since it is an universal experience that favor oftener loses than makes friends. “Why should S. speak ill of me,” the late Speaker Reed was once quoted as saying, “I never did him a favor.”

Tammany Hall, which is only a convenient name for organized Irish politics in New York City, has decided to put up Mr. Hylan for a second time in the mayoralty. Hylan has been a serviceable tool of Tammany Hall, yielding to it absolute subservience in all things. The municipal organization, nominally under his hand, has been made up of professional tax-eaters, and as in times past the municipal treasury has been steadily milked in the Tammany interest. In opposition to Tammany Hall there has been organized a so-called coalition movement, but it is difficult to see in it anything more promising or important than an ineffective protest. The trouble with coalition movements is that they are usually proposed and managed by well-meaning sentimentalists, as distinct from practical leadership. Even where such movements succeed, notably in the election of the late Mayor Strong, they fail at the point of working results, through lack of executive machinery and working coöperation. Non-partisan movements—even non-partisan successes—admirable as they appear in theory, invariably end in failure and disaster. Likewise invariably they leave conditions worse than before, since their certain effect is demoralization of the party system through which, and only through which under

our system, best results in politics and government may be attained. Tammany Hall, which is in no sense a Democratic organization, which knows little and cares less about Democratic principles, and which in truth is nothing better than organized greed and corruption, chooses to work in the name of the Democratic party. Its natural opponent, therefore, is the Republican organization. It follows that in the local politics of New York City those Democrats who are really Democrats, and not Tammanyites, should give their support to the Republican organization, compelling it to select worthy candidates and to pursue decent courses. By this means Tammany may be beaten. Any other method of opposition is foredoomed to failure.

We get from President Harding's speech at Lancaster, New Hampshire, last week a suggestion of his view of the scope and purpose of the coming International Conference at Washington. “Civilization,” he said, “shocked by the horror of the world war, will insist that means be found for permanent international peace. * * * America will leave nothing undone to make the International Disarmament Conference a turning point in the world's history.” There is no mistaking the significance of these remarks. Manifestly Mr. Harding expects the coming conference to do for the world much that the Versailles Conference attempted, but failed to do.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Kind Word.

LOS ANGELES, July 21, 1921.

MR. ALFRED HOLMAN—Dear Sir. I have read with very great pleasure indeed your editorials on the Sinn Fein. It is indeed pitiful that the people of this great country of ours should not appreciate that the true spirit of America may be lost—quenched in a sea of alien thought and sentiment. Can any of us, be we ever so optimistic, say what twenty years hence the “American spirit” may be. The foreigners that are invading this country know and care nothing about it—the Declaration of Independence, the American Constitution, and all that these things imply. They know and care nothing about the traditions of our country. Theirs is a pursuit of individual advantage in some way or other—utterly regardless and unknowing of the American ideals. Yours is one of the very few journals, I am sorry to say, in this country which has an editor intelligent enough at all times to tell the simple truth. The laborer is worthy of his hire, but what a poor pittance I pay for that which I get out of the *Argonaut* every week. Very truly yours, HENRY J. STEVENS.

In the Cause of Truth.

ALAMEDA, August 8, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: “In the Cause of Truth” regarding the Japanese in California, in the *Argonaut* of August 6th, it seems to me that Colonel Irish deals too much in “fallacies and misrepresentations.” It requires but little effort to make that sentence of his read more truthfully, “the facts have become fixtures in the metropolitan press,” and in the mind of the average Californian.

The Japanese agriculturist, it is true, has not yet driven the white farmer from his possessions, perhaps never will, but it might be interesting to figure out how long it would take him to do so with as amiable opposition as shown by the colonel. Also to figure out how long it would take to influence the moral life and standard of living of a people as virile as the Japanese, to change and displace their age-old habits, ethical feelings, and ideals of life, and to replace them by new and essentially different ideals.

The “daily bath” may be some indication of the personal standard of living, but where a whole family, children and all, bathe in the same tub of water “personal cleanliness” becomes questionable. To “step up to the Japanese standard” in some native households would not only require this, but also for the lord of the household, or his excellency, to talk about in the garb in which he emerges from the daily bath. Comparisons of the standards of living can only be made in their respective lands. Even here in California the two standards are emphatic in their difference; especially their economic difference. It is admitted that the conditions from which they come, especially of the farmer, are enhanced many-fold, or which they can not help but take advantage. Still there can be no question about the more costly standard of living and civilization. The only and final question is, how long could the grander, the more expensive civilization of California, of America, endure in competition from the frugal, much less extravagant, much less material civilization of the peoples of Asia. For the time being they may seem “an industrial necessity” to some, but if they were not already on the field, it is unthinkable that their places would not be filled by white men.

Instead of facts being “carefully excluded from the metropolitan and other press” regarding the laws and restrictions regulating the operations of foreigners in Japan, of “reciprocity” in general, very few of the facts have ever been told. The experience of foreigners in Japan is an open book, and a big one; this is not the place for particulars. “No real ownership of land is allowed to foreigners. They may, however, acquire possession of lands on a long lease, which practically is almost the same as real ownership. Foreigners may form a company in Japan according to Japanese laws, so long as no real ownership of land is acquired, and, moreover, they may be partners in a company possessing real ownership of land if the company be formed in conjunction with Japanese subjects.” This is the law, as interpreted by Baron Suyematsu, that is in force in Japan. In regard to individuals leasing land it depends altogether where it is situated, for what purpose it is desired, and on the discretion of the government, in which it never errs.

FRANK DEARDORF.

English scientists have found that glass can be permanently tinted by immersion in the hot mineral waters of Bath, long famous as a health resort.

Experiments have proved that it is possible to change the color of certain precious and semi-precious stones by exposing them to the action of radium.

“THE PARTY OF THE THIRD PART.”

Yes, it is true—this in answer to a correspondent—that Mr. Gompers did reply to the momentous question put to him by Governor Allen of Kansas in the course of the debate in Carnegie Hall. There was no intention to suppress that fact. Quite the contrary, although Mr. Gompers himself might well wish for its suppression. But first let me repeat the question in order that the full benefit of juxtaposition and contrast may be secured. Here it is once more:

When a dispute between capital and labor brings on a strike affecting the production or distribution of the necessities of life, thus threatening the public peace and impairing the public health, has the public any rights in such a controversy, or is it a private war between capital and labor? If you answer this question in the affirmative, Mr. Gompers, how would you protect the rights of the public?

Mr. Gompers did not answer that question during the debate, although the audience clamored for an answer. He issued a printed statement ten days after the debate, and in the course of that statement he made the following assertion, which we may consider as an answer if we wish, although much depends on what we mean by an answer. Mr. Gompers said:

Labor has no desire to cause inconvenience to the public, of which it is a part. The public has no rights which are superior to the toiler's right to live and his right to defend himself against oppression.

There we have them, question and answer, and the answer was hatched after ten days of meditative incubation. Silence would have been more judicious and more effective. For there was no answer to Governor Allen's question—no answer that Mr. Gompers could make without destruction. He was between Scylla and Charybdis, or, in the vernacular, between the devil and the deep sea. There are now millions of people all over America who are asking that question, asking if they have any rights whatsoever in times of strike, any rights other than those of the punching bag and the football. And it may be said that if the law has no answer to that question, then we may expect another question, indeed a whole series of questions, and some of them of disagreeable import. We may ask what is the use of the law, and what is the use of government, if there is no redress against the acts of small groups of men who sentence us in times of plenty to starvation, nakedness, and cold.

Mr. Gompers asks us to believe that workmen strike as a defense against oppression. There have been such strikes. No one denies it. But there have been very few of late years. Perhaps none at all. But *has* the workman a right to defend himself even against oppression at the cost of thousands of people who are wholly innocent of oppression? Have I a right to defend myself against a footpad by throwing a bomb at him and wrecking the street? Or training a machine-gun on him and killing a hundred children coming from school? Of course not. The rights of self-defense are severely limited, but Mr. Gompers tells us that the public has no rights whatsoever against an individual with a grievance. It may not even insist on adjudicating the grievance. It must take his word for it. He may throw bombs or fire machine-guns to his heart's content at any one whom he believes to be an oppressor, and the public may not even inquire if in very truth he is an oppressor. Now Mr. Gompers is by no means a fool. He is an unusually clever man, and it must be very hard for him to talk like a fool. But he has done so here.

Let us take a single instance of this “defense against oppression,” and it is drawn from Governor Allen's new book, “The Party of the Third Part.” Let us take the case of the coal strike in Kansas, although there is not a city in America that can not supply its own instances. There are about 400,000 men workers in Kansas and 12,000 of them are coal miners, or about 3 per cent. of the total. Now does Mr. Gompers mean to say that these 3 per cent., in order to resist an “oppression,” have the right to inflict an infinitely greater oppression upon the 97 per cent. who are wholly innocent, have the right to threaten the 97 per cent. with death by freezing—for that is what a coal strike implies in Kansas. That seems to be exactly what Mr. Gompers does mean. He says so. Does Mr. Gompers mean to say that the 97 per cent. have no right even to inquire into the causes of the strike, to discover for themselves if there is actually any oppression? Once more, that is exactly what Mr. Gompers does say. It is almost incredible, but there it is in black and white. As a matter of fact and by way of concrete illustration there were several hundred patients in the hospital at the time of the coal strike and the strike officials issued specific notice that no coal was to be delivered to the hospital. They did not only say in a general way that no coal was to be delivered to any one. They said no coal was to be delivered to the *hospital*. We may hope in charity that these particular officials were merely poor ignorant beasts who did not realize that this meant the death of the patients as Governor Allen says it did mean. But did Mr. Gompers intervene? He did not. Has he said one word to repudiate that? He has not. On the contrary he says that the

cent patients had no rights greater than the rights of the union to murder them.

Governor Allen tells us something about the attitude of labor during the war, and certainly it is time that some one should say something to counteract the sugary lies that we are now so fond of exchanging one with another. As a matter of fact the attitude of labor in general—with some fine exceptions—was not a patriotic attitude. It was quite the reverse. Labor unionism was more hostile to this country than the Germans, and intentionally so. It was quite willing to sell the country to the Germans. It was only a matter of price. Mr. Piez, director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, said: "Labor has been deliberately slack during the war. In the shipyards workmen received two dollars for the same time that a year ago brought only one dollar, while the individual output was only two-thirds of what it had been a year before." In other words the extremity of the nation appealed to the labor unions as an opportunity, not for more work, but for less; not for service, but for extortion. The *Marine News*, at about the same time, said: "The pay in American shipyards in 1918 was twice as high as it was at the beginning of the war, and the output per man was only 50 per cent. That double pay, with only half as much produced, resulted in the cost per cent. of production being four times as great." During the period of the war, of the American war, there were six thousand strikes in America. There were more strikes in America, counted in lost days, during the month of September, 1917, than there were in Germany during the whole of that year. It was Mr. Gompers who defeated the Thomas amendment and so compelled the drafting of 670,000 eighteen-year-old boys in order to prevent the drafting of adult union men. The strike on the Orient Railway threw that railroad out of operation at a particularly critical moment in the course of the war. It caused the death of thousands of cattle at a time when food conservation was of the first importance. The strike was timed to that end and patriotic remonstrances were treated with contempt. The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen of Chicago went on a strike against another union at a time when American armies were being rushed across the country, mainly through Chicago. The movement of ocean transports was gravely hampered by the strike in the oil fields of Louisiana and Texas, and it was deliberately ordered to that end. Did Mr. Gompers protest against any of these strikes? Not audibly. Mr. Gompers is, of course, a patriotic citizen. We all are. Mr. Gompers can utter the appropriate patriotic formulas with the best of us. As a flag waver he is unsurpassed. Mr. Gompers doubtless rejoiced at the coming of the armistice, but on that day he was in Texas arranging to affiliate the labor unions of Mexico with those of America. But his rejoicing seems to have been tempered by the reflection that the end of the nation's agony might also mean the end of labor's opportunity to profit by that agony, for he said in the course of his speech that "labor will not surrender any of the advantages it gained during the war." That was how the matter appealed to Mr. Gompers. It was an affair of "advantages," of dollars, of hours of work, and of decrease of output. But Mr. Gompers does not seem to have made any appropriate references to the two million men in France who had derived no "advantages" from the war—at least not of a kind that Mr. Gompers would understand—who had been working for about a dollar a day in mud and blood and without any very deferential regard for the eight-hour ruling.

But, says some one, the capitalist profiteers were just as bad. They, too, looked upon the war as a cow to be milked. That is true. They were quite as bad. But they were not so mischievous. The capitalist profiteer did not block the war work. He did not paralyze railroads, dam the flow of oil, or destroy incalculable quantities of food. Morally there is nothing to choose between him and the labor leader. But he was not so detrimental. Let it be admitted also that there were thousands of labor men who fulfilled all the law and the prophets so far as patriotic service was concerned. The quarrel is not with the labor men, but with the leaders, with those who give orders, who sit in the seats of the mighty, who bind burdens on men's backs that they themselves would not touch with the tips of their fingers, who amass wealth from the miseries of their fellow-citizens, who place themselves above the law of the land, and who delight in exactions and cruelties. It is for them that the day of reckoning draws nigh, for them that the finger of fate moves around the dial of time. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 10, 1921.

A French scientist, chief of the bureau of radiography for the Paris hospitals, has demonstrated that an X-Ray apparatus can photograph subjects through a stone wall more than twenty-five feet distant from the source of the rays. He has obtained clear photographs of metallic objects, the rays filtering through the marble plate more than an inch thick, twelve inches of oak, four inches of plaster, and a sheet of lead one-eighth of an inch thick.

Some phosphorescent deep-sea fish catch their prey by means of the lights from their glowing fins.

The full dress liveries of the footmen in Buckingham Palace cost more than \$600 each.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Mary E. Wooley has been president of Mt. Holyoke College for twenty years.

Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State, entered Colgate University at the age of fourteen.

Lady Byng, wife of the new Governor-General of Canada, is a talented writer and has published several books.

James M. Beck, prominent New Jersey attorney, has been appointed Solicitor-General by Attorney-General Daugherty. Mr. Beck served as Assistant Attorney-General from 1900 to 1903.

President Harding's successor in the Senate, Senator Frank Willis of Ohio, has an excellent advisory board in four uncles, all of whom are over eighty years of age and not likely to be swayed by youthful enthusiasms.

A representative who has made himself mighty unpopular with a certain element of the feminine sex is Paul B. Johnson of Mississippi. He offered a bill in Congress proposing a fine of \$25 for any woman caught smoking in a public place.

Dr. Richard Strauss of Vienna, one of the world's most famous composers, has signed a contract to tour the United States this fall. Dr. Strauss is perhaps best known on this side of the Atlantic as the composer of the "Blue Danube" waltz.

The latest fad, just brought to America by Justine Johnstone, movie star, is the smoking of pipes. She arrived in New York with her pipe between her teeth, for she has acquired the British briar habit. She says that hundreds of women smoked their briars in comfort as they watched the international polo matches at Hurlingham. She will return soon to London.

Miss Mary Murray Hopkins, professor of astronomy at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, was born in Brooklyn, the daughter of the late Dr. George Hopkins, whose residence for many years was at Washington and Lafayette Avenues. She was educated at Adelphi Academy and later at Smith College and Columbia University, graduating with the degrees of M. A. and Ph. D.

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847, and is still living. He settled in Canada in 1870 and in 1874 was appointed professor of vocal physiology in Boston University. He invented the telephone in 1872 and placed it on exhibition at the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1887. He has served as president of the American Association for the Promotion of Speech to the Deaf, also as president of the National Geographic Society and regent for the Smithsonian Institution. France awarded him the Volta prize in 1881.

Nadeja Vasilievna Trouhetzkoy, to give her full name, was born in Moscow and at the outbreak of the war in 1914 was attending the Imperial University at Petrograd. She immediately offered her services to the government, according to her story, together with an organized hospital train of ten cars. It was accepted. She was among the first women in the war to be subject to actual battle conditions. For two years her unit worked in France, after which she was sent back to Russia. Almost immediately after assuming her post in her own army she was wounded. The next six months were spent in a hospital at Petrograd, where Czar Nicholas pinned the Cross of St. George upon her.

Lady Surma, an English educated Mesopotamian, has been formally declared President of the Assyrian (distinguished from Syrian by geographical and racial lines) nation, one of the new group of self-governing countries come out of the war. The capital of the new nation is Mosul, near the walls of old Nineveh, named after the imperial husband of Semiramis. It is, of course, a British protectorate and the new ruler will have competent guides to assist her in promoting the destinies of her ancient race. Lady Surma is the sister of a Nestorian patriarch, Mar Simon, killed by the Kurds in Persia during the war, who was the ruler of the Assyrians and had thrown in his lot with the Allies. The elder bishop was succeeded by his brother, who died, his place being taken by the son of another brother, a very young man. Lady Surma, his aunt, became the regent and eventually the president. She was educated and represented her people in London during the war.

Governor Len Small of Illinois, who is in the public eye at present, was born on a farm near Kankakee, Illinois, in June, 1862. He was educated in the State Normal School, took a business college course, and at the age of nineteen became a country schoolteacher. But the call of the farm was strong within him, and when he was twenty-one he paid \$200 he had saved from his labors as a teacher on sixteen acres of land and went farming. Since then he has always kept himself identified with agriculture, calling himself always a "practical farmer." His original sixteen acres have grown to 700 acres of the choicest land in the state. Although he is president of the First National Bank of Kankakee, a holder of stock in many ventures, and a newspaper publisher, Governor Small has always listed himself proudly as a "plain farmer," and still

lists himself so. About all that is of record of the governor's early years is that he worked hard on his farm and constantly manifested a growing bent for business and politics. He began his political career in a modest way in 1895, when he was elected supervisor. In 1896 he was elected clerk of the circuit court and it was in this same year that he was first heard of in state politics. Small's election as governor of Illinois on the Republican ticket took place last fall.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Priest's Heart.

It was Sir John, the fair young priest,
He strode up off the strand;
But seven fisher maidens he left behind,
All dancing hand in hand.

He came unto the wise-wife's house:
"Now, mother, to prove your art;
To charm May Carleton's merry blue eyes
Out of a young man's heart."

"My son, you went for a holy man,
Whose heart was set on high;
Go sing in your psalter and read in your books:
Man's love fleets lightly by."

"I had liefer talk with May Carleton
Than with all the saints in heaven;
I had liefer sit by May Carleton,
Than climb the spheres seven."

"I have watched and fasted early and late,
I have prayed to all above;
But find no cure save churchyard mold
For the pain which men call love."

"Now heaven forfend that ill grow worse,
Enough that ill be ill.
I know a spell to draw May Carleton,
And head her to your will."

"If thou didst that which thou canst do,
Wise woman though thou be,
I would run, and run, and hurry myself
In the surge of yonder sea."

"Scathless for me are maid and wife,
And scathless shall they bide.
Yet charm May Carleton's eyes from the heart
That aches in my left side."

She charmed him with the white witchcraft,
She charmed him with the black;
But he turned his fair young face to the wall
Till she heard his heart-strings crack.

—Charles Kingsley.

The Laboratory: Ancien Regime.

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,
As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-saunty—
Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

He is with her, and they know that I know
Where they are, what they do: they believe my tears flow
While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear
Empty church, to pray God in, for them!—I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste!
Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,
Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

That in the mortar—you call it a gum?
Ah, the brave tree whence such gold ooziings come!
And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue,
Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison, too?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,
What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!
To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket!

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give,
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live!
But to light a pastille, and Elsie, with her head
And her breast and her arms and her hands, should drop dead!

Quick—is it finish'd? The color's too grim!
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim?
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer?

What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me!
That's why she ensnared him: this never will free
The soul from those masculine eyes,—say, "No!"
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whisper'd, I brought
My own eyes to hear on her so, that I thought
Could I keep them one-half minute fix'd, she would fall
Shrive'd; she fell not; yet this does it all!

Not that I bid you spare her the pain;
Let death be felt and the proof remain:
Brand, burn up, hite into its grace—
He is sure to remember her dying face!

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose;
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close:
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's tee!
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill;
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will!
But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's!

—Robert Browning.

Nowhere in America has there been such a diversity of Indian languages as in California. But these languages are now rapidly disappearing. Several of them are known only by five or six and others only by twenty or thirty living persons, and hardly a year passes without some dialect, or even language, ceasing to exist through the death of the last individual able to speak it. Efforts are being made to record all these languages for the sake of the light they throw on the ancient history of the Pacific Coast.

THE MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON.

An Anonymous Author Writes a Series of Sketches of National Celebrities.

When some one—no matter who—wrote "The Mirrors of Downing Street" it was almost certain that some one else would write "The Mirrors of Washington." Possibly some witty and comprehending Frenchman will presently give us "The Mirrors of the Quai d'Orsay" and we may even have a similar portrait gallery from Berlin and the Quirinal.

The qualifications for the making of such volumes are not high, as such things go. Supposing a certain familiarity with the inner circle of governmental life such as may fairly be claimed by special correspondents or departmental clerks, we need no more than a felicitous turn for characterization, a command of the condensed but comprehensive phrase, and something more than a dash of malice. These were all visible enough in "The Mirrors of Downing Street." They are even more conspicuous in the companion, or rather imitation, volume that performs a corresponding service, or disservice, to the various celebrities of American national life at Washington.

There are fourteen of these sketches in a volume of 256 pages of large type. Compression could hardly go much further than this, but it may be said that the anonymous author is at least impartial in his allotment of space. He gives twenty-four pages to President Harding and eighteen pages to George Harvey. William E. Borah receives twelve pages and Boies Penrose sixteen. Herbert Hoover comes off a little better with twenty-two pages, and Elihu Root with twenty. But they are pregnant pages and without any of the superfluities of conventional eulogy. If the author has not actually captured the winged phrase, he has certainly pursued it, and at least he may claim credit for an abundance of clevernesses. He makes gentle merriment over the anxiety of Mr. and Mrs. Harding to appear as "just folks." He quotes maliciously a New York banker who finds the President all that he should be with the single exception that he "lacks mentality." Equally unkind is his quotation from Senator Knox when the President invited Senators Freylinghuysen, Hale, and Elkins to accompany him on his trip to Texas. "I think," said Mr. Knox, "he is taking those three along because he wanted complete mental relaxation." To Woodrow Wilson the author is a little more merciful, perhaps because he realizes that here he is dealing with tragedy. Once in the war, Mr. Wilson "saw his country small and himself large." His idea of winning the war was not by sending millions of men to France, but "by talking across the Atlantic." Similarly at the Peace Conference he did not conceive of himself as representing the power of America, but as wielding a personal power over the peoples of Europe. For Mr. Hughes the author seems to have a warm admiration. In this particular sketch there is no malice, no belittlement. Mr. Hughes, we are told, always says the final and convincing word at cabinet meetings, and no matter how great the crisis he never loses his head. Mr. Justice Brandeis once said of him, "His is the most enlightened mind of the eighteenth century." In dealing with Colonel House the author gives us something almost like a revelation. He says Colonel House himself does not yet know what caused the breach between the President and himself. Relations stopped; that was all. The President, for some strange reason, suspected Colonel House of "disloyalty," that is to say of a failure to agree absolutely and in all details with himself. So Colonel House folded his tent like the Arabs and silently stole away. And he has been in a state of innocuous desuetude ever since.

But for Californians the chief interest of the volume will be found in the character sketch of Hiram Johnson. If there is any subtle significance in the allotment of space to these many celebrities we may note that Senator Johnson receives eleven pages. Hiram Johnson, says the author, would have enjoyed the French Revolution. He would have made the loudest noise in its early phases and he would have gone to the block when the real business began. In Russia he would have been a Kerensky and he would have run away when the true believers came on the scene:

Johnson is not a revolutionary. Not in the least, not any more than Henry Cabot Lodge is. But revolution has a fierce attraction for him. He once said to me, speaking bitterly during the campaign of Mr. Harding's prospective election, "The war has set back the people for a generation. They have bowed to a hundred repressed acts. They have become slaves to the government. They are frightened at the excesses in Russia. They are docile; and they will not recover from being so for many years. The interests which control the Republican party will make the most of their docility. In the end, of course, there will be a revolution, but it will not come in my time."

That "it will not come in my time" was said in a tone of regret. It was not so much that the senator wanted revolution. I do not believe he did. But he wanted his chance, that outburst of popular resentment which would bring him to the front, with the excitement, the sense of power that would come from the response of the nation when his angry voice translated into words its elemental passion.

Johnson saw his opportunity at the time when Heney was shot. Until then he had "neither convictions, nor passions, nor morals, politically speaking." He had grown up in an atmosphere by no means favorable to

idealism. It was not one to develop a sensitive conscience or a high conception of public morals:

Johnson at this time was a practicing attorney, not noted for the quality of his community service. The administration of San Francisco had been a scandal for years. Few cared. It was a "corrupt and contented" city. The corruption grew worse. Lower and meaner grafters arose to take the place of the earlier and more robust good fellows who trafficked in the city's shame. Graft lost class, and lost caste. It was ultimately exposed in all its shocking indecency. The light and licentious town developed a conscience. Public indignation arose and reached its height, when the grafters ventured too far in the shooting of the attorney charged with their prosecution.

Johnson then felt for the first time something he had never felt before—the stirring of the storm of angry popular feeling. It woke something in him, something that he did not know existed before—his instinct for the expression of public passion; his love of the platform with yelling multitudes in front of him.

He threw himself into the fray on the side of civic virtue. The disturbance to the complacency of San Francisco disturbed the complacency of the state, which had calmly endured misgovernment for many years. Misgovernment procured by the railroad, the public utility corporations, the other combinations of wealth, through their agents, and through the corrupt politicians. Johnson became the spokesman of public protest and the reform governor of the state.

After that came battling for the Lord at Armageddon—the most intoxicating experience in American political history, for a man of Johnson's temperament. It was a revolution, not in a government, but in a party. Bonds were loosed. Immense personal enlargement came to those who had known the ties of regularity. It was an hour of freedom, unbridled political passion, unrestrained political utterance. Docility did not exist. Vast crowds thrilled with new hopes yelled themselves hoarse over angry words.

Association with Roosevelt on the Progressive ticket lifted Johnson from a local to a national importance. The whole country was the audience which leaped at his words. It was a revolution in title, a taste, a sample of what the real thing would be, with its breaking of restraints, its making of the mob a perfect instrument to play upon, its unleashing of passion to which to give tongue. Johnson has felt its wild stimulation and like a man who has used drugs the habit is upon him.

Johnson has no principles. Such at least we may infer to be the author's judgment from his assertion that he would have been equally ready to take the lead of a reactionary movement as of a radical movement. He would have placed himself at the head of the crowd, no matter what sort of a crowd it was. He has no real political philosophy and no real convictions. He does not reason or think deeply and "his mentality is slight." He is like those tin amplifiers that carry the voice of the speaker over a great crowd. He carries the voice of the mass, no matter what the voice is. He transmits whatever happens at the moment to be the loudest noise:

But he had been definitely placed in the battle of Armageddon. A thousand ennuis located him for all political time. No convictions hold him where he is in case there be profit in changing sides; other men habitually conservative would have the preference over him on the other side. In this sense he is accidentally radical, accidentally because he happened to emerge in politics at a radical moment. That takes into account only the mental background of his political position. There is an element that was not chance. Public passion is almost invariably radical, springing as it does from the resentment of inequality, and Johnson is the tongue of public passion.

Is he dangerous? He is, only if public passion becomes dangerous and only up to the point where the speakers of revolution pass from the stage and the doers of it rig up their chopping blocks. At present he furnishes the words, the ugly words, which men throw instead of stones at the objects of their hate. He is the safety valve of gathering passion. Men listen to him and feel that they have done something to vindicate their rights. They applaud him to shake the roof, and vote for Mr. Harding.

It is customary to speak of his magnetism over crowds. He has no magnetism in personal contact. He walks toward you as if he were about to deliver a blow, an impression that is strengthened by his square menacing figure. His voice is unpleasant. His smile is wry. He not unusually has a complaint to make against the public, against the press, against fate, against you personally. He is not interested in people, as Roosevelt was to so an amazing degree, and as magnetic persons usually are. He is cold, hard, and selfish. His quarrels are numerous, with the campaign managers of the Armageddon fight, with his own campaign manager of 1920, with the newspaper correspondents. He is habitually pessimistic, and pessimism and magnetism do not go together.

Johnson is naturally a gloomy man, full of forebodings and pessimisms, but these are usually based on the failure of the public to appreciate him at the value that he has placed upon himself. This dark habit of thought overshadowed his campaign for the presidential nomination of 1920, preventing him from putting forth his full strength. He has few friends, "love having been left out of his make-up. This, of course, does not mean family affection, but love in its larger implications":

That which gathers the crowd and sets them shouting is not his magnetism, but the perfect expression of their passion. For them and for it he is a sounding board. His voice with its hard angry tone, its mechanical rise and fall, has the ring of a hundred guillotines in operation. Having little culture, unintellectual, he is primitive as the mass before him. He talks their language and an instinct all his own gives an exact sense of their emotions.

And what he says leaves the impression of tremendous sincerity. His sincerity does not arise from reasoned convictions, but from hatred; deep and abiding hatred.

Senator Borah once said, "The difference between Johnson and me is that I regard questions from the point of view of principles while he regards them from the point of view of personalities. When a man opposes me I do not become angry at him. On the next issue he may agree with me. When a man opposes Johnson he hates him. He feels that the opposition is directed personally against him, not against the policy that separates them."

Johnson had made so many enemies that his nomination at Chicago was impossible. During the treaty fight they refused to contribute to the expenses of his tour through the country, foreseeing clearly that for

every sentence he uttered against the treaty he would utter two more to favor his own presidential candidacy. They said to Senator Knox, "What do you mean to do? Advertise this man Johnson and make him the Republican candidate for President? Not with our money." And Johnson returns the hatred with full force, but it is not the direct and honest hatred such as Roosevelt would employ to dramatize and make personal the issues he was representing to the people. It was "bitter, revengeful detestation":

But he swallows for expediency as other men swallow their convictions for it, and wrath is the bitter dose. During the 1920 campaign he trafficked with Senator Penrose, the representative of hated wealth, for support at Chicago, offering, it has not been disclosed what considerations, for his aid.

He was ready at that time to take back his speech advocating the government ownership of railroads, a gesture against "the interests," made at the bidding of Hearst, at the beck of whose agents he is prone to bestir himself.

It must be an irksome livery, that of Hearst, for he hates all service and overshadowing. Equally irksome is his service to regularity under the rod of the Republican party. But he bows to it, and supports Harding, whom he hates. He hobs up like a Jack-in-the-box and makes his laudatory speech whenever the name of Roosevelt comes up, though in his heart he must reverence none too deeply that overshadowing personality.

He has no roots except in the mob and no hope except in its aroused resentment against inequality. Not being interested in individuals he has not that personal organization possessed by Roosevelt, with his army of correspondents, friends and idolators, in every hamlet.

And of course he has little hope of ever controlling his party organization. He is curiously alone.

"There are only three men in the world whom I trust," he once said to a friend. There is no reason to regard this as an exaggeration. His attitude toward his associates in the Senate is this: "If I were crossing a desert with any one of them and there was only one water bottle, I should insist upon carrying that bottle."

On such pessimism and distrust it is impossible to build political success. It can come only when his pessimism and distrust coincide with like pessimism and distrust in the masses. He waits the day, but gloomily, without confidence.

It is not easy to foretell the future of Hiram Johnson, at least not the immediate future. So long as there is a mob spirit finding expression in crusades and movements so long may we expect to find the senator from California at their head, or at least making vociferous efforts to get there. But there must be troubled waters for fishing such as his, crowded audiences that can be moved by demagogic appeals, ignorant audiences that love denunciation and that can easily be stirred to hate. Senator Johnson has already lost ground in the relatively judicial atmosphere of Washington. He is in contact with men who are his immeasurable superiors in morals, character, and knowledge and who are easily able to look below the sound and fury and to see his mental and ethical poverties. He misses the sand of the arena and the rival gladiators and the applauding shouts of the great unwashed. He has taken his peculiar wares to the one market where those wares are not much in demand. A season of quiescence in political affairs will be fatal to Senator Johnson, but if there is anything like a revolutionary period ahead of us, a season of unrest, we may expect that Hiram Johnson will participate to such extent as he may consider favorable to his own political fortunes and conducive to the gratification of his many vengeances.

Space is thus given to the sketch of Senator Johnson, not because it is cleverer than many of the others, nor more accurate, but because it has so much interest for Californians. Perhaps we find the closest resemblance to Senator Johnson in Senator Borah, but the author seems to think that Senator Borah is much the better man of the two. The two men are indeed by no means unlike, but there is reason to believe that Borah dislikes Johnson and La Follette quite as much as the "reactionary" leaders with whom he has been so often in conflict. Borah was supposed to be a supporter of Johnson's presidential ambitions, but actually he was more interested in the Knox candidacy, and he tried to persuade Johnson to swing his delegates in that direction. Borah is generally classed among the radicals, "but when the more radical leaders began to advocate the recall of the judiciary, Borah rose up and delivered an invective the memory of which lingers in the Capitol. It was one of the few speeches he has made that had a permanent effect, and, strangely enough, it was the kind of speech that might have well been delivered by Root or Knox."

It would be pleasant to cull a few choice flowers from the sketches of Mr. Hoover, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Root, Mr. Knox, Mr. Lansing, and Mr. Penrose. But space forbids. The reader will find them readily enough and with full appreciation of their acidulated, one might say vitriolic odor.

THE MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON. Anonymous. With fourteen cartoons by Cesar and fourteen portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A piano lamp has been devised by which an electric lamp is attached to the head of the person playing, rather than to the piano or used in the form of a floor lamp. The light is operated by a battery, which with the wires connecting it to the light is worn in a bandeau around the head of the player. The light projects from the bandeau in front of the forehead.

The hump of a camel serves it as an emergency ration. If deprived of food for several days the animal falls back on the fat of its own hump, which then gradually disappears before the limbs are perceptibly reduced.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending August 6, 1921, were \$124,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$151,300,000; a decrease of \$27,300,000.

The United States is practically through the period of violent business disturbance which began in May, 1920 (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in August *Commerce Monthly*). We will from time to time have visible evidences of the distressing conditions through which the country has been passing, but these occurrences should be regarded, not as indices to forward conditions, but as relating to the past. The changes which have taken place have not as yet been recognized by the business public for two main reasons. The period of normal mid-summer dullness now at hand has obscured the certain evidences of improvement and

getting what they have felt to be a fair line of credit. This has been because of a desire to operate on a basis of inventories of raw materials and goods not yet written down or because in these instances heavy investments have been made in plant and equipment at inflated prices. In such cases they are not yet willing to admit that they will have to take their losses and adjust their operations to make profits on real values only.

Although occasional failure to secure desired credit accommodations has served to keep alive the impression that there is a shortage of bank credit, the truth is that there is now available a volume of credit larger than present business requires. The main requisite for a return toward normal conditions is the will to try for business on a level where it can be had. The period of general liquidation of the raw material markets of the United States has passed. Recent declines are due to conditions of supply and demand in specific lines. This is a normal condition. Wholesale prices of many classes of manufactures have been fully deflated. This is not true in all lines, but recent cuts in the price of steel and widespread reductions in wages indicate that adjustment in wholesale prices will not be long delayed. Retail prices show wide irregularities, and high-cost stocks have been largely disposed of. Price stabilization is, therefore, not far ahead.

At the present time the outlook for forward business is largely dominated by agricultural prospects. While continued dry weather may cut down recent favorable crop estimates, only most unusual conditions could prevent the farmers of the grain-growing states from realizing fair returns on their year's labor. The estimate of June 25th was for a cotton crop of only 8,433,000 bales, but a short cotton crop will make it possible to market the previously accumulated surplus. There is every evidence that the farmers, who constitute one-half of the population of the country, will be in a position to purchase, although they will unquestionably buy conservatively and very properly only at price levels in keeping with the prices which they receive for their crops. Conservative purchases on the part of even one-half of the buying public are certain to be felt by every industry in the country. It seems a safe conclusion that business improvement is already starting, and that this will be generally realized in the course of a few weeks.

Experience and adversity are great teachers, and wise people learn from the experiences and misfortunes of others (says the *World's Work* in its August number). A few years ago a middle-aged woman was forced to take over the entire management of her husband's financial affairs because of his continued and possibly permanent illness. She had no experience in such matters, but was a capable and forceful woman and had the courage to ask questions to find out what she did not know. Fortunately her husband had for some years been buying bonds from one of the best investment banking houses in the country and she had met the salesman of this conservative old house, a man whom her husband had learned to depend upon for investment advice and suggestions. Her husband had also had some dealings with a house in a near-by city, not as old or as conservative, but of good

reputation. Therefore, when this woman took entire charge of the family money she was protected from the wiles of the get-rich-quick promoter, who might soon have gotten the money from her, by these established connections with two good investment houses. She continued investing along lines that her husband had followed.

Then the war came and the cost of living jumped upward. The husband was no longer earning; the family income, largely from investments, did not go as far as formerly. In 1919 the investment house nearest by participated in the underwriting of an issue of Willys Corporation preferred stock. It sent out circulars to all its clients. This woman was attracted by the high return the stock gave. She saw in it a chance to solve the problem of the increased cost of living. But she was careful to inquire of the house whether the stock was suitable for her purpose or not. The answer was favorable. So she invested in Willys Corporation 8 per cent. first preferred stock, employing money that came in from the sale of real estate. She had not held it long when it began to decline in price. That did not worry because she had bought it for the income return and she felt no concern regarding the permanence of that. But as it kept on going down she began to wonder if something could be wrong.

This was when the investment editor first heard of the case. She asked for an opinion regarding the suitability of her security holdings with particular reference to this issue. The other investments were all bonds of good grade. But this stock was of a newly organized company which had yet to prove its earning capacity, particularly in a period of depression. And the assets back of it did not entitle it to a high rating among industrial preferred stock issues. She was told that it was not the character of security that the investment editor would recommend for her purpose. She was left to decide for herself whether to take her loss and invest in something safer. It was not then possible to foresee the severe depression ahead of the automobile industry. Whether she did sell is not known, but the chances are that she did not, for one of the hardest things for average investors to do is to take losses even after they know securities are not suitable for them to hold. Today this stock is no longer paying its dividend, it is selling for only a fraction of what it was then.

This is but an example of what has occurred with many other stocks in the past few months, and the lesson to be learned therefrom is now clearly evident. In the first few months of this year, according to a compilation made by the *Wall Street Journal*, holders of stocks of about forty companies suffered a reduction of seventeen million dollars in their income therefrom, due to the "passing" of dividends. If this compilation was carried back to include the later months of last year and forward to take in recent reductions of dividends like that of the Pennsylvania Railroad and other complete cessation of payments, the total loss of income would be considerably greater. Since last fall, it is said, nearly three hundred companies have discontinued dividend payments or reduced the amount of their disbursements. Most of these have been industrial concerns. They have felt most of the pinch of depres-

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sion which followed the war-time and post-war industrial prosperity. The list includes large steel companies, rubber companies, leather companies, agricultural-implement companies, copper companies, sugar companies, oil companies, mail-order houses, railroads, and smaller concerns of various kinds. It shows how far-reaching have been the effects of depression.

The dividend reductions have not been confined to common stocks. In several cases, besides the Willys Corporation, preferred dividends have been discontinued as well. Some of these have been dividends that have been paid regularly for years, and people have bought these stocks for investment, never stopping to think of the possibility that the dividends might not always be paid. Pennsylvania Railroad stock has been bought in this way. But now these people have been awakened to a realization that dividends de-



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there has been lacking a 'thorough comprehension of credit conditions.

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ment alike have thus far kept clear of entanglements of this character, but even so, American business can not avoid their indirect effects. Valorization schemes providing for indefinite holding for arbitrary prices of such commodities as wool, silk, coffee, sisal, and sugar, if successful, would involve the purchase by American consumers of raw materials at levels likely to involve ultimate loss, and as long as these plans contemplate the maintenance of an artificial price they can not be disregarded in consideration of credit risks.

Some businesses have found difficulty in

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which they are partners. They are investments for a business man or a business woman.

Bonds and mortgages are the best investments for most people. Those who buy only the safest of such securities are in the long run ahead of those who seek higher returns or profits on stocks, for one loss of principal is equivalent to several years' interest. At the present time bond prices are lower than they have been in the past forty years. Among the highest grade of railroad bonds, investors can now buy an annual "yield" to the maturity of the bonds of nearly 6 per cent. on their money. Twenty years ago it was impossible to get 4 per cent. on such bonds. Twenty years before that their average yield was around 5½ per cent. Interpreted in price fluctuations this has meant an advance from 81 in 1880 to 117 in 1902, and a decline to below 80 this year. These bonds in their price movements reflect the value of money, or its earning power. With the cost of living headed down, in other words with

the earning power of money increasing, an upward turn in bond prices is only logical.

For the average investor one of the most important considerations in selecting investments is the assurance of the character and standing of his investment counselor, his experience and ability to judge values, and his ability to analyze securities. If the prospective investor is ill-advised the responsibility falls on his advisors. The investor unfortunately is always the loser. Records show that 85 per cent. of the average run of investors do not take time to investigate the character and merits of the securities they buy. Most of them buy because they must buy something, while others buy on the advice of irresponsible persons who know little or nothing about investments.

In selecting any particular investment there are three factors the investor should ascertain: (a) income return; (b) security; (c) marketability. After the investor has gone carefully into the "pros" and "cons" of the securities he has in view and has left nothing to guess work or chance, his next step is to decide on the right group.

By using due discrimination it should not be difficult for one to select a well-diversified group of income-producing securities of proven merit and unquestionable standing. When in doubt the careful investor should always consider safety as to the principal and yield first, enhancement in value second. By employing foresight it is possible not only to obtain a reasonable return on capital so invested, but to add materially to one's principal by using good judgment in taking advantage of profitable turnovers when opportunities present themselves. In short, the intelligent investor should be able to see far into the distant future.

In making an investment nothing should be taken for granted. In order to be conservative an investor must distribute his holdings into carefully chosen securities; otherwise he will, sooner or later, meet with disaster. To diversify one's holdings does not mean to spread the investments over one particular group. Far from it. It may be all right to place all one's eggs in the one basket provided the eggs vary in brand. And as Andrew Carnegie clinched it, "When you put all your eggs in the basket, watch the basket."

This brings us to a point as to whether a security or group of securities should be bought for income return alone, or whether it is best to distribute one's holdings over groups which offer future possibilities. This is a matter of individual opinion.—John D. Dunlop.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering a block of United States of Brazil 5 per cent. sterling bonds. This issue was originally floated in London in 1903, but the present low rate of sterling exchange makes it possible to offer these bonds in this country at prices attractive even on the present market. The bonds are secured by a first lien on the revenues of the Port of Rio de Janeiro, which are understood to be greatly in excess of the required amount.

It will be remembered that an issue of 8 per cent. Brazilian bonds was recently floated in the United States with great success. These 5 per cent. bonds, although of an old seasoned issue, can be purchased to yield even a greater return than the 8 per cent. American bonds.

World international trade in 1920 aggregated approximately \$100,000,000,000 in stated value, against \$63,000,000,000 in the closing year of the war and \$40,000,000,000 at its beginning.

The 1920 figures of world trade, says a statement by the National City Bank of New York, which has accumulated them from official sources wherever available, are based upon the published trade reports of about twenty principal countries whose international commerce ordinarily forms about two-thirds that of the entire world, and adding to the official total of these twenty countries an estimate for the others based upon their latest official returns, it seems apparent that the face valuation of the merchandise forming the imports and exports of all countries in 1920 will approximate \$100,000,000,000 against \$63,000,000,000 in 1918, \$40,000,000,000 in 1913, \$20,000,000,000 in 1900, and \$10,000,000,000 in 1870, when the United States "took off its coat" and entered seriously into world trade. In that year, 1870, our international trade was about 8 per cent. of that of the entire world, in 1913 approximately 11 per cent., in 1918, the closing year of the war, about 14 per cent., and in 1920 again about 14 per cent., though, as above indicated, the figure of world trade in 1920 includes estimates for certain minor countries for which official figures are not yet available.

One especially interesting feature of this comparison of world trade in 1920 with that of the earlier years, adds the bank's statement, lies in the increasing share which the United States manufactures form of world trade. Prior to the war we supplied but about one-sixth of the manufactures entering international trade and in 1920 nearly or quite

one-third. Prior to the war our manufactures exported amounted to little more than \$1,000,000,000 per annum, and in 1920 were more than \$4,000,000,000, having thus increased 300 per cent. in value in the 1913-1920 period, while world international trade was increasing 150 per cent. in nominal value in that same period. The official valuation of our manufactures exported in 1920 was nine times as much as in 1900, and manufactures formed 52 per cent. of the total domestic exports in 1920 against 45 per cent. in 1910, 35 per cent. in 1900, 21 per cent. in 1890, and 15 per cent. in 1880.

At the regular meeting of the board of trustees of the Equitable Trust Company of New York, July 27, 1921, Lucien A. Eddy, Jr., was appointed a vice-president of the company. Mr. Eddy is a son of L. A. Eddy, former president of the Merchants National Bank of Syracuse, New York. The new vice-president of the Equitable is a hanker of wide experience, having been affiliated with banking houses in the Wall Street district for fourteen years, specializing in commercial paper. He was also with the Bradstreet organization for seven years.

Mr. Eddy resigns from the firm of Elkins, Morris & Co. of Philadelphia, where he made an excellent record as manager of that company's commercial paper and bank acceptance department.

Some short-sighted merchants jump at every opportunity to boost shipments by trucks as against railroads.

The merchants pay heavy taxes and should oppose wearing out expensive paved highways. Also they do not like their own business to be ruined by transient operators.

The traveling retail store on a large truck is the next step to cut out both railroads and local merchants. The retail store on wheels is such a novelty it does not need to advertise.

In times of bad weather merchants are glad to use the railroads as a convenience, but as soon as summertime comes they turn to the auto-stage and truck companies. They like to use the railroads as a convenience, but the rest of the time hoost the motor transportation companies.

The Dos Palos (California) Star well says: "If automobile companies want to haul our freight and passengers let them build their own roads, or at least they should charge enough less to enable us to pay the necessary taxes and bonds for the construction and maintenance of the expensive roadways."

The railroads advertise in the newspapers and advertise our Western country. They bring tourists and home-seekers from the East at excursion rates. They pay enormous taxes, employ high-priced labor, and buy our products.

Is it good policy to continue the crusade for truck shipment and wreck the railroads? The record shows a net shortage of cars in June, 1920, of 103,954, and an estimated surplus of idle cars in June of this year of 394,000 cars, which tells the whole story.—The Manufacturer.

The tonnage of sea-going merchant vessels launched during the three years ending December 31, 1920, comprised more than 25 per cent. of all similar tonnage launched in the twenty-nine years beginning with 1892, for which the compilations of Lloyd's Register of Shipping are available (says Commerce Monthly, published by the National Bank of Commerce in New York).

Prior to the European war the largest amount of shipping launched in any year was 3,332,882 gross tons, in 1913. Ship construction decreased during the earlier phase of the war, falling to 1,201,630 tons in 1915. In the following years, however, urgent demand for tonnage stimulated construction, but it was not until 1918 that total launchings exceeded those of 1913. In that year, thanks very largely to the construction of more than 3,000,000 tons in the United States, the world's shipyards launched 5,447,444 tons, while in 1919 the total was 7,144,549, of which more than 4,000,000 were the product of American yards. In 1920 shipbuilding activity was reduced somewhat, but launchings were still in excess of any previous year except 1919.

In spite of the destruction by enemy action of over 13,000,000 gross tons of sea-going merchant vessels between August 1, 1914, and November 11, 1918, and the loss through marine hazards of an additional 2,390,000 tons during the same period, the world's mercantile tonnage afloat is today greater than it would be had the average rate of increase for the ten years prior to 1914 continued in the years since that date. Estimates of tonnage now afloat indicate a total in excess of 60,000,000 gross tons, approximately 11,000,000 gross tons above the figure for June 30, 1914.

Articles of incorporation of the Liberty Bank of San Francisco were filed with the county clerk last week. They show that the bank has a capital stock of \$2,000,000, divided into 20,000 shares of \$100 par value each, of



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which \$1,000,000 has been subscribed at \$110 a share.

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The bank will have its home in the former quarters of the Bank of Italy at Market and Mason Streets.

Searchlights require movements of rotation about a vertical and horizontal axis. At one time the control about the horizontal axis was limited to a depression of about 30 degrees, and the elevation of about 60 degrees. In later models the light beam could be raised to a completely vertical direction. Originally this was done by a system of link motions, but this has now been superseded by a method of transmitting the motions electrically. In this apparatus the projector itself does not move, but the beam of light is reflected into any direction by means of a plane mirror. On a ship the projector may be mounted at the foot of a hollow mast, with the beam of light projected to a mirror at the masthead capable of rotation about its horizontal and vertical axes, by means of electrical control operated at any desired location.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Old Fighting Days.

All true lovers of sport and of "fair play" will revel in the pages of "Old Fighting Days," the pugilistic novel by E. R. Punshon, but it is to be hoped that the readers of this prize-fighting classic will not be merely coincidental with the readers of the sporting page. For he or she who passes by "Old Fighting Days" because of its sporting label will miss one of the best adventure stories of the times. For those who are still weak-hearted, it may be added that Mr. Punshon's novel has an historic aura shed by the Napoleonic wars; that the love story is a very pretty one; and that as a novel of manners of the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century "Old Fighting Days" could successfully stand alone.

But it is to devotees of manly English sport that the book must make its first appeal. In fact to this latter group, the historic threatened invasion, that Mr. Punshon has so adroitly woven into the crucial fight of his hero, would be a superfluous detail but for its having been so cleverly made the means of plot solution. We venture to say that there are few other scenes in fiction more dramatic than the fight between Sir Harry Elton and his personal enemy, as well as his country's enemy, Jack O'Donnell. On that single battle, "planted" to destroy another

man, and incidentally raise the ire of the mob to treasonable insurrection—a fit condition for Napoleon's invading troops to find London in—depended not only the future of Sir Harry Elton, alias Harry Holme, pugilist, but the future of all England as well. It is a scene packed to its capacity with momentous risk and the thrill of great bazaar.

There is another sort of historic interest in "Old Fighting Days," and this one at least will appeal specifically to the devotees of the squared ring—that is the slightly different mode of fighting of more than a century ago. True to the spirit of the age, men appeared in the ring in dandified costume. This description of Harry in his first fight is amusing from our utilitarian viewpoint:

"He was already stripped, and wore a pair of flannel drawers, a silk handkerchief tied round his middle, white silk stockings with gold-colored clocks, and pumps with black silk shoestrings."

Perhaps it was the handicap of such finery that made necessary the greater laxity in the rules of the game. For one minute was the time allowed for a knockout, and even that was amiably stretched in Harry's case by his second's bickering with the opponent's men. The delay was not considered a foul. Also, when a man was knocked down, he was picked up by his seconds, carried to his corner and revived by every means in their power till, the minute being up, he was carried back to "scratch," supported on both sides if need were.

Mr. Punshon has written a remarkably good story, with which we make but one complaint—that his hero retired to private life when he discovered that he was of gentle estate. In fact he had an ulterior aim in entering the "profession," and that aim attained, he left it. We would prefer such a hero as Shaw's Cashel Byron, whom nothing could shake from his belief in the superiority of boxing. But we must remember that Sir Harry was dealing with an eighteenth-century French marchioness, and not with one of Mr. Shaw's super-women. However, we give Mr. Punshon full credit for having defended the manly art in every other way, except as a desirable profession for his hero. And we give him still more credit for having such an exhilarating fashion of entertaining us.

OLD FIGHTING DAYS. By E. R. Punshon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

Rosaleen.

Rosaleen is a waif child who has been adopted by a New York family who have a conscientious desire to bring her up as one of themselves, but who none the less allow her to fall to the status of a sort of glorified servant girl. Then Rosaleen falls in love and her troubles begin. Doubtless she should have explained her position to the good-looking boy who rescues her from the insolent omnibus conductor and shows so marked a desire to continue the acquaintance. But she does not, and as the boy is a sort of aristocrat with an exclusive family, we foresee difficulties between this particular Cophetua and this particular beggar-maid. Of course the difficulties are triumphantly surmounted, but we are inclined to think that there is a little too much sticky sentiment in the whole business.

ROSALEEN AMONG THE ARTISTS. By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Rogues and Company.

This is a light and carelessly constructed story in which loss of memory, mistaken identity, and psychoanalysis play their part. There is a burglary, an outcast who can give no account of himself, a few professional criminals, a comic opera psychologist, and a missing French count. The story might serve to wile away a two-hour railroad journey through uninteresting scenery.

ROGUES & COMPANY. By Ida A. R. Wylie. New York: John Lane Company.

More Limehouse Nights.

Mr. Burke's first depiction of life in Limehouse was so deservedly successful that he now gives us another book of stories of similar flavor. The reality of these people does not matter, but they are real, and they may be found, not only in Limehouse, but everywhere else. For the most part they are the bad people who do beautiful deeds, and we are by no means sure that the beautiful deeds are not usually done by the bad people. And so here we have the slum girl of immaculate purity, and the gambler who is a modern version of Sir Galahad, the Chinaman with the exalted love, and the thug and the prostitute who are, *mirabile dictu*, human beings. The goodness of bad men has always proved an attraction to the artist, and so we find Mr. Burke going to Limehouse, where all the wastage of the seven seas rots and welters, and in that sullen and sultry inferno he may stop almost any one of that sinister crowd and select from him or her whatever of heaven or hell he needs. And this can be done in Limehouse because it can be done anywhere, but there are obvious advantages in such a background.

MORE LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS. By Thomas Burke. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Briefer Reviews.

Here is a new detective story. It is called "The Crimson Blotter" because a crimson stain on a blotter was the only clue to the murder of the banker and philanthropist. Its author is Isabel Ostrander and its publisher is the Robert M. McBride Company. Price, \$2.

Under the title of "The Tower of London," Walter George Bell has written a brief and vivid story of London's ancient fortress, an invaluable book for the visitor. It contains eleven drawings by Hanslip Fletcher and the publisher is the John Lane Company. Price, \$2.

Helen S. Woodruff has written some delightful stories for and about children, and here is another—"What David Did: Love Letters of Two Babies," published by Boni & Liveright. The two babies in this story bring happiness to two self-willed grown-ups who would have let a small misunderstanding ruin their lives. Mrs. Woodruff's black and white illustrations are unusually clever.

Another detective story, this time by Florence M. Pettie, entitled "White Dominoes" and published by the Reilly & Lee Company. Who killed old Rebecca Ardmore? And what were the White Dominoes—"those uncanny, inescapable creatures who came through the night, bringing horror, destruction, and murder." Read all about it in this new and original yarn.

A late addition to Lippincott's School Project Series is "A Project Curriculum," by Margaret Elizabeth Wells, Ph. D., described on the title-page as "dealing with the project as a means of organizing the curriculum of the elementary school." Frederick G. Bonser, who contributes a foreword, says: "Miss Wells has made and developed one interpretation, which lays emphasis upon the selection of a major project for each grade of the elementary school, large enough to provide a basis for most of the work of that grade throughout the year. Within each major project arise minor projects related to the major purpose and providing the immediate activities which make up the daily work of the respective grades."

Gossip of Books and Authors.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce early publication of an "Introduction to the Theory of Relativity," by L. Bolton of the British Patent Office.

Among the guesses as to the authorship of the anonymous book entitled "The Mirror of Washington," which has recently been published, some important papers have given prominence to the intimation that it is the work of Mr. Edward G. Lowry, the well-known journalist and publicist. Mr. Lowry has issued an unqualified denial.

Ian Hay Beith, author of "The Willing Horse," about to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, was asked to be the representative of the Houghton Mifflin Company at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner at which the King of Belgium presided. Major Beith

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writes: "I have the honor to report that last night I duly attended the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund on your behalf. I found myself described as 'Houghton Mifflin Company,' and therefore deemed it incumbent upon me to partake of enough refreshment to satisfy the entire corporation."

The London *Spectator* says: "Although Mr. Bywater hopes and believes there will not be a war between Japan and America, he has written this treatise on naval power in the Pacific, 'Sea Power in the Pacific,' to show what may happen if plain warnings be disregarded. He points out that the whole strategical problem has been altered by the construction of the Panama Canal."

The South African Railways are advertising in this country for bids covering the electrification of two sections of their lines, one involving the line from Capetown to Simons-town and the other between Durban, on the east coast, and Pietermaritzburg.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The American Novel.

"The American Novel," by Carl Van Doren, should fill a long-felt need for a comprehensive survey of American fiction. There have been other studies of the American novel, but this is the first history, and one which has the added virtue of taking its chronicle up to the very peak of the present. Mr. Van Doren's closing paragraph mentions such moderns as James Branch Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, Dorothy Canfield, Floyd Dell, Hergeshimer, and Sinclair Lewis. But these people are mentioned, for the author has the usual objection of historians to discussing the present. He waxes much more eloquent and critical of the past.

Mr. Van Doren begins his history of "the American imagination" in the days when Richardson was the accepted standard of literature and morals in the colony and his hardier contemporary, Fielding, was looked on askance. To any who may have nursed a private grudge against the pious Samuel, it will be interesting to notice that as a nation we owe him the very real grudge of having been in vogue when our country's literature was young and impressionable. Is it not Richardson rather than Victoria who is responsible for the *jeune fille* quality of so much of our literature up to the very present? Who knows? Perhaps Richardson created the Victorian age.

Despite its limitations as a bird's-eye view of our fiction, the greater part of "The American Novel" has been devoted to the giants. The bulk of space is given over to Cooper, Hawthorne, Howells, Mark Twain, Henry James. These critical studies save the book from the pitfalls of the outline history. We are not annoyingly told that Cooper was born in 1789, died in 1851, and is the author of "The Leatherstocking Tales." Instead we are given a great deal of information about Cooper, literary and biographical, that is

actually gathered for the first time. And a similar treatment is accorded other great men. Nevertheless the requisites of the chronicle history are all complied with and we venture to say that no writer who has had any effect on our national development has been neglected. "The American Novel" is a scholarly contribution to our literature.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL. By Carl Van Doren. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Orphan Dinah.

Who can doubt the individuality of localities after reading Mr. Eden Phillpotts' stories of Dartmoor? His men and women seem to have the faculty of imitative coloration, to be vitalized parts of the landscape.

It is a large stage and well filled that Mr. Phillpotts gives us. There is Joe Stockman, farmer and valetudinarian, whose natural kindness struggles against his avarice. Stockman makes a not unwilling slave of his homely daughter, and we are not surprised, although she herself is greatly surprised, when she falls in love with the farm hand, Thomas Palk.

But the heroine is Dinah, left as an orphan in the care of relatives. Dinah has suitors and she has accepted one among them, overpersuaded that she loves him. But she finds her mistake when she meets Lawrence Maynard, who is also a farm hand in the service of stockmen. Maynard has a mystery in his life somewhere, and now he must disclose it to Dinah. He is already married, but he left his wife on their wedding day upon her admission that she had been the mistress of a rich man, and that the money with which they are to start in business is actually the price of her fall. Maynard changes his name and disappears, but the wife lives on in a neighboring village.

What will Dinah do—she, the pink of all the village virtues? Dinah does precisely as we expect. She will go to Australia with Maynard and marry him in defiance of law, or she will live with him without marrying him. The law of the woman's nature is supreme. It is not a matter even for hesitation.

It is a complete drama that Mr. Phillpotts gives us, and if Dinah is the star, she is not allowed to stand continuously in the spotlight nor to dwarf the other characters. Not one of them is so insignificant as to escape the most delicate work of the craftsman. Every delineation is a careful character study, and if it be true that all men and women

everywhere are essentially alike and that there is no new thing under the sun, yet there is a certain modeling and molding and tinting that brings us into harmony with locality, and these forces are nowhere more evident than on Dartmoor nor better expressed than by Mr. Phillpotts.

ORPHAN DINAH. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Man-Killers.

Here we have a frontier story of the West and of the feud between the Scarboroughs and the Bassetts, two rival clans living in their own forts and murdering each other almost like civilized nations. Into these wild fastnesses comes Hall of Kentucky in search of the girl who has been spirited away from him as a result of another feud which has already nearly destroyed two great Kentucky families. Hall finds the girl and incidentally becomes involved in the quarrel between the Scarboroughs and the Bassetts. Killing seems to have been almost a pastime in those barbarous days when law was often represented by a timorous sheriff and the best and quickest marksman was usually lord of all he surveyed. It is a good story and it seems to be an accurate one and without the artificiality and false romance that is so often thought to be necessary to stories of pioneer days.

THE MAN-KILLERS. By Dane Coolidge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

The Come Back.

Another story "dashed off" by Carolyn Wells, a medley of adventure in Labrador, murder mystery, and a veritable maze of rubbish about ouija boards, planchettes, and trance mediums that to the psychical researcher would be far more startling than any of the other weird phenomena to which he devotes his energies. The author seems to have abandoned all attempts—and they were never numerous—at verisimilitude. She rolicks through her story with sublime disregard of probabilities and possibilities, of human nature and at the reasonable sequence of events. "The Come Back" suggests that it was dictated to a stenographer on a Saturday afternoon between lunch and tea.

THE COME BACK. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Fern Seed.

Leonard Corsant, returning to America after a European tour, decides to rest awhile in an English village and recover his impaired health. At once he finds himself involved in a mystery. The villagers seem obstinately resolved that he has reasons of his own for concealing his identity and he can not discover what that identity is supposed to be. But later on he finds that he is being mistaken for his cousin, whom he has never met, said cousin having been involved in some dark intrigues of an undivulged nature and that have brought upon his head some sort of vendetta. So the two cousins join hands in order to outwit the villains that are in pursuit. It is a slight story, but a very good one, since it leaves something to the imagination and deals with virile things rather than with those sickly mixtures of love and lucre that are supposed to gratify the modern taste, but that don't.

FERN SEED. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Co.

New Books Received.

THE NURSERY SCHOOL. By Margaret McMillan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

With a foreword by Professor Patty Smith Hill.

NEW HOMES FOR OLD. By S. P. Breckinridge. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.50.

Americanization studies.

FIFTY YEARS OF GOLF. By Andra Kirkaldy. Told by Clyde Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

"My memories."

THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH MUSIC. By Pierre Lasce. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Translated by Denis Turner, B. A.

THE SON OF WALLINGFORD. By Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.90.

A novel.

BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH. By F. W. Grantham. New York: John Lane Company.

Thoughts on religion.

ROMANIAN STORIES. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Translated by Lucy Byng. With a preface by the Queen of Roumania.

THE UNDERSTANDING OF GOOD. By Jeanne de Vittinghoff. New York: John Lane Company.

Thoughts on some of life's higher issues.

FROM A RUSSIAN DIARY, 1917-1920. By an Englishwoman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

A daily record of events.

A JOURNAL OF THE GREAT WAR. By Charles G. Dawes, Brigadier-General Engineers. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$10.

With illustrations.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT. By Arnold Bennett Hall, J. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.

An inquiry into the nature and methods of representative government.



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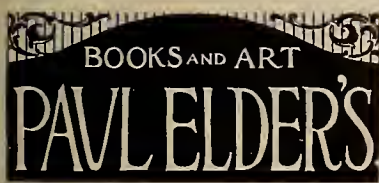
Things begin to happen. The tall, gaunt, unshaven "Amen" man has taken possession. He waxes. He becomes enormous in the gloom. His cry goes out. . . . A young, whitish-skinned fellow is dragging off his shirt, tearing and fumbling with ecstatic fingers. Nude to the waist, he begins to sweep deep circles with his shoulders and head. His crown passes across his knees. Faster! Faster! Till he seems to be looking two ways at once. He is not far from us, three yards at the most. He grows quiet. He stands rigid. The dark master of ceremonies, the gaunt angel of devotion, is over him. In his outstretched hand, grasped firmly by the tail, a gray-yellow scorpion dangles, twisting a little. The devoted one opens his mouth. The creature is thrust in, deliberately, without haste. For a moment we watch the narrow contraction of the throat muscles, the horrid, dry swallowing. And then he has flung himself on the breast of the dark minister, who strokes his head, kisses his cheek, and lifts a cry of glory above the hundred-throated groan of the dancing men.

But it is all a trick! A cheap, abominable trick! That we must believe, to save the comfort of our immortal souls. The scorpion was dead; at least the lethal sting had been taken away. We must believe. Science—

And into our minds slips the memory of the words of our friend, Dr. Valetta of Tunis:

"Science is still trying to discover why they do not die."—W. D. Steele in Harper's Magazine.

Every Saturday afternoon at the American post in Samoa the civil prisoners are granted parole until 6 a. m. Monday. Many of the prisoners spend their week-end visiting relatives.



Pioneers in Power Production

In 1895 the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's first hydro-electric plant, at Folsom, California, had begun sending current twenty-two miles to the City of Sacramento.

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Then, in September, 1899, a bigger and bolder step was taken by these same men with the completion of the Colgate plant on the Middle Yuba. Together with Romulus Riggs Colgate, after whom the plant was named, they successfully achieved the unheard-of engineering feat of delivering electricity to the City of Sacramento, sixty-one miles distant.

But even these achievements were quickly surpassed and in April, 1901, a historic event occurred when, over a line one hundred and forty miles long, current was transmitted at the amazing "pressure" of 40,000 volts from the Colgate plant clear through to the City of Oakland—the first linking of the Sierras with the cities on the Coast.

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There is always a Blue Ribbon Serial, as well, by a standard author, and many special features of note.



MAUDE FULTON'S "PINKIE."

Twice has Maude Fulton, or rather her business representatives, assembled together a very satisfactory company to give a representation of a new play of hers. Three times, in fact, for I recall that "The Brat" was very well played when it was first given, with Maude Fulton in the cast, in San Francisco.

"The Humming-Bird," which was given at the Columbia Theatre about a year ago, had a really excellent cast, and as it was not an Eastern attraction it is safe to presume that the company was assembled either here or in Los Angeles, which makes us thoughtful, and ask ourselves, "Why could not San Francisco develop into a modest producing centre?"

"Pinkie" had its premiere Monday night; at the Curran, although this attraction belongs to the Columbia Theatre, which is still busy this week with "Over the Hill." "Pinkie" also is being presented by a good company, Lea Penman being a regular gold mine for the part of "Lady," a handsome, hard-hearted crook character who is able to put on a sufficiently high polish to pass for a lady; or at least a gilded similitude of the article.

Then there is William Courtleigh, last seen here, if I remember aright, in "The Man Who Came Back," and who has stores of Broadway experience behind him. John Ivan is a John Drewesque-looking sort of personage, who is well able to express quiet intensity, and evidently can summon a romantic aura when necessary. Frank Darien with his neat brand of unobtrusive humor is very good as "Chig," the trusty confederate to the queen thief—cheerful acknowledgment, by the way, being made in a programme note that the play is "all about thieves"—Robert Ober fits well into the whimsical characteristics of "The Strange Young Man." William Lewis as the bellboy has the familiar expression and bearing of brisk, democratic independence sacred to the American mental, and Helen Audifred is a girlishly natural little petted cry-baby of an ingénue.

Maude Fulton arrogates to herself so modest a portion of the spotlight that Lea Penman has a particularly big portion of its beams. And well does the young lady reflect its searching rays. For she is young and handsome, with a tall, shapely figure that strengthens the excellent stage presence to which her looks and personality contribute.

Quite a telling feature in the play is the contrast made by the two leading female figures; that of the "lady crook," steely-willed, hard, handsome, dominating; and that of the wistful little waif and stray, left lonely in the cold world, and caught up in the wily intrigues of the calculating woman thief who recognizes her possible usefulness.

The play begins very well. Theatre-goers love plays about that dark underworld of precocious living on the edge of danger which makes up the exciting life of the professional thief. We are aware that dramatists can not know as much about it as they seem to, but as long as they hegule us into accepting what they have to show us as the real thing we can enjoy plenty of the danger thrills. And Maude Fulton does so hegule us. "Pinkie" is a comedy-melodrama, and the first act is tense, taut, well-knit. The stillness of the audience—a full-sized one last Sunday night, extending clear to the rear—showed how thoroughly they had surrendered their imagination to the idea of the atmosphere of peril ever surrounding the professional thief.

This was noticeable particularly on the occasion of Miss Fulton's first entrance, when she went through a scene of silent action with the audience hanging motionless, absorbed on her every movement. Probably the actress

playwright was very happy then, and said to herself exultantly, "I've got them!"

"Well, she had, and she managed to keep them. But I've an idea that before "Pinkie" goes East she will revise some of the latter part of it. For with the coming of "The Strange Young Man" the firm texture of the play seemed to waver and grow thin. Miss Fulton writes some dialogue for Pinkie and "The Strange Young Man" that amuses, but haffles also. It isn't safe to so thoroughly puzzle an audience that they are looking around uneasily for some firm ground upon which to rest a surmise. Of course we thought that the young man was a detective, while the author was probably thinking, "I've got you there, and I'm going to surprise you!" But the dialogue knocked us out. Up to that time the play had had the specious air of reality that most modern plays have. Now its mood—so to speak—charged. It became entirely removed from reality, for those two young people spoke in a language resembling—in mood, at least—the inconsequential conversation of the various characters of "Alice in Wonderland." It was fairly amusing, but rather trivial, decidedly unreal, and not entirely pertinent.

However, the crook part of the play rounded out to a fairly reasonable conclusion, and the strange young man was explained, but the trouble being that the thieves were rather too incautious during the robbery, and the author was too soft-hearted with Dixon Ames, the weakling; for it is highly improbable that a man who was shrewd enough to make a million by a clean-up in soap would incontinently turn his only and beloved child over to a man who had, however unwillingly, been intimately consorting with a bunch of crooks and who was manifestly a weakling.

These stage forgivenesses and imprudent optimism are better hinted at than asserted wholesale; for then an audience can go away feeling far less critical over a too soft-hearted outcome. For look how unmistakably yet with what cautious restraint Ihsen hints that there is hope for the unforgiving husband in the very last words of "The Doll House."

Miss Fulton, however, as I have intimated, has the gift of entertaining an audience by her plays as well as by herself. As Pinkie she projected over the footlights to her audience that queer, agreeable magnetism that makes us like her so. And she is so thorough in her line; and then she has the gift of naturalness on the stage, for she is careful about, to the tyro, perhaps, apparently trifling details that help to give life to an idea and reality to a stage character.

Miss Fulton has been shrewd enough to locate her millionaire among the ranks of the nouveau riche; and therefore we accept the genial, good-hearted fellow—very appropriately played by William Courtleigh—as a reality. And certainly, even though the crooks did somewhat depart from the caution of their kind in the last act, they took us in in the first act, where we wholeheartedly and delightedly accepted them as crooks.

The play is suitably mounted in each of the three acts, each having a separate set, and no doubt it will soon go on tour and take its place as one of the popular crook dramas, after Miss Fulton has made the last half of the play measure up to the first half.

To do this she must put in some rather heavy work, in making the dialogue between Pinkie and her young man more pertinent and the scene of the actual robbery more credible, but the play is well worth it.

THE ORPHEUM.

Plenty of variety on the Orpheum hill this week, which varies from Lady Tsen Mei, "the Chinese Nightingale," to a Russian ballet. The Chinese lady, billed as "the sole Chinese star on the screen," is quite an interesting feature, as the occasional vaudeville entertainers of one or other of the Asiatic races are wont to be. She comes out first dressed in Chinese costume, and after giving a stock imitation of songs sung, one with an English, another with a French accent, the young Oriental costumes herself in conventional Occidental style and sings accordingly. She herself, however, is more interesting than her material, for as she stands before us, a full-blooded Chinese girl who has evidently been reared and educated in this country, we see impressed upon her features of thoroughly Chinese mould the stamp of the Occidental expression. "Lady Tsen Mei," who has evidently adopted this cognomen because of a neat little ladylike air that characterizes her, has an imitative faculty. She recites a doggerel in which allusions to a long list of animals include stereotyped imitations of the characteristic noises made by these animals. And the Chinese girl is unconsciously funny by the contrast her trim little ladylikeness makes to the—well, the grunting of a pig, for instance, which the little lady offers with humorless conscientiousness.

Ona Mounson, a dainty little blonde beauty, offers the novelty of "a manly revue"; which means a chorus of half a dozen nice-looking, good-looking, immaculately tailored young fellows who gallantly make love to the feminine centre of the group, singing in agreeable har-

monies; and looking, no doubt, to the eyes of susceptible maidens in the audience just simply too sweet to live.

There is a playlet; quite an entertaining and natural affair. It is called "Any Home," and represents a family interior, and a worn and weary wife and mother who has, by her misguided selfishness, sunk to the position of the family drudge. Of course the worm turns, and straightens out her unappreciative family, and the play ceases to be natural when it points a lesson, but it is gratifying, all the same. Worms, of course, never do turn. They make numerous threats of doing so, but once a worm always a worm. In life Mrs. Wife-and-Mother, who was so neatly and crisply played by Jean Adair, would have, after her brief rebellion, relapsed into her wormishness again. But that did not prevent us from enjoying ourselves when the drudge burst her trammels and had her fling.

There are several dancing and singing couples this week, among whom the bright, particular stars are Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin. This ever popular couple have become classics in vaudeville, they do their stunt with such finish. It consists of a mélange of dancing, singing, and nonsense talk, framing an amusing conception of the relative positions of men and women fifty years from date, and keeps the audience well entertained.

Another couple, Paul Gordon and Ame Rica, give a good act in trick riding, in which the young man shows a perfect sense of balance and proudly unrolls a very good string of joke stuff; and Billy Frawley and Edna Louise do the usual thing—flirting, singing, dancing, and much costume-changing on Edna's part. It is rather difficult to remember these airy, inconsequential nonsense acts, but I do know that Billy made us laugh and Edna was pretty.

One has no difficulty in remembering Jack Inglis, for this cheerful personage certainly has the gift of humor. Jack keeps us highly entertained as he showers fun and nonsense all over the place. He can run a catchword—like "the phone!"—and surprise us into fresh laughter every time. He has the gift of using his very excellent material as if he had just evolved it out of his inner consciousness, and he is so steadily funny that we never lose confidence in him for a single moment.

Theodore Bekefi heads a very good "ballet divertissement," with three women dancers and one male one to supplement his work. They are all very good dancers, although none of the three women display special

heauty or charm. They are just good, conscientious dancers, and the act has the European stamp on it. Six different dances make up their programme, which includes "The Swan," danced to the well-known Saint-Saëns music. Theodore Bekefi is the host of them, of course, but in the "Valse Caprice" Grace Imarova, his "prima ballerina," was charmingly graceful in her fluttering ballet skirts. A note on the programme states that the scenery and costumes come from the Imperial Theatre at Petrograd; and we pause to cast a thought to the dead magnificence of the Russian Empire, and to wonder if some of the tiny chips really flew our way. Whether they did or not, however, the costumes bear the stamp of foreignness, as does the entire act, which is well planned, well carried out, and very enjoyable.

ITALIAN DRAMA.

About six or seven years ago Mimi Aguglia, a well-known Italian actress, came to San Francisco, and remained here long enough for the recital of her talents to reach every Italian-speaking theatre-goer. Signora Aguglia first came to America with the Sicilian Players, as they were generally called; a group of players who appeared in dramas depicting the wild, passionate, elemental emotions of sons and daughters of the raw earth: probably the majority of them by Giovanni

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Verga, who generally depicted life as a fierce struggle, in which the ignorant, superstitious peasant is the protagonist.

Mimi Aguglia, while she was here, gave about the most dramatic of the D'Annunzio plays—"The Daughter of Jorio"—and also gave a couple of plays by Sam Benelli, whose "The Jest" as interpreted by the two Barrymore brothers and an excellent company, made such a sensation in New York last season. Besides these two plays—"The Supper of Fools" and "The Love of the Three Kings"—she appeared in "Flames in the Dark," which is considered the masterpiece of Enrico Butti, who has been called an Ibsenite, probably because he is a student of the soul rather than an arraigner of society. In another one of his plays, "The Whirlpool," Mimi Aguglia has also played; not where, however, but in New York, where this enterprising artist played it in English.

At present she is—or was, a month ago—playing in repertory at an obscure theatre on Fourteenth Street, New York.

"The Whirlpool" she played at a Broadway theatre about two years ago.

It now appears that she is going to make a New York and London appearance in a group of notable plays in which she had won favor when she played in them in Italian. From these adaptations and translations will be made, and thus Americans and British who are discouraged by the difficulties of listening to plays given in an unknown tongue will have the opportunity of becoming really acquainted with the Italian drama.

It will be rather interesting to see how they take to it. It is possible that the New York success of "The Jest" may have encouraged Signora Aguglia in her desire for the favor of the American public through the lingual medium of their own tongue. Also, perhaps, the successful career of Mme. Nazimova—who has so poor-spiritedly allowed her artistic laurels to wither while she coins money in the film drama—may have fired her with courage.

I have not followed the movements of the Italian star, but think it probable, since her first appearance in New York, and a subsequent—or earlier, I don't know which—season in London, that she has devoted her talents to appearances before English-speaking audiences ever since she left Italy.

I remember her as being a wild, intense, and really remarkable figure in "The Daughter of Jorio." In this play D'Annunzio, although he shows the hestial reapers in lustful pursuit of "the witch-girl," allows a pure motive, that of devoted love and self-sacrifice to be a prominent feature of his story.

This is quite remarkable for D'Annunzio, who generally as a matter of course ahjures all dramatic acquaintance with the finer adventures of the soul.

The Italian drama, however—if Signora Aguglia sticks to it—will prove exceedingly

highly, or rather strongly, flavored food for Anglo-Saxon palates. The Italians do not mince matters; which the Americans and English certainly do. Few of their plays, I should judge, depict spiritual struggle. Modern realism prevails, and few there are, like Fogazzaro, for example, who handle their themes with delicacy and refinement, or with the cool, moral restraint of the Anglo-Saxon.

They are Latins, and we are obliged to remind ourselves that the warm sun that shines upon the Italian peninsula heats the blood to a temperature that causes the more fleshly emotions to offer congenial themes. The story of "Rustic Chivalry," which is considerably softened for operatic consumption, depicts, in the original play, the women as dabs and the men as brutes, and all of them fairly wallowing in hestiality. Infidelity, lust, intrigue, murder are the average motives of Italian plays. Many of these dramas are constructed with the most admirable art, and the majority aim to excite intense emotion. Intellectual analysis is in the mind of the Italian dramatist as he writes, but the results show naked, warring human nature, unsoftened by the polished graces of the French dramatists, who throw a mantle of graceful illusion over the passions of the flesh.

Perhaps it is well for us to try to understand other countries through their literature and drama, but sometimes, when we observe how difficult it is for peoples of different nationalities truly to comprehend each other, it seems as if the great creative force that made us can not believe in universal brotherhood, and that the differing tongues in which men express themselves were designed as an obstacle to hold races apart.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

LET'S KEEP OUR FAIRIES.

Whoever has clambered down Lewthwaite crage with Tom the sweep, hand over hand to the green meadow below, the dame's school, and the cool creek that washed the soot away, will have small patience with those pedagogs of the National Educational Association who recently advanced the amazing proposal that all fairy stories and rhymes would be stricken from the school books and the literature of children. Whoever walked with Alice by the paths of Wonderland, where the pack of cards became animate, the Mad Hatter and the Mad March Hare proved their madness in a seemly fashion, and the Cheshire Puss smiled that magical smile that grinned itself into nothingness, will shake a sad head over the decadent fancy, on the dearth of all fancy whatsoever, that distinguishes these pragmatic persons who presume to instruct our youth. Heaven he thanked, all teachers are not so soured.

"Only real people and real facts should be presented to the children," declared Miss Catherine D. Blake of New York in her address before the educators.

Somehow or other the statement does not arouse one's ire, in passionate defense of the fairy story, so much as it quickens a sorrowful sympathy for folks who believe that children should be reared on facts and their imaginations kindled by ten short lessons in practical bookkeeping. How much they have missed, these puckered pragmatists, of the wonderful essence of make-believe—without which, as all true philosophers agree, our world would be a drab and desolate place whereon to dwell. For they would take the eager, plastic mind of the child, a thing of marvel in a land of dreams, and stuff it to exhausted repletion with "real" people and "real" facts. There are so many years in which to harvest facts, so many years in which to meet real people, and so few—so very few—in which to follow fancy through the fields of faerie.

There was a time, indeed, when the folk tale, or, more specifically, the tale of supernatural dwellers in forest and meadow, held much that was born of fear and did not constitute a healthful stimulant to the fancy of the child. Demons and goblins were as plentiful as the lace-winged little folk. They were evil creatures, keen for blood and cruelty, and to the shade of some friendly old oak at evening their lore lent an alien touch of the eerie. And there were wicked fairies, too, and giants who delighted in toothsome toddlers and dragons most horrific. Yet few of these survive in the popular fairy stories of today, and none appear in the stories created by more recent writers. Terror has ceased to be an element of the fairy story and in its stead we have the old theme, yet always powerful for good, of fairies that work for the weal of the world and the peace and happiness of children, whose pranks are innocent and whose sleep is light with consciousness of benevolence.—Oregonian.

One of the strangest marriage customs is that observed by some of the women of Assam. There the bride sometimes takes the initiative. She goes to fetch the bridegroom, and it is etiquette for him to hide and resist until carried off. Women of means are permitted to choose a temporary husband and, when tired of him, pay him off and take another.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Orpheum.

Direct from triumphs in the picture-making field come Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner. For more than a year they have worked continuously in movies, but commencing next Sunday they return to vaudeville with San Francisco as the favored city. Film fans the world over know Louise Dresser as a statuesque blonde of fine appearance and magnetic personality. Jack Gardner is synonymous with difficult exploits and Western bits of heroism on the screen. Their vaudeville offering will consist of a group of songs especially written for them.

A golf game on the stage, with shots made by an expert pro, is the promise of Ed Flanagan and Alex Morrison, the latter being the holder of the enviable score which is two under par. Morrison gives Flanagan, another accomplished golfer, a humorous yet instructive lesson in the noble game—hence their act is called "A Lesson in Golf."

Samsted and Marion, one of vaudeville's cleverest duos, are announced as one of the next week's attractions. Thoroughly agreeable entertainment of particularly a vaudeville type is assured.

Jean Barrios will appear in an original offering entitled "Song Impressions," which has scored a hit in the theatres of the Orpheum Circuit.

Vera Berliner, with many years of study under the most brilliant European masters, is to present her bright yet soulful music. Without confining her programme to classical music, she renders a selection of numbers which appeals to all.

Other acts will be Ona Munson in her "Manly Revue," Jean Adair and company in "Any Home," and Billy Frawley and Edna Louise in "It's All a Fake."

The Curran Theatre.

Last Sunday was the opening of the regular theatrical season at the Curran Theatre. Miss Maude Fulton in her newest play, a comedy-drama entitled "Pinkie," was the opening offering.

"Pinkie" is a play "mostly about thieves" and deals with a band of crooks who plan to rob the daughter of a retired millionaire of a diamond necklace, and to meet their ends they use an innocent little waif. Just as the robbery is about to be accomplished it is thwarted by this innocent waif and a "strange young man."

In Miss Fulton's company are such well-known players as Lea Penman, who portrays the part of "Lady," the queen of the hand of crooks; William Courtleigh as the retired millionaire, Helen Hudifred as his daughter, Robert Ober as "the strange young man" who averts the robbery, Frank Darien as an accomplice of "Lady," John Ivan as "Lady's" husband, and William Lewis as the hellboy.

During Miss Fulton's engagement at the Curran Theatre matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday only. The second and final week of "Pinkie" will start with the performance on Sunday (tomorrow) night.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Arthur Maitland has returned from his vacation and is busily engaged in putting the Maitland Playhouse in shape for its third season that will open early in September. The lobby has been entirely redecorated, having been done over in black and gold, and will furnish an agreeable surprise to the patrons of the Stockton Street house.

There will be changes as well in the interior of the theatre and the stage itself is being renovated. New faces will be seen in the Maitland cast this year and rehearsals will soon be the order of the day. A George Bernard Shaw play will be the opening production for the coming season.

The Columbia Theatre.

Five weeks of "Over the Hill" seem only to have whetted the appetite of the theatre-going public for the fine William Fox picture, which begins its sixth week at the Columbia Theatre Sunday matinee, August 14th. Matinee every day at 2:15.

Igloo musicales and literary circles may become fashionable among the Eskimos. Dennis Anoktok of Anderson River, leader of sub-polar cognoscenti, has written to Edmonton, Alberta, for a phonograph, forty records of recent songs and a dozen popular novels. His order came by the last mail from Dawson. The articles will go north by the first Mackenzie River steamer. The songs are those that have won the plaudits of the cabarets, the kind that jazz connoisseurs describe as "knockouts, believe me"—mammy songs, hula songs, ragtime love, the gamut of blues from cerulean to indigo, passionate tabasco melodies warranted to heat an igloo when the temperature outdoors is 70 below. These ditties will give the Arctic, that knows canned beans, its first taste of canned music. Anoktok and his fur-clad highbrows will burn the midnight blubber over the pages of "Main Street," "This Side of Paradise," "Moon Calf," and other best-seller romances. What

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effect these cultural achievements of the white man will have upon the primordial souls of the Eskimos is for psychologists to conjecture. They may work an epoch or start a riot. Anoktok was educated at the mission at Fort McPherson, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. With the shipment of books and music went new parts for his gasoline power boat. In his power boats he scouts far and wide on hunting expeditions along the Arctic coast. The old-fashioned kya made of rawhide is too crude for him. Anoktok is an up-to-the-minute Eskimo.

George Washington's shaving outfit in a morocco case was sold recently for \$950.

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VANITY FAIR.

The American National Association of Masters of Dancing did a very foolish thing when they invented a new dance for the purpose of pleasing the Methodists and they may be said to have added insult to injury when they called the new dance the "Wesleyan." Doubtless they meant well. Foolish people usually do: indeed there is nothing more remarkable than the affinity between folly and good intentions. But the Methodists are not to be pleased in that way, any more than you can please a turtle by stroking its back. The dancing masters believed they could capture the Methodist vote, so to speak, if only they could devise a dance that should in some way symbolize the noblest spiritual aspirations in combination with the highest physical graces of an incorruptible chastity. The dancing masters did not express it in quite that way, but that is what they meant. None the less they failed. The Methodist authorities requested them peremptorily to suppress that dance, or at least to change its name. They were not pleased. Quite the contrary. It was rather like trying to ingratiate Pussyfoot Johnson by naming a new whiskey after him. Most emphatically they refused to "join the dance." There is a poem still extant among us to the effect that "merrily danced the Quaker's wife and merrily danced the Quaker," but then this can not be considered as a precedent for Methodists. Not even the subtle compliment of the "Wesleyan" could persuade them to take the floor.

Macaulay said once that the English Puritans forbade hull-baiting, not because it gave pain to the hull, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. May we assume—as President Wilson would have said—that a similar reason actuates the ban upon dancing? For dancing is as natural as walking, only more pleasurable. The walking of happy young people almost inevitably merges into the dance. Children dance instinctively. Did not King David dance before the Ark of the Lord? And are we not told in Psalms 149, 3, "Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp"? And again in Jeremiah 31, 13, "Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together." If our Methodist brethren will turn to Judges 21, 21, they will find these inspiring words: "And see, and behold, if the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances, then come ye out of the vineyards, and catch ye every man his wife of the daughters of Shiloh and go to the land of Benjamin." We do not know much about the daughters of Shiloh, but we believe they were most estimable young women. However that may be, we are told, "And the children of Benjamin did so, and took them wives, according to their number, of them that danced, whom they caught." There seems to have been a deal of human nature about in those days, and with the exception of a certain added delicacy of method it is strangely like the human nature of today. We still like to go to the dance and to "catch" our wives, and rumors have reached San Francisco from other cities that our modern daughters of Shiloh do not always object to be "caught," that they even lay themselves under the suspicion of not running quite as fast as they might, and that, unlike the wicked, they do not "run when no man pursueth."

It is not pleasant to be compelled thus to display a biblical erudition that our natural modesty would willingly conceal among virtues even more marked, but we are compelled momentarily to throw off that diffidence that is usually our distinctive characteristic and principal ornament. And so we will ask our Methodist confreres to turn to Ecclesiastes 3, 3 (Ecclesiastes is in the Old Testament immediately after Proverbs), and there they will find it stated that there is "a time to dance." When is that time? We ask to know. In Exodus 15, 20 (the second book of the Old Testament) we are told that "Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." In Judges 11, 24, we are told how the daughter of Jephthah, into whose hands the Lord had just delivered the Ammonites, went out to meet him with dances—armistice dances of a sort. In Jeremiah 31, 4, the promise is made to Israel, "thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets and shall go forth in the dances of them that make merry." In Psalm 30, 11, we have a hymn to God in which we read, "Thou has turned for me my mourning into dancing." In the parable of the Prodigal Son we are told that when the elder son drew nigh to the house "he heard music and dancing," and in a later verse his father says: "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad."

Take it by and large—as the unregenerate would say, the Sons of Belial—there seem to be a good many biblical incitements to the things that the Methodists most rigorously condemn, and chief among them are wine-drinking and dancing. There is no evidence that they played cards in those days, and certainly they did not smoke cigarettes. Blink the fact as we may, they were an unprogressive people.

As Hosea Bigelow says somewhere, "They didn't know everything down in Judee," and we must not expect too much from those primitive days. But if they had played cards and smoked tobacco we believe that they would have been doing it when the Prodigal Son came home, and that all these biblical people who seem to have had such an admirable tendency to dance and make merry whenever they felt particularly pinus, or had won victories, or were welcoming their friends, these same people would also have had theatre parties and card parties and lots of other things that would have seemed to them just as appropriate as dancing, and playing timbrels, and eating and drinking, and making a "joyful noise unto the Lord," which certainly did not consist of singing hymns.

And now in conclusion we will ask our dearly beloved Methodist co-religionists if they think that the passages we have cited for their benefit furnish a justification for Paragraph 69 of their Book of Discipline and which reads, "We look with deep concern on the great increase of amusements . . . and lift up a solemn note of warning against theatre-going, dancing," etc. Or Paragraph 280, which provides for punishment "in case of neglect of duties of any kind; imprudent conduct; indulging sinful tempers or words; dancing; playing at games of chance; attending theatres, horse races, circuses, dancing parties or patronizing dancing schools, or taking such other amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency."

Those in the habit of answering quickly will probably give the Jews credit for having invented the harp, for did not David play on it in 1063 B. C.? But the birth of this musical instrument takes us much further back into antiquity, until we cross the path of the Roman Jubal, who actually made the invention in the year 3873 B. C. The harp has ever played a great part in legend and history. That of the Irish monarch, Brian Boroinne, is now in the College Museum at Dublin, where it was placed in 1785. Ten years later an instrument-maker named Erard improved and patented the harp much in the same form as it is used today.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of the Person and Estate of Martha Allen, an incompetent.—No. 31138.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate by Guardian.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, C. H. Gray, Guardian of the Person and Estate of Martha Allen, an incompetent, will on or after Wednesday, the 31st day of August, 1921, sell at private sale at the office of C. H. Gray, said Guardian, Room 1009 Merchants National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, to the highest and best bidder, therefor, and on the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned subject to the confirmation by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest, and estate which Martha Allen, the said incompetent, has or may have in and to the real property hereinafter particularly set forth and described.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: For cash, lawful money of the United States of America, ten (10%) per cent. of the purchase price on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of the sale by the court.

Bids or offers for the hereinafter described real property may be left at the office of C. H. Gray, Room 1009 Merchants National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court at any time before making said sale.

The property hereinafter referred to and to be sold as aforesaid is described as follows:

A claim of a right, title, lien or interest in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and nine (109) feet; seven (7) inches southerly from the southerly line of Santiago (formerly "S") Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Block Number Eleven Hundred and Twenty-Three (No. 1123) of Outside Lands.

Dated: San Francisco, California, August 6, 1921.

C. H. GRAY.

Guardian of the Person and Estate of Martha Allen, an incompetent.

E. C. EVANS & SONS, Inc.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The ferryboat was well on her way when a violent storm arose. The ferryman and his mate, both Highlanders, held a consultation, and after a short debate the ferryman turned to his passengers and remarked, anxiously: "We'll just tak' your tuppences now, for we dinna ken what might come over us."

Secretary Mellon said at a bankers' banquet in Washington: "The sanctions that are being imposed on Germany teach us that the weak, right or wrong, must submit or suffer. Once, in a rush season, an office boy was kept working overtime for several nights. He didn't like it, and growled to his boss: 'You've kept me workin' every night till 9 o'clock for three nights runnin' now, and I'm worn out, Mr. Brown. I aint no machine. I can't go forever.' His boss gave a hard laugh. 'Wrong!' he said. 'Wrong, my boy. You go forever next pay day.'"

The hellboy of the Welcome Hotel has invented an ingenious system of calling sleepy guests. The other night a man left instructions that he wished to be called early. Next morning he was disturbed by a loud tattoo upon the door. "Well?" he demanded sharply. "I've got a message for you, sir." Yawning until he strained his face, the guest jumped out of bed and unlocked the door. The hellboy handed him an envelope and then went away quickly. The guest opened the envelope, and took out a slip of paper bearing the words: "It's time to get up."

Senator Elkins' decision to do the honors for the pages reminds many Senate attaches of the deep interest his father, Senator Stephen B. Elkins, took in the young men employed around the Senate, frequently making it a point to ask individuals about how they were getting along. One day this Senator Elkins met a young Senate employee who had attracted his attention before. "Well," he said, "how are you getting along, young man? Are you doing anything for yourself outside your work here?" "Oh, yes," said the young fellow, "I'm studying for the ministry." "The hell you are," said the astonished senator.

An airman had been taking up passengers for short trips, and by the time his last trip came was absolutely fed up by being asked silly questions. He told his passengers, two ladies, that on no account were they to speak to him; that he could not talk and give his attention to his machine, and that they must keep silent. Up they went, and the airman quite enjoyed himself. He looped the loop and practiced all sorts of stunts to his own satisfaction with no interruption from his passengers until he felt a touch on his arm. "What is it?" he said impatiently. "I'm so sorry to trouble you," said a voice behind. "and I know I oughtn't to speak. I do apologize sincerely, but I can't help it. I thought perhaps you ought to know Annie's gone."

Chairman Fordney of the Ways and Means Committee said at a Washington dinner: "Politicians aren't the only men who make unfortunate statements in the heat of debate. I once knew a young divine, who in a sermon on the dangers of city life said a very unfortunate thing. 'A beautiful young girl,' he said, 'left home intending to make a name for herself in the movies, but like so many other beautiful young girls who come to our great cities, she contracted bad habits—gambling, drinking, opium-smoking, and the like. The girl made pretty good money in the movies, yet it was not long before she had to pawn her furs to pay her room rent, her dresses went one by one the same way. She still kept up her poker and carousing though, and one fine day she was obliged to pledge her lingerie. Then she came to herself.'"

"You were at the opera last evening?" "Yes; perfectly delightful time!" "What did you hear?" "Hear? Oh, Madge Gray is engaged at last, and the Billy Brews are going to get a divorce, and Bert Bailey has lost all his money in Wall Street, and Sue Cathro has a baby, and Mrs. Sylee was lunching with another man while her husband was out of town, and—" "But—you don't understand. What did you see?" "See? Why, that Kate Kady has turned her old rose gown, and that those wonderful Van Gruher diamonds we read of are only paste, and that the Adleys are hardly on speaking terms, even in public, and—" "But—but—what was the name of the opera?" "Name of the opera? Oh—why, I did see it on the programme, but really I've forgotten. I've such a poor memory for details; really it is quite a cross!"

Some one asked F. W. Thomas, the famous humorist, how to get rid of crickets, and his reply was: "The best way to get rid of crickets is as follows: secure two blocks of wood, Spanish mahogany for preference, measuring about nine by four by three and

one-quarter inches. To avoid confusion one of these should be labeled A and the other B or any other letter that comes to mind. The method of procedure is to place the cricket on block B, call his attention to some distant object, and when he isn't looking bring down block A smartly on his back. Mind I take no responsibility, as owing to the shortage of Spanish mahogany I have been unable to put the scheme to the test. But it sounds good and if it doesn't actually kill the cricket it will probably annoy him so much that he will leave the neighborhood immediately."

In many of the rural districts of the United States where money does not circulate with great rapidity services are paid for "in kind." Farmers, for example, will give potatoes, eggs, etc., in payment for debts. A young surgeon who had occasion to operate in one of these districts hopefully approached the husband of the patient and asked for his fee, which amounted to \$100. "Doc," said the old man, "I haven't much ready cash on hand. Suppose you let me pay you in kind." "Well, I guess that will be all right," replied the young doctor, cheerfully. "What do you deal in?" "Horseradish, doc," answered the old man.

They were talking over the days that will never return, so they asserted; the days when there was no thirst in the land. But they had particular reference to the old state militia camp of long ago. For he it known, there was much taken to camp in those days that had little to do with military training, and it was carried in capacious jugs and big hotties. Everybody expected his city friends to run down to the camp, and he called upon to

act as an assuager of thirst. "The year I have reference to," said one of the old-timers, "was a notably wet one. The first night in camp everybody seemed to be bent on sampling what everybody else had brought down from the city. The result was that when the company of which I was a member was ordered to fall in the next morning to answer the roll-call there was a pretty wobbly line-up. We had a new corporal—new to the routine of a camp, and after he had checked up he should have reported, 'Sir, the company is present and accounted for.' Instead he got rattled and said, 'Sir, the company is full.' Our commandant, looking us over, sarcastically remarked, 'I should say as much, full as a tick.'"

A certain youthful hilliard marker was recently informed by his employer that he would have to be more careful in the matter of chalk. "Can't help it, sir," replied the marker. "I know the gcnts wot pockets the chalk; but they're regular customers, and you wouldn't like me to offend them, would you, sir?" "Well, no," was the reply. "But you could give them a gentle hint, you know." The marker promised to do so, and a day or two later on, observing a player pocketing a piece of chalk, he approached the culprit and remarked: "You'll excuse me, sir, but are you connected in any way with the milk trade?" "Well, yes," was the reply. "What of it?" "I thought so," rejoined the marker, "by the amount of chalk you carry away. My governor likes enterprise and he told me to give you a hint that if you wanted a hucket of water now and again you could have one with pleasure."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Ballade of a Poetess-Sleuth.

(Provoked by Carolyn Wells' new detective story, "The Comeback.")

When Carrie pens a lay
As light as birds awing,
I shout a glad "Hooray!"
And rapturously sing.
Why must she take a fling
At sleuthing tales? She's worse
Each time she does the thing.
Oh, Carrie, stick to verse!

I love her lyric play.
Her songs that mem'ries bring
Of Bunner, Dobson, aye,
Of Calverley, the King.
And that is why I wring
My hands and softly curse
When she goes noveling.
Oh, Carrie, stick to verse!

This sad ambition slay,
This crude detecting,
Designed to please the jay.
Her latest? Pierce, by jing!
An axe I'd like to swing
Upon it, to be terse.
Of words, a hopeless string.
Oh, Carrie, stick to verse!

L'ENVOI.

Please leave the Sherlocking
To others; don't disperse
Your worshippers; we'll cling
If you'll but stick to verse!

—Edward Anthony in New York Herald.

Breathless Visitor—Doctor, can you help me? My names is Jones— Doctor—No, I'm sorry; I simply can't do anything for that.—Sydney Bulletin.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Ruth Kroll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Kroll of Piedmont, and Mr. John Mackinlay, son of Mrs. Robert McKinlay of Santa Barbara, was solemnized Wednesday night in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Piedmont. Mrs. Wymond Garthwaite was the matron of honor and Mr. Francis Rogers was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Mackinlay will make their home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Frank Winchester and Miss Margaret Foster gave a bridge-tee Wednesday in San Rafael. Among their guests were Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. Harrison Diblee, Mrs. William Horn, Mrs. George Boardman, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, and Miss Anne Pentz.

Major-General and Mrs. William Wright were the guests of honor at a luncheon at which Mr. and Mrs. George Pope entertained Sunday in Burlingame. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin, Colonel and Mrs. Kenyon Joyce, Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley, Jr., Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Raymond Baker, Mr. Frank Carolan, Captain Clark Woodward, Captain Ronald Banon, and Colonel Thornwell Mullally.

Mrs. Fredrick Sharon gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Palace, when she had as her guests Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss May and Miss Fanny Friedlander.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin gave a dance at Saratoga Saturday in honor of Miss Mary Martin, who is to be one of the winter's debutantes. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Leonora Armsby, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Gertrude Martin, Miss Edna Taylor, Mr. Covington Janin, Mr. Horace Chase, Jr., Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Breck McAllister, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. William Schuman, Mr. James Kuhn, Mr. Wendall Kuhn, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Robert Rathbun, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. Decker McAllister, and Mr. Alfred Hendrickson.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Courtney gave a swimming party and supper Wednesday last in Santa Barbara. Among those present were Mr. and

Mrs. George Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher, Mr. and Mrs. Hohart Chatfield-Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd-Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gantz, Mr. and Mrs. George Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin, Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Dallam, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. Harlow Frink, Mrs. William Bartlett, Miss Josephine Ross, Miss Pearl Chase, Miss Kathleen Finnigan, Miss Jean Park, Miss Cornelia Kempff, Miss Sarah Redington, Miss Marguerite Brunswig, Mr. William Edwards, Mr. Evans Pillsbury, Mr. Harry Webb, Jr., and Mr. Hohart Chatfield-Taylor.

Complimenting Dr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell of London, Mrs. John Merrill gave a luncheon Saturday in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Truxton Beale entertained at a garden party this afternoon at her home in Ross Valley. Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye were hosts at a dinner last Saturday in Burlingame in honor of Mr. Ray Baker.

Complimenting Mrs. William Childs, Miss Emeleen Childs, and Miss Isabelle Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a luncheon in Burlingame last Sunday.

Mrs. William Henry Smith was a tea hostess Wednesday in honor of Miss Isabel Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a supper Sunday in Burlingame.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Wednesday in San Mateo by Mrs. Horace Chase.

Mrs. J. B. Wright gave a luncheon Saturday at the Francisco Club in honor of Mrs. George Allard of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lilburn Eyre gave a dinner Sunday in Menlo Park in honor of their niece, Miss Florence Russell, and her fiancé, Mr. Philip Hurn.

Mrs. Charles Corbet and Miss Frances Corbet gave bridge-tee Friday in Palo Alto, when they had as their guests Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen, Mrs. Edward Corbet, Mrs. Alfred Edwards, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Harold Casey, Miss Gladys Little, Miss Helen Perkins, Miss Ethel Lee, and Miss Helen Lee.

Mrs. Harry Magee gave a luncheon Thursday in Piedmont in honor of Miss Lorna Williamson.

Complimenting Dr. and Mrs. William Lyle, who recently arrived from New York to spend the summer in California, Mrs. Clement Tobin and Mrs. Herbert Payne gave a dinner-dance Thursday in Burlingame. Among those to accept their hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bugbee, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mrs. Willard Chamberlin, Mrs. Elkins de Guigné, Mrs. Selby Hayne, Miss Cecily Casserly, Miss Amy Brewer, Miss Agnes Shreve, Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. James Kuhn, Mr. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. Frederick Tilmann, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Hiram Johnson, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Jerome Kuhn.

Miss Margaret Webster was the honor guest at a tea at which Mrs. Alexander Marx entertained in Oakland Thursday. Her guests were Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. Frank Moller, Mrs. Edward Fennon, Mrs. Herriott Small, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Helen Rodolph, Miss Hope Somerset, Miss Marion Kegan, Miss Elizabeth Koser, Miss Flora Edwards, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Marion Lyman, Miss Caroline Rodolph, Miss Vera Bernhardt, and Miss Elizabeth Allard.

Mrs. Ashton Potter gave a luncheon for Mrs. Frank West last Tuesday at the Town and Country Club. Others at the affair were Mrs. William Mason Wright, Mrs. Hasket Derby, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Miss Lorenzo Avenali, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mrs. Russell Wilson gave a luncheon Friday in Burlingame for Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali.

Miss Eleanor Morgan gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club, complimenting her niece, Miss Eleanor Morgan.

Mrs. Harry Fair gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Town and Country Club for Miss Marion Lee Cobb of Virginia. Her guests were Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Walker Kamma, Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Mrs. Leslie Miller Moore, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Marshall Seagrave, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. McKee Mlooon, Mrs. Frank Girard, Mrs. Daniel Volkman, Mrs. Charles Z. Sutton, Mrs. John H. Russell of Los Angeles, Miss Ruth Valentine, Miss Elsa Schilling, and Miss Laura Miller.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton gave a luncheon a few days ago, complimenting Mrs. George Sherman of Honolulu.

Miss Margaret and Miss Rosemunde Lee gave a luncheon last Friday, among their guests having been Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Julia Adams, and Miss Mary Martin.

In honor of Mrs. George Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a dinner Wednesday in Burlingame.

Complimenting Mrs. Christian Peoples, Mrs. Sidney Vaughan gave a bridge-tee Thursday at her home in Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker were dinner hosts in honor of Dr. Aurelius Reinhart Thursday.

In honor of Mrs. Joseph L. King, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris gave a dinner Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Douglas gave a dinner Sunday in honor of Colonel Charles Stone, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fennon gave a supper party Sunday in Piedmont in compliment to Miss Doris Rodolph and Mr. Harold Havre. Bidden

to meet the engaged couple were Mr. and Mrs. Herriott Small, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moller, Miss Margaret Webster, Miss Hope Somerset, Mr. Fitzgerald Marx, and Mr. Donald Walsh.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Beales are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Fiddler of Dooney.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvaret,
My brother in Moharahuie.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come to the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like the wave of the sea.

—H. B. Yeats.

Song of the Day's End.

The wise man and the foolish,
They met at Heaven's gate;
The fool he danced a caper,
But the wise man came in state.

"God help you and God keep you,"
Said the foolish to the wise.
But the wise man only eyed him
With dignified surprise.

Then God came through the wicket
And the wise man bowed him low;
But the fool he danced still higher
To see God standing so.

They went then in together,
God walking in between,
Along the flower garden,
And through the meadow green.

And the wise man went on honored guest
To the fairest room of all.
But the fool he went as friend of God
And lover of them all.

—Francis Williams in Westminster Gazette.

Ill-Omened Gifts.

Pride not yourself, O palm-tree,
That loftier you grow
Than almond-trees and laurels,
Whose green tops wave below!
The tempest is approaching,
And when the bolt shall smite,
The foreheads least uplifted
Are safest from its might.

O rose flower, was not naughty
For hue and scent divine—
Because in field and garden
All others you outshine!
Beauty and scent betoken
Misfortune to a flower,
For hands will come to pluck you,
And insects to devour.

Sweet forest flute, wild songster!
You preen your feathers fair,
And jets of pearly music
Pour forth upon the air,
But grow not vain of warbling;
Be silent, men may hear!
Such trills, to birds that sing them,
Bring nets and trappers near.

Earth, envy not the Day Star
From which your warmth is drawn—
That scatters gold and purple
At sunset and at dawn!
Magnificence so mighty
From mighty torment flows;
A conflagration's brightness
Your light and life bestows.

How dear you buy, O spirit,
Your aureole of flame!
Your true offense is only
That you have wit and fame;
But Fortune leagues with Envy
To quench your glory's breath;
'Neath falsehoods piled like mountains
You perish, stoned to death!

—Salvador Diaz Miron. Translated by Alice Stone Blackwell.

Any Wife to Any Husband.

Oh, I was wayward, and I laughed;
You followed—you were laughing, too—
And here's an end to all our craft
And vows to do and not to do;
And now I find, to my distress,
That here's an end to waywardness!

I must be grave and grown and wise. . . .
And I would please you, sir, who pleased
Before with inattentive eyes
And lips that mocked and words that teased. . . .
When you have shaped me to your will
I wonder if you'll like me still?
—Margaret Widdemer in Harper's Magazine.

Egypt was agog with the scandal in those days when Amenhotep III, mighty warrior and King of Egypt, became enamored of a beautiful Syrian named Ti, discarded his wife and queen, espoused Ti, and raised her to his throne. Queen Ti is once more in the public eye. Her mummy has just been brought to the United States by Dr. W. A. Shelton, professor of Semitic languages at Emory University, Atlanta, who has been excavating and

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studying the remains of the cities and temples
built by King Amenhotep III, Ti's husband.
And Garret C. Pier has recounted in a novel
just published by Dutton's, "Hanit the En-
chantress," the story of this ancient triangle,
which scandalized society in the fourteenth
century B. C., and how it happened that it
was the son of Queen Ti and not the son of
the first wife that sat next on the throne of
the Pharaohs, and what was the tragedy that
hefted the elder son.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer have sailed for Europe to be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore have returned from spending the week-end in Del Monte.

Mr. Willard Chamberlin arrived Saturday and has joined Mrs. Chamberlin in Burlingame.

Mrs. Henry Ohlthoff has returned to town from a visit in San Rafael with Mr. and Mrs. Keeler.

Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Russell arrived last week from Los Angeles and are visiting Mrs. Isaac Requa in Piedmont.

Mrs. William Glassford arrived Saturday in Vancouver, where she will spend the month of August with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leighton.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Clifton and their children have gone to Fallen Leaf Lodge for a month's visit.

Dr. and Mrs. Erle Brownell and their children will return the first of the week from Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Jr., are spending the month of August at the Foster ranch near Suisun.

Mrs. Watson Fennimore and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore have returned from a trip to Santa Rosa.

Mrs. J. Thomas of Los Angeles and Miss Miriam Thomas have been spending several days in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopkins.

Miss Jennie Blair has gone to Tahoe for a visit of several weeks.

Major and Mrs. Philip Wales and Mr. and Mrs. James Howell returned a few days ago from a trip to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sherman of Honolulu have left for Vancouver, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ozro Childs and Miss Emeleen Childs of Los Angeles arrived last week from New York and have been staying at the Fairmont.

Miss Margaret Scheld left the first of the week for Inverness to join Mrs. Scheld, who has taken a cottage there for the summer.

Mr. George Armsby, Mr. George Armsby, Jr., and Miss Leonora Armsby have gone to Del Monte for a brief sojourn.

Mr. Raymond Armsby and Mr. Gordon Armsby were also of the party.

Mr. Tallant Tabbs has arrived in New York from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule have left on a trip to the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Leila Stoddard and Miss Leila Hedges left Thursday on a tour of the Canadian mountains.

Mrs. Bernard Ford has gone to Santa Barbara to visit Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and the Misses Eleanor and Claudine Spreckels are spending several days at Del Monte.

Mr. Horace Chase, Jr., returned last Thursday from the Atlantic coast to spend the summer in Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have returned to San Francisco from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken have taken Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox's house in Menlo Park for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Macondray Moore left last Wednesday for Tahoe, where she will remain throughout August.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble have returned from a trip to Wawona.

Mrs. Forrest Carey has gone to Salt Lake City to be away a month.

Miss Alice Oke has returned from a trip to Southern California.

Mrs. John Mhoon and Miss Annie Miller have returned from a sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Alfred Montgomery have returned to Mare Island, after a brief visit in town.

Dr. and Mrs. Cullen Welty and their daughters have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richard of New York left last Wednesday for the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson are in Glasgow, Scotland, visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. A. P. McQuisten.

Colonel Charles B. Stone, Jr., has arrived from American Lake and is visiting Mrs. Samuel Van Ronkel.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have gone to Tahoe to visit Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois.

Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence Brown arrived last week from Fort Leavenworth and are visiting Mrs. Buchanan.

Mrs. Byington Ford came up Thursday from Pebble Beach to join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Benoit of Chicago, at the Fairmont.

Mr. Joseph Grant and Mr. Madison Grant of New York have returned to Burlingame from a visit to Eureka.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey have returned to San Mateo from a camping trip in the Sierras.

Mr. Raymond Baker of Washington spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. George Marye.

Mr. Augustus Spreckels and Mrs. Spencer Eddy will arrive shortly from abroad to visit Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mr. Harold Havre will sail today for Manila to be away six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowe left Sunday for Santa Barbara to be away a week.

Mrs. Walter Hobart and Mr. Richard Magee are visiting at the Dean ranch in Nevada.

Mr. Harry Miller is visiting Miss Mary Ashe Miller in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Arturo Orena have returned to Santa Barbara from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston and Mr. Roland Johnston have returned from a trip to Huntington Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan have returned to town from Tahoe.

Mr. Eugene Lent and the Misses Frances and Ruth Lent will sail September 24th from France for the United States. They will make a several weeks' sojourn on the Atlantic coast before coming west.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Kelham have returned to San Francisco, after having passed the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Alexander Rutherford has returned to San Francisco from a visit in Pleyto.

Mr. Madison Grant took his departure Wednesday for the north, en route to his home in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Rohner passed a few days last week in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick.

Mrs. Arthur W. Collins and her three children from Honolulu are visiting Mrs. Collins' mother, Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, at Saratoga.

Mrs. Jane Hayne has gone to Lake Tahoe to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime.

Registered at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. J. M. Canny, Mr. C. W. Coleman, Mr. H. S. Sergeant, Australia; Mr. A. J. Barris, Mr. J. C. Cross, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Zenas H. Carter, Chicago; Mr. Arthur L. Eaton, Los Angeles; Mr. A. B. Rilovich, Watsonville; Mr. M. N. Nathan, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dorsey, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Frazier, San Diego; Mr. Morris Stern, San Antonio; Mr. John E. Powers, Los Angeles; Miss Maude Fulton Ober, New York; Mr. H. C. McCarthy, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Samuel E. Kohn, Denver; Mr. F. E. Francis, Milwaukee; Mr. F. B. Warren, New York; Mr. William B. Kohlman, New Orleans.

Hotel St. Francis recent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Zabriskie, New York; Mr. R. B. Ellifritz, Adolphus, Texas; Mr. C. E. Flanders, Detroit; Mr. P. A. Simon, Mina, Nevada; Judge M. V. Simpson, Philadelphia; Mr. Ben C. Holt, Spokane; Mr. J. F. Shoemaker, Cincinnati; Mr. A. E. Duncan, Baltimore; Mr. George Forgan, Dr. F. J. Wearne, Omaha; Mr. A. J. Buhtz, Seattle; Mr. A. G. Rutherford, Nashville, Tennessee; Mr. S. H. Walker, Mr. J. A. Brown, Mr. C. E. Sibert, Los Angeles; Mr. H. L. Davis, Visalia; Mr. J. L. McCune, El Centro.

Mr. A. W. Hecburn of London, England, is registered at the Hotel Oakland.

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FRENCH YOUNG WOMEN.

War has made serious changes in the young women of France. At least this is the testimony of many observers in Paris and the provinces, according to recent newspaper correspondence.

The Abbé Mugnier, for example, who is reputed to be responsible for the conversion of the writer Huysmanns to Catholicism, gives his opinions on the changed outlook of French girls since the war. M. l'Abbé thinks that this change is a good one, on the whole, and he calls attention to the qualities of courage, endurance, and decision which were, perforce, developed by young women, who spent their days by the bedside of the sick and wounded, and he makes a very human plea for patience with the modern girl who is now finding some difficulty in adapting herself to the "seclusion of home" and its "state of torpor," after a life "more vivid, active, and free" than she has ever enjoyed before. The genial priest calls attention to the fact that after all upheavals there follows a difficult period of readjustment, and remarks: "Doubtless after the deluge there was a great deal of *tangage*, not to say 'tango'" (the French word *tangage* meaning instability).

On being asked if he did not find the demeanor of the French girl much altered since the war, M. l'Abbé replied that he did, and that this change was a matter of regret, since it consisted in a somewhat unbecoming freedom of language and dress. But again the priest was optimistic and ventured the opinion that before long the well brought up French *jeune fille* would drop her newly acquired "I should worry" for the former decorous "It will come out all right" and "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." And this kindly champion of the modern girl reminds the interviewer that if young women have lost their wonted shyness, they have gained an unwonted courage and that they are, consequently, more genuine and less hypocritical.

As to the alterations in their ambitions, the Abbé Mugnier believes that most young women, no matter what their station in life, now give more of their time to some sort of work, and he finds in them a more widespread desire to cultivate themselves and to prepare themselves for a profession or for some mode of earning their living. The American observer is tempted to comment that even if the young women of the present generation were not inclined in this direction they would have to make a virtue of necessity, for there is a dearth of marriageable men in France today.

M. l'Abbé laments the abuse of the dance (France is now in the clutches of a veritable orgy of dancing), but he pleads that after five years of suffering, self-denial, and unremitting work the nation is perhaps in need of a "vacation," as he charitably put it. He also spoke of the regrettable increase of divorces, which he attributed to the "snap-shot" marriages of the war. When the interviewer suggested that this phenomenon might be the outcome of the emancipated views of young women, the priest dissented and expressed the conviction that the young women of France were not so altered as they seemed. "They still dream of a home and of husband and children. It takes more than a war to alter the eternal feminine," maintained the genial abbé.


Mme. Fraya, the palmist, has been consulted by numberless young girls during and since the war (says the New York Herald), and her opinions touching their so-called transformation do not entirely harmonize with those of the Abbé Mugnier. She agrees with him in noticing a development of personality and a desire to fit themselves for a practical life, but she goes further than the priest in maintaining that these symptoms point to a radical and permanent change and are not the mere surface hubbles of a passing disturbance. Said Mme. Fraya:

"The war has not made young women sentimental or romantic. Many who come to consult me give signs of the most marked practicality and of a forethought for the future. There are few of the type who dream over their fancy for their music master or their big cousin. Rather they are captivated by strength and success and they are inclined to be mercenary. Now it is the fashionable dancer who occupies in their thoughts the place formerly held by the American aviator. The younger the girls are the more brilliant the life they demand. It is only among girls above twenty-five that one now finds romantic notions.

"As for their language, it has a decidedly military flavor. Some speak the current slang without being aware of it. Those who have worked in canteens or military hospitals say they now miss the excitement of war service and they seem to find family life and its duties tasteless and tiresome. Decidedly the young girls of the present generation are independent, active, and thirsty for adventure. They crave an emotional, varied life. They are afraid of neither work nor effort, but they are very much afraid of being bored."

When asked if young women of today are as much interested in marriage as formerly, Mme. la Chiromancienne replied:

"In my opinion they are, and in spite of



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their apparent frivolity they seem to be willing to undertake the responsibilities of maternity. Many of them express to me their desire for large families. Though liking display and excitement, they are not lazy or morbid. They have also acquired a kind of philosophy during their experience of the last five years, and are therefore better able to stand disappointment. For instance, many young girls of good families became engaged during the war to Americans in the army who, after their return to the United States, failed to give any further sign to their fiancées. In most cases the girl, though disappointed and mortified, rebounded promptly and turned her mind to other things. The inconsolable Ophelia type is not of our generation."

The supervisor in charge of the Blackfeet agency at Browning, Montana, has issued a circular advertising for sale certain Indian lands. The list of allottees shows that the years have not driven out all the picturesque Indian names. There are Chief-All-Over and Richard-Calf-Tail and Blanket-Woman-Don't-Go-Out among the old-fashioned kind. But what sort of a name is Everybody-Looks-at-Marrow-Bones? It sounds like a song. And Annie-Rides-at-the-Door might be the title of a poem. Lucy-Iron-Eater is no name for a gentle lady, but it is easier to write than Strikes-on-Top-Morning-Eagle. Petrified Russel has a Puritan sound. Chipping-Too-Deep-Night-Shoots is too deep for us.

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He—Which is the front end of a ferry boat? She—The first one to a pier.—*Williams Purple Cow*.

"The banker's daughter turned me down." "Did it break your heart?" "Worse than that. It ruined my credit."—*Houston Post*.

"I shall wear my new dress tonight—isn't it a poem?" "Judging from its shortness, I should say it's an epigram."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Yeast—He has speaking eyes, they say. *Crimsonbeak*—I suppose they mean the kind that talk in a prohibition town.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"What's the good of wealth?" "What indeed? I have four automobiles and the doctor says I must walk to and from the office."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Father (to his young hopeful)—Far be it from me to say you are a darn fool, but if anybody else said so I'd be the first to believe it.—*Stockholm Kasper*.

Judge—Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon you? Prisoner—All I has to say is this, judge—if you hangs me, you hangs the

best bass singer in the United Kingdom.—*London Answers*.

Father—It's a telegram from daughter—"Having a lovely time, am thinking of you constantly." Mother—There now—he's taught her to tell lies already.—*Paris Le Rire*.

Customer (in eating house)—'Ere, take this back, guv'nor—there's three flies in it. Proprietor (with heat)—Well, what d'yer expect fer a penny—hutterflies?—*Windsor Magazine*.

Uncle Ed—Well, Johnny, how do you spell giraffe? Johnny—G-i-r-a-f-f-e. Uncle Ed—The dictionary spells it with two f's. Johnny—Well, you asked me how I spelled it.—*Boston Globe*.

"My dear, I just visited a fortune-teller and she told me where to find my future husband." "Give me her address. Maybe I'll be able to find my present one."—*Barcelona Hojas Selectas*.

Teacher—Millie, don't pronounce the French word "dot," a dowry, with the "t" sounded. It is pronounced like "dough." Millie—Well, I guess that's what it is.—*Baltimore American*.

"Of course," observed the superior person, "the homage paid to the Unknown Soldier is a good idea, but it would have been better to grant a pension to his poor old mother."—*Barcelona Carnival*.

Visitor—You must have been visited by a bad hurricane from the appearance of your buildings. Farmer—No; I rented my farm last month to a movie concern to make a five-reel comedy.—*Film Fun*.

Belle—Did his face express any emotion while I was singing? Beulah—Really, I don't know. Belle—Why, couldn't you see his face from where you sat? Belle—No; he was yawning.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Did you sell any pigs?" inquired Mrs. Cornstossel. "No," replied her husband. "I couldn't part with them. I get more pleasure than money could buy drivin' 'em round to make the city people envious."—*Washington Star*.

The Boss—I find you've stolen over \$500 worth of stock in the week you've worked here. And you were said to be honest as the day is long. The Culprit—Sure, I was. But you put me to work on the night shift.—*De-voit News*.

Shoe Shops in Persia.

In the bazaars of Kermanshah, Hamadan, and Kazvin, as well as in the up-to-date shops of Teheran, I spent much time with the shoemakers. Before going to see them I was careful to put on a good pair of boots, which would always serve as an introduction, for, though the East is slow to move, the craftsmen take a real interest in what they produce and they appreciate good workman-

ship even if it is very different from their own.

The hazaar shops show a tendency toward specialization. In one shop are made only rag soles, in another leather soles reinforced with cord stitching, and in a third tops are woven upon the soles.

In Teheran are aristocratic shops where the styles of Europe and America are copied from illustrations in catalogues that have somehow or other found their way out there. These shops have glass windows and real doors and they display their goods in a way thought to be truly Parisian. The glass windows, though the panes are small, must have cost a deal of money, for glass is almost unknown in Persia. The master shoemaker stands proudly at the door and welcomes a customer with the greeting, "All that I have is yours—my shop and all its goods." But once the prospective customer is inside, the shopkeeper forgets to be the Frenchman of the Orient, and the hargaining methods of the East begin. The customer is assured that the price asked is half the actual cost, while all the time a quarter of the sum named would buy the goods. If no business results, politeness is still the order of the day, for a Persian does not consign a man to Hades, but just insinuates, by referring to him as the

"son of a hurnt father," that his honored parent is already there.—*Roland Gorbald in Asia Magazine*.

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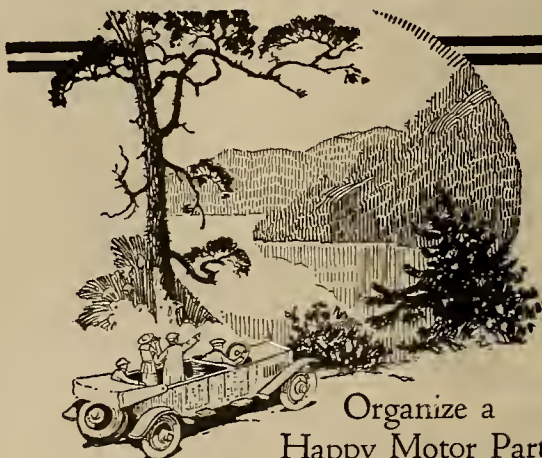
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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2317.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 20, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, 10th and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system; at the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Matter of Canal Tolls.

The Senate has agreed to vote October 10th on the Borah bill providing for free tolls on American coastwise vessels using the Panama Canal. This bill, it is understood, reflects the President's ideas, being in line with views declared by him in the campaign of last year. The Argonaut dislikes to take issue with Mr. Harding. It believes in his sincerity and, broadly speaking, in his common sense. But here we think is a case where he committed himself without having made himself familiar with all the conditions. As a matter of fact we have no right under our treaties to give anything in the nature of special privileges to American ships. It is set forth in our treaty with Great Britain that there shall be no discrimination in favor or against anybody in the use of the Canal. At the time this was intended to safeguard the Canal against a selfish policy on our part. It was so understood by those with whom we dealt; it was so understood by ourselves.

If no rights had been acquired prior to construction of the Canal, then the argument so often uttered that we made the Canal and may therefore do with it as we will would be reasonable enough. But there were commitments before we took over the project limiting our privilege with respect to its use, and these commitments are as binding today as when they were made. Mr. Elihu Root holds and has frequently asserted with an overwhelming array of facts and no less emphatic array

of moral considerations that we have no right arbitrarily to alter the conditions upon the basis of which the Canal was built and under which until now it has been administered. There is widespread belief that the manner in which we acquired the Canal involved abandonment of certain traditions of moral value. It has not helped our good fame in the world that we "took" the Canal Zone. Let us not now add another question mark against the national good faith by a procedure in flat contempt of our engagements.

A Closing Door.

It would not be easy to name half a dozen men in the higher walks of American life who did not begin at the bottom or somewhere near it. There is not in the whole country the president of a railroad who did not in earlier life serve in the lower ranks, if not indeed in the lowest. Similarly in the sphere of finance. With the single exception of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, every man prominent in the greater financial interests of the country began far down the line. So in every department men of marked success have developed from simple beginnings.

It was notably so in the earlier life of our own state. In his youth Collis P. Huntington peddled tinware from farmhouse to farmhouse in Connecticut. D. O. Mills ran a dairy somewhere up-Hudson. Charles Crocker and Leland Stanford worked as all-round helpers in village stores. Claus Spreckels assisted the cook and waited on the table in a Charleston waterfront restaurant. Hall McAllister was supercargo of a ship that came around the horn. George Perkins was a sailor boy. So on throughout the roster of our early notables every man of them all rose from simple beginnings.

How did they rise? The incidents were different, but the principle in all cases was the same. They all rose by service. No one of them was a shirk. No one of them studied the clock. No one of them was afraid that he would do something that belonged to some other man's job. They rose through service—through diligence, loyalty, the grasping of opportunities that came in their way.

But the path through which all these men came is all but closed. It has been closed by the scheme of labor unionism that holds each man strictly within the limitations of a particular branch of a particular trade. No man may work five minutes beyond the time fixed for the ending of his day excepting for overtime pay. A machinist may not fasten a loosening lock or screw up a dribbling faucet. A carpenter may not fit into its place a pane of glass. No man may be, under union rules, that old-fashioned highly-skilled and economically helpful man of many crafts whose handy service has led to many promotions. According to union rules each man is bound to the particular craft or the particular department of that craft to which he belongs and where he must remain. No man has license to make himself so useful by special diligence and by varied skill as to attract the attention of employers and commend himself to advancement.

It has been a traditional boast that America is the land of opportunity as well as the land of freedom. Here we have been proud to say any man may rise by diligence, by skill, by exceptional qualities of mind or body. Diligence, skill, exceptional qualities of mind or body will aid no man who accepts the discipline of unionism and submits to its restrictions. We have boasted that America is a land free from the blight of class, but this brag no longer holds good. When a man is bound to a particular occupation, when he is denied permission to step aside from it, when he may not commend himself by special labors or loyalties, there is established a class with lines as rigid and as arbitrary as ever bound a man under any system since the world began. Unionism is fast destroying the old liberty which enabled men of special qualifications to

advance from one status to another. It is destroying the old joy and hope in labor. Unionism decrees that the carpenter shall be always a carpenter, that the clerk shall be always a clerk, that the brick-mason shall be always a brick-mason, that the hod-carrier shall be always a hod-carrier. It grants no leave or license for a man to advance his fortunes according to his merits, whatever they may be. Upon whatever trade unionism sets its seal—and it aims at control of all trades—it condemns those who belong to it to spend their lives under rigid class restrictions, thwarting to individual ability, fatal to individual ambition.

It hardly needs be added that whatever is thwarting or stifling to individual ability and ambition is fatal to the interest, not merely of the individual, but of the community at large. Our leaders in times past, our men of vision, our men of enterprise, have been drawn from the ranks. We have no class of hereditary privilege and of hereditary powers. It has been our strength and our boast that our system has yielded all that has been essential to our needs. Now if men of superior powers are to be excluded from opportunity to rise, if permission to exploit themselves is to be denied to loyalty, diligence, skill, and special energy, where shall we find the captains of life and industry that are essential to the common welfare? And by the same token, what is to become of the interest of the rank and file—of the hewers of woods and the drawers of water—not to mention the more advanced industries if men of powers of organization and leadership shall not have opportunity to exercise their talents and develop their gifts?

President and Congress.

Several times in the earlier weeks of Mr. Harding's presidency when asked to exert influences under his hand towards ends obviously desirable and necessary he declined to act. His idea—and he set it forth in plain words—was that it was the duty of Congress to attend to these matters without dictation or interference from the executive office. Today, something less than half a year from his inauguration, we find Mr. Harding, not only advising, but in a sense commanding Congress. Within a month he has appeared before that body personally, urging negative action in one important matter—a soldiers' bonus bill—and now in respect to tariff, taxes, and various other matters he is not merely letting his wishes be known, but is actively counseling and advising committee chairmen and other important members of Congress. It is a case where within a few weeks a definite executive policy has been reversed. It is worth while to consider conditions under which this change has come about: first, in justification of President Harding; second, as revealing certain tendencies in our system.

The present administration and the present Congress came into office upon distinct pledges. They were committed to the country to do certain specific things. The President holds these pledges to be binding and insists that they shall be carried out. Congress is indifferent, neglectful, and—in truth—incapable. The responsibility of the two branches of the government is practically the same. But the country finds it easier to visualize the President than a Congress, which by large membership has in a sense become an impersonal body. The President is a tangible and definite quantity. The country looks to him to redeem the pledges of the party of which he is the head.

Habit has something to do with the attitude of Congress. Roosevelt bullied Congress. Taft both advised and instructed it. Wilson subordinated it to an almost negligible factor in matters of large policy. Thus for twenty years Congress has practically been a puppet, when party affiliations favored it, an instrument of presidential policy. It has grown to be a habit with Congress

as a body to lean upon the President; likewise it has grown to be a habit with members of Congress to evade responsibility for delinquencies by pleading the authority of the presidency.

There has recently developed in Congress a series of blocs representative of different interests, often of conflicting interests. There is the agricultural bloc, the manufacturing bloc, the "uplift" bloc, with a dozen others of minor importance. Each of these blocs claims coöperation from its members upon the theory that the demands of the bloc are superior to those of the party. The tendency of course is to weaken or break down what is left of party discipline and authority. This is a particularly demoralizing idea in a Congress chosen under a system (the direct primary) which too frequently sends to Congress men bearing party labels, but really of no party, and therefore with no definite sense of responsibility to anybody.

In the present Congress the Republican party has nominally a very large majority. But much of that majority, as we all knew at the time of last year's election, was not Republican at all, but merely anti-Wilson and anti-Democratic. The cheaper sort of politicians, who make it their business to be always on the winning side, were Republicans in the campaign of last year and a good many of them got into Congress. Opportunists all, they naturally are a disturbing element in the government. In the process of getting ready for their individual campaigns next year—of commending themselves to the constituencies—they are, in the language of a Washington observer, "insurgers all over the lot."

Typical of this class are Representatives Frear of Wisconsin and Keller of Minnesota, who are making themselves conspicuous just now by denunciation of the administration tax and tariff proposals. The motives of these gentlemen are to be sought in certain conditions in their constituencies; and it is to these breezes that they are adjusting their sails. Messrs. Frear and Keller declare that the Administration is absolutely dominated by Wall Street and that President Harding has assumed a dictatorship unmatched in American history. The Democratic press the country over is naturally sympathetic toward these violent statements and finds in them a special emphasis, due to the fact that these two northwestern congressmen are "sound Republicans." The plain truth is that neither Frear nor Keller has ever been a sound Republican or a sound anything else. The political careers of both Frear and Keller reveal them as being customarily in opposition to the party whose label they wear. Thus Frear was active in the La Follette camp in the Wisconsin legislature prior to his election to Congress in 1912. Nothing further needs to be said to define his moral and political status. Keller writes himself down in the Congressional Directory as an "Independent Republican." He was active in local politics in St. Paul with the so-called Progressive outfit and was commissioner of public utilities there. The following quotation from his autobiography in the Congressional Directory is illuminating: "When the late Congressman Carl Van Dyke died, an old-fashioned convention was held to nominate a candidate for the special election. Mr. Keller lost the Republican nomination in the convention, but was persuaded by his friends to run as an independent, and with the support of labor was elected in a very spirited campaign, defeating his Republican and Democratic opponents; reelected on the Republican ticket to the Sixty-Seventh Congress by a large majority." Mr. Keller is fundamentally a single-taxer. In a public statement issued last week he denounces Secretary Mellon, the Committee on Ways and Means, and pretty much everybody else in the government as being ignorant of the fundamental laws of economics, it being his judgment that the only sound economic theories are those advanced by the late Henry George. He has pending a Federal tax bill basing our tax system on land values. A laborite, a single-taxer, a radical, Mr. Keller is naturally opposed to what the Republican party is endeavoring to accomplish. He is labeled as a Republican, but the label is misleading.

There are a great many Frears and Kellers in the House who call themselves Republicans. They are numerous in the labor bloc and in the agricultural bloc. Hence the difficulty of formulating and putting into effect a genuine party legislative programme. Unlike Messrs. Frear and Keller, the majority of these dissenters are not sure enough of the temper of their own

districts to fight the Administration openly. But if they observe Frear and Keller "getting away with" insurgency at home, we may see a more clearly defined split in the Republican party. The uncertainty of the situation as above defined, and the very evident dependence of the country upon Mr. Harding, with the responsibility implied in the party pledges of last year, make a situation that requires the President to assume the rôle of party leader in Congress, even to grasp the Big Stick with a firm hand. He has not wished to do it, but it has been necessary for him to do it; on one hand to keep faith with the country, on the other to save the treasury from bankruptcy. To put it bluntly, Congress must be directed. To put it still more bluntly, Congress wants to be directed. It wants opportunity to place responsibility for important decisions on shoulders other than its own, and the shoulders of the President are the handiest and most available at Washington.

President Harding has not abandoned the hope of making Congress a self-respecting, normally functioning arm of the government, operating independently in its special field. He wants it to be in harmonious relations with the executive department, but not subordinated thereto. And he will not subordinate the executive to Congress or either branch thereof. But the poor type of politics, of which the direct primary is the immediate cause, that now prevails in Congress has reduced that body to a low status. It ought to be patent to every thoughtful observer that we have gotten to the point in this country where party government is a necessity if wholesome, sane, and economical administration of national affairs is to be secured. The present system of irresponsible direct primary choice for congressional seats has made efficiency in Congress impossible. No concrete programme can be adopted or enacted. A clutter of special blocs compel uneconomic compromises to meet the demands of special interests, sessions of Congress are prolonged unduly, the public and the public treasury suffer.

"Women and Children First."

A story comes from Riga to the effect that there is a deadlock in the matter of American relief of starving Russia, due to insistence on the part of the Soviet government upon "greater control of the personnel and distribution of American food than has been granted any other country which has been aided by the American relief administration." This would indicate that the Soviets propose a species of lockout upon American relief unless they can have charge of its distribution. Well, let it be so! We are not so anxious to give away food as to be willing to turn it over to a gang of highbinders who are more likely to use it to boost their political schemes than for relief of suffering. This is evidently Mr. Hoover's idea. He is quoted from Washington as saying on Monday that relief work in Russia "will not be varied from the principle of American control of distribution. * * * There will be no Soviet domination of the food distribution work."

Trouble appears to have arisen upon enforcement of the rule that children and others in the famine area shall receive the same rations as Russian officials. The Soviet government apparently does not consent to this principle. Its idea is to feed its own crew first and give over to the children in the famine district whatever may remain. This is in accord with Soviet theory and practice. It is the way they have been conducting affairs this four or five years past. It proceeds from their way of thinking—from their belief that the Soviet system is the important thing to be considered and conserved.

The American idea, it is hardly necessary to state, is directly opposed to this fine theory. We think we speak the mind of the country in saying that nobody in the United States has anything in the nature of love or respect for Soviet officialism. We would with complacency see the entire crew, from Lenin and Trotsky down, perish from the face of the earth by starvation or any other means that would not be too gentle and merciful. What stirs the heart of America and loosens its purse-strings is the thought, not of needy officialism, but of women and children crying for food. Dependence, we suspect, may safely be fixed upon Mr. Hoover's firmness of mind. It has not been his way to yield to pressure. His sympathies have before now left him dry-eyed in the presence of brutal officialism, but they are warm where suffering womanhood and

childhood are concerned. But if this were not so, if Mr. Hoover were weak enough to yield to the Soviet demand, the end would come quickly through the drying up of the sources of supply. There is nobody in this country who is concerning himself about the suffering of the Soviet officials, civil or military.

Responsibility and Skill vs. Political Calculation

Before the mind of the country undertakes to adjust itself in relation to issues of taxation between the Administration and Congress it would be well to examine into what lies back of the conflicting proposals. The Administration, or to make the matter personal, President Harding, is under the necessity of meeting the enormous charges of government imposed by war and what has followed. With assistance of disinterested experts of high authority, notably of Secretary Mellon and his corps of aides, there has been prepared a measure which aims, not to lighten the load of taxation, but to so redistribute it as to promote enterprise and prosperity. The problem has been difficult, and it is only fair to say that it has not been solved to the satisfaction of anybody. "To tax and to please," said Edmund Burke, "or to love and be wise, is not given to man." President Harding and Secretary Mellon have discovered, as have many others before them, that there is truth both sound and sad in this famous epigram. But with such aids as are at their hand, and with such counsels as they have been able to command, they have prepared a bill which meets the situation after a fashion.

Now comes Congress, without financial experience or skill, without exhaustive or serious study of the question, with only a shifty sense of its responsibility, but with a highly developed instinct for political effects, with a proposition to modify radically the administrative plan. The motive of revision is purely one of politics. The effort is to tax and yet to please. The plan is to put heavy taxes upon "the rich," which will sound well in the country districts, to postpone a large list of obligations to next year or the year after—all to the end of getting individual members reelected next year.

In the one case there is a serious sense of responsibility, a sense of the responsibility of the government to protect the enterprise of the country to the end of the common welfare, indisposition to befool the country by a pretense of economy under a policy of postponing obligations that must in the end be paid. In the other case there are calculations in contempt of economic considerations, willingness to sacrifice the present to the future—all to the unworthy end of placating and cajoling the constituencies.

At this stage of the case it would be difficult or impossible, certainly so at this distance from Washington, to define accurately the issues as they have been raised. In the telegraphed statements there is more tending to confusion than to certitude of mind. But there is no difficulty about appraising the methods by which the different plans have been defined or the motives back of these methods. All that now may be known clearly is that in the interest of the public welfare and in the hope of encouraging enterprise and business, the President and Secretary Mellon have devised a project of taxation—this after serious study, aided by the lights of experience and scientific knowledge. On the other hand, we have somewhere near three hundred members of Congress, no man among them an authority on the subject, with little time and scant facilities for study and investigation, every man Jack of them eager for reelection and seeking to play up to popular prejudice.

Surely there is here a situation, if not sufficiently defined to justify judgment, at least to inspire caution.

Editorial Notes.

It will, we imagine, surprise many to know that the last state legislature passed a law prohibiting the covering of any building with redwood shingles. The theory is that redwood shingles are inflammable; but the practical fact is that somebody or some combination of somebodies that has some kind of patent roofing to sell had this absurd law put through the legislature and then succeeded in putting it over on the governor. Admitted that the redwood shingle or any other wood roofing is a hazard where buildings stand close together. Admitted that the common safety requires a non-inflammable roofing in cities and towns. But the law which denies to a farmer the privilege of covering a building in the midst of a fifty—or a ten—acre or-

chard with redwood shingles is an absurdity and in its effect oppressive. Where the law is not disregarded, as it is widely—and very properly—it imposes a very real hardship upon country districts.

The reason why ships like the *Alaska* which ply up and down the Coast stay close in-shore during foggy weather is that the shore line is short. The ship that turns her bow outward when the fogs come consumes more time—and more fuel—than the one that hugs the shore. There are other forms of expense incident to longer as distinct from shorter voyages. Ships are operated to earn money and their owners find greater profit in shorter as compared with longer voyages. Therefore the men who navigate the ships are usually under orders, either definite or implied, to take the shortest available course. This answers the universal question as to why coasting vessels so often hug the dangerous shore when they should be out in the relatively safe open sea.

Secretary Hughes, named by the President as head of the American delegation to the coming Conference, has distinctly grown in his half-year of official life. If not in ability and character, at least in the understanding and appreciation of the country. His course in office has been studiously considerate and moderate; his state papers have been models of clarity and of the kind of restraint that implies the backing of intellectual force. Mr. Hughes has commonly been regarded as an austere man. He seems now to have taken on quite another character; he has shed his austerities of manner, and in all contacts takes the line of courtesy, even of a rather elaborate graciousness. Possibly we are only just now coming to understand Mr. Hughes. At any rate, the country, we believe, will commend the President's choice. Under it Mr. Hughes will not only be the head of the American delegation, but the chairman of the Conference under the rule which automatically assigns that status to the chief of the group representing the country in which such meetings are held. Clemenceau of France, it will be remembered, was president of the Versailles Conference under this rule.

It was a matter of course that Mr. Harding should make Senator Lodge a member of the American delegation. As chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations this was due to Mr. Lodge. Likewise it was due to the Senate. Obviously the President does not intend to fall into the error made by President Wilson in disregarding the Senate and of holding lightly its authority at the point of confirmatory authority. Senator Underwood is made a delegate as a tribute to the minority party, and a better choice could not have been made. A noisy group is urging the appointment of a woman as a member of the American delegation, without designating any particular person. There is no serious reason for or against a woman member in the delegation, but there is no argument in support of any appointment on the basis of sex. To name a woman just because she is a woman would be absurdity. But if there happens to be in the country a woman of special and notable qualification, then there is no reason why she should not be chosen. Broadly speaking, international diplomacy is a man's business. Is it not possible that a petticoat or two in the council chamber would tend to alter its whole atmosphere, to introduce into it that which might change its tone and in a sense turn it into a pink tea affair? We submit the question, but do not attempt to answer it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Labor Crisis in Hawaii.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 10, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: As evidence of the fatuous belligerency which at times makes labor unions work against their own interests, allow me to cite their activity, in co-operation with the Japanese of Hawaii, in opposition to a proposed labor relief bill for Hawaii. Let it be admitted at the start that the plan is fundamentally objectionable. There is no need to argue the question that this plan to allow the importation of 25,000 Chinese laborers to till cane fields is "un-American, etc."—just as the Japanese in Hawaii are saying. But here are a few facts as to the conditions to be faced:

A year or so ago an elaborate organization of Japanese in Hawaii brought about a strike of laborers who were getting wages absurdly high. They thought they had control, and in a way perhaps they had. It remains to be seen. At a staggering financial cost, the Americans in control of the sugar industry stood firm against a strike of Japanese which was the beginning of a plan (not relinquished) to get control. California has found it necessary to pass an alien land law to protect her soil from such domination. Americans in Hawaii broke a vast conspiracy, at tremendous cost, by standing firm and taking the loss.

There are a few facts in this situation which I should think

that unionist, non-unionist, capitalist, and every one else can not disagree about: No white man, union or non-union, wants any of the jobs in the cane fields of Hawaii. (The question here naturally arises, Why are our union leaders fighting to help the Japs to retain a strangle hold on these undesirable jobs?)

All of the skilled labor in Hawaii, union or non-union, is dependent for employment upon keeping the cane fields going. (The question here naturally rises, Why should white labor try to stop the cane production which keeps every factory in Hawaii going with white men in jobs, when apparently the only question at issue is whether Japanese or Chinese shall work in the fields—and the Japanese, as a matter of common knowledge, are edging all whites out of Hawaii?)

San Francisco business men must realize that Hawaii is a sort of gigantic suburban customer. Bear in mind that Honolulu buys fifty or sixty million dollars' worth of goods a year from the mainland, most of it through San Francisco, and that the shipping tonnage passing through the Golden Gate for Hawaii is about 400,000 per year. Is it not the wise policy for San Francisco to come to the aid of a sister community that is such a customer and back her up in legislation that is vital to her prosperity and her continued existence as a customer? How many laborers in San Francisco does this business employ?

I have intimated that there are objections to the plan to import Chinese labor. Columns could be written on the sociological and other objections to this scheme. All of the arguments against it may be admitted—for the sake of argument. There remains the proposition: what good will it do the American Federation of Labor to stop Hawaii getting Chinese labor and accomplish the establishment of complete Japanese control of Hawaii? Let me repeat here that there are no white man's jobs at stake now.

What an astounding alliance it is, that between the Japanese who are ousting Americans from Hawaii and the white union laborers of California! Two "delegates" went from Honolulu to Washington to oppose the legislation by which Hawaiian planters hope to free themselves from the Japanese labor trust and conspiracy to dominate. They admitted that their trip from the islands was financed by Japanese subscriptions, and that efforts to get the white union men in Hawaii to contribute were a failure.

I have referred to wages "absurdly high" in Hawaii. I beg to illustrate: There is a department store in the Islands which found itself embarrassed in the sale of silk shirts, at \$15, to more or less uncouth coolies who wanted the best. The trouble with this store was that it had no shirts higher than \$15. Finding that indignant cane-cutters who wanted to sport around and tell how much they had paid for clothing really wanted to pay high, the store soaked 'em \$20—and did business. These, I am told, were Filipinos. But the tale illustrates the ridiculously high wages paid to coolie labor in Hawaii, and much of it has gone into a fund by which a Japanese organization is seeking to get control—aided just now, it appears, by the American Federation of Labor, though there are no jobs for white laborers at stake. The Japanese did not buy twenty-dollar silk shirts.

H.

Mr. McClatchy Replies to Colonel Irish.

SACRAMENTO, August 11, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: That popular writer of Japanese fiction, Colonel John P. Irish, writes the *Argonaut*, as published in the last issue, that Japanese do not drive white labor off the land; and he seeks also to convey the impression that foreigners may farm in Japan as Japanese seek to farm in California or even as they are permitted to farm under the California Alien Land Law.

No better demonstration of the colonel's ignorance of facts in the first case is needed than the situation at Turlock. Last year's occurrence was investigated by the House Immigration Committee on the ground and is covered in the published transcript, pages 856 to 876. Hundreds of white laborers, including many ex-service men, were deprived of their jobs by Japanese who contracted to handle the cantaloupe crop at 26 cents per crate, while white labor was receiving 35 cents. This year the situation was investigated by the Federal Department of Justice, and its report, if made public, will doubtless state that white labor handling the crop at the reduced price of 23 to 27 cents per crate was displaced by organized Japanese, who underbid them 5 cents; that the whites appealed for protection to the Turlock Chamber of Commerce, and not receiving it, resorted to illegal and regrettable deportation of some of the Japanese.

At Auburn last month white girls in packing establishment were displaced by Japanese because the latter would work fifteen hours a day and did not require as good working conditions as the girls.

In and near Florin, Sacramento County, the white population has been already largely displaced by Japanese.

As to the other question: It is not permitted for foreigners to own land in Japan or cultivate it for profit. There are a few ancient vested rights which may be transferred, but which are worthless so far as concerns a profitable use of agricultural land. The enclosures, too long for reproduction, will explain the conditions. For the general public these quotations should be sufficient.

For authorities which will be unquestioned as to the actual effect of Japan's laws on this subject note the following:

(a) Baron Uchida, in a statement to the Japanese Diet on January 30, 1921, transmitted by Associated Press and published in this country, said: "Japan does not permit ownership of her land by foreigners."

(b) In the March, 1921, number of the *New York Times Current History Magazine*, on page 505, will be found a quotation from the Kobe (Japan) *Chronicle*, criticizing Dr. Iyenaga for misleading statements made by him in an article previously published in the magazine named. In the course of this criticism the *Chronicle* says: "In Japan aliens can not purchase land."

V. S. McCLATCHY.

The "Blue Danube."

OAKLAND, August 16, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In the column "Individualities" of your issue of August 13th an erroneous statement regarding Richard Strauss, the composer, appears in connection with the authorship of the "Blue Danube" waltzes, with which he is credited. The "Blue Danube" waltz, or waltzes, more correctly, were composed by Johann Strauss, Jr., the eldest of the three sons of Johann Strauss, Sr., the other two sons being Josef and Eduard Strauss; all of them being Austrian by birth. The first mentioned is known as the Viennese "Waltz King," on account of the prolific output of dance music, chiefly waltzes, he composed (over 400 of the latter), of which the "Blue Danube" was the 314th opus number, and of which also over a million copies have been sold. Though by no means his best work musically, it is probably the most popular one of Johann Strauss, Jr.'s, waltzes, and by which he is chiefly remembered, its vogue being only second to that of the Austrian national hymn in Vienna at one time.

Dr. Richard Strauss is a German, born in 1864, and had nothing whatever to do with the "Blue Danube" waltz, as it saw the light before he was born; consequently he is not "best known on this side of the Atlantic" as its composer, among the musically well informed at all events.

E. S. CLAUSSEN.

THE COMING CONFERENCE.

We can hardly be sufficiently grateful to the political Brahmins who are now hastening to explain to us the importance of the international conference that is about to assemble at Washington. We needed their aid and we needed it badly. First of all we needed their warnings against the hysterias of the millennialists who interpreted the coming event as a sort of love feast in which the chief agenda would be the turning of swords into plowshares and arrangements for the adjacent repose of lions and lambs, in other words disarmament. For there will be nothing of the love feast about that conference, and if it has been thought well to affix the label of disarmament to the door of the council chamber it must be accepted as the expression of a pious hope, as a sanguine effort to discern the sunshine through the clouds. The conference may in very truth be the harbinger of a new and better day for humanity, but it is quite as likely to be the portent of fresh disasters. Nor shall we gain anything by that incredibly stupid optimism that we have so often allowed to fall like a veil over the facts.

But there is another danger against which the wise men are warning us, and perhaps it is as great a danger as that which comes from millennialism. It is the danger of supposing that the conference will find its chief activities in the determination of such problems as those of Yap and of Japanese immigration, that it will be a sort of clearing-house for the accumulation of small disputes left by a great war. Doubtless these matters will come within range, but they will not be the goal nor the target. We may begin to understand something of what the goal and the target are by a realization that two years ago the whole of civilization was looking eastward across Europe and toward Germany, Poland, Russia, and the Balkan States. Today the whole of humanity is gazing in the other direction, across America and toward Japan and China. The centre of gravity of the human race has shifted. The new alignment is of the white races on the one hand and the colored races upon the other. Treitschke said once—and no man ever said a wiser thing—that human history must not be studied as though it were divided into water-tight compartments, that there was no such thing as the history of a nation. We must now study history, he said, in a new way. We must regard it as the irresistible unfolding of the divine plan in human affairs. Now Treitschke was not a pietist. Far from it. He was not throwing a sop to theology. He meant that the human race was a unity, that it embodied a single evolutionary idea, and that it was only by a comprehensiveness of vision that we could understand its parts. If we will but think largely both in area and in time we may reach the conviction that the coming conference must be one of the greatest events in human history, that for a time we shall be suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and hell. It may even suggest the rather awful question whether it be necessarily the "will of God" that the destinies of the human race shall forever be directed by the white nations, whether one thousand millions of human beings must always be hewers of wood and drawers of water for some four hundred millions. The world is very old, and it has seen some strange things. It saw Genghis Kahn. It saw a Mahomedan Empire in Europe.

But none the less it would be well not to follow the political Brahmins too closely, nor to credit them with an omniscience that they do not possess. They do well when they warn us to prepare for great things, but when they proceed to draw up agenda papers for the conference they may, and indeed they do, show a tendency to neglect the unknown quantities. Several of such agenda papers, and from high quarters, are now before us, but it will be observed that the President and Mr. Hughes are saying very little. For example, we have some long disquisitions on the balance of power. Great Britain, we are told, is seeking an alliance with America, and that as an alternative she will renew her treaty with Japan. Italy and France, expecting that Great Britain will fail in her American policies, are pulling away from her, and they, and of course Germany too, will be on the side of America when the "inevitable" war between America and England shall come. The old game, in other words, is in full play once more. So we are told, and so, no doubt, is the fact. The house of cards, shaken down by the war, is being built again with minute attention to its walls that shiver and shake as each card is placed cautiously in position. It is hoped that a finished edifice will result from the conference, and that some sort of equilibrated structure will emerge that shall take the place of that other balance of power destroyed by war. But, as before, it will be of cards.

But what a lot of unknown quantities there are, and how firmly we cling to the conviction that the things that have been are the things that shall be, and that there is no new thing under the sun. Are we sure that the so-called governments of Europe will be allowed by their peoples to play the old game of the balance of power, that the nations of Europe will permit statesmen to resume the old courses that have borne terrific fruits within their view? There was a time when the British prime minister, for example, would

British people, to all intents and purposes, when he was a delegate in the fullest sense of that term. But is he now? Can there be any doubt that Great Britain is on the verge of revolution, not necessarily a bloody revolution, but a revolution none the less; that the great masses of the people are resolved almost to the point of panic and hate that the old order of things shall pass away and that no matter what befall, that house of cards shall not be built again. Let us not be too sure that the twistings and writhings of diplomats will be accepted as once they were, or that there will be a toleration of treaties and agreements bearing unmistakably the prophetic stain of blood. Of what value to chatter about the foreign policies of Italy, to take another example, while Italy is actually and at this moment in the throes of revolution and the streets of her cities given over to veritable battles? Is it difficult to see that the peoples of Europe, of the whole of Europe, are in revolt against their own systems of government, that they are in a mood to prohibit all treaties and to establish governments that shall be governments of human beings rather than governments territorial ambitions and of commercial systems? So there we have one, at least, of those unknown quantities that may easily set at naught all the nicest calculations of those who see no farther than the old order of things. There we see the probability that there will be governments in Europe that care nothing at all about balances of power.

Let us glance at another. The conference, we are told, will concern itself with the affairs of China, which is to pass under international control in order that she may be saved from the depredations of Japan. Japan, on the other hand, will insist that there be no interference with the domination of China, which she believes to be already a *fait accompli* and essential to her own Asiatic plans, as indeed it is. A very pretty dispute, and so we are making pictures of a sort of triangular duel between America, England, and Japan for the soul of China, with England hesitating between an alliance with America for the protection of China or with Japan for the plunder of China. But in any event—war.

What about the Chinese people? And here once more, and as usual, we are allowing our minds to be fogged by phrases. We have a vague idea that China is a republic and that therefore she must be in that state of inner felicity to which all republics are well known to attain. But as a matter of fact China is in a worse state than she has been for a hundred years. Mr. J. O. P. Bland, writing in the London *Observer* for June 19th, says "the immediate future offers no hope of the establishment of a stable central government at Peking or of permanent financial equilibrium." Mr. Bland tells us furthermore that "the Chinese government is completely demoralized and faced with inevitable bankruptcy," and that "the defenseless people are being mercilessly harassed and plundered by lawless soldiery and brigands." We learn that China's weakness is "more marked today than ever before" and we are assured that Japan will not relax her hold upon China nor moderate her claims. Now what may we expect, what may we not expect from those incalculable masses of people, famine-driven and tormented by diplomacies? Will China's delegates to the conference represent the Chinese nation, a nation without a government, with hardly the conception of a government? Is there any one on earth with the power to speak for China?

Let us consider the further fact that neither Germany nor Russia will be invited to the conference, and we may remember that Russia and China lie side by side and that they are, in a sense, continuous. It is possible that Germany will be invited to participate, but certainly Russia will be excluded. But can we exclude Russia? We can, of course, refrain from inviting her to send delegates, and doubtless it is right that we should refrain. Even the diplomats of Europe must draw a line somewhere. But Russia at this moment is throwing her shadow across the face of the human race. Russia is the most tremendous fact now confronting us. Russia is European and Russia is Asiatic. She sits at the balance point of east and west. Everywhere men are asking themselves with bated breath what must happen if those crucified millions should throw themselves across their frontiers upon Europe. An international conference without Russia is unthinkable. But an international conference with Russia is almost equally unthinkable. Neither China nor Russia has a government. All that they have is some six hundred millions of illiterate and tortured people who care nothing about treaties, nor balances of power, nor houses of cards. And against those inconceivable populations, to solve their unimaginable problems, we summon a dozen or so more or less discredited statesmen who are evidently determined to play the ancient game of statecraft that the old world, their own world, has learned to abhor and of which it is desperately resolved to rid itself.

It is not their fault. Perhaps it is the best that they, and we, can do. President Harding's action belongs to the heroism of statecraft that is willing to dare anything. There may be virtue in a precipitation of issues, even in the act of provocation by which we may at least know the worst. But do not let us lay the flattering unction to our souls that these assembled diplomats will have actual power over anything whatsoever, that they will have any sort of authority to speak for the infuriated peoples of the world or the strength to make

of their conclusions anything more than scraps of paper. Surely this must be obvious enough when we try to realize the feelings of the masses of Englishmen—the coal miners, for example—or the masses of Italians or of Frenchmen as they read the calm discussions of decrepit statesmen as to the wars that they must presently "inevitably" fight in order to determine the spheres of commercial interests in China or the delimitation of Japanese control over Korea or eastern Siberia. This is indeed a possibility, but it is something more than a possibility that the dumb and driven masses of Asia and even of Europe may take an unexpected hand in that game.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 17, 1921.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Sarah L. Doubt, professor of botany at Washburn College, has been elected a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Even the women of England have ceased to waver between their dignity and indulgence in sports. Mrs. Winston Churchill, wife of the British statesman, is an enthusiastic tennis player.

The Honorable Albinia Broderick, sister of Lord Middleton, is a well-known figure at the nurses' international congresses in London and elsewhere. She established a cottage hospital in Kerry several years ago, where medical attention for poor women was so badly needed. She is well loved among her neighbors, and is a familiar character tramping the country roads in top boots and short skirt.

It is not very often that a woman is fortunate enough to hold in her arms even her first great-grandchild, but for a woman to hold in her arms her great-great-grandchild, is, indeed, most unusual. Yet Mrs. Maria Jane Thompson of Jackson, Tennessee, at the age of 102, has the privilege of seeing her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild grow up about her.

Lord Middleton, who took a leading part in bringing about the peace conference between Irish leaders and the British government, is the most prominent member of the Unionist party in the south of Ireland. He is a large Irish land-owner, owning almost 10,000 acres, and has been bitterly opposed to the campaign of the "Black and Tans." He has strongly censured the British government in both the House of Commons and the House of Lords. He has been actively cooperating with the Peace with Ireland League, started by Lord Henry Bentinck, Lord Buckmaster, and others to create a moral propaganda in England which would force the government to take decisive action. Lord Middleton was born December 14, 1856. After receiving his education at Eton and Oxford he took up a career in politics.

Ten years after his father had assisted in trouncing the British at Majuba Hill, General Smuts first saw the light of day. He received his early education in the Transvaal, where he was born, and then went to England for a university education in law. He was rather pro-British when he went back home, but he did not advertise this proclivity very strongly because he was practicing politics as well as law, and British sympathizers did not prosper well in those days. This was about the time that Dr. Jameson and our own John Hays Hammond made their raid across the border for the purpose of annexing the Boer republics to the British Empire. Downright and straightforward, abrupt, and brusque as he can be at times, "Slim Jannie" can be at need very wily and even tortuous in his methods. He is a great pacificator, this premier of one of the greatest units of the British Empire, this leader of the fiercely patriotic and stubborn people that held half a million British troops at bay for years.

John T. Adams, who is the new chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a quiet, modest man, who gets a lot of work done, but doesn't talk much while doing it. He was really the unanimous choice, open and underground, of the national committee, and while some other Republicans with aspirations before he was chosen passed the word around that if the lightning struck them they wouldn't crawl under the bed, all the flashes shot right at the modest man from Dubuque, Iowa. Mr. Adams looks a little like ex-Representative Landis of Indiana, the more retiring brother of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the Babe Ruth of the Federal Court League. He also looks a little like Mark Sullivan, who writes powerful political pieces for a newspaper syndicate. But in spite of these resemblances he goes on his own way, and his own way in the past has, politically speaking, proved successful. He first was noticed by the big politicians in 1908, when he ran the campaign of the late William B. Allison for reelection to the Senate. Opposed to the senator was Albert Baird Cummins, the present senator, who had been governor of Iowa, and was a powerful talker and a good politician. But Mr. Adams went out and organized Iowa so that even the Republican ears of corn and the old party hogs were lined up, and Senator Allison won in the primaries. The senator, by the way, was the man about whom it was once said that he could walk from Iowa to Washington over the keys of a piano and never sound a note. Maybe this is where Mr. Adams learned his quiet ways.

OLD FAVORITES.

San Francisco from the Sea.

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;
Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun;
Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warden of two Continents!
And scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,
Thou drawest all things, small and great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

* * * * *

O lion's welp! that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast,
I know thy cunning and thy greed
Thy hard high lust and willful deed,
And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.
Drop down, O fleecy Fog! and hide
Her skeptic sneer, and all her pride.
Wrap her, O Fog! in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.
Hide me her faults, her skin and blame!
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!
So shall she, cowed, sit and pray
Till morning hears her sins away.
Then rise, O fleecy Fog! and raise
The glory of her coming days;
Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies.

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;
When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;
When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrill,
And all fulfilled the vision, we
Who watch and wait shall never see—
Who, in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place—
But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

—Bret Harte.

Blind-Man's Buff.

The farmer had five buxom girls,
Joan, Betty, Hester, Peggy, and Kate,
And all had dimples, blushes, curls,
Had dewy lips and noses straight;
And four, in truth, were not sedate,
But Kate was quiet as a mouse,
And I loved Kate,
And I dwelt in her father's house.

And when at night all work was o'er,
The girls and we, the farmer boys,
Would clear the great worn kitchen floor
For games accompanied with noise;
And when none knew what more to play—
The games each having served enough,
I'd shyly say:
"Let's have a round at blind-man's buff."

Then, while all minds were occupied
With searching for that kerchief red
Of size sufficient to be tied
About the boyish hullet head . . .
Kate with one finger on her lip,
Her long moist eyes on mine that glowed,
Would shyly slip
From out the busy, laughing crowd,

And spend among the window plants
One careless minute, casually,
Lifting the window-blind, perchance,
And gazing out—as if to see;
Returning whence she held between
Slim finger and unconscious thumb
A trifle green—
A sprig of rose-geranium,

That, when the game began at last
She'd tease until her finger smelt . . .
And then its sweetness she'd make fast
Between her panting heart and felt;
And when my turn came to be blind
Fate must have slyer been than fate,
But I could find
My little rose-geranium Kate.

Oh, happy groping in the dark
Through fifteen thicknesses of red! . . .
I'd stop and make believe to hark
When I'd sniff the air instead;
And at my sleeve fair Peg would pluck,
And Joan into my arms would hurst,
But no—I'd duck . . .
She must smell of geranium first!

Oh, pleasure! . . . blindly following
That fleeting perfume—haunting, fine—
And when I'd caught the sweet, scared thing,
Mine, for one little moment mine—
Oh, bliss! . . . for I might kiss her cheek
As was the custom at that date . . .
She's not so meek—
As she was then—now. Are you Kate?

—Gertrude Hall.

The first phonographic disk is still in existence in the Smithsonian Institution. It was made in 1887, by Emil Berliner, and the first song sung on a phonographic disk was "The Sweetest Story Ever Told." The original disk that Berliner experimented with is of glass. A coat of soot was rubbed over the surface. The revolution of the machine caused the needle to scratch the sound into the glass and thus make lines. Thus the voice of a person singing into the horn was recorded. From it a zinc disk was then made and a copper matrix was the next step. From the matrix all records were cast. Thirty-four years ago all finished records were of rubber. Today the finished record is made of various chemical compositions, with a good proportion of rubber. There were five steps in casting the first disks, whereas today only three steps are necessary. First there is the wax disk, which records the voice. Then the matrix is cast and finally the complete record.

A JOURNAL OF THE GREAT WAR

General Charles G. Dawes Gives Us a Candid But Discreet Survey of War Experiences.

It may be that in the years to come we shall hear a good deal of Charles G. Dawes, and that a reputation auspiciously begun during the days of war will be enhanced during the even more exacting days of peace. That General Dawes was a good soldier is now known even to those whose acquaintance with the war is of the most cursory sort. His military qualities are invisibly printed—if one may use such an expression—upon every page of the two volumes of war history that he has now given to us. They are models of brevity, direct statement and modesty, of generous praise and admiration of others, and of a strict accuracy of record that will give them permanent place in the history of great days. General Dawes left Atlanta for France on July 26th. He had received his commission as lieutenant-colonel and he entered at once into relations with General Pershing, with whom he had a long-standing personal friendship. The author tells us that he decided at once to keep a daily diary and to place it in such security that it could do no harm to any one.

The author's first impressions of war conditions were naturally deeply etched. He made the acquaintance of some of the Belgian officials and speaks in high terms of their devotion and modesty. But he found that the attitude of general discouragement was more pronounced than he had supposed:

At the time the United States entered the war I judge the Allies were much more discouraged than we had supposed. The French, having stood up under the worst of it, were, perhaps are, a little more that way than the English. But it was not the discouragement which for a moment suggested anything but a fight to a finish. The spirit and determination of the French and English under discouragement are wonderful. One has to be here, to see the long daily hospital trains from the front—not here as yet, but to the French and English bases—to see the columns of fine men crossing the Channel and others going north from this port to France to be fed into the awful furnace of modern war, to understand what these people have stood up under for three years. The women are in black everywhere. The faces of the men from the trenches bear a look which often haunts one.

The author loses no opportunity to express his admiration for General Pershing, who was emphatically the right man in the right place so far as the American forces were concerned. Pershing and Dawes dined together in Paris and discussed the military situation from all its angles. We are now allowed to know that 40,000 Russian soldiers in France had mutinied and killed many of their officers. The French put them in barbed-wire enclosures and Pershing suggested that they be used as laborers. Incidentally we have a sidelight on Pershing's early career:

The French believe in the sacredness of fixed procedure at dinner. When I told our head waiter at the Ritz that General Pershing was to dine with me, and was ordering dinner in advance, he was much distressed because I ordered no soup. His protests were polite, but extremely insistent. Soup should be served. The general would expect soup. Was I sure he did not want it? He would prepare it anyway—and if the general did not want it, it would not be put on the bill. Was I very sure that the general could get along without soup? "Well," I replied finally, "when the general and I patronized Don Cameron's 15-cent lunch counter at Lincoln, Nebraska, he was able to get along without soup and nearly everything else I have ordered that costs over 10 cents." This remark, designed to impress his sense of humor, was unnoticed in his profound depression over my obstinacy—and so I let him make his soup and pass the question directly to the great chieftain himself for decision. When the general, dining at my expense, decided for soup, the waiter's joy was so evident that sacrifice had not been committed when threatened, that I was glad I had raised the question for his sake.

We have another personal reference to the commander under date of December 22, 1917. General Pétain was expected to dinner on that day, and the author describes him as a very alert man:

The following will be of interest to those who do not know our commander-in-chief. When I got up next morning it was very cold and snowing. General Harbord came to my door and asked me to come and dress in his room as he had a wood fire. Notwithstanding the fire it was freezing cold, and I was quite proud of myself for forcing myself through my morning gymnastic exercises. While I was so engaged I looked out of the window, and there was "Black Jack" clad only in pajamas, bathrobe, and slippers, his bare ankles showing, running up and down in the snow outdoors. I never saw a man more physically fit at his age.

Both the French and the British were anxious that the American forces should be used to reinforce their own hard-pressed lines. Haig asked for 150,000 to enable him to resist the tremendous onslaught of the numerically superior enemy, but, says the author, "the rate of destruction of men is so great that once in the American 150,000 will be so reduced in numbers by counter-attacking that the foundation of the American military organization now forming will be largely destroyed".

If the emergency is such that it seems necessary, the men will be fed in; if the emergency seems less acute than represented, more care can be had for the relation of present American losses to the future military effectiveness of the American section of the Allied forces. The general, and he alone, must decide in the next few days to what extent immediate amalgamation of American forces into the English army is necessary. With the natural intense desire of an American and army commander for the preservation of national and personal independence, he yet will fearlessly make any decision inconsistent with their preservation which is necessary to ultimate victory or the escape from an immediate

Allied defeat. If the emergency, in his judgment, does not involve immediate Allied disaster (after a personal inspection of the battle area), he must preserve from unnecessary destruction, as far as possible for the future of the war, the existing vital germ now here of the future vast army of the United States. This is what he tells me—and whatever his action, these are the principles which will control it. It is due to him to state them now "in medias res." His head is very cool. His judgment will be formed from conditions and facts uninfluenced by emotionalism, politics, ambition, or personal considerations of any kind. After three hours of a visit with him alone, all of which were devoted to a discussion of the situation, I came away knowing that he is the one American to be in his present place. He says again that Foch is very confident.

The necessity to coordinate the armies became constantly more pressing with the lapse of time, but national ambitions were playing their delaying rôle and it seemed almost impossible to produce the unity without which victory must be delayed and perhaps made impossible. On June 23, 1918, the author tells us of a conference with General Pershing at Paris:

Last Monday morning General Pershing called me by telephone to come immediately to Chaumont. I took Captain Jay with me for company. Left by motor and arrived at the general's house in time for dinner. In the evening in his room he outlined his plan of action and programme for the American military effort. This was in effect a preliminary statement to me of the announcement he made to the conference of his officers the next morning. But to me he gave his reasons more in detail. The general believes that just as the present—since it is the moment of the Allies' greatest weakness—has called for Germany's greatest effort, so the time immediately following the collapse of the German offensive is the period of greatest weakness for them, and the time for our supreme effort as quickly as it can be delivered. He fears reinforcements next year for the Germans from western Russia. He feels that he must fight vigorously all along the line, utilizing against a worn foe the fresh and eager army which he commands. From the standpoint of enemy morale and our own vigorous movement will lower theirs and increase ours. He desires to keep the war one of movement as far as possible. He believes in a constant harassing by raids in the intervals between larger attacks, thus in every way keeping the enemy nervous and on the defensive. Therefore he has determined to demand that America continue until next April a schedule of shipment of 250,000 troops per month, which by April 1 will give him an army of 3,000,000 (or more exactly 2,850,000 men). But in the meantime he will begin to fight with the men he has along the lines above mentioned. He will take command under Foch—or, as he told Foch, under any one Foch may name—of the American field army. He has notified the Secretary of War that he will take care of the men asked for over here. In other words, he purposely burns the bridges behind us in order to win victory by insuring our maximum effort as soon as possible. By August 1 we shall have 1,250,000 troops here. He called the conference of his leaders to announce the plan, and to notify them of the tremendous burden of effort it will impose upon them in connection with the supply service. Asking my opinion I heartily approved. I told him that I believed the supply service could make good.

A few days later the author tells us of his first experience of the air bombardments to which Paris was being subjected:

Thursday night had a narrow escape in the air raid. Two bombs dropped near the hotel. General Winn, Junior Ames, and I were watching the raid from my window on the fourth floor of the Ritz about midnight. When the appalling explosion occurred, found myself half across the room from my window sitting in an armchair. The hotel was not directly struck, but its glass was shattered everywhere. One man on our floor severely cut. The wounded in the hotel and vicinity were not numerous, but some were severely hurt, and on the street some were killed. Junior took a wounded man to the doctor's in a taxicab. This makes about my thirtieth air raid—or thereabouts—but it has given me an added respect for a bomb. It is certainly a case where "familiarity does not breed contempt." We have had raids for the last three nights.

On October 8th the author tells us that he accompanied Colonel Boyd on an inspection of the Argonne battlefield just as the historic struggle was about to begin. Montfaucon was being heavily shelled. Wounded were being carried down the hill. It was evident that the advancing troops would be fired on from heights on three sides:

Returned over the road via Cheppy and Varennes, as the general wanted a report on the bridge work being done over the two mine-crater holes which are now being by-passed. At and around Montfaucon we were in the midst of the artillery, and a battery of 155's—four in succession firing within fifty feet of me—well-nigh burst my ear drums. This was after our return from our observation post. Much aerial activity and heavy anti-aircraft and machine-gun work directed at Boche machines was going on. My heart was heavy with pity for the wounded in the long lines of ambulances swaying along over roads so rough that at times their agony must have been excruciating. It was less difficult to look upon the dead. Some mother's son lay sleeping the last long sleep near our observation post. In the frightful noise all around he looked strangely peaceful and rested. Reached the train where we live and spent the evening with the general alone. Went over all Payot's suggestions as to our rear with him and discussed them fully.

The question of unity of command comes up again acutely on October 16th. Foch is already in control of all operations at the front, but now comes an order that seems to indicate some kind of interference with the mechanism behind the lines, and this, says the author, "will cause complications with both British and Americans." Foch appears to be asking a "control over the rear of the American and British forces which in his own army he divides with civil authority".

This I know: that John Pershing is being attacked in the rear while fighting at the front by those who would like so to divide the American army as to destroy largely its entity—something inconceivably unjust considering its great accomplishments and apparently without the excuse of military necessity. I can not believe Payot desires this. Nor do I wish to infer that Clemenceau and Foch desire anything that does not advance the common cause in their judgment. It is only another one of the interminable succession of inevitable conflicts and compromises between the interests of the whole and the units composing it. Each is dependent on the other. As in the case of a wounded man, it is sometimes necessary to amputate an arm to save the body. But no

reputable physician cuts off the arm without endeavoring to save the arm first if it seems possible. Thus also in military matters must decision be left to those in best position to diagnose what is and what is not indispensable in the relation of a unit to the whole. Therefore I refrain from further comment. In nothing is Pershing showing greater ability and wisdom in his handling of his army than in its relation to Foch and the Allies. In nothing is he confronted with more difficulty. His attack of October 4 silenced the French military critics. Now they are beginning again. Pershing has been given the hardest part of the line. The most difficult in topography to attack, it has the greatest and most determined concentration of the enemy behind it now existing in France. That concentration has drawn much strength of the enemy from in front of the English and French lines and made their great advance of the last week possible. Our army with the hardest fighting is making possible great and gallant victories of the others while slowly, obscurely, and painfully forging ahead itself. Its work is not spectacular, but magnificent in its effects. But today John has men north of the Bois de Forêt, and I am hopeful that events will soon crown our devoted army with its proper reward and recognition and make their position and that of the C-in-C less difficult.

On October 24th we are told something of General Dawes' difficulties in getting horses to move the artillery. Then there was a visit to British headquarters at Montreuil, where the entertainment "was that of brothers meeting in time of mutual dependency and with a mutual affection." This is followed by a decision to visit Pershing and report to him as to certain assertions that had been made regarding the rear supply system, assertions that have been making trouble:

After the St. Mihiel attack and when our army was being hurriedly moved over to the west for the next attack, there occurred, owing to the condition of the roads and other ordinary causes, a congestion of supply trains which was not fully relieved for about a day and a half. Clemenceau happened to be at the front and saw it. Somehow the impression got abroad that the Americans could not renew their attack because of this temporary congestion, but such criticism immediately ceased from any responsible source when the Americans did attack on October 4. They have been attacking and advancing ever since. However, unfounded criticism having started from high sources, their ceasing it did not prevent the miserable gossips from causing us some annoyance. On my trip took with me my friend Lieutenant-Colonel Cushing, of my old regiment. We arrived at Souilly about 9:30 p. m. The general has moved some war maps to the office in the car of his train so as to have them before him there as well as at the staff building in Souilly. The terrible battle is at its height and will probably remain so for some time. Our casualties so far in this movement have been 75,000. It is a greater Battle of the Wilderness. Some officers and generals are weakening—but not so the commander-in-chief.

The author refers in his earlier pages to General Pershing's avoidance of all discussion relating to his own future career, the entire absence of ambition for every distinction, and particularly his dislike of all political suggestions. We find him referring to the same topic toward the end of his first volume:

In the great press of work of the last week my visits and work with Herbert Hoover remain in memory. He outlined his plans for feeding Europe so far as it has been possible to formulate them. His present liaison with our army is through my office. He shared my frugal lunch on the office desk the other day. General Pershing called me by telephone the other night. He is very much annoyed by the newspaper talk about him as a candidate for the presidency and was contemplating a statement about it, strongly denouncing such gossip. He desired my opinion about making a statement. I advised it was not worthy of notice—at least at present. John will never be rushed off his feet. He sincerely deprecates anything of political kind. His future lies in his chosen work as he views it. I do not wonder, however, that he is talked of for this position. Many American statesmen in recent years have spread their sails for the popular winds. John, in any gale however severe, always lays his course by the compass.

General Dawes shows sometimes a humorous appreciation of his own characteristics. He speaks of an energetic—to put it mildly—discussion that he had with Admiral Sims. He tells us that General Harbord was once instructed by General Pershing to button up his—General Dawes'—overcoat, in order that a better display of military propriety might thereby be attained, and under date of January 11, 1919, he makes a similar and amusing reference to his own idiosyncrasies:

I took Charles M. Schwab over to call this noon on General Pershing, who has just returned from a few days' rest at Nice. In the ante-room we met General Fox Connor of the General Staff, a regular of regulars, a most able and efficient, albeit precise officer. Schwab in his remarks said, "Well, I notice one thing over here, and that is that Dawes does not seem to be thoroughly disciplined." "No," replied General Connor, "and in the early days a number of regular general officers got ready to hand him something, but after looking him over once decided not to do it." General Connor, I may add, did not give the impression that this decision was based altogether upon motives of personal consideration for me. It amuses me to think of what must have been the first impressions of me of these splendid officers and dear friends—so used to conventional military methods of statement and address—when, breathing fire and brimstone, I made my incursions into the system after results, my mind fixed upon the red-hot poker of dire necessity pressed against the lower part of my back and oblivious to nicety of expression or conventional forms of military salutation. Well, it is all over. And now I am by degrees relapsing into more placid and dignified ways befitting the banker and business man of the old days. But shall I ever get quite back?

One of the author's concluding references is to the Roman antiquities of Paris and to the beauty of the Winged Victory of Samothrace—references that are significant of a breadth of mind and of a taste from which the discerning may draw legitimate inferences. We shall expect to hear more, much more, of General Dawes.

A JOURNAL OF THE GREAT WAR. By Charles G. Dawes. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Two thousand, five hundred and three oil wells completed east of the Rocky Mountains during January.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending August 13, 1921, were \$129,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$153,000,000; a decrease of \$24,000,000.

Signs of a better stock market this fall are seen in the progress of constructive events from many different quarters (says *Forbes Magazine*).

But the man on the street, who has his thoughts and efforts centered on his own business is prone to ignore the broader trend of things at times like the present. That is only human. The average American business man or manufacturer, who has been staggered by one disappointment after another in the last twelve months, is in a very sensitive state of mind. To him, the usual summer dullness

good barometer of the cotton mill trade is the steady increase in active spindles which has been in progress for several months.

The natural sequel to good crops is good business for the railroads. The harvest season of the year is always the season of large railroad earnings, and those who have been recklessly predicting disaster for the railroads would do well to bear this in mind. Not only will railroad earnings from now on begin to show progressive increases from month to month, but it is highly probable that the results will fairly overturn all calculations of certain stock market statisticians. For the most part, Wall Street statistical experts have been emphasizing the importance of the poor earnings shown by the railroads in the first six months of the year. In so doing they have failed to take due account of abnormal depression in business, the tardiness with which the lower prices for materials have been reflected in railroad expense accounts, and the seasonal variations in railroad earnings which mark the early winter and spring months as the smallest traffic months of the year.

To summarize, the stage appears to be set for an important speculative advance in railroad stocks this fall. The market affords a varied and numerous list of selections to meet almost any requirements. In the low-priced rail division there are extremely attractive speculative issues, among them being Rock Island, Baltimore and Ohio, Missouri Pacific preferred and common, St. Louis and San Francisco preferred, and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul preferred.

While a marked improvement in railroad earnings may be expected to encourage sentiment on the stock market generally, this is only one of the more important factors in the situation.

It is undeniable that the banking situation throughout the country has been immensely strengthened in the last six months. This reflects the drastic character of the liquidation which has been going on. Further than that, it reflects the continued pouring of gold.

Though most economic students think that it would be a bad thing eventually if our huge gold supplies were used as the basis for a renewal of inflation, it is acknowledged that the temptation to use them for that purpose may become too strong to resist. At all events, these gold reserves can not prove an obstacle to rising prices and expanding business. In short, there is much in the banking situation that is favorable to a rise in stock prices, and the availability of gold is something for the speculator to worry about after the rise comes, rather than before.

Such coming events as the disarmament conferences, the tax revisions, and the putting into effect of the government's economy programme are designed to become factors of important constructive influence in the stock market.

Finally, many lines of business are in shape to respond quickly to any change for the better in general sentiment, because they are thoroughly liquidated. Notable examples are the copper industry, the oil industry, the leather trade, and the textile industries. Such representative stocks as Anaconda, Utah, Miami, Chino, Ray, and Chile, among the coppers; the Standard Oil stocks; Central

Leather, common and preferred, and American Woolen merit the consideration of speculative purchasers.

There has been a continuance of the definite tendency to lower levels in the steel and iron trades. Competition is so severe that, even if there were a considerable increase in the demand, it would seem that for some time to come there would be a buyers' market for almost all lines in the industry.

It is well known that Europe can ship us steel and more than meet the nominal prices that we have made. It will probably require further radical wage reductions in the trade and also lower transportation rates, together with a most rigid application of all possible economies, before the steel industry in this country can find its feet again.

Meanwhile there is little demand for copper metal, and the inroads that are being made into the vast surplus are disappointingly slow. The junk man still has enormous supplies of various metals at his disposal.

The wheat prospect is not particularly favorable, and it is likely that we will go through the season with relatively high prices for this grain. Corn has reached the critical stage now, but if it comes through successfully prospect would point to a very abundant crop which would work into the hands of the hear interests.

Liquidation is still going on in the spot cotton market, but it is being carried through in such a way as to suggest that it may not necessarily bring about any serious decline in the prices of that commodity. Of course the possibilities of small production this year should not be ignored as a bull argument especially as we may have really serious weevil damage reports before a great while.

Average security prices keep us advised of what is occurring from day to day and the trend foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the relative position of a representative group of standard securities at different periods.

By sensible tabulation of prices it is possible to keep a valuable record for the purpose of averaging certain standard securities. A system which provides a definite purpose becomes valuable only when that purpose has been accomplished. But we must not force ourselves into the belief that we can forever gauge with any degree of accuracy the exact position of the market by merely guessing "average" trends. If such a thing were possible there would be little or nothing to gain by keeping a record of prices.

A carefully prepared chart is one of the investor's best guides. The chart should be brought up to date from time to time, and the records should be kept on file for ready reference. In recording a group of average prices strict attention must be paid to the nature of the securities upon which the price range is based, otherwise the chart will not convey to the observer's mind the relationship it intends to convey.

Fundamentally charting is based upon comparisons of certain influences and psychological action brought about by technical conditions. Since the market trend depends upon such conditions, prices move accordingly. But all prices do not move in the one direc-

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tion consistently. Some securities move more regular than others. One security may respond to rumors only, while another may respond more or less to sympathetic conditions.

In comparing market prices experience has generally shown that unseasoned securities move more violently than standard securities, for the simple reason that the earning power of securities of this type is more or less limited. This difference is noticeable in all speculative securities of the unseasoned type.

—John D. Dunlop.

Money is ruling easier and Federal Reserve rates have fallen noticeably (says the Oakland Bank of Savings). For short-term borrowing money may be obtained in the open market at lower rates than have been prevailing, but the demand for capital will be so strong for some years to come that no noticeable permanent drop in long-term loans can reasonably be expected until the savings of the people overtake the demand. There may come occasional periods of temporary surplus due to abnormal accumulations of gold or to more or less protracted business depression and in activity of capital, but there is no escaping the fundamental truth that the waste of war has so depleted the capital of the world that years must be required to restore



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the normal relationship between demand and supply.

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Notwithstanding that during the war every available source was drained to float our 25 billion in government loans we find ourselves now confronted with the duty of furnishing, not only the capital needed for our own neglected development work in housing, terminals, office buildings, cars, rails, water power, highways, etc., but a substantial quota to aid in the reconstruction of Europe.

It is not possible to make an accurate estimate of the amount so required, but the total will necessarily be many billions.

As substantially all the available surplus accumulated capital of the world was exhausted in the war there is but one source from which this vast sum may be obtained and that is from the new net annual savings of the people, the net surplus production in excess of consumption.

"Elimination of waste," "greater efficiency of labor," "economy in government adminis-

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in trade has, this year, assumed a magnitude out of all proportion to its importance.

This psychological condition is so widespread that it has gripped the people of the country *en masse*. That has been largely responsible for indulgence in pessimistic comments on the stock market outlook.

So-called stock market sentiment has a great deal of the crowd psychology hack of it. And, like the humor of a crowd, it can change overnight.

By the time the market gets out of its rut there may be plenty of "news" to brighten up the situation in the actual materialization of

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events which can now be distinctly seen in the making.

For example, crops are coming along satisfactorily. Purchases of cotton and wheat by our foreign customers are not nominally active during the early summer, but export buying always takes a new lease of life in the fall, and this year it may well assume surprisingly large proportions, because of the sheer necessities of European consumers.

So far as the outlook for domestic consumption of cotton and grain is concerned, it is good. Supplies in consumers' hands are smaller undoubtedly than they were a year ago. The mere fact that prices are much lower should stimulate more consumption. A

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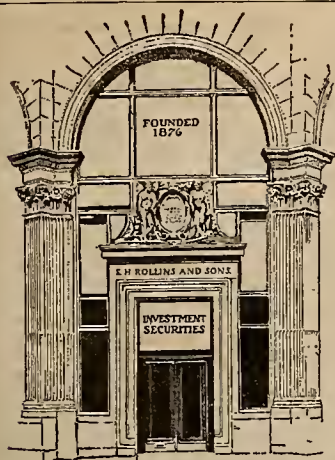
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tration," "the savings of the people" are in this sense synonymous terms; they all feed into the same funnel and come as the only surplus capital available for constructive work.

Secretary Hoover's suggestion of "eliminating waste" goes to the root of the trouble and if his efforts for efficiency and those of President Harding for economy are supported effectively by the nation the supply of needed capital may be so augmented by increased savings that a less number of years will be needed to produce a condition of equilibrium. Other suggestions for eliminating waste not embodied in the studies of Mr. Hoover's engineers have been made and most of the other great nations are bending their efforts towards more rigid economy in both private and public expenditures. The world seems fully awake to the cause of the trouble and its cure, but action at best will be slow, for the public is proverbially lethargic and the bandit politician, thriving on governmental waste, will be ever ready with phials of narcotics to discourage unseemly haste.

John B. Glenn, for the past five years Mex-

ican representative of the Equitable Trust Company of New York, prior to that having been American consul in Mexico from 1910 to 1917 with a total residence in Mexico of sixteen years, makes the following statement:

"Despite the more active business relations and movements of traffic, both commodity and passenger, now existing between the United States and Mexico, I still find many erroneous ideas and misinformation prevalent in the United States regarding conditions in Mexico. General conditions in that country have mended to such an extent that it can be safely said that the situation is more favorable now than at any time since 1910; indeed, an almost daily improvement can be noted by one in a position to study the country's agricultural, industrial, and financial conditions.

"Mexico at the present time is a country without internal strife. There are no armed factions in the field, as many Americans suppose, and the present government is, so far as I can observe, strongly entrenched. The fact is that the entire population is surfeited with war and anxious and willing to engage in peaceful pursuits. The confidence with which the more substantial interests in Mexico view the present government is reflected in a clarification and improvement of general business conditions. The commercial firms of Mexico City, for instance, have all experienced good business during the past three years; for example, among the more important firms of the city only two failures have been recorded.

"Train schedules, which until recently were an unknown quantity, are now in force and trains are running regularly from Mexico City to St. Louis and New Orleans. Some difficulties have been experienced during the past few months in the movement of large shipments of merchandise from Mexican ports and border ports inland, due mainly to congestion arising from lack of sufficient rolling stock and from strikes. These conditions, however, are now very much better and will be still further improved by the receipt of large numbers of cars and locomotives, orders for which have been placed with manufacturers of railway equipment.

"A number of important trade excursions from the United States have recently visited Mexico City and other industrial and business centres of the republic, with the result that the visiting business men have been greatly surprised with the conditions as seen at first hand and have consequently established satisfactory and profitable business relations. Foreigners residing in Mexico are given adequate protection both as regards life and property.

"As far as my observation goes—and I may add that I know President Obregon intimately, as well as the members of his cabinet—the president commands the confidence and respect of his people and, together with his cabinet, is apparently very friendly to the United States and is doing all in his power to increase the business relations between the two countries. They recognize fully that the proximity of the two countries is a great asset in the development of trade; convenient

shipping facilities give the Mexican merchant a decided advantage in cost and time of delivery in dealing with the United States as against dealings with foreign countries.

"They are also taking up with zeal the many and serious internal problems arising from the years of internecine warfare. For instance, M. de la Huerta, the minister of finance, who, despite reports to the contrary, I believe from my own observations is working in hearty sympathy with President Obregon, is devoting a great deal of time and effort to better the working conditions of the laboring classes in Mexico. Suffering among the laboring people has always been acute since the days of the Spanish Conquest. Even today, with the high wage scale prevalent throughout the world, the laborers on many Mexican plantations are receiving wages of 12½ cents per day. These conditions, of course, must be radically changed. The problems of transportation, education, etc., are also occupying their closest attention.


"The present government is now preparing to make initial payments upon its foreign debt; it is the general expectation in leading circles in Mexico that all foreign obligations will eventually be paid off to the complete satisfaction of their holders. Also, as regards the much discussed Article 27 of the new Mexican Constitution, from what I have seen and heard, I am confident that it is not the intention of the present government that this article be retroactive."

Much better sentiment prevails in the stock market. Lowering Federal Reserve Bank discount rates has helped a good deal. The manner in which the Administration is tackling the big problems that affect the business interests of the country is rightly regarded as constructive to the last degree.

What the Administration is seeking is to break the deadlock in trade. Helping the railroads and at the same time helping the shippers will assist to this end. The proper readjustment of the financial relations of the railroads and the government will put hundreds of millions at the disposal of the transportation interests at a time when they sadly need it. Payments of their enormous bills will help all around, to say nothing of the probable sharp though possibly short buying movement in equipment lines which would, of course, inevitably influence the steel and allied trade interests. With the steel companies operating recently at only about 20 per cent. of their capacity, it is easily conceivable that enough orders could spring up almost overnight as would bring about activities on a scale of at least 40 per cent. of capacity.

This would be a doubling up of the present business in the trade and, of course, from a stock market viewpoint, it would serve to stimulate enthusiasm on the theory that the turn in the long road of depression had at last come.

There would seem, however, to be little more in the market than a temporary recovery, for the simple reason that world conditions point to lowering prices for the things people may be able to buy, and both people



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and governments will be forced for a long time to practice rigid economies until the world credit situation is righted. It is the activities in the farming regions that generally serve as a barometer of trade prospects in this country. Farming debts have been added to enormously in recent years, and liquidation rather than expansion will be the order of things in agricultural regions for the balance of this year at least.

Had it not been for a radical decrease in its appropriations the Steel Corporation would not have earned its preferred dividend requirements last quarter. Just now it is probable nothing is being earned on the preferred dividend and possibly little for interest requirements. Consequently, unless there happens to be such a rush of steel buying as to bring an advance in prices, the next three months will be full of talk of unfavorable dividend developments. It will be well not to overstay the present favorable period in the market on the long side of too many stocks.—The Trader.

There is a fish which lies buried in the coral sand of the South Seas the spines of whose dorsal fin are hollow like the fang of a rattlesnake. When stepped on it ejects a poison which kills or cripples the victim.

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Labor's Crisis.

A book on the labor question written from the employers' viewpoint is a welcome antidote to the many written by labor leaders. For it is right to hear both sides of the argument. By a sort of mental and moral process of parallax the long-suffering public may be able to arrive at the approximate truth. Obviously, it can not accept the extreme labor dictum that it and its needs are created as raw material for the furtherance of labor, whose interests are the ultimate ambition of the creator. The public should therefore rejoice to have its equilibrium readjusted by Mr. Mendelsohn, who writes an employer's view of labor problems. "Labor's Crisis" purports to be an analysis of labor problems. It is all of that and more. It is constructive criticism.

The root of modern labor troubles, according to Sigmund Mendelsohn, lies in labor shortage—a state of affairs exactly opposite to that of the last century. And one of the most signal causes of shortage is the growing tendency to a shorter working day. The author traces the relation between reduced hours and high prices. In order to make the same profit that he made in the past the manufacturer must charge the public more. The laborer has more leisure hours on the same pay, but he, too, must pay the higher prices that compensate for his reduced hours! So much

for the economic side; and the author is equally scientific in disposing of the ethic—should we say aesthetic?—phase of the shorter working day. It is urged that reduced hours make for contentment. "Contentment is," says Mr. Mendelsohn, "however, a matter of individual temperament, and a shorter labor day will not create nor develop this characteristic." As for the contention that a man can work more intensively in a few hours than in a longer period, the author points out that it is better for both the man and the work that the latter be done in a more leisurely fashion. In short, reduced working hours have little to recommend their establishment and are according to our author a grave economical error.

Another suggestion made by Mr. Mendelsohn to solve some of the problems of labor is the introduction in small towns of large manufacturing plants. This would not only relieve the bad living conditions in the congested tenement districts of large cities; it would also distribute capital with obvious benefits to the country at large. The living conditions of laborers in small towns is notably better than that of large cities.

On the subject of profit-sharing, the author says it is not adaptable to every industry. "Profit-sharing can not be practically applied to employment which is intermittent or seasonal. . . . It does not lend itself to organizations in which woman labor predominates, because the service, as a rule, is neither continuous or permanent. It can not be applied to the operation of labor which terminates with the completion of a project, like the construction of a building." Mr. Mendelsohn, however, urges profit-sharing in all cases where it is feasible as it makes for cooperation and more stable conditions.

We are relieved to find a good word for what the author terms the "tripartite interest." "The state is concerned in the welfare of labor only in so far as it rests upon the interest and the welfare of the public. . . . As the guardian of public welfare the state can exercise wide latitude in so regulating the relation of capital and labor that the acts of either, or their joint acts, may not become a source of danger to the commonwealth." Wise words, Mr. Mendelsohn! We hope they will come to the notice of all upholders of the divine right of labor over the down-trodden third party.

LABOR'S CRISIS. By Sigmund Mendelsohn. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Books and Folks.

"A volume of friendly and informal council for those who seek the best in literature and life" is the sub-title of this series of papers on books and reading. The book is a half reflective memoir of the author's personal reading and half reflection on reading in general, all of it being seasoned with a dash of suggestion for other readers. Mr. Teall has ranged from college reading to newspaper reading and even has included a chapter on books for children.

When a book is labeled "informal," the ground is cut from under one's feet. One can not require form of an informal book; but the question may be raised if an informal book is justified. Mr. Teall's chatty talks read well enough for the book department of a homey magazine, but should they not have stayed in their natural habitat? And even though 'talks' may be metamorphosed into books, we still object to such minor details as the author's frequent use of capitalization in such stressed words as reading, plan order, and a hundred others. We would have preferred Mr. Teall to have given us some of his really interesting comments and suggestions in a less "chatty" manner. There must be a happy medium between the "learned essay" and "doctoral thesis" that he tells us his book is not and the particular form of pulpit chatiness that he has indulged in.

BOOKS AND FOLKS. By Edward N. Teall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

French Civilization.

Civilization and its less popular manifestation, culture, are sometimes thought of as veneers imposed upon the world by society, but Professor Guérard interprets them in other terms. To account for the civilization of France, or of any other country, we must delve beneath history into prehistory and examine the geography of climatic conditions, not only of modern times, but also of eras previous to our own. For civilization, or all that a race stands for, morally, mentally, and physically, is the peculiar result of all that has entered into the composition of the race.

"French Civilization, from Its Origins to the Close of the Middle Ages," is a brilliant exposition of Professor Guérard's theory. He first surveys modern France, geographically and racially, in a way to put most current hooks of superficial travel to the blush. It seems that to properly qualify as a writer of modern conditions a man must be an historian and a prehistorian, and a geographer as well. To say that the author throws France before you on a moving-picture screen is not at all adequate. No cinematograph

could have the suggestive powers of such pregnant sentences as:

"Among the former we should place *Britanny*—a huge slab of granite, flung as the western bastion of the continent against the Atlantic."

Or again: ". . . and, in the south, the Maritime Alps, clear and bare under an African sky, their foothills clad with cypress and olive trees, with the Glorious Corniche Road, a long ribbon of flower gardens and winter resorts, fringing the dark blue Mediterranean."

For at the cinema show we would see but with our own observation, and here we have the benefit of Guérard's greater light.

Having made some of us better acquainted with France than we ever were before, the author dives into prehistory and animates the familiar ghosts of Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon man. Cro-Magnon's descendants are alive today in Dordogne—a very handsome, superiorly made race. As far Neanderthal man—contrary to the assertions of some sarcastic students of modern Ireland—Professor Guérard says:

"We are thankful to know that anthropologists frown on the suggestion that they may have left any descendants among us."

The latter part of "French Civilization" is concerned with the more usual phases of historic France, though even here, in treating a familiar subject, the author adheres to his own admonition: "If history is to give us a true picture of human life in ages past, it can not therefore limit itself to so-called political events." His treatment of the facts of French history is as luminous as a presentation of the past may be. The Middle Ages with all their squalor and their glory unroll before us. It would seem that no detail has missed his patient search; and never has he lacked inspiration to fuse details into a moving ensemble. We have here none of the dry cataloguing of the traditional archaeologist. City and country, nobility and clergy and the third estate, religion and art and culture, Professor Guérard has literally recreated them all; and in doing so has marvelously interpreted the genius of the French race.

FRENCH CIVILIZATION. By Albert Léon Guérard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

Foreshadowed.

What would a woman be likely to do if her rascal husband blew out his brains just as she was on the point of eloping with another man, and after she had refused him the financial aid that would have momentarily relieved him? Would she then marry the other man? Or would she, on the contrary, feel that her dead husband forever barred the way to her intended happiness?

That is the problem submitted by F. E. Mills Young in "Foreshadowed." Lois Blount, daughter of a wealthy South African, makes a chance steamer acquaintance with Ackroyd and rapidly falls in love with him. She knows that he is a liar and an adventurer, but none the less she marries him and believes that she can redeem him. Women have always done those things and always will. Disillusionment soon comes. Ackroyd is all that she knew him to be and worse. Then she falls in love with Farrol and decides to elope with him. Ackroyd, in desperate straits for money, appeals to his wife and she refuses him. He commits suicide in the hotel ground. What will Lois do now? It is a good story, not only for its narrative, but for its picture of life in South Africa.

FORESHADOWED. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The notion of the country town as a Pierian spring of moral purity is being undermined by such first-hand studies as Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," and "Poor White" (Huebsch). Every one is familiar with the play in which the wicked metropolitans go to the country to be regenerated. That an opposite conception is beginning to sink into the popular consciousness is indicated by a widely circulated news story about a woman who says she would rather rear her son on Forty-Second Street and Broadway than in the average small town. One New York paper comments as follows: "When Sherwood Anderson wrote 'Winesburg, Ohio,' he translated into the terms of fiction the clandestine side of Main Street—which, he points out, is not to be found by merely promenading down that thoroughfare at high noon."

Debate on rival opera stars is frequent, but a rather novel discussion has been raised which has for its subject the respective merits of feathered choristers. Horace Hutchinson in the July *Churchill Magazine* takes John Burroughs to task for not doing justice to certain British birds. Mr. Burroughs, it seems, found the willow warbler's song the only one to compare with the best qualities of the American birds and he did not rhapsodize over the nightingale. Mr. Burroughs studied these birds at the wrong season, says Mr. Hutchinson. A third name has been brought into the discussion and quotations from Frank M. Chapman, author of the recent "What Bird Is That?" (Appleton)

are being made. He has said that "As a whole the nightingale's song lacks the force, crescendo, and diminuendo effects of a continuous effort. It is a surprisingly loud song, in tone a decided whistle; wonderfully volatile, varied, but rather hard performance." And he points out the perspicacity of Shakespeare in laying so much of the nightingale's fame to her nocturnal habits.

How does a short story or novel grow in an author's mind? Does it spring into being full grown or is it a process of germinal development? Judging from "The Note Books of Anton Chekhov," one would say that artistic creation takes place in both ways. Some of the notes are the merest suggestions, a singular or characteristic name, a grotesque attitude, a shrewd saying. Others are no less than working plots. May Lambert Becker, who conducts the "Reader's Guide" column for the *Literary Review*, advises the young writer "to watch for the appearance in book form of 'The Note Books of Anton Chekhov.' A more suggestive work for a young novelist or short-story writer would be hard to find. It would be no use to write stories from this material, but it would give any one with two eyes and a heart an idea how to use them to get material for himself."

Recent dispatches from Europe have brought the information that the home of Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana, which was seized and nationalized by the Bolsheviks, is to be left in the care of Tolstoy's daughter, who will be allowed to continue to live in it as caretaker, but not as owner. This information corroborates the condition that M. Alexander Schwartz found there when he visited Yasnaya Polyana last summer. He tells in his book, "The Voice of Russia" (Duttons), the story of his call at the Tolstoy home and his conversation with Mme. Sukotina, Tolstoy's elder daughter, and her daughter, whom he describes as "a beautiful young girl of about thirteen who spoke French and German fluently as well as Russian." Not long before the Red army had attempted to take the place away from them, but Mme. Sukotina had protested and carried the matter up to Lenin. "Finally," she said, "they gave us back the house, but not the land. They have allowed us to keep some of the servants who did not want to go away, but everything that is grown on the estate is taken by the government, and we have to get our food from them like everybody else."

Among the guesses as to the authorship of the anonymous book entitled "The Mirrors of Washington," which has recently been published, the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia and other important papers have given prominence to the intimation that it is the work of Mr. Edward G. Lowry, the well-known journalist and publicist. This intimation is very disturbing to Mr. Lowry and to the Houghton Mifflin Company as the publisher of the book entitled "Washington Close-Ups," which is soon going to press for publication under his name. Mr. Lowry telegraphs that he has never seen "The Mirrors of Washington" and that he knows nothing whatever about it.

In former times the aldermen and councillors of the city of London included many snuff-takers, and in the library of the Guildhall free snuff is still supplied to its members. It is placed in an ornate snuffbox, with a magnificent jeweled lid and handle.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Heel of Achilles.

This story may be described as a study in domestic Nemesis, and perhaps it is well for us all to be reminded that there is such as Nemesis and that it shows itself in many devious ways.

"I am an orphan," reflected Lydia Raymond, with immense satisfaction. And there we have the index to Lydia's character. Adopted by her aunts, who lavish upon her every care and devotion, Lydia begins her career of self-seeking. She is not obtrusively nor blatantly selfish. She never betrayed into brutality or vulgarity. She never misbehaves. But she considers every situation from the standpoint of her own advantage. She is single-eyed in devotion to her own interests and she is clever enough to know that a correct demeanor must be part of her plan. After graduating with honors from the country school she goes to London and takes a situation as accountant to a millinery firm. Then she becomes private secretary to a financier and is innocently involved in his divorce scandal. Moreover, she writes a successful novel and is made love to by a married man. But Lydia can see nothing in the earth and the fullness thereof but steps to her own advancement. No one exists for her except in so far as they can aid her own advance. Then she marries an aristocratic clergyman, has a little girl, and is left a widow. Lydia is invariably decorous. Only the keen-sighted see her selfishness, and among them is her grim old grandfather, who calls her a "situation snatcher," which is just what she is. Then Nemesis comes to Lydia through her daughter, and the author describes the process with a delicate accuracy that can hardly be too much commended.

It is in every way a notable novel. The characters are liberal in number and finely painted. The author seems to know English life alike in town and country, and is as much at home among the shop assistants of London as among the country "gentry." We have all met the Lydias of life and been chilled and repelled by them. Here we see the workings of a certain inexorable fate by which character works out its own pain and its own correction.

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES. By E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Torchlight.

Previous novels in English that have reaped their material from the fertile field of the French Revolution have belonged to the romantic school of fiction. "Torchlight" has the distinction of being the first of its kind; let us hope not the last. It is a book all of whose characters are historic persons, written with the realism of a particularly voracious historian, in the unmistakable form of a well-constructed novel. It is probable that even no foreign novel—French, Russian, Polish, whatever—answers this description. For though serious historic novels are written by those people, they usually include fictitious characters and usually sacrifice either art to history or fact to form. "Torchlight" triumphs without sacrifice or compromise. It is rather miraculous. Right here we should give pause, as the novelists say, and deliberate. For "Torchlight" is the first volume of a trilogy of Napoleonic novels. And perhaps it is not safe to give a final dictum before we are given the other two parts, though it would be hard to imagine any one of Leonie Aminoff's taste and literary discretion spoiling the beauty of "Torchlight" by its successors. Since she has sustained her historic insight through the considerable bulk of her first novel, and coupled it with a feeling for form as fine as any in contemporary literature, she may be trusted, we think, to not disappoint us.

"Torchlight" presents a picture of the French Revolution as a background for Napoleon—a leisurely process this, a longish volume for a background—but few people will

grudge the artist her solid masonry of stage construction. It is a tendency to flimsy stage settings that transforms so many 'historic' novels and dramas into picaresque musical comedies. The effect of vraisemblance is not got by sweeping impressionism. And it is often ruined by piling off on detail. It is the submergence of detail in form that is so admirable in "Torchlight." The hook is immensely detailed—Mme. Aminoff spares us neither interiors nor costumes nor yet the dinginess of *Les Carmes* nor a close-up of the guillotine. But the minutiae is never annoying because it is always to the point and it is always told with a lucidity and often with a delicately pointed humor that is reminiscent of Edith Wharton's superb style. In fact, Leonie Aminoff could win laurels in the field of pure style.

The principal figure of "Torchlight" is the beautiful, wicked Mme. Tallien, then the Comtesse Thérèse de Fontenay, who played a merciful and by no means inconspicuous rôle in the tragedy of the times. Mme. Aminoff is to be commended for the objective treatment of her historic personages, but particularly for her magnificently drawn portrait of Thérèse, which is neither softened by a tone of sentiment nor yet blackened by derision. It is as sympathetic as a treatment that is not a defense can be. She has not succeeded quite so impartially with Rohespierre, nor Tallien. Nor would we have liked her half so well if she had. Those monsters have no need of humanizing.

We have not said half enough of "Torchlight" as a reconstruction of the seething France of the Revolution and the Terror. It is as intimately reproduced as if the author herself had moved through the revolutionary theatre, albeit keeping an extraordinarily level head. As a sheer *tour de force* of scholarly research and reconstruction "Torchlight" is an admirable creation; but it is much more than that. It is a novel in the fullest sense of the word.

TORCHLIGHT. By Leonie Aminoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Evered.

"Evered" is a study in abnormal psychology. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to call it a sketch of an abnormal temperament, for the treatment is as slight as that of a sketch. Rather beautifully written, presenting its handful of characters with hold, vivid outlines, there is yet something unreal, almost unnatural about the book. It is the story of a man, a butcher by trade, living in a remote valley village of New England, into whose rough, uncouth nature has entered some of the brutishness of the animals as professionally killed. It is not a pleasant story and is only partly redeemed by a sort of Greek severity of treatment and the pathos of the man's own suffering.

From a purely technical viewpoint, "Evered" is somewhat marred by what may be called the shifting attitude of the author. He begins his remarkable narrative with a hostile attitude toward his butcher-hero, then presents him in a more tolerant light, and then, suddenly, near the end, he swings about, utterly annihilating his almost classical treatment of impartiality, and defends his man with all the ardor of a partisan. The reader quickly takes his cue from the writer; and it is non-plussing to say the least, to have one's sympathies suddenly and violently wrenched in the opposite direction. Except for this tactical error—and it is an error for a hook not to have a static viewpoint—"Evered" is a book of no little beauty. There is beauty in the style, in the descriptions of sylvan people and customs, and in the tragic fate of the butcher, but it is the sort of beauty that is best adapted to the traditional forms, rather than to the experimental form in which the book is cast.

EVERED. By Ben Ames Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Winner Take All.

Truly, the novel is a faithful reflector of popular interests and of the emotions of the moment. And the public fad of the present moment being a glorification of prize-fighting, accordingly the press is pouring forth a printed stream of boxing epics. At the present rate of appearance we expect the fictitious memoirs of mythical champions at least once a week. This week's contribution, by Larry Evans, called "Winner Take All," is a combination of cow-puncher story and chronicle of the squared ring. We wish we were sufficiently

versed in the history of prize-fighting to know whether or not the story is based on fact. Has America ever boasted a champion who came to New York straight from the cow-punching West, untrained in the science of boxing, who remained long enough in the iniquitous city to wrest twice over the title of champion from its holders, and who then returned to his native prairie? Perhaps. We regret our ignorance. The story, at any rate, is told convincingly enough. It may be history.

Its topical interest aside, "Winner Take All" has the sort of crisp tang that we expect and enjoy in a Western story. It has the economy of detail beloved by devotees of short story technic. In fact it has all the ear-marks of a best-seller. Nor is that remark made in deprecation. "Winner Take All" is a rattling good story, well told. It has the sort of realism that life itself has—ironic, humorous realism—not the squalor that the so-called realistic school is submerged in. "Winner Take All" is a good Western yarn, a good sporting story, and an amusing two hours of reading for any one.

WINNER TAKE ALL. By Larry Evans. New York: H. K. Fly Company; \$1.75.

New Books Received.

SMITH AND THE PHAROAH. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.90. Short stories.

BUNCH GRASS AND BLUE-JOINT. By Frank B. Linderman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

A book of Western verse.

RUSSIA FROM THE AMERICAN EMBASSY. By David R. Francis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50.

JUST HUNTING. By Ozark Ripley. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$2.

Tales of the forest, field, and stream.

SPIRIT. By E. P. S. H. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 90 cents.

Advice to the nervous.

DRAWING MADE EASY. By E. G. Lutz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35. Drawing for beginners.

THE CASE OF KOREA. By Henry Chung. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

CASEY RYAN. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Western novel.

SEA POWER IN THE PACIFIC. By Hector C. Bywater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

Study of actual and potential sea power in the Pacific.

THE LIFE OF ARTEMIS WARD. By Charles Martyn. New York: Artemis Ward. Biography.

LETTERS TO NOBODY. By Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

Big game shooting.

LET 'ER DUCK. By Charles Wellington Furlong. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A story of the passing of the old West.

Some Old Locomotives.

In the Union Station at Chattanooga, Tennessee, stands upon a special track and surrounded by a handsome railing, one of the most famous locomotives in history. It is the General, with which the Andrews raiders endeavored to cut off railway communication between Tennessee and Georgia in the spring of 1862. But while the General has thus rested at ease for many years, another engine, which should have equal fame—in fact, the one which captured the General and brought the raid to an end—was until not so very long ago working out its days on a branch line in northwestern Georgia. Now this one, also, the Texas, has been saved from the scrap heap and placed on view.

When Andrews and his twenty-two men hoarded the General at Big Shanty Station and ran away with a string of cars while the crew was at breakfast, they left behind them Conductor William Fuller, a brave and resourceful man.

Believing that his engine had been stolen by conscripts, he, with some of his crew, ran after it on foot. Soon they came upon a hand-car, and were able to travel faster. Then they found the engine Yonah on a siding, which Andrews had neglected to destroy, and in this they followed hot after the raiders.

Meanwhile the Texas, pulling a freight train, held the General some minutes at a station. At another station the General was delayed an hour. This gave time for Conductor Fuller to catch up. He left the Yonah where he met the freight train, and took the Texas, a fresh and speedy engine.

Then began a tremendous race with the pursuer but four minutes behind the raiders. Captain Andrews had twenty-two men, all armed with revolvers. He could have halted anywhere and defeated the other party. But he was a spy, not a soldier, and had never been in battle. His raid was so planned that by burning certain bridges he would keep his men safe.

With the Texas in pursuit, all this was prevented. Flying along at top speed, his men cut off one car after another to destroy pursuit, but Fuller, in the Texas, slowed down, received them gently and plowed ahead. At last the General was exhausted. The



THE STANDARD OF DRINKS

raiders, defeated in their attempt, climbed down, the engineer reversed his engine, and the General ran back to strike the pursuers.

It was too late. The engine could hardly run at all. The Texas received it without harm. Conductor Fuller leaped aboard and shut off steam, and a moment later the raiders, divided into small parties, had begun that fight which ended so disastrously for some of them.—*New York Tribune*.

Did you ever stop to think that it takes 107 separate and distinct operations to make that pocket knife which you carry around but give little thought to except when it is called into service. Take the Boy Scout knife, for instance. Sixteen operations are required for making the spring actions, with a number of additional operations to put the spring in place and connect it with the frame of the knife. To make the screw driver that is so important a part of any scout knife eight operations are needed. Twelve operations go in the making of the blades, seven in that of making the can-opener and six in making the leather puncher. When the knife is completed it is carefully inspected, the blades are glazed and polished. The projecting pins through the handle are rounded, the trademark is etched on the blades, and the knives are brushed out and cleaned. A second inspection takes place. The joints are oiled, the knives are carefully rubbed off with chamois, each knife is wrapped in tissue paper, boxed and packed. Who says that our cutlery does not take a lot of trouble to make a boy happy? Never he satisfied with a cheap pocket knife that is made to sell on its appeal of low price. The highest quality pocket knives are made in America, cheap imitation products coming from Japan—*American Cutler*.



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THE BOHEMIAN CLUB CONCERT.

We of San Francisco feel a sort of local pride in the Bohemian Club, even though we have men who don't belong to it or women who can't. Tradition tells that it was born somewhere about the same time as the *Argonaut*, which would make it about forty-five, or six, or seven years old. So it is fast approaching the half-century mark. When it was a tender infant its swaddling clothes bore the mark of poverty, for the comparatively small group that officiated as midwives were truly Bohemians; impecunious but talented young men, artists, poets, journalists, who had such good times together, even when there was no clink in the purse, that, as is the way of youth, they felt the urge to join themselves together into a recognized association for a systematic cultivation of good-fellowship; and thus the Bohemian Club was born.

In the years that have passed since the young organization first met in the old club rooms on Pine Street above the California Market some of those early members became widely known for success in their special lines, and New York called them away. But they were always constant in their affection to the Bohemian Club, which so thrived, and grew apace, that it attained celebrity outside of its natal city.

It has always retained its literary and artistic character, but those bright young men of early days, and others who came after them, developed such a talent for mixing brains with their good times and evolving such brilliant and original festivities that inevitably another kind of membership was attracted.

For quite a long time now, many years in fact, impecuniosity united to talent has ceased to be a characteristic of the members. There are in the club members of the artistic and literary fraternity who do not wade in money, but somehow or other a change has come over the spirit of the world. This is the era in which the musician, the story-writer, the painter is receiving greater recognition than ever before. Nobody starves in a garret nowadays, partly because there are no garrets, and partly because single young men whose incomes are light club together and live economically in apartments, making their own morning coffee, broiling their own dinner steaks, and snapping their fingers at that grim old wolf that used to lurk around the doorways of Parisian garrets.

So the Bohemian Club now includes among its members a number of fairly prosperous literati and plenty of solid men whose talents run to money-getting and jovial enjoyment of the artistry, the wit and humor, the originality, and the organized abilities of the more gifted ones in the club.

How little the original group could have foreseen the future to which their small but merry social organization was tending! How little they visualized the splendid club home that was to rise after the fire; or the annual exhibits of the art works of members, to which fashionable crowds would be attracted; or the acquirement by the club of a permanent ownership of the magnificent Bohemian Grove near the Russian River, where yearly they celebrate their joyous rites of hurrying dull Care: rites to which have been hidden many visiting guests of San Francisco who are famous all over the round world. Some of these men, most of them probably, have never seen anything like it before. Imagine some polished citizen of London, or Paris, or Rome being introduced to those towering redwoods at night; great, arboreal Titans, which, like trained elephants, majestically lend their

size and impressiveness to aid pigmy man in his disportings.

Those skilled Bohemians have now learned, from long experience, how to utilize every natural feature in the setting of their annual Grove Plays. They contrive wonderful lights and shadows, and they have their stage so placed that they can obtain extremely beautiful effects by using the steep hill-slope shaded by giant redwoods that rises above it for fine pictorial effects.

So much curiosity has been felt and expressed by envious outsiders to get some idea of the effect obtained at these midsummer jink festivities, when the annual Grove Play is produced, that the beneficent administration of the Bohemian Club gratifies it as far as they can at these annual concerts.

So, in accordance with a now established custom, at last Friday's concert, at which were rendered in first-class style about a dozen choice selections taken from several of the Grove Plays, they also threw on the screen many pictures, to see which was a great relief to the ache of public curiosity.

The large auditorium of the Tivoli Theatre—the fine organ of which, presided over by Wallace A. Sahin, figured impressively in the concert numbers—was packed with a throng of friends and admirers of the Bohemian Club. The crowd was enormously interested, not only in the close-up views of officials and prominent members of the club, but in the succession of general views of the camp, and more particularly in the stage pictures of the performance of the Grove Play of 1921—"St. John of Nepomuk."

In this play Clay Greene, the author, who is constant by nature, returned to the familiar theme of the heroic martyrdom of St. John of Nepomuk, the tutelary genius of the club. About this legendary figure Clay Greene has woven an imposing drama, for which Humphrey J. Stewart has composed music in keeping with the grandiose theme. The work of the two veterans has been produced with great attention to its scenic possibilities, as the spectators were granted the opportunity to discover when the pictures were thrown on the screen.

The real rarity and extreme beauty of light and color effect, however, are lost to us. What we acquired was a perception of the natural and unobtrusively improved beauty of the setting, and of the superb pictorial effect accomplished in those moments in the drama when there was a grouping of large numbers on the stage; when, for instance, the large chorus, by turns monks and gay court revelers, marched singing down the winding hillside path that leads to the stage proper from under the mysterious shadow of the lofty redwoods.

The grouping and stage effects—which were planned under the stage direction of Mr. Reginald Travers, a member of the club, and well known for his work in the Players Club—were imposingly in accord with the demands of the drama, and the audience later had an excellent opportunity to pass judgment on the music.

A full special orchestra and the solid phalanx of the Bohemian Club chorus were there on the stage, and it is more than probable that we heard the music at its best. For it is very difficult to keep an open-air chorus together, and besides this was a second rendering of the music before a large audience.

We heard half a dozen choice selections, beginning with an impressive prelude carrying the tragic theme, and ending with an imposing composition—that which represented the storm and the angelic chorus which celebrated the final transfiguration of the heroic saint—in which the composer showed a commendable mastery of his choral and orchestral resources, the Tivoli organ also lending a fine ecclesiastical suggestion.

Besides these numbers we heard a Processional Hymn, in which the chorus, which had not apparently been able, in an earlier number, to throw its vocal volume in full measure over the orchestra, now distinguished itself. With growing confidence it soared above the orchestra and the mellow boom of the organ, the unison of these three mediums leading to a grandly sonorous climax.

The love song of Sigismund, in which the composer demonstrated the musical versatility which was further indicated in a Revelers' March and in the group of Bohemian Dances, was sung by Harry Robertson, who, having chanted its haunting, love-laden measures in the dark at the Bohemian Grove, was a little put out of countenance when facing the garish light and a large audience. But the young man must have succeeded in accomplishing the delightful effect aimed at by composer and dramatist of a night-wandering lover singing in the dark, for his harsh voice eventually showed sweetness, volume, and a fine tenor quality.

A novelty on the programme was the appearance of William S. Rainey in the costume of Hajek, jester to the king, singing with fine dramatic abandon and with poses appropriate to the character the huffo song which satirized "A Kingdom Without Wine."

The half of the programme preceding the *piece de resistance* included "Egypt," by Wil-

liam J. McCoy, who conducted—as did each composer, according to custom—during the playing of two pieces from his opera in course of composition. Both of these pieces showed musicianship of a superior order, the grand operatic quality being noticeable in both, and especially in "Egypt," which rose to real grandeur during the organ climax and lovely finale.

We heard the familiar and ever pure and reliable tenor of Mr. Charles Bulotti in the beautiful aria "Antony" from this opera.

Mr. Edward F. Schneider's contribution from "Apollo," the Grove Play of 1915, was a delicately appealing vocal duet, "O Love Divine," very agreeably sung by Messrs. Bulotti and Sperry, and Ulderico Marcelli demonstrated his ability to express youth and joy in the "Russian Dance" from "Ilya of Murom," the Grove Play of 1920, to which the beautiful finale formed the contrast which shows the young composer's versatility.

The programme, in fact, as is always the case in these Bohemian Club concerts, was so charged with musical richness that we on the outside could but wonder if the talents of these men receive outside the club the recognition they deserve.

One hopes so, indeed, for almost every number given has that quality and that punch that would draw encores were it part of a grand operatic performance.

Take the waltz and the "Bacchanale," for instance, from "St. John of Nepomuk." Both of these pieces have that heady something which in dance music expresses present joy with a haunting undertone which subtly shadows forth the human consciousness of joy's transitions.

The Bacchanale indicates the soldier's surrender to the sensuous joy of the moment preceding that sudden awakening of the conscience during which the young revelers, as pictured on the screen, disdainfully cast their lights of love to the ground; in something of the same spirit, perhaps, which impelled Julio to throw his dancing partner aside, under the influence of the urge of a better feeling.

The handsomely gotten up programme contained a résumé of the plot of "St. John of Nepomuk," a striking, full-length picture of whom also appears on the cover. Also, Mr. Stewart has synopsisized, with illuminating comment, the music of the Grove Play; and as there is included also a poem, "Vox Humana," by George Sterling, the programme, as it stands, constitutes an admirable souvenir of a most enjoyable event.

WE STILL LOVE HIM.

In the aesthetically beautiful discourse on "Helen of Troy" given by Professor Powys during his recent series of lectures in San Francisco he quoted from the "Enone" of Tennyson; Tennyson, who in these latter days has become an almost discredited poet.

But with what delight the ear hung upon the music of his lines, as we heard once more their rhythmic roll and felt ourselves in the sun-drenched vale in Ida, "lovelier than all the valleys of Ionian hills."

O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear Mother Ida, hearken ere I die,
Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
That house the cold crown'd snake! O
Mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God.
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song. . . .

So sang "mournful Enone, wandering forlorn, of Paris, once her playmate on the hills."

It was a reminder of how often we have in the past been wont to turn to Tennyson for the joy and ear-comforting of verbal music. Those of us who still persistently love him and will never go back on him—for his poems are knit into the very tissue of the heart and soul of our youth—are fain to admit that he is, as Bliss Perry termed him in his "A Study of Poetry," "a near-sighted

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poet." But in many respects the Imagists have nothing on him.

The Imagists, it seems, have three rules, formulated by one of their believers and printed in the periodical entitled "Poetry." They are: (1) Direct treatment of the "thing," whether subjective or objective. (2) To use absolutely no word that did not contribute to the presentation. (3) As regarding rhythm: to compose in sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronomic. Obscure as is the expression of these rules, we do gain the idea that Imagistic verse must be clear and concise. The third rule seems to hint at a distaste for metre; and there's the rub. Although Amy Lowell says, "We do not insist upon 'free verse' as the only method of writing poetry. We fight for it as for a principle of liberty. We believe that the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free verse than in conventional forms. In poetry a new cadence means a new idea."

Miss Lowell in her summing up of the theory of Imagist verse further intimates that the Imagist should create new rhythms, and not copy old ones. Also that "poetry should be hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite." Her final dictum is that "concentration is the very essence of poetry." Not a bad idea, that.

It would seem, however, as if these and other rather rigid restrictions might interfere with the horn poet's spontaneous utterance. "We believe," says Miss Lowell, "that the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free verse than in conventional forms." Quite so: "often," no doubt, but not always. Tennyson was a horn singer. He always sang his poems in musical measures. Take that poem from "The Princess Ida" which begins:

Oh, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns.
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when, unto dying eyes,
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

If that poem, except that it has the balanced cadence, doesn't fulfill the Imagist requirements, then I'm blest. It presents the image, it is not vague, it is clear, it is not redundant, and it expresses the individuality of the poet.

The fact of the matter is that the Imagists are unnecessarily tilting lances. A poet is a poet, Imagist or otherwise; or he isn't. If he isn't, not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the rules of the Imagists can make him one.

And if he is a poet and his poems are modeled on the old rhythms, and we love their simple or stately music, which has rooted itself into our very soul, not all the waters in all the seven seas can wash away that rooted affection. Although, no doubt, the Imagists only count on winning the newer generations.

John Erskine, professor of English in Columbia University, who has published a series of essays under the general title "The Kinds of Poetry," says that for him poetry began with three and a half lines from "Idylls of the King." Those old idylls, with their fairy-tale beauty and lack of intellectual content, are sometimes smiled off the map by the stern modernist. But they are such congenial fare for the adolescent romanticist who

is feeling his way into the beginnings of a love for poetry.

This is recognized by W. L. George in his novel, "The Stranger's Wedding," although the novelist administers a side-wipe to Tennyson that is frightfully crushing. A young husband in the hook, a man of mind—he probably hears considerable affinity to the heart and mind of W. L. George himself—who has married beneath him, conceives the desperate idea of teaching his lovely ignoramus how to acquire a love for poetry. "We might begin with Tennyson," he muses, "and then by degrees get on to poetry." That was certainly a hody blow, even if it is merely the sarcasm of one man.

This is a daringly speculative age, and Tennyson no longer quite fits. He better belonged to his own time, although it was his misfortune to be honored by royalty. For when we open a volume of Tennyson and read a conscientious but maimed expression of the poet's loyalty to his sovereign it gives us a pain to think that the poor, dear chap ever was a poet laureate. But take him at his purplest—"Morte d'Arthur." "The Charge of the Light Brigade," the impassioned love song in "Maud," the exquisite Grecian loveliness of "Enone," and many lovely passages in his long poems, and we find that their beauty is haunting and indestructible.

We are obliged to admit that his poetry contains more of sheer loveliness than of cold philosophy, but the Imagists appeal, in great degree, neither to the heart nor to the mind. Their name tells, indeed, that their poetry is apt to be bright, clear, and cold.

Well, it is a comfort to realize how warmly Walter Pater respected Tennyson's attainments. Walter Pater, it is true, must be placed among the Victorians, and therefore has not had the possible advantage of full familiarity with the later poets and with the school of Imagists. But few there are who have analyzed the art of poetry and of individual poets more thoroughly and understandingly. And it is rather warning to the heart of those who persist in their constancy to the loved Victorian poet to come across this passage, taken from Walter Pater's essay on style: "In this late day, certainly, no critical process can be conducted reasonably without eclecticism. Of such eclecticism we have a justifying example in one of the first poets of our time. How illustrative of monosyllabic effect, of sonorous Latin, of the phraseology of science, of metaphysics, of colloquialism even, are the writings of Tennyson; yet with what a fine, fastidious scholarship throughout."

Pater certainly did not go off the handle in writing this tribute, but it is comforting that such a deeply comprehending analyst and interpreter of the finest poetry of his time does not quite banish Tennyson to outer darkness.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

More Terrible Than War.

War is an exacting mistress, but she must yield her laurels to accident. The findings of the National Safety Council, at its recent annual convention, demonstrate to us that tragic death in time of peace claims far more victims than does military strife in time of war, proportionately at least. While America lost 31,000 men in battle during the world war, the same period at home recorded the accidental deaths of 126,000 Americans. Probably this ratio of fatalities is no greater than in any other nation. That is, however, immaterial. It is too large. It emphasizes the sound and solemn common sense of the modern adage, "Safety First."

The findings of the council are a mine for the theorist who wishes to prove his contentions respecting hazards. But to the average observer by far the more shocking of these revelations are two classifications. Death and injury in automobile accidents and the accidental death and injury of children.

In round numbers about one-tenth of the total population of the United States meet accidental injury during a typical year, or 11,000,000 persons. The chief sources of death and injury are automobile and railroad accidents, falls, burns, fires, explosions, drowning, and industrial casualties. In addition to fatalities during 1919 there was a daily average of 11,000 occupational disabilities, or a grand total of 3,400,000. More than 700,000 workers were incapacitated for an average period of four weeks through non-fatal injuries.

But the automobile is the peer of accidental producers. Statisticians charge it with responsibility for more than twice as many accidents and fatalities as any other two sources combined. In this connection it is particularly terrible to be told, as the American Red Cross informs us, that the automobile is the chief agent of accidental death among children, of whom 20,000 are slain annually. The actual figures have not been segregated, but any follower of the daily news accounts can not fail to arrive at the same conclusion.—Oregonian.

The first crematory in the United States was established at Washington, Pennsylvania, in 1876.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Orpheum.

William H. Crane, who is today at the pinnacle of his glory, is the Orpheum's headliner next week with a George Ade sketch of extraordinary brilliance entitled "The Mayor and the Manicure." Crane's vaudeville vehicle is a peppery modern version of a spend-thrift son in college, the operations of a modern vamp, the staunch trust of a true blue girl, and the sagacious procedure of an astute politician who in a whimsically funny manner goes about attaining what he would have.

Haruko Onuki, prima donna of wide reputation and Oriental girl of superior beauty, is billed to render a programme of songs in keeping with the notability she has acquired. One of her starring engagements in which she acquired fame was as "Madame Butterfly" in Hammerstein's New York opera.

More than a quarter of an hour of hearty laughter is assured by the presence of Carson and Willard, comedians extraordinary, in their latest laugh hit, "Meet the Doctor." As character delineators they stand supreme in their classification.

Combined efforts of the Four Lamy Brothers will not only provide a thrill, but considerable comedy as well. This quartet of experts has practiced its feats since boyhood until a high state of perfection is attained.

"Steppers" who have danced their way into the spotlight's most affectionate rays are Scanlon, Denno Brothers, and Scanlon. One of their "punches" in next week's show is to be a distinct surprise which will be divulged only after the first audiences have viewed the act.

Mlle. Nadje, the girl with the "form divine," will introduce a versatile novelty in her songs, dances, and athletics. Proficient in all of these classes of entertainment, Mlle. Nadje's act leaves one with a refreshed sense of having seen "something different."

Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner will tender a programme of songs somewhat different than those of the present week's programme, and Ed Flannagan and Alex Morrison will continue their hilarious golf lesson.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Major Barbara," one of the most delightful of the George Bernard Shaw plays, will open the third season of the Maitland Playhouse, commencing with Monday night, September 5th. The first week in September has finally been decided upon by Director Arthur Maitland for his opening week.

Emphasis is placed on the fact that subscribers' night—heretofore every Monday evening—has been done away with and in the future the public will be welcomed to the Maitland Playhouse any night in the week, excepting of course Sunday evening, when no performance is given. In the future the first performance of each week will be presented Monday evening.

Scotti Grand Opera.

The Scotti Grand Opera Company, which opens a two weeks' engagement at the Exposition Auditorium, Monday, September 19th, at 8:15 o'clock, is the largest organization to make a transcontinental tour since the Grau company, "before the fire." Here is the list of the principal people:

Sopranos—Olga Cararra, Geraldine Farrar, Queena Mario, Mary Mellich, Angeles Ottein, Anna Roscile, Marie Sundalius.

Mezzo—Sopranos and Contraltos—Alice Gentle, Myrtle Schaaf, Henrietta Wakefield. Tenors—Angelo Eada, Charles Hackett, Joseph Hislop, Morgan Kingston, José Palet, Giordano Paltrinieri.

Baritones—Greck Evans, Mario Laurenti, Antonio Scotti, Riccardo Stracciari.

Bassos—Paolo Ananian, Louis D'Angelo, Giovanni Martino, Italo Picchi, Léon Rathier. Conductors—Fulgenzio Guerrieri, Gennaro Papi, Wilfrid Pelletier, Giacomo Spadoni.

The Columbia Theatre.

"Over the Hill" has been seen now by more than 100,000 persons in San Francisco, where its run at the Columbia Theatre starts Sunday night on its seventh week. The Columbia has been filled to its capacity at all of the performances thus far in the run. Mrs. Carr has just appeared in her second picture, "The Thunderclap," in which she plays a paralyzed mother, a woman who has suffered from the brutalities of her husband. New York critics praise her work in the new picture.

Few people realize that the human heart is a marvelous pumping engine. Its work, from a man's cradle to his grave, is incessant and stupendous. Every single minute this wonderful engine pumps 750 cubic inches of blood. This means that the heart pumps more than 225,000 cubic feet of blood every year.

When Paris was in danger of capture at the beginning of the war the curator of the Louvre Museum carried a \$2,000,000 jewel to Bordeaux in his vest pocket.



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Heads and Tails.

I have heard a story of a young artist who, after painting a picture of a horse facing a storm, was not satisfied with it, and, feeling that something was wrong, asked Landseer to look at it. Instantly the great artist said to him, "Turn the horse around."

The cow turns her head to the storm, the horse turns his tail. Why this difference? Because each adopts the plan best suited to its needs and its anatomy. How much better suited is the broad, square head of the cow, with its heavy coating of hair and its ridge of bone that supports its horns, to face the storm than is the smooth, more nervous and sensitive head of the horse! What a contrast between their noses and their mode of grazing! The cow has no upper front teeth; she reaps the grass with the scythe of her tongue, while the horse bites it off and loves to bite the turf with it. The lip of the horse is mobile and sensitive. Then the bovine animals fight with their heads and the equine with their heels. The horse is a hard and high kicker, the cow a feeble one in comparison. The horse will kick with both hind feet, the cow with only one. In fact, there is not much "kick" in her kind. The tail of the cow is of less protection to her than is that of the horse to him. Her great need of it is to fight flies, and, if attacked in the rear, it furnishes a good hold for her enemies. Then her hony stern with its ridges and depressions and thin flanks, is less fit in any encounter with storm or with beast than is her head. On the other hand, the round, smooth, solid buttocks of the horse, with their huge masses of muscles, his smooth flanks, and his tail—an apron of long, straight, strong, black hair—are well designed to resist storm and cold. What animal is it in Joh whose neck is clothed with thunder? With the horse it is the hips that are so clothed. His tremendous drive is in his hips.—John Burroughs in Harper's Magazine.

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VANITY FAIR.

Small American towns have many artless and engaging customs. None among them contribute more richly to the seeker after mirth than the brave effort made by the local journal to supply news items of interest to its readers. Of course the main news sheets—"all that a Middle Western farmer need read"—is bought outright from some not too distant city; but the middle sheet must be compiled, all of it, there in the town each week. Stupendous task! Such items as "Ezra Starkweather and father were up in town last week" continually gladden the eye.

One turns from an old file of such journals with a fine sense of the gulf separating the civilization of a formless, rustic community and the dignity and suavity of a great metropolis. One opens one's morning paper with a lofty sense of being at least urban if not urbane to read with some dismay that Miss Gladys Van der Van has just returned from Europe, accompanied by her father and mother. Can it be that we are not so far removed from the society that rejoiced to learn that Ezra Starkweather and father had been in town?

On the other hand, can there be some interesting truth in the clearly stated fact, seen daily in our newspapers, that young girls—quite, quite young girls, even as young as that tenderest of blossoms the "sub-deh"—are now taking their parents around the world *sans peur et sans reproche*? Of what are these children made that their parents feel so unmistakably their ruthless power? Are they perhaps the reincarnations of the Hannibals of the past, born to lead the way over all obstructions? We can only say that they do not look it. Yet mother, who for twenty years has dominated her "set" and been terror to the dressmakers beside, and father, before whom the stock exchange, yea, even the money market, has trembled and howled down, these doughty ones now follow Gladys to and from Europe, the Holy Land, and the Far East, not to mention lesser and more local jauntings.

And she does it so easily, bless her! She finds nothing in it to take her attention from her vanity box and its twin enchantments, the powder pad and the lip stick—bless us, no! Not even a moment of tension to break the rhythmic undulation of the déshutante slouch. Why, she does not even know what she is looking at when she is abroad. One dear child was heard to remark that she was just crazy about the Roman Amphitheatre because it was such a cute little old dear.

But a new thought has come to us, just in the midst of a paragraph. Perhaps we were not intended to take these society notes too literally. Perhaps they only speak of Gladys that way because she is not yet twenty and so is, of course, vastly more interesting and important than her father or mother. In the sacred confidence of this column we feel bound to confess that we do not find her so. We admit her youth and beauty. We quote our distinguished contemporary Stephen Leacock and say that she is fairer than father, younger than mother, but we are not willing to admit that these two qualities exhaust the heights, depths, and breadths the human personality can reach in a civilized state. We are not willing to admit yet, though we may be broken in time, that life is so devastating a thing that only those too young to know anything of it can be masters of all its graces.

They do things rather differently in Europe, at least they did before the deluge of 1914, and according to social notes taken at random they do so still. A French countess entertains friends at a garden fête "at which her daughters are permitted to be present." An English mamma, "accompanied by her daughters," entertained a party at the great Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's a few weeks ago. In both cases mamma had a firm hand on the helm you observe. It is also worthy of note that, although the match came off on a very hot day, all the men wore conventional afternoon dress and top hats—a bit uncomfortable, perhaps, but fine none the less. Bravo, England!

Well huzzared indeed must be the civilization that coolly survives the convulsion of Europe and refuses, metaphorically of course, to be shaken out of its top hat. The top hat, if we may be allowed to play with the pleasing idea, may be regarded as the foremost cylinder in the cylindrical garb of the modern man so derided by our fellow-journalist, Mr. G. B. Shaw, and its survival may be taken as an assurance to us all that the banner of established society still floats on the breeze. Indeed, the hat itself may in a certain sense be regarded as a hanner.

I can hear the scornful modern challenge, "Why be established when the whole trend of modernism is toward spontaneity?" Ah! We have the answer ready because we secretly hoped you would ask that. We ask, in reply. Who can be spontaneous without definite training along the strictest lines? What child dances with the careless grace of a Pavlova? What untrained singer tosses off the rippling notes of a Galli-Curci? No, the very sun shines by rule and calculation and

mathematics is the first and greatest of the arts! We know all this and we know that human association can only become a social art when it learns and practices the rules.

We would like to tell all this to the father and mother of Gladys, but mother is having her hair permanently waved and father is holding the money market under until the hubbles come, and they wouldn't listen in any case. We are not, we suspect, the Moses who shall descend with a new set of social commandments. We modestly admit having the wisdom, but regret that we have not the heard. However, the commandments will be sent in due time, and we dare prophesy that "Honor thy father and thy mother" will occupy an important place among them.

Trying Job of King's Cook.

The position of cook for the king is not as alluring as one would suppose, especially if the kingdom happens to be located in East Africa, according to the Rev. John Roscoe, who recently completed a tour of investigation in East Africa on behalf of the British government and the Royal Society. In a lecture quoted in the London *Daily Mail* Mr. Roscoe amused his hearers in describing the duties of the royal servants at Bunyoro, one of the places he visited.

"The king's chief cook has a very trying job," said Mr. Roscoe. "The custom is that every morning he brings to the king a pot of specially prepared meat, with which he must walk all round the royal enclosure. With his face whitened, he enters the presence, and in a dead silence throughout the court, which may not be broken by coughing or sneezing on pain of instant death, the chief cook puts a piece of meat at the end of a fork into the king's mouth."

"These servants find the ordeal so trying," added Mr. Roscoe, "that they can only carry it out for a few days, after which they are sent away for a six weeks' holiday. That is all the meat the king is supposed to have in a day, and for the rest he lives on milk."

Mother—Elsie, you must not slam your doll down in her cradle like that. It is just as easy to lay her down quietly. Elsie—It isn't when you're mad.—*Boston Transcript.*

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of the Person and Estate of Martha Allen, an incompetent.—No. 31138.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate by Guardian. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, C. H. Gray, Guardian of the Person and Estate of Martha Allen, an incompetent, will on or after Wednesday, the 31st day of August, 1921, sell at private sale at the office of C. H. Gray, said Guardian, Room 1009 Merchants National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, to the highest and best bidder therefor, and on the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned subject to the confirmation by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest, and estate which Martha Allen, the said incompetent, has or may have in and to the real property hereinafter particularly set forth and described.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: For cash, lawful money of the United States of America, ten (10%) per cent. of the purchase price on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of the sale by the court.

Bids or offers for the hereinafter described real property may be left at the office of C. H. Gray, Room 1009 Merchants National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court at any time before making said sale.

The property hereinafter referred to and to be sold as aforesaid is described as follows:

A claim of a right, title, lien or interest in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and nine (109) feet; seven (7) inches southerly from the southerly line of Santiago (formerly "S") Street, running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Block Number Eleven Hundred and Twenty-Three (No. 1123) of Outside Lands.

Dated: San Francisco, California, August 6, 1921.

C. H. GRAY,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Martha Allen, an incompetent.

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STORYETTES.

Sunday-school teacher asked a small girl the other day why Ananias was so severely punished. The little one thought a minute, then answered: "Please, teacher, they weren't so used to lying in those days."

It happened on the transport coming back. "Show me your identification tag," demanded the medical officer of a colored private. "Ah done chucked it overbo'd, suh," confessed the other. "Ah jus' naturally aint got no ambition for no mo' of dem death checks."

The traveler raced his fastest to the one-horse railway station and missed the train by the most vexatious of narrow margins. "When is the next train in that direction?" he asked, pointing to the receding cars. "Tomorrow," answered the station agent. "At what time?" "Just one minute sooner than right now."

A little boy, the youngest member of a large family, was taken to see his married sister's new baby. He seemed more interested in the contents of the baby's basket than in the baby, and after examining the pretty trifles, picked up a powder-puff. Much surprised at his discovery, and looking rather shocked, he said, "Isn't she rather young for that sort of thing?"

It was at a children's picnic, and they were playing at farmyards, each youngster pretending to be his or her favorite animal. The woods echoed with grunting, barking, and crowing—but one little girl sat silent. "Why don't you play?" asked one of the teachers. "Please, miss, I am playing," she replied. "What are you, then?" "Please, miss, I'm a hen, and I'm laying an egg. When I've finished I will cackle."

The most modern method of child correction is that of suggestion as opposed to repression. Little Doris was very nervous, and had a horror of going to sleep in the dark. Her mother, anxious to overcome this weakness, said gently as she was leaving her, "Remember, darling, that an angel will still be with you when I take the candle." "Mummy," pleaded a small voice, "I'd much rather you took the angel and left the candle."

In a neighborhood where "war gardens" were very popular there are still many of them because they still save the families many dollars. Harry, who was eight years old, was hard at work hoeing the young onions when the woman next door asked? "Harry, is your mother home?" Harry stopped and leaning on his hoe, replied: "Mrs. S., you don't think that I would be working like this if my mother wasn't home?"

Alfred Noyes, who is conducting a strong campaign for the purification of the drama, said in a recent address: "In Fifth Avenue the other day I saw a crowd assembled before a hairdresser's shop window. The window contained a wax presentation, life size, of a young lady about to enter her bath. As I turned disgustedly away I heard a young man say: 'Why this hairdresser has stolen the plot of at least six of Broadway's forthcoming plays. He is bound to be sued right and let for plagiarism.'"

Little Eleanor gazed long and thoughtfully at the young man who was calling on her grown-up sister, Kate. "May I climb up on your knee, Mr. Browne?" "Yes, of course, dear," smiled the young man who wanted to make a hit with the family. "Want to pull my hair—eh?" "No, I want to see if I can find that word." "Word? What word?" asked the puzzled visitor. "I heard our Kate say this morning that if ever a man had the word 'idiot' written all over his face it was you."

"Seems to me you ought to be out looking after your best girl on Sunday afternoon." The visitor addressed the young man. The young man in question looked at his watch. "Plenty of time yet," he answered; "it's only 2 o'clock now. I never go to see 'em until about 7." "Pretty late, it seems to me," remarked the visitor. "Well, you see, it used to be when you went to see a girl and take her riding Sunday afternoon she used to say: 'Well, you come on up to our house to eat.' Now, when supper-time rolls around, they say, 'Well, where are you going to take me to eat today?'"

Ex-Secretary Lansing said at a dinner: "Our taxes are too high. The only way to get them lowered is to protest against them strenuously. This is being done. I heard of a chap who went to a masquerade hall the other night in a costume that excited a great deal of comment. He wore, in fact, a long-tailed shirt, socks, and shoes—but no trousers. 'George,' said his host, rather severely, 'what the dickens do you represent—Venus preparing for the bath?' 'No,' said George com-

placently. 'This is an original idea of my own. I represent a taxpayer.'"

"There are two kinds of men in this world," thundered the orator. "There are just two kinds: the rich and the poor!" "You're wrong," shouted the barber. "There are two kinds: those who shave themselves and those who get shaved!" "You're wrong, too," said the manicurist. "There are two kinds: easy marks and tightwads." "You are all wrong," said the egoist. "There are two kinds: myself and others." Which merely goes to show that anything can be proved from the point of view.

He was a good-hearted but rather simple-minded father, and he said to his son: "John, I've been informed that if any one buried a half-dollar in the garden at night and let the moon shine on it the next morning it would be a five-dollar goldpiece." "Well, dad," answered the son, "I should try it; you never know your luck." The father agreed. When morning arrived he hurried into the garden. The coin had disappeared. He rushed back into the house and exclaimed to John: "It's gone, John! How do you account for that?" John answered modestly: "All I can suggest, dad, is that you got up too late and the sun (son) got at it."

During the after-dinner speaking the toast-master saw Jones, a somewhat shady character, slip two spoons in his vest pocket. When the last orator had finished he rose. "Gentlemen," he said, "there is nothing to add after all this brilliant speaking, so I will try to en-

tertain you with a little parlor magic. You see, I take two spoons. I slip them in my vest pocket. Presto—and they are in the pocket of Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones, will you please corroborate my statement?" Jones, not to be outdone, rose. "I'm rather handy at that sort of thing myself," he said. "Presto—and they are back in the pocket of the toast-master. Mr. Toastmaster, if you don't corroborate my statement, I'll have you searched on the spot."

A Northern man in an optician's shop in Nashville overheard an amusing conversation between the proprietor of the establishment and an aged dandy who was just leaving the place with a pair of new spectacles. As the old fellow neared the door his eye lighted upon an extraordinary-looking instrument conspicuously placed upon a counter. The venerable negro paused for several moments to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at this thing, the like of which he had never seen before. After a long struggle with his curiosity he was vanquished. Turning to the optician, he asked: "What is it, boss?" "That is an ophthalmometer," replied the optician in his gravest manner. "Sho," muttered the old man to himself, as he hacked out of the door, his eyes still fastened upon the curious-looking thing on the counter. "Sho, dat's what I was afeared it was!"

The most extensive quill toothpick factory in the world, which is near Paris, produces annually 30,000,000 quills. The factory was started to make quill pens, but when these went out of general use it was converted into a toothpick mill.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Joy—With Reservations.
My lady's shoe! O lovely sign
And symbol of that grace divine
That pierces me with dazzling rays
And sets my pulsing heart ablaze,
That thrills me like a fervid wine.

Thou art a dainty leathern shrine;
I pause to worship—and to pine;
This rondeau I declaim in praise,
My lady's shoe!

And yet, her mind doth hardly shine,
(With what regret I pen, that line!)
Alas, she dims delightful days
Too often with some stupid phrase!
Oh, would her tongue were mute as thine,
My lady's shoe!
—Lester Markel in Judge.

Crooked Corner.
When I pass Crooked Corner,
I hardly make a sound,
Because I know the fairies
Have there a dancing-ground;
And I've been shown the pixy throne
On which their queen is crowned.

And once by Crooked Corner
I saw a russet cloak
Just slipping through the hedgerow
Beside the haunted oak;
Nurse told me then it was a wren—
I'm sure it was "the folk."

Some day by Crooked Corner,
If I am very good,
Maybe I'll see the goblins
Come trooping from the wood;
I may myself become an elf—
I wonder if I could?
—Punch.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Ruth Massard of Redlands and Mr. Bowie Detrick of San Francisco was solemnized in Hilo, Hawaiian Islands, August 10th. The young couple will make their home in Hilo. Mr. Detrick is the son of Mrs. Bowie Detrick of this city.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Kroll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Kroll of Piedmont, and Mr. John Mackinlay, son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Robert Mackinlay of Santa Barbara, was solemnized Wednesday, August 10th, in Oakland. Mrs. Wymond Garthwaite was the matron of honor and Mr. Francis Rodgers was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Mackinlay will make their home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Truxtun Beale entertained at a garden party last Saturday at her home in San Rafael. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Alice Oge. Among those present were Mrs. Charles Bentley, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs.

Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. James Armshy, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. Gustavus Ziel, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. Eugene Plunkett, and Mrs. William P. Horn.

Mrs. Henry Bothin gave a luncheon Wednesday in San Rafael in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon. Her guests were Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Porter Asbe, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, and Mrs. Francis Loomis.

Complimenting Miss Marjory Wright, Mrs. Sue Merriman and the Misses Patricia and Elizabeth Merriman entertained at a dance Saturday at the Officers' Club in the Presidio. Those present included Major-General and Mrs. William M. Wright, Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Pearce, Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Knudsen, Major and Mrs. Rapp Brush, Mrs. William Duvall, Mrs. W. K. Wright, Miss Marie Louise Potter, Miss Dorothy Meyer, Miss Georgiana Getty, Miss Mary Edie, Miss Clementina Edie, Miss Edith Burroughs, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Evelyn Judge, Miss Elizabeth Howard, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Catherine Barrette, Miss Nell Carleton, Miss Penelope Boden, Miss Virginia Innes, Miss Margaret Knight, Miss Mary Stuart Latrobe, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Catherine Bigelow, Miss Elizabeth Barrette, Miss Rose Clark, Miss Helen Hammersmith, Miss Louise Dexter, Miss Frances Burroughs, Miss Daphne Phillips, Miss Lydia Barrette, Captain Ivan Snell, Captain Hugh Herreick, Captain David Hunter, Lieutenant Martin Fennel, Lieutenant Robert Sharp, Lieutenant Carlton Burgess, Lieutenant Mason Wright, Jr., Lieutenant Robert McKnight, Lieutenant William O'Reilly, Mr. Carroll Pearce, Mr. Lowrie O'Donnell, Mr. Lea Febiger, Mr. Benjamin Alvord, Jr., Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. George Warwick, Mr. Richard Morton, Mr. Hyacinth Killikelly, Mr. Brayton Wilbur, Colonel Louis Chappelcar, Mr. Morgan Nugent, Mr. Roger Iverson, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Burton Pearce, Mr. William Hamilton, Mr. Bert Ines, Mr. Ralph Stockton, Mr. William Kessler, and Mr. Douglas McNamara.

Mrs. Frank Winchester and Miss Margaret Foster entertained at a bridge-tee Wednesday in San Rafael. Their guests included Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. William Horn, Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. George Boardman, Mrs. Gustave Ziel, Mrs. Seward McNear, Miss Anne Pentz, Miss Mary Coppee, and Miss Louise Boyd.

Complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Wednesday. Others to accept their hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham.

Mrs. William Taylor gave a dinner Wednesday in Menlo Park, when she entertained Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, and Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Mr. Raymond Armshy, Mr. Gordon Armshy, Mr. Stewart Lowery, and Captain Ronald Banon.

Mrs. George Ali of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Tuesday by Mrs. William Perkins in Menlo Park. Others present were Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Charles Plum, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, Mrs. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, and Mrs. John R. Clark.

Mrs. Edmunds Lyman was a luncheon hostess in Burlingame Thursday, when she entertained Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Dolly Kuhn, and Miss Catherine Kuhn.

Complimenting her granddaughter, Mrs. John Henry Russell of Los Angeles, Mrs. Isaac Requa gave a luncheon Thursday in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins entertained at a dinner Wednesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Complimenting Miss Marie Louise Potter, Miss Geraldine Grace gave a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club. Among her guests were Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Helene de Latour, Miss Helen Hammersmith, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Jean Howard, and Miss Helen Hammersmith.

Mr. Philip Baker gave a dinner Wednesday for Colonel Charles Stone, U. S. A. Others present were Dr. and Mrs. Charles Fredman, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Douglas, and Mrs. Samuel von Ronkel.

Miss Marguerite Schetfall of Savannah, Georgia, was the guest for whom Miss Flora Edwards entertained at a bridge-tee Thursday. Her guests were Mrs. Herriott Small, Jr., Mrs. Edward von Adelung, Mrs. George Grant, Mrs. Frank Moller, Mrs. Harry Magee, Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. Jack Okell, Mrs. Edward Fennon, Mrs. Walton Hedges, Jr., Mrs. Salem Pohlman, Mrs. James Todd, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Margaret Webster, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Marian Lyman, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Loreen Kinney, Miss Vera Lewis, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Caroline Rodolph, Miss Marion Kergan, Miss Vera Bernhard, Miss Hope Somerset, Miss Elvira Coburn, Miss Elizabeth Koser, Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Elizabeth Allardt, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Alice Pratt, Miss Cornelia McFarlane, Miss Gertrude Bostworth, Miss Marjory Spring, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Virginia Crane, Miss Jane Howard, and Miss Catherine Maxwell.

Mrs. Florence Moore and Mrs. Harry Brune entertained at a luncheon Wednesday at Woodside, when they had as their guests Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Preston Leslie, Miss Helen Lee, Miss Ethel Lee, Miss Marjorie Greaves, Miss Sara Cunningham, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Flora Hunkin, Miss Agnes Shreve, and Miss Helen Martin.

Mrs. Ira Pierce gave a luncheon and bridge party Friday at her home, her guests having been

Mrs. George Ali, Mrs. James Cooper, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Samuel Monarrat, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, Mrs. Berthe Welch, Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. William Perkins, and Mrs. Leroy Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley gave a launch party and clambake Friday in honor of Miss Margaret and Mr. Wilder Bentley. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Miss Suzanne Daniels of Rutherford, Miss Betty Dibblee, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Marjory Pittman, Miss Katherine Pittman, Miss Merrill Jones, Miss Deborah Pentz, Miss Gertrude Minton, Mr. Jack Ziel, Mr. Harrison Dibblee, Mr. Newton Hale, Mr. Ezra Cornell, Mr. Addison Keeler, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. John Olney, and Mr. Warren Olney.

Mrs. Seward McNear gave a luncheon Friday at the Town and Country Club for Mrs. Frederick McNear. Her guests were Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. Frank Johnson, and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr.

CURRENT VERSE.

Shut-In.

If I should live again,
O God, let me be young,
Quick in sinew and vein
With the honeycomb on my tongue,
All in a moment flung
With the dawn on a grassy plain,
Riding, riding, riding, riding,
Between the sun and the rain.

If I, having been, must be,
O God, let it be so,
Swift and supple and free,
With a long journey to go,
And the clink of the curb, and the blow
Of boots, and the wind at my knee,
Riding, riding, riding, riding,
Between the hills and the sea.
—M. L. C. Pickthal in Sunset Magazine.

Change Above All.

Frankly, I do not greatly care
Always to be my best;
I like sometimes to take the air,
Sometimes to take a rest.
Sometimes, austere philosopher,
I seek what thought reveals:
At other times I much prefer
Silk stockings and high heels.
And sometimes Beauty moves me much,
And sometimes Pleasure more;
Great art seems sometimes double Dutch,
And Amabel a bore.

Is God's clock always just at noon?
Is Heaven always fair?
May angels not adore the moon?
Is there no tea-time there?
Why, then, bow blest are we on earth,
Who know an ampler range,
With blondes and browns and grief and mirth
And, above all things, Change.
—Clive Bell in the New Statesman.

"Vox Humana."

(To Humphrey J. Stewart at the Organ.)
Riven with harmonies, I watched your hands
Weaves from the soundlessness their sounding
spell.
The music, with an ocean in its swell,
Broke wave by wave upon the spirit's strands,
And left me homesick for the ghostly Lands
Where joys that died and deathless memories
dwell.
Regret was there, old voices of farewell,
And love went lonely on those shadow sands.

Time and eternity cried there their tale,
With throats of choral thunder and the wail
Of archangelic sorrows told to Night.
Slowly they sank, until I seemed to bear,
Far-wafted from a Paradisal height,
My mother's voice, remotely sad and clear.
—George Sterling.

Without Contentment.

Without contentment, what is life?
Contented minds like bees can suck
Sweet honey out of soot, and sleep
Like butterflies on stone or rock.
Contented minds are not in towns,
Where stars are far away and cold;
That tremble till they almost fall,
When they draw near to Nature's world.
Such quiet nights we'll have again,
And walk, when early morning comes,
Those dewy cemeteries, the fields—
When they are white with mushroom tombs.
—W. H. Davies in To-Day.

Columbia University at its commencement exercises conferred its annual prize awards for excellence in the arts and sciences. To Mrs. Edith Wharton was awarded the \$1000 Pulitzer prize for her novel, "The Age of Innocence," as "the American novel published during the year which best presented the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." Zona Gale, author of "Miss Lulu Bett," received the Pulitzer prize of \$1000 "for the American original play, performed in New York, which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners." The Nicholas Murray Butler Medal in silver, awarded yearly to the Columbia graduate who during the preceding year has shown the most competence in philosophical or educational work, was awarded to Harry K. L. Hollingsworth, Ph. D., associate professor of psychology in

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collaboration with Burton J. Hendrick. Ad-
miral Sims was recently made Doctor of
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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from, this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Major and Mrs. William McKittick have come up from Bakersfield and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard have returned from a visit to Lake Tahoe with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mein of New York. Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard are visiting the Eyre Pinckards in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson are traveling through Norway and Sweden, where they expect to be for the remainder of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill have returned to Burlingame, after a fortnight's stay at Webber Lake.

Mrs. William Crocker, Miss Helen Crocker, and Mr. Charles Crocker returned Sunday to Burlingame, after a several months' absence. Mrs. Crocker is mother abroad, has remained in Paris.

Mrs. Benjamin Brodie has returned to San Francisco in order to greet Mr. Tallant Tuhs on his arrival from Europe. Mr. Tuhs and Mr. Charles Dabney have been spending the summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlacks will sail August 23d for Europe.

Miss Marie Louise Potter left Monday for New York, where she will resume her studies.

Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gove are in Santa Barbara, where they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher.

Mrs. Anne Whitney Sperry sailed Tuesday for be Orient to be away two years.

Mrs. Walter Gibson and Miss Isabell Smith sailed this week from Portland for the Orient to

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he gone eight months. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Morris went to Portland from Coronado to bid them good-by.

Mr. George Armshy, Mr. Gordon Armshy, Mr. Raymond Armshy, and Mr. Roy Pike will return next week from the south, where they have been enjoying a ten days' trip.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury is entertaining at her Montecito home Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalfe are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Henshaw at their southern home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and their children have gone to Lake Tahoe, where they have reopened their summer home.

Miss Florence Martin is entertaining Miss Patience Winchester at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Philip Kearney and the Misses Alice and Lucy Hanchett have gone to St. Moritz in Switzerland, after a visit of several weeks in France. They will next visit Italy. The cousins expect to be abroad for several months longer.

Miss Thirza Huskiss has arrived from Beverly Hills to visit for a fortnight with Miss Eleanor Welty. Dr. and Mrs. Cullen Welty and their daughters returned recently from the Atlantic coast, where they passed the summer.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin has gone to Lake Tahoe, where she will be a member of the house party which Mr. Frederick Kohl is entertaining at his country home.

Mr. Madison Grant has concluded his visit with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant in Burlingame and has left for the north. He will return to New York by way of the Canadian Rockies.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris have been visiting in Hollywood with Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes. Colonel and Mrs. Wallace McNamara will shortly leave for Fort Leavenworth, where the officer will be stationed at the army school.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have gone for a ten days' visit to Lake Tahoe from their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Andrew Welch and the Misses Marie and Florence Welch have gone to Rose Lake for a month's visit.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover and Masters Herbert, Jr., and Allan Hoover have joined Mr. Hoover in Washington. The family will leave shortly for a trip through New England.

Miss Francesca Deering is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle and Miss Frances Pringle in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Franklin Lane is visiting Mrs. Francis Newlands in Washington. She will shortly join Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kauffman in Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wignmore and the Misses Marion and Katherine Wignmore have gone to Inverness from their home in Los Angeles. They will return south in September.

Mrs. Charles M. Gayley has returned to her home in Berkeley, after an extended visit in the East.

Captain and Mrs. John Elliott are entertaining Captain and Mrs. William Shea at their home on Main Island.

Mrs. J. W. Keeney has gone to Santa Barbara to join Mrs. Talbot Walker and Mrs. Bolling Lee.

The Misses Josephine and Mary Bernice Moore are entertaining Miss Adrienne Sharp at their home in Santa Cruz.

The Misses Vere de Vere, Schatz, and Ernestine Adams have returned to Oakland from a visit in Lake County.

Mrs. Homer S. King and her daughters, Miss Genevieve King and Miss Hazel King, are enjoying an extended motor trip in the Northwest. They have visited Portland, Seattle, and Victoria. The Misses King have climbed Mt. Rainier and Mt. Hood and are now canoeing in British Columbia.

Among those registered at the Hotel Whitcomb are Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Meyer and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Everett, Sacramento; Mr. J. A. Nichols, Chicago; Mrs. John Schneider, Erie, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hoover, Woodland; Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Sloan, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Irvine, Riverside; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. McCook, Long Beach; Mr. T. L. Kincaid, Stockton; Mr. Bernard H. Seville, New York; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rice, Salt Lake City; Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Jones, Pomona; Mr. R. S. Hughes, Chicago; Mr. Paul D. Finney, New York; Mrs. Anna Gordon, New York.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. Bernard F. Gerson, Montgomery, Alabama; Mr. F. J. de Barba, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. Chuchi Aashi, Japanese ambassador, Washington, D. C.; Mr. C. A. Dunham, Chicago; Mr. L. R. Smith, Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Rains, Salt Lake City; Mr. George L. Cochrane, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brunton, Los Angeles; Mr. Herbert Joyce, Tokyo; Dr. A. C. de Kock, Batavia; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hoeffelman, Batavia; Mr. Salo J. Stroheim, New York; Major-General C. G. Morton, U. S. A., Hawaii; Dr. J. M. Eagan, New York; Mr. H. H. Potter, San Antonio; Dr. H. W. Boyle, Los Angeles.

Registered at the Hotel Oakland are Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Davis, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Godfrey, Los Angeles.

It is reported that Professor Hartley of Duhlin has photographed, in ordinary air, spectroscopic lines due, among other things, to copper and calcium. It is believed that they arise from fine dust consisting of these substances, projected into the atmosphere by road vehicles, and by smoke and the sparks of trolley wires. It is from the latter that the copper is supposed to come. The quantity of copper thus found is excessively slight. Indeed, it is only the delicacy of the tests that renders it appreciable. Lines due to lead, carbon, iron, manganese, nickel, and magnesium have also been detected, but the quantity of these substances is even less than that of the calcium and copper, the lines of which are always prominent in the spectra.

The report that there are 50,000 Hungarian Jews who wish to go to Palestine is accompanied by the report that there are 100,000 who wish to come to the United States.

MANY PRANKS OF DE ROUGE MONT.

A few days ago there died in a London poorhouse a man who might be called in gentle parlance a past master at "kidding" the world along. Each generation considers itself wiser than the last, but the hoax goes on forever (says Herbert W. Forster in the New York Tribune). A hoax may be anything from a mean trick to a gorgeous swindle, and it is not only those, one of whom is horn every minute, that get fooled. For Louis de Rougemont, known to the poorhouse authorities as Louis Redmond, put his imagination to a different use from that of Dickens and paid the consequences. Dickens is an immortal novelist, but De Rougemont, who might otherwise have died a wealthy, perhaps an immortal, writer made the one mistake of presenting his particular fiction as truth, and the world judges harshly of those who trifle with its credulity.

It was in 1898 that the *Wide World Magazine* announced with pride the serial publication of "The Amazing Adventures of Louis de Rougemont" as told by himself. He had arrived in London on board a ship straight from New Zealand, and he talked with conviction. His story makes as good reading today in the old files of that magazine, with its photographs of the author and its vivid illustrations of his escapades, as it did in the days when it thrilled many an English fireside. When the cat is once out it takes no sage to tell its color.

Thus spun De Rougemont the yarn of his thirty-year wanderings. He picked the East Indies for the start of his pearly expedition, and in the very first chapter the thrillers begin. From the deck of his ship, he sees an enormous octopus suck down a native diver, who is rescued after a subaqueous battle of ten or fifteen minutes, and then brought back to life. A little question of a quarter of an hour without breath for the diver arouses no suspicion. When left alone one day on board a tornado blows him out to sea, and, of course, he is cast away on a sandy island, where he and his dog get along in true Crusoe style. A family of strange black people is washed up on his private beach, and with them he goes to the island of their tribe, where he is worshiped as a prophecy-fulfilling and becomes a regular Emperor Jones.

By exchanging his official wife, he acquires the devoted Yamha, who becomes his publicity agent and chef. Many a black man plots his downfall, but with wily tricks from his superior civilization and the aid of his dusky spouse, he fools them all. He flings himself into battles accoutred in true barbarian fashion, with full regalia of feathers and cannibal cosmetics. Propped on his trusty stilts, he routes a whole enemy tribe by his gigantic stature and slays many a terrifying beast with his good spear. He introduces two girls from home near the end of his narrative, like him luckless castaways. With all due modesty, he kills the brutal chieftain who holds them in captivity and releases them like the princesses from Bluebeard's castle.

Whether Yamha became jealous, he does not state. But he lets the good old sea take care of the girls. It would have been embarrassing to account for them on his return, and the sea can cover a multitude of sins without getting overcrowded. And then there is the ever-available "Sail! A sail!" a long homeward voyage, and "so it is, dear reader, that these thirty years among cannibals came to be told to you."

How could any one have believed it? Why, De Rougemont was invited to tell this sort of thing to a British scientific society! At last a few cold, hard words appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, and De Rougemont's golden bubble burst. His cannibals had been Swiss hankers! His tropical islands the streets of London! De Rougemont's thirty sensational years had been spent in the routine of a London hank house. His breathless audience scurried quickly to the smallest, darkest places it could find, but the more sportsmanlike admitted it



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was a mighty good story after all. A few years ago, aged sixty-seven, De Rougemont married a brilliant young woman, who tells how he entertained her to the last with his lively imagination. Certainly the versatility of his first work indicates that he could have placed a six-hest seller on the bookstands every month or two. "Gulliver's Travels," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Robinson Crusoe" are still widely read. Why not De Rougemont's latest work? But he was on the wrong side of the imperceptible line which, it is said, separates the stars from dust.

Margaret Hill McCarter, the first woman to make a speech at a national political convention, wrote a thin, small book called "The Peace of the Solomon Valley," which ran into many editions and many thousands of copies. After the book was published the editor of an extremely popular magazine wrote to her substantially as follows: "Why don't you send us some of your delightful writings? We are sure you can do other things equally as good as 'The Peace of the Solomon Valley,' and it would give us great pleasure to present them to the readers of this magazine, besides which we pay well." Mrs. McCarter replied substantially, "You were the first publishers to whom I sent 'The Peace of the Solomon Valley.' It came back by return mail."

The famous Morse elm, named after Samuel F. B. Morse and long an object of interest on one of Washington's busy streets, was cut down a few days ago because it was dead. Cutting away the roots some years ago to widen the streets killed the tree.

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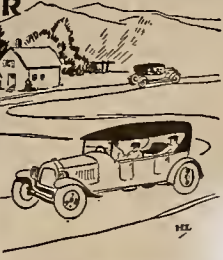
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"I took that pretty girl from the store home the other night, and stole a kiss." "What did she say?" "Will that be all?"—*Fun Book*.

Doctor (at door, to butler)—Tell your master the doctor is here. *Butler*—The master is in great pain, sir. He is receiving nobody.—*Paris Le Rire*.

"Which do you regard as more important in human happiness, pursuit or possession?" "Pursuit. Any man would rather go fishing than own a fish market."—*Washington Star*.

He—What an enchanted night, my love! What do the stars make you think of? *She* (dreamily)—They remind me of all the diamond solitaires I want so badly.—*Milan Il Secolo XX*.

Nora—The fellow I used to keep company with has asked me to go to the firemen's costume ball, but I don't know what to impersonate. *Maggie*—Why not go as an old flame?—*Michigan Gorgyle*.

"Hoke had a funny experience the other day." "How come?" "He was in a place having a drink and when he turned around the bartender was wearing a blue coat with brass buttons."—*New York Sun*.

Charitable Lady—What were you, my poor man, before you came to this penurious condition? *Lozy Lewis*—I'm really a season worker, ma'am. I smoke glasses for solar eclipses.—*Stockholm Strix*.

Young Woman (holding out hand)—Will you please tell me how to pronounce the name of the stone in this ring? Is it turquoise or turkwiose? *Jeweler* (after inspecting it)—The correct pronunciation is "glass."—*Boston Transcript*.

"My wife has a terrible memory." "What do you mean?" "Oh, she can't remember anything a day after it happens." "Ah, a sad case—why don't you give her a fiver?" "What for?" "Why, to jog her memory."—*Florida Times-Union*.

"What did your boy Josh do when you told him he would have to go out in the world and make his own living?" "He went to the next farm as a hired hand, and in a week had me offerin' him his board an' keep an' more wages."—*Washington Star*.

"I object," said the first lady lawyer. "Counsel for the plaintiff smiled at the jury." "Suppose we arrange a compromise, ladies," suggested the judge. "Both lady lawyers may smile at the jury. Will that be fair to each side?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"There's a piece of pie and a piece of cake for you," said the woman at the back door to the tramp, angrily; "now I don't expect to see you here again!" "What's the matter, lady? Is yer goin' t' move?" was the unexpected reply.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Mamma, what are twins?" asked Bobbly. "Oh, I know," chimed in Marjory with all the superiority of an elder sister. "Twins is two babies just the same age; three is triplets; four is quadrupeds, and five is centipedes."—*Toledo Blade*.

Mrs. Davies—When Mrs. Warritch was poor they used to say she was a great talker, but now it is quite different. *Mrs. Greene*—Indeed? What do they say she is now? *Mrs.*

Davies—A brilliant conversationalist.—*London Tit-Bits*.

"Ralph Waldo, go this instant and cut a switch from that tree, for you have been naughty and I must punish you." "Mother, you forget I am an advocate of forest conservation and as a matter of principle I can not comply with your request."—*Florida Times-Union*.

"Was that your wife I saw with you the other evening, headed for the train?" "My wife was with me one evening and the next I happened to meet a young lady who lives out at our station. Don't know which—by the way, who was carrying the parcels?" "You were, of course." "Oh, that was Miss Cutely you saw."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?" asked the solicitous waiter who was hovering around a corpulent old gentleman. "Yes," said the corpulent old gentleman. "You can take your eyes off me for about twenty minutes. I never could stand to be watched when I'm eating spaghetti."—*Houston Post*.

"I came very near being the owner of a twin-six car today," said Gelatine Travers on his arrival home last night. "How near?" inquired Mrs. Travers without enthusiasm. "Well, my number was actually in the hat from which the winning number was drawn, and that's nearer than usual," replied her husband.—*Kansas City Star*.

Gentleman Former (returning to his estate)—Nothing new, Joseph? *Joseph*—No, sir, nothing—except the cow is dead; so is the pig; the fruit trees have been hit by the frost, the dog has eaten the chickens and the cat has developed fits. There is also a leak over the billiard table.—*Paris Le Journal Amusant*.

The Judge (to policeman who has made arrest for intoxication)—The man says he wasn't acting improperly. What about it, officer? *The Officer*—He was absolutely intoxicated, your honor. If he'd been perfectly sober he'd have known he was drunk and not made a disturbance.—*Copenhagen Klods-Hans*.

AS IT IS IN BELGIUM

In Brussels there were sounds of revelry by night, according to Byron, before the battle of Waterloo. And now also, after a greater Waterloo, there is like revelry in the land where Laurence Sterne assured us British soldiers "swore dreadfully" (writes George Laval Chesterton in the *New York Times*). As noise it is not quite so voluminous, or stridently penetrative, in Brussels of this year of grace as it was during the nights preceding the world war. Nevertheless the constant influx of visitors keeps the streets and boulevards in a state of almost jovial vivacity until long after midnight. As the days lengthen, and the evenings grow fairly warm (for northern latitudes), restaurant-keepers place their chairs and tables on those parts of the pavement to which they lay claim; and visitors sit in the open, sipping their beer or coffee, watching each other and the moving throng.

Surface cars run as usual, the crowd is almost as large as during the day of King Leopold, the department stores are all apparently doing good business, shops (closed for years) are now redecorated and flourishing. Their customers spend money with freedom, in the hotels and lace factories (lavishing rewards on professional "guides," who likewise receive commission from vendors of lace), and visit the markets, the Bourse, the Cathedral, Bois de Cambord, historical "Mannikin Pis," the museums, and the Hotel de Ville, erected half by Belgians and half by Spaniards, the latter probably under the ægis of Charles V of Spain, who styled himself "Emperor of Germany," and was patron of the Portuguese adventurer, Magellan, discoverer of "All Saints" Straits, which posterity determined should be known as the Straits of Magellan.

In the Grand Place can be seen the palace of the Dukes de Brabant, and the house in which once resided Victor Hugo, while in the same square visitors from the United States can inspect a range of buildings recently acquired for the transaction of New York banking business—the very first American enterprise to obtain a footing in this historic enclosure.

Brussels and Antwerp have not yet become Puritanical and damsels of dubious youthfulness, in not altogether opaque attire, are in evidence; while the persistent snobbery of the Continental mind, so keenly fostered in Germany, is apparent in the fact that some of the more select cafés do not admit any masculine visitor unless he be an officer—in uniform.

I did not linger long enough in Malines to find out whether that place enjoyed the same appearance of prosperity; but much is on the surface. If we took away the visitors from afar, we should perceive some sorry spectacles in both Brussels and Antwerp. The latter, which attracted the encomiastic attentions of Napoleon and Marie Louise, has, in the vi-

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cinity of the docks, at least 300 cafés, with Belgian har girls. Schipperke Street (with its Crystal Palace) is just as conspicuous in this regard as was the case fifteen years ago.

The German occupation was not an unmitigated evil for Antwerp. The invaders brought so much money with them that new cafés and restaurants sprang up to meet the increasing demand. Such now-famous establishments as the Sevigny owe their beginning to the presence of Belgian money. True, the Germans commandeered Belgian money of any value, replacing it with iron, but the face value of the iron is still recognized, and it is accepted as current coin.

When I first paid a visit to Antwerp after the armistice it was almost impossible to find a fragment of brass in the city. Door handles, chandeliers, everything else made of brass had disappeared. However, in the London Tavern, Rue de Londres, the proprietress, a native of Ypres, had foreseen the descent of the enemy, and had taken her chandelier to pieces, secreting the parts inside the metal chimney of her stove. The inquisitorial German officer made her light a fire. The fire burned and he was satisfied. When the enemy withdrew her chandelier was one of the few specimens of the brazier's art to be found in

Antwerp. Now the shop windows are as resplendent as those in Fifth Avenue or Westbourne Grove, London.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2318.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 27, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Case of Hightower.

Possibly, even probably, Hightower murdered Father Heslin. But whether guilty or innocent, the man is entitled to a fair deal. He is not getting it. The daily newspapers with a single exception—that of the *Journal*—have combined their efforts to convict him out of hand. Under what rule of law, equity, or morals have a gang of yelping newspapers the right to hound a man to the gallows? Hightower is entitled to fair trial in a court of justice. He becomes a victim of persecution—persecution of an extremely sordid type—when the whole pack of yellow newspapers yelp condemnation in concert and so prejudice the public mind that a fair trial may be impracticable.

And by what rule of law, equity, or morals have police and court-house hangers-on the right to terrify a presumptive criminal to the end of "breaking down his nerve," confusing his mind, and leading him to make statements tending to prejudice his case when it shall come legitimately before a tribunal of justice? Where is the authority, where is the justification for imposing that form of terror styled the "third degree" upon a man charged with crime? Where is the authority under which a prosecuting attorney dictates the findings of a coroner's jury under a "policy" of reserving important factors in a given case until such time as they may be used with dramatic and condemnatory effect?

Probably, we repeat, Hightower is guilty. But may there not be—indeed are there not already associated with the case—conditions and circumstances tending to

support another theory? With all the hundreds of columns that have poured through the newspapers nothing has been adduced to indicate, much less to demonstrate, a reasonable motive on the part of Hightower. Evidently money was not the object of the criminal, because money and articles of value were buried with the priest's body. Obviously religious fanaticism was not the purpose of the murderer, for the "holy sacrament" was found on the body undisturbed.

May there not have been motives wholly unconnected with Hightower? What was the record of the murdered man? Had he in the course of his many years' residence in this state—in Oakland and at Turlock or elsewhere—incurred resentments that might have led somebody other than Hightower to pursue him even to the grave? These are pertinent questions and before Hightower is adjudged guilty—before the public mind is inflamed to fixed presumption of his guilt—it is due that every possible clue should be traced to its source. This is the business of a court of justice. It is not the business of a coterie of irresponsible newspapers.

It is perhaps needless to add that the *Argonaut* holds no brief for Hightower, that it has no possible interest in this case other than its duty as a public journal to support legitimate methods as against illegitimate methods in procedures of this kind. Again we repeat that a multitude of circumstances point to Hightower's guilt. But he is entitled to the presumption of innocence until he is proved guilty; and, guilty or innocent, he is entitled to a fair trial by the agencies established under the law. Trial by newspapers, trial by jail officials, trial under the terrors of the "third degree"—these do violence alike to law and to humanity. They do not constitute the fair deal that is the due of every man charged with crime.

A Case of the Owl and the Lady.

President Harding is asked to appoint a woman upon the commission to represent the United States in the Disarmament Conference. No particular woman is named. It is a case similar to the classic story of the spinster and the owl: "Please, Lord, send me a man!" prayed the lady. "Ooh! Ooh!" cried the owl. "Anybody, oh Lord!" answered the lady. Opposed to the demand voiced by various women's organizations stands Congresswoman Robertson of Oklahoma, who says that she does not know of any woman in the United States sufficiently acquainted with the affairs of the world or so skilled in international law as to justify her appointment. For this declaration, and for her failure in other respects to adopt the enthusiasms of the militant among her sex, Miss Robertson is now being trounced wherever a few ardent suffragettes are gathered together.

It may be Miss Robertson is wrong. Possibly there are women entirely competent to serve on this commission. We can not now think of any woman of expert knowledge of international law or presumptive skill in diplomacy, but such a woman might possibly be found. Yet, even with a suitable candidate before him, President Harding may well pause before thrusting so positive an innovation upon an international conference. We have had one experience marked and marred by whimsicality; and perhaps it would be better not to impose upon this coming convention a condition or circumstance out of line with universal and traditional practice.

A time may come—we have no doubt it will come—when participation of women in diplomatic dealings may be part of the regular and accepted order of things. There is no reason why it should not be so. Women are quite as definitely interested as men in the adjustments of life and of nations; and nobody has yet proved that a woman may not

be quite as capable as a man, provided her temper of mind and her studies have been in the same spheres. But at the present time a woman in an international conference would be a sort of white blackbird, and as such hardly an edifying spectacle. The time is not yet when the presence of women in any unusual relationship does not tend to modify situations, and not entirely to the good. Our experience at Paris suggests caution. The editor of the *Argonaut* was there during the conference and was witness to a certain "miasma of futility" incidental to an atmosphere too much graced by feminine motives. He was not alone in this observation. Mr. H. G. Wells in his "Outline of History" thus comments upon President Wilson's visit to Europe in 1919. Says Mr. Wells:

He brought his wife with him. That seemed no doubt a perfectly natural and proper thing to an American mind. Quite a number of American representatives brought their wives. Unhappily a social quality, nay, almost a tourist quality, was introduced into the world settlement by these ladies. Transport facilities were limited, and most of them arrived in Europe with a radiant air of privilege. They came as if they came to a treat. They were, it was intimated, seeing Europe under exceptionally interesting circumstances. They would visit Chester, or Warwick, or Windsor en route—for they might not have a chance of seeing these celebrated places again. Important interviews would be broken off to get in a visit to some "old historical mansion." This may seem a trivial matter to note in a History of Mankind, but it was such small things as this that threw a miasma of futility over the Peace Conference of 1919. In a little while one discovered that Wilson, the Hope of Mankind, had vanished, and that all the illustrated fashion papers contained pictures of a delighted tourist and his wife, grouped smilingly with crowned beads and such-like enviable company.

There are, of course, women and women. A woman who goes somewhere because she is the wife or the sister or the daughter of somebody is a distinctly different figure from one who goes because she is somebody or something on her own account. A woman commissioner to the Washington conference would have a certain status, but it would still be an anomalous one. Stated brutally, she would be out of place—much in the position of a man at a ladies' lunch party.

If the President in excess of amiability should appoint a woman upon the commission it should be, not a mere "representative of her sex," but one having definite claims to consideration on the basis of individual fitness. Congresswoman Robertson does not know of such a woman. The *Argonaut* knows of one who might do—one whose ideas are at least founded in reason and modesty. If we must have a woman commissioner let it be Congresswoman Robertson. She might not bring to bear upon the subjects to be considered the lights of learning or experience. But, if we may judge by her published portraits, she could be depended upon not to introduce into the conference a distracting factor of alluring femininity.

The Building Trades Strike Under Review.

The local strike of mechanics in the building trades is now well into its fourth month. It began in a demand on the part of the unions for increased wages—this at a time marked by decline in other things. A board of arbitration to which matters in contention were referred recommended, not an advance, but a cut all around of 7½ per cent. This was rejected by the unions, whereupon a new movement was inaugurated on the part of contractors representing the building interest and the Chamber of Commerce representing the broad interests of the community. Under this movement the proposal was for a cut in wages of 7½ per cent., as proposed by the board of arbitration, with a new set of rules styled the American Plan in Industry. Under this plan there is to be no discrimination against any workman because of his affiliations, unionist or otherwise. Conditions of labor—wages, hours, etc.—are to be prescribed by a wage board and are to be compulsory alike upon workmen and employers. Brief is the American Plan. It is designed to pro-

interests, including the right of any man whether he belong to a union or not to live and work in San Francisco, also to maintain fair wages and reasonable hours of labor. It sweeps away the monopoly of unionism in the building trades of San Francisco; likewise it nullifies the many restrictions which in times past have constituted an incubus upon industry here. Broadly speaking, it implies the rule of the open shop with guarantees against abuses possible under that rule as it has previously been defined. While there is on the part of certain unionist leaders bitter opposition to the American Plan, nobody has been able to point to anything in it inequitable or tending at any point to oppression or injustice.

The number of men normally employed in the building trades in San Francisco is approximately 22,000 to 24,000. These figures do not include allied industries or other interests affected by the vicissitudes of times and conditions in the building industry. Under the counsels of unionist leaders, with such influences as they are able to bring to bear, something like 22,000 workmen are now idle and have been since June 13th. Proponents of the American Plan have advertised the fact that there is work to be had in San Francisco, with the result that approximately 6000 independent workmen are now engaged in building operations. Of these a little more than one-half are resident here, a considerable number being men who have either renounced their union affiliations or have chosen to work in defiance of union orders. Something under one half of the total number—to be specific, 2760 by careful count—have come from distant places. Approximately 40 per cent. have brought their families with them with the intention of remaining here permanently. All new-comers have been guaranteed ninety days' work or pay for ninety days at the wage scale prescribed by the arbitration board.

On the part of the strikers the contest is being waged in three divisions or factions. Approximately 85 per cent. are willing to accept the conditions prescribed, but are restrained from doing so partly by hope of ultimate victory on the old lines, partly by habits of deference to unionist orders, partly by fear of personal violence at the hands of the more aggressive and impassioned element. Approximately 15 per cent. of the strikers are divided in allegiance to the old leaders of unionism and to a new movement (relatively small at point of numbers) which styles itself the "rank and file." The old leaders (most conspicuous P. H. McCarthy) have very largely lost the confidence of their one-time followers through policies of deception. The so-called rank and file is an anarchistic element always in opposition, always standing for extreme views, and after the manner of their kind making up in noise what they lack in numbers.

Leadership in the business of putting over the American Plan is in the hands of the Industrial Committee of the Chamber of Commerce. Leading men in this group are Messrs. Atholl McBean (chairman), Wallace Alexander, Frank Anderson, Walton Moore, Paul Shoup, Miles Standish, Mortimer Fleishacker, Alfred Esberg, Seward McKear, R. T. Hannah, S. G. Levy, W. G. Creed, F. J. Koster, and S. Caldwell. The avowed purpose of this committee is to protect all parties in interest. Its members have committed themselves collectively and individually to a pledge to enforce reforms, not merely on the part of the labor element, but reform of corresponding abuses on the part of contractors and material men. Under the prescription of this committee all agreements and combines have been torn up. There is to be an end to profiteering, whether in labor, in materials, or contracting, and thus to come about a condition in which buildings may be constructed in San Francisco upon a legitimate basis and at legitimate cost.

There can be no doubt as to the state of the public mind in this really great contest. It supports at all points the policy represented by the McBean committee. It is universally realized that abuses long existent here, abuses in which labor, contractors, and material men have all shared, have made a situation fatal to the interest of San Francisco. This without benefiting anybody. There is a fixed determination to correct these abuses. The contest now on is to be fought to a finish. It is a case of a whole community standing on a sound platform of reason and justice against an organization of profiteers who have lost all sense of proportion, who have abandoned all standards of equity, and who

habitually resort to violence to sustain indefensible theories.

Within the past twenty years there have been several movements in San Francisco in pursuit of the ends now sought to be attained. They have failed under one compromise or another. In the immediate instance there is a thoroughness of organization, a definiteness of plan, a concentration of effective backing that we have not seen before. Behind it, too, there is a force of public opinion that has not hitherto been in evidence. In the judgment of the *Argonaut* this movement will win. In the four months of contest there has been no indication of weakness. It has gone forward upon rational lines free from bluster, obviously fixed in determination, and strong in its cooperative spirit, powerful in its material resource. It must win or San Francisco for a generation must succumb to a blight that already has vastly damaged her fortunes.

There can be little doubt that the rank and file in the building trades industry—the real rank and file as distinguished from the anarchists that have taken that title to themselves—would gladly return to their work under the conditions proposed. It is not the industrious workman, but the profiteering leader of unionism that stands in the way of good relations all round. Your working man is as definitely a man of reason and justice as any other type of man; and he, if the truth be told, is as much a victim of the system as anybody else. But habit of subordination to unionist authority, fear of reproach on the part of his fellows, terror of personal violence—these conspire to hold him to a policy which in his heart and in his judgment he does not approve. It is, we fear, a sad fact that nothing short of the pressure of necessity will force the rank and file to break away. This is coming. The men are now living largely upon doles, and in a very considerable measure upon the earnings of their women-folk. This will not last forever, nor for long. Self-respecting men feel the shame and cruelty of it. Time must soon come when the wholesome discipline of necessity will become the dominating factor in the situation; and when that time comes it will mark the beginning of a new and better era in the life of San Francisco.

In the present situation and for the first time in many years the police department of San Francisco is serving the cause of public peace. There occur now and again instances of violence at the hands of strikers or their sympathizers. A few independent workmen have been beaten up, and in one case, if we are correctly informed, a man was killed. But on the whole the police are doing good work. The cause of this change of policy on the part of the municipal administration is an interesting subject of speculation, but perhaps the least said the better. It may, however, be pertinent to add that Mayor Rolph seems to have learned a thing or two in recent months in the hard school of adversity. Be this as it may, for the first time in his official history he is permitting the forces maintained in the interest of public order to serve the cause of public order as distinct from the cause of militant unionism—and personal politics.

The Philippine Mess.

President Harding wants to make General Leonard Wood governor of the Philippines. There are technical difficulties in the way, since the appointment is a civil one while General Wood holds a commission in the army, and there is definite legal prohibition of a man's holding two offices. Then there is another obstruction in the fact that General Wood, who is due to go on the retired list within a few weeks under the age limit, has been elected head of the University of Pennsylvania, a position, not only of dignity, but attended by a very considerable emolument. Wood is willing enough to serve for a time in the Philippines, but very naturally he is loath to abandon his army connection with its prospective retired pay or definitely to give up his academic appointment. In one way or another no doubt the way will be cleared for General Wood to remain in the Philippines at least for a time. Technical difficulties always yield in the presence of vital necessity.

There is need of a firm reforming hand in the Philippines, and General Wood, by a combination of qualifications, including successful experience in Cuba, is obviously the man for the job. Affairs there have fallen into a bad mess. The experiment of giving over the major part of the administration to the Fili-

pinos has turned out a sad failure. The native officials have done what officials of their type do everywhere. They have stolen generously, and what they have not stolen they have wasted. The administration has been lax to an incredible degree, expenses have piled up, efficiency has gone down. Everything is in confusion. Reorganization is imperative. This is the task which it is proposed to put into the hands of General Wood.

It grows upon the American consciousness that in the Philippine Islands we are in a situation analogous to that of the man with a firm hold upon a bear's tail—it is hazardous to let go yet impossible to hold on. We gain nothing from our possession of the Islands. To sail away, leaving them to their own devices, would be a pitiful and shameful abandonment. The first effect would be a scandalous anarchy, to be followed in natural sequence by a bloody war of factions and races. Then would come Japan or some other alien force and reduce the country to a real servitude. This in respect to our opportunities and commitments is unthinkable.

There seems nothing to do, at least for the present, but to worry along as best we may with a situation which hardly tends to improvement. True, we have introduced the schoolma'am, but here as elsewhere it has been found impossible to bridge over with spelling book and arithmetic the tremendous chasm that separates barbarism from civilization. Having assumed the duty of guide and friend of the Filipino people there seems now no way to get rid of the burden imposed by that assumption. Our efforts to put authority and responsibility in the hands of the Filipinos themselves have resulted in painful failure. The immediate duty is to restore order and honesty in public affairs.

Editorial Notes.

The newspapers do not clearly define the situation in New York in the matter of the municipal campaign now on. There is a nominal Democratic candidate for the mayoralty—in reality a Tammany Hall candidate—in the person of Mayor Hylan, who has played an eccentric rôle in his present incumbency and has discredited himself with everybody outside the limits of Tammany influence. There are several other candidates, more or less known, with various and uncertain backing. The tendency of opposition to Hylan is toward fusion. The mischief of this sort of thing is a matter many times demonstrated in the political record of New York City and of other cities. Fusion candidates are rarely successful and in office they invariably fail—"fall down," we believe, is the technical political phrase. The difficulty is that, coming into office without the support of regular organizations, they fall into varied mix-ups and end in discredit. The effect of fusion success is to weaken party spirit, upon which, when all is said and done, the integrity of administration depends. The end of fusion incumbency inevitably finds the machinery of all parties demoralized and impotent, with the door always open to whatever sinister organization has contrived to hold its forces together. There are definite considerations opposed to the partisan theory in municipal politics, but no way has yet been found better in its effects or tending better to efficient government than administration at the hands of a reputable, well organized, and properly disciplined party.

The appointment of Mr. Elihu Root as a member of the American commission to the Disarmament Conference is supported by a multitude of sound reasons. No man in the country is so well equipped at all points. By all means Mr. Root should be employed in this work. Public sentiment demands it and there is no personal motive that should prevent his acceptance. But it is difficult to understand why Mr. Knox should be named for the commission. There is no further reason to draw upon the Senate, since Messrs. Lodge and Underwood are sufficiently representative of that body. It is true that Mr. Knox has a certain familiarity with foreign affairs, due to his service some years ago as Secretary of State. But new times have developed new issues; the problems of twenty years ago are by no means the problems of today, and to these latter problems Mr. Knox will bring nothing more than would be brought by any other man of general experience in public life. A curious thing about Knox is that although for many years he has been widely exploited as a man of great intellectual force he has never done anything in a serious way to sustain the appraisal. His

service in the State Department was marked more by casual and neglectful attitude than by close and energetic attention to business. With all his presumed intellectual power his official career was relatively a trivial one. In no sense did it measure up to that of Mr. Root or that of the late John Hay.

It is reported from Montreal that the Russian Soviet régime has given an order for five hundred fifty-ton tank cars, to cost two million dollars, to the Canadian Car and Foundry Company of that city. We can but wonder why if the Soviet government has two million dollars to spend it should not invest it in provisions for the starving Russian people. Tank cars no doubt are a current need of Russia, but surely the feeding of starving women and babies should come first. Furthermore, it is a bit exasperating to be called upon for charity to save famine-stricken multitudes in Russia by a government which claims to be solvent and which has millions at its disposal.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "THIRD DEGREE."

With Pertinent Application to the Hightower Case.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 23, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In the matter of trial by newspapers of alleged criminals and the administration of the "Third Degree."

The arrest of Hightower and his being charged with the murder of the Rev. Father Heslin has, as remarked in a very excellent letter appearing in the *San Francisco Journal* of the 22d instant, so completely engaged public attention that all other matters, however important, have been passed over by the public. The Irish-English status, the armament and condition of Japan in the Pacific, and even our very pressing building and labor trouble have ceased to interest the readers of the public press, and the Heslin murder and the alleged connection therewith of the prisoner Hightower overshadowed them all. The only offense actually brought home to this prisoner, if an offense at all, is that of being poor, defenseless, and somewhat eccentric. Not very serious crimes nor ones meriting excessive penalty.

The action of these morning dailies seems much the same as that of the Scribes and Pharisees at the judgment seat of Pilot, viz: to fan to a white heat the blood lust of the unthinking and brutal mob until they cry out for a victim, and having found him, irrevocable, and without reference to his having committed any offense, cry "Crucify him! Crucify Him! His blood be upon us and upon our children."

This letter very properly calls attention to the serious danger of a miscarriage of justice and a judicial murder supervening and states that the thinking members of the community, always a minority, are demanding that the yellow press be curbed and that this man be accorded what every citizen charged with an offense is entitled to—a fair, calm, and unbiased trial before a jury of his peers.

One of the methods pursued with the prisoner Hightower is that of "the sweat box or third degree"—that is to say, the questioning of the prisoner while in custody and endeavoring to break him down and get him to confess himself guilty of the offense charged. It is somewhat surprising to learn that to this method, absolutely illegal and justified by no rule of the law, the prosecuting attorneys of two prominent counties in the State of California lend their presence and support. These gentlemen are officers of the state courts and were when admitted thereto sworn to support and maintain the laws of this commonwealth, and their action in this regard has been more than once held altogether illegal.

So much for the morality of the administration of the third degree. Its value when obtained has recently been commented upon and greatly doubted by no less an authority than James G. Keirnan, professor of forensic medicine in the Kent College of Law, Chicago. His excellent and interesting articles appears in Volume 20 of "Notes and Comments" at page 790. I quote:

"Under judicial torture, the disgrace of the Roman law and its survival in the coroner's inquest and allied inquisitorial procedure in Roman law countries. Jurists learned to distrust the value of confessions of the third degree and dying declarations."

Heineccius remarks that while confession is sometimes the voice of conscience, experience teaches us that it is frequently far otherwise. There sometimes lurks under the shadow of apparent tranquillity an insanity which impels men readily to accuse themselves of all kinds of iniquity. Some, deluded by their imagination, suspect themselves of crimes which they never committed. Melancholic temperament, the *tedium vite*, and an unaccountable inclination to self-destruction urges some to false confession, whilst these are extracted from others by dread of torture and the terrors and misery of the dungeon. The Sleuder case is a marked example. Sleuder put in the sweat box, confessed the Chicago car-barn banditry in a manner suspiciously confirmatory of the theories of the police. Accident led to the discovery of the real bandits.

Despite this villainous failure of the sweat box, this violation of the law continues. For the sweat box and administration of the third degree have no place in criminal jurisprudence of this or any other state of the Union and are undoubtedly illegal.

A perusal of the judgment of the court in *Ammons vs. The State*, to be found reported in 80 Miss. 592, 92 Am. S. Rep. 607, 32 So. 9, 12 Am. Crim. Rep. 82, and at great length and with copious notes of other like cases and the effect of confessions, and when admissible as evidence in 18 L. R. A. (N.S.) 768, will well repay perusal by those who desire to pursue the subject further.

There a boy of tender years, the appellant, was confined by the jailer or chief constable in what was known as the "sweat box." This was an apartment five or six feet wide by eight feet long. It was kept entirely dark, and for fear any ray of light or breath of air should get in, the small cracks were carefully blanketed. The judge remarks that the prisoner was not allowed during the time he was so confined any communication with human beings. (The judge does not, apparently, class the jailer who so confined him as a human being, inasmuch as he shortly after mentioned that the jailer from time to time questioned the prisoner, telling him at the same time it would be better for him to tell all he knew.) The judge remarks: "Confessing himself guilty was the only road by which he could extricate himself from this 'Black Hole of Calcutta.'"

All this occurred, not in Darkest Russia, or China, or Central Africa under a tyrannical king, but here in the United States of America, where men point with pride to the Stars and Stripes and the Statue of Liberty and where the first words of the Declaration of Independence are: "All men are born equal and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

WILLIAM STEERS.

Another Protest.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 19, 1921.

MY DEAR MR. HOLMAN: I read with much interest and entire agreement an editorial in the issue of the *Argonaut* of last week on the so-called "B-B" campaign. I am glad to find that I am not alone in the view on this matter that I have personally held since the start, and am flattered to find so able and fair an advocate as yourself in harmony with the ideas I have personally held.

Reading between the lines in one portion of your expressions, I presume the *Argonaut* received a similar communication to one reaching this office. There came in here the other day, addressed to me as the publisher of the *California Fruit News*, a letter in which I was advised over the name of an otherwise acceptable and substantial gentleman of the community, signing as chairman of a press committee, that I "had been put down for (so and so many) dollars per month for three years." Being opposed to the use of force where it can be avoided, and it not being my personal commercial practice to do business on the lines of force, the communication brought no reaction except one of irritation, and that the irritation might pass as quickly as possible, I dropped it into the waste-basket.

So far as I am personally concerned, the situation is that any press committee on this matter or chairman of such committee exists without any action on my part and is without any authority to put me down for anything. I have, in fact, no other cognizance of the whole matter than the general mentions of it in the daily press, have never been honored with any invitations to attend meetings, have taken no part in forming a press committee, and have never voted for any chairman or activity of such committee, and whether or not the committee is self-constituted or its chairman appointed by some other self-constituted agency I do not know. It should, however, be perfectly plain to any substantial developers of this movement that no material success will be met with in forwarding such a campaign and collecting its financial sinews through the bulldozing methods indicated by this sort of communication.

I am glad to see your publication—the first I have noticed among the local journals—criticizing this whole movement, substantially and thoughtfully. It is too bad that we always seem to do these things in the wrong way whenever they are undertaken at all, and while the present is a timely opportunity for some substantial effort for the remedying of conditions in San Francisco and the Bay region which may be antagonistic to their progress, it is regrettable that the effort seems to have gotten into the wrong hands and to have been so poorly launched. The assistance of your journal in pointing the way I think is valuable.

HOWARD C. ROWLEY.

Colonel Irish in Reply.

OAKLAND, August 20, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Mr. Deardorf and Mr. McClatchy have taken pot shots at my statement of the land laws of Japan. I refer them to the bitter anti-Japanese report of the state board of control, written by Mr. Benedict, who has been rewarded for his work by the governor with a salary of \$8000 per year. The report (page 68) says:

"There are three ways in which foreigners may hold land in Japan: (1) By ordinary lease, running for any convenient term and renewable at the will of the lessee. The rent of such leased property is, however, liable to a review by the courts, after a certain number of years, on the application of either party. (2) A so-called superficies title may be secured in all parts of Japan, save what may be called colonial areas, running for any number of years. Many such titles now current for 999 years, and so far as appears they might run for 5000. These titles give as complete control over the surface of the land as a fee simple title would do. (3) Foreigners may form joint stock companies and hold land for the purposes indicated by their charters. Some of these charters contain provisions practically limiting membership to foreigners. They are juridical persons formed under the civil code of Japan and are regarded as just as truly Japanese legal persons as though composed solely of Japanese. Foreigners are excluded from membership in corporations subsidized by the Japanese government."

McClatchy quotes Baron Uchida, but as his fanatical credulity is much imposed upon by false translations, I pay no attention to it. The mental strabismus which can see farmers in a few school girls picking fruit for a lark and some tramp melon pickers is incurable. It is true that Japanese found these men charging \$14 per day for picking melons and underbid them. It is also true that Japanese have been underbid by Mexicans and other "whites."

JOHN P. IRISH.

Another Contribution "In the Cause of Truth."

SEATTLE, August 19, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have been a resident of Japan ten years and speak the language, read and write it fluently, and will state there are no laws of any character whatsoever which do not protect a Japanese in every respect absolutely to the complete detriment of any foreigner.

It is the only country in existence in which a patent or trade-mark is not respected. I entered into a partnership with a Japanese subject in a small manufacturing business, as no foreigner can go into business only through a Japanese subject, and he sold me out bag and baggage, and under Japanese laws I had no redress.

The whole question could be settled by adopting Japanese laws in the states in regard to Japs—no more, no less—and I would guarantee the spokesman and champion of the Japanese race in our country that no Jap would be able to exist here under them.

I wonder if Colonel Irish would advocate a Japanese standard for our sons and daughters, a standard in which it is considered quite right and commendable for a girl to bind herself to white slavery, to pay off an obligation of her parents or family, and then return home to her people without any stain of any kind upon her.

I stood in the public market only last week and witnessed and heard a Jap howling and smiling to a lady purchaser, who apparently had not purchased to his liking, and he was calling her the vilest epithets in Japanese at the same time.

The Japanese upper or ruling class have the utmost contempt for Americans and anything American. Their lack of honor in business (I mean where foreigners are concerned) is proverbial.

MRS. C. E. DE MILNE.

Back to the Soil.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 24, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In a recent issue of your paper I note a letter signed Frank Deardorf, written in rebuttal, it seems, to one written by Colonel Irish, and dealing largely with the question of bathing as practiced by the Japanese. Leaving everything controversial out of the question, and al-

together aside from the Japanese issue, I note the heading of the letter, "In the Cause of Truth," and am thereby challenged to make a few observations on the bathing habits of our ancestors, going no further back than our own childhood. When I say our own I mean, not only European, but American customs. I know for a fact that the whole family used to bathe in the same tub of water when I was a kid, which is less than fifty years ago—oh, much less! And on a Saturday night, too! And ever so many of us didn't do it regularly at that. And as far as personal cleanliness goes it is merely incidental. Plumbing is too recent an acquisition for us to decide upon the merits of what passes as cleanliness. We hear that skin diseases seem to be on the increase, and we have all heard that the ancient Romans bathed too much. And those of us hatched all in the same tub are all right; nothing the matter with us at all.

And when it comes right down to facts, what exactly is meant when we say American standards of living and all this talk about lowering same? Most of us remember when the pig and cow and garden were a part of home. Everybody had to save and scrimp in ways that were not pretty. We got away from all that and began to splurge and show off, and now where are we? Back to the old ways—pig and cow and garden for most of us in the near future. And we are going to do it cheerfully, too. Hard words won't get us anywhere. Live and let live!

MARY JANE SMITH.

Oh Lord, How Long!

DENVER, COLO., August 18, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: How long is it going to be before the intelligent people of this country frankly and publicly avow that the so-called prohibition is a definite mistake and a failure and that it is making of us a nation of law-breakers?

I am, sir, CHARLES A. POWERS.

PEACE OR WAR IN ASIA.

A recently published survey of educational progress in America contained a comment on a curious phase of school history that was fairly general some fifteen or twenty years ago. It was a phase described as one of "ferocious optimism." The ordinary scholastic qualifications of the teacher were of small moment in comparison with his disposition to impart the virtues of optimism to his pupils. Teachers, and particularly teachers of rural schools, were summarily and "ferociously" disciplined if they were supposed to fall short at the point of optimism, and this variety of bucolic optimism—a sort of backwash from the great "uplift" movement—seemed to consist of a sturdy denial of even the possibilities of misfortune, national or otherwise. The optimist movement had its little day and ceased to be, like all such movements, but it left its results in the form of a certain impatience with unpalatable facts, an intolerance of even the suggestion that our navigation must be extraordinarily circum-spect if we are to avoid the rocks and the shallows of disaster.

I am reminded of this phase of our educational life by sundry reproofs that have reached me for my comments on the forthcoming Disarmament Conference, and for the warning that this would be in no sense a love feast, that it was rather a heroic effort to grapple betimes with a portentous problem and to solve it in its earlier stages and before it should throw its blood-red clouds across the sky. Now this attitude was in no sense my own except by adoption. It was digested, so to speak, from the views of various eminent men, notably of President Nicholas Murray Butler, who recently advised us not to talk so glibly about the end of war, warning us that we might be about to witness one of those mighty invasions from Asia of which ancient history—although not so very ancient—contains the records. Mr. Frank Simonds takes broadly the same view, although from another angle. Wherever authoritative views are available, they all point in the same direction. They tell us that the conference is an invitation to all interested powers to lay their Asiatic cards, face upward, on the table. And they warn us that there will be no frank and comradely barter, but that we must confront inflexible national resolves, resolves that will be sustained by threats of war, that are already embittered by expectations of war. And perhaps we may usefully remember that it is only contented and prosperous peoples that have high ideals. To expect high ideals from the older peoples of the world, from the weary and suffering peoples, is to invite disappointment.

President Nicholas Murray Butler is a high authority on foreign affairs. With one or two possible exceptions there is no more competent opinion on the *coulisses* of international relations. And Dr. Butler, as has been said, stands by no means alone in the gravity of his warnings. His views correspond so exactly with those of Mr. H. M. Hyndman, author of "The Awakening of Asia," that a little space may usefully be devoted to a book that was considered important enough to deserve suppression at the hands of the British government and that was not allowed to see the light of publicity until the end of the war. Mr. Hyndman has devoted the greater part of his life to a study of Asiatic affairs. He is an avowed champion of Asiatic interests, and sentiments. He castigates with an unsparing hand his own government for its treatment of India and China, and he belabors the British colonies, notably Australia and Canada, for their attitude toward the Japanese. He is indignant at the exclusion of Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus from the domain of the white man, and without any attempt at the usual suave apologies for his protégés, at the customary assurances that patent facts are not

all, he tells us exactly what Japan intends to do and how she intends to do it. It is probable that Japan does not like the championship of Mr. Hyndman and wishes that she had a more discreet advocate. But then Mr. Hyndman's plea is not of the "special" variety. He has no concern with the *suggestio falsi* or the *suppressio veri*. He deals, or tries to deal, with the facts and with all of them.

Japan, says Mr. Hyndman, intends to have a free hand in the East. She will tolerate no white interference with her plans in China, Korea, or anywhere else. That is her unchangeable resolve. After the Russian war she "stood forward as the champion of Asia against Europe." She has been working assiduously "for the supremacy of the Far East—for the leadership of Asia." Those who suppose that she can be persuaded to listen to the sweet voice of reason or to share in beautiful ideas of Chinese integrity or of the "open door" in China are likely speedily to be disillusioned. She has her own meaning of the "open door." From the time when China's weakness was disclosed in 1894 "she regarded her position in China as the basic preoccupation of her entire foreign policy." No matter how many times she may have pledged herself to respect the integrity and independence of China, we see that at this moment her hold upon China is stronger than it has ever been before. Her pledges have restrained her aggressions in no way whatsoever. To invite Japan to agree in a self-denying ordinance with respect to China is to invite her to stultify the whole of her foreign policy, to cut herself adrift from the sheet anchor of her ambitions.

America, says Mr. Hyndman, is now the only power left unhampered to oppose Japanese schemes with regard to China. Certainly there will be no opposition from Great Britain, who is still bound by her treaty; nor from France, who is largely indifferent; nor from Russia, with whom Japan has a treaty, whatever that may be worth. And what can America do? What pressure can she bring to bear upon Japan? What cards can she play in answer to Japan's resolve to tighten rather than to relax her grip upon China. And here Mr. Hyndman is candid himself. He deals in no soft nothings about amicable arrangements and bonds of friendship and cordial agreements. He says in so many words that Japan is quite ready to fight America and has made her careful plans for doing so. "Japan had made all necessary arrangements to meet any difficulties that might arise. She had established several thousand Japanese laborers within striking distance of the Panama Canal, she had made careful surveys of convenient landing-places in Mexico, notably at Toluobampo, she had entered into relations with the Mexican leaders, she had drafted preliminary agreements with Ecuador, touching a naval station in the Galapagos Islands, and she had so placed herself in regard to the Philippines that the United States would find it impossible to keep control of those islands against her, permeated as they were with Japanese agents."

Englishmen and Americans, says Mr. Hyndman, seem unwilling to awake to the facts, although they have had abundant warning. "Americans in particular have been told by their own countrymen, military officers as well as civilians, who have specially studied the subject, about the sort of antagonism which may lie ahead." Japan will not yield on any matter touching her Asiatic ambitions and she has already forestalled all America's efforts to make her yield. She is in occupation of the Marshall Islands. She has innumerable highly trained men in the Sandwich Islands. She has seen to it that there shall be no reliance upon the Panama Canal. The American naval base would be some 14,000 miles from the main scene of operations, while her own warships would be on the spot, and this would largely neutralize whatever superiority the American fleet might have. It is true that Japan has recently had cause to supervise her ideas of America as a military and naval power, and but for that cause the present situation might be vastly different from what it is. But for that cause the Japanese cards might, and probably would, be on the table at this moment. The Conference will force the hand of Japan, and Japan knows this well. Hence her desire for preliminary statements of agenda. President Harding has "put his fortune to the touch, to win or lose it all." But it will be no love feast. Oliver Cromwell once advised his Puritans to put their trust in God and to keep their powder dry. It was an admirable combination. It is so now.

Mr. Hyndman believes that Japan will be just as insistent upon what she believes to be her rights of immigration as she will be on what she believes to be her rights over Asia. And he believes that she will be as ready to fight in the one case as in the other. "Those who imagine that the whole question of Asiatic emigration to North America and Australia has been more than temporarily settled are, in my judgment, deceiving themselves altogether. It is possible, of course, that the internal development of Japan, and behind her of China, may afford a full outlet for the ill-paid labor of the industrious millions in Japan and the tens of millions of China. But this does not seem in the least likely for many a long year to come. When, consequently, the vast populations of Eastern Asia are in earnest towards a peaceful colonization of the European settlements bordering on the Pacific Ocean, and when they do this with the support and under the leadership of the governments of Japan and China, it

is difficult to see how their demand for free access to such sparsely-peopled territories as Southern California, British Columbia, and Western Australia can be effectively resisted."

Mr. Hyndman believes that a conflict with Asia can be avoided, but only by what most white men would consider as surrender to all of those claims that white men have hitherto resisted. Failing such surrender, he sees an united Asia, presumably under the leadership of Japan, resolved to enforce an absolute equality of rights with the white world, an equal social and political status with the white world. He sees Asia no longer suppliant, no longer abject, no longer exploited, but with a full realization of the incalculable strength of her numbers and bound together in all her parts by a common interest and a common adversary. Mr. Hyndman's book was published before the Disarmament Conference was suggested. It would be interesting to know whether he regards that Conference as a step toward the peace of the world, or whether he would look upon it as a challenge to fate to make known at once the ultimate issues of peace and war.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 24, 1921.

OLD FAVORITES.

When Burbage Played.

When Burbage played, the stage was bare
Of fount and temple, tower and stair;
Two backwards eked a hattle out;
Two supers made a rabble rout;
The Throne of Denmark was a chair!

And yet, no less, the audience there
Thrilled through all changes of Despair,
Hope, Anger, Fear, Delight, and Doubt,
When Burbage played!

This is the actor's gift: to share
All moods, all passions, nor to care
One whit for scene, so he without
Can lead men's minds the roundabout,
Stirred as of old those hearers were
When Burbage played! —Austin Dobson.

Retirement.

My gentle friend! I hold no creed so false
As that which dares to teach that we are born
For hattle only, and that in this life
The soul, if it would burn with star-like power,
Must needs forsooth be kindled by the sparks
Struck from the shock of clashing human hearts.
There is a wisdom that grows up in strife,
And one—I like it best—that sits at home
And learns its lessons of a thoughtful ease.
So come! a lonely house awaits thee!—there
Nor praise, nor blame shall reach us, same what love
Of knowledge for itself shall wake at times
In our own bosoms: come! and we will build
A wall of quiet thought, and gentle hooks,
Betwixt us and the hard and bitter world.
Sometimes—for we need not be anchorites—
A distant friend shall cheer us through the post,
Or some gazette—of course no partisan—
Shall bring us pleasant news of pleasant things;
Then, twisted in graceful allumettes,
Each ancient joke shall blaze with genuine flame
To light our pipes and candles; but to wars,
Whether of words or weapons, we shall be
Deaf—so we twain shall pass away the time
Ev'n as a pair of happy lovers, who,
Alone, with some quiet garden-nook,
With a clear night of stars above their heads,
Just hear, betwixt their kisses and their talk,
The tumult of a tempest rolling through
A chain of neighboring mountains; they awhile
Pause to admire a flash that only shows
The smile upon their faces, but, full soon,
Turn with a quick, glad impulse, and perhaps
A conscious wile that brings them closer yet,
To dally with their own fond hearts, and play
With the sweet flowers that blossom at their feet.
—From "Poems of Henry Timrod."

Kew in Lilac-Time.

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's
wonderland:

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and
sweet perfume.

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to
London!).

And there, they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a
blaze of sky,

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for
London.

The Dorian nightingale is rare and yet they say you'll hear
him there

At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!).
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long
halloo

And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!).
And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires
are out

You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for
London:—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!).

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's
wonderland;

Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!).
—Alfred Noyes.

The United States manufactured \$80,000,000 worth
of the \$100,000,000 worth of toys sold in this country.

The people of the United States spend \$200,000,000
annually on tobacco.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Adelaide Richardson of Denison is the first woman to be appointed a member of the Texas State Board of Pharmacy.

Tom Clack, an English boy without hands, can draw and paint pictures with such skill, grasping pen, pencil, or brush between his wrists, that at fourteen years of age he won a London county council art scholarship.

The present Queen of England, on her marriage in 1893, directed that all of the silk garments in her trousseau should be manufactured in England, all the flannel in Wales, all the tweeds in Scotland, and that every yard of lace and poplin should come from Ireland.

Dr. Elmer Ball, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, is a distinguished entomologist—his important contribution to science being the discovery that plant diseases are transmissible by the bite of an insect that inhabits them. Dr. Ball's studies and pursuits from early boyhood have been scientific. His brother, Dr. Carleton Roy Ball, is chief of the cereal plant studies of the Department of Agriculture.

One of the largest land-owners in all Ireland is the Marquis of Londonderry, minister of education in Sir James Craig's cabinet and privy councillor of Ireland. His immense estates, amounting to 50,400 acres of land, help make him one of the most important men among the land-holding members of the Orange party. Lord Londonderry holds that the government of Ulster should not be merged with the government of South Ireland until after the Sinn Feiners have proved their firmness to rule. Lord Londonderry is a major in the Royal Horse Guards, in which capacity he served during the world war.

Ellis Lorin Dresel, American commissioner at Berlin, who has been carrying on negotiations with the Wirth government for peace between Germany and the United States under the Knox resolution, is a Boston lawyer, about fifty years old. He was in Germany at the outbreak of the war and offered his assistance to Ambassador Gerard in looking after stranded Americans. He proved so efficient in the work that the ambassador retained his services until the United States entered the war. Mr. Dresel went to Switzerland with Ambassador Gerard when the latter left Berlin and remained in Bern, where he had general supervision over Red Cross work for American prisoners in Germany.

John A. Stewart, noted New York banker, is now in his ninety-ninth year. Mr. Stewart has the distinction of being the oldest living graduate of Columbia University, from which he got his diploma in 1840, and of being the only surviving member of the original board of trustees, of which Peter Cooper, John Jacob Astor, Jacob Lawrence, John J. Phelps, John J. Cisco, William E. Dodge, Royal Phelps, and William H. Macy were also members. During the civil war Mr. Stewart was one of Lincoln's most trusted advisers. But there are many other phases to his long career. He was Assistant Treasurer of the United States in 1864-65. In 1894 he was influential in securing the resumption of specie payments and was a leader in financing the needs of the government. In 1853 he organized and became the secretary of the United States Trust Company, of which he was president from 1865 to 1902.

Of the royal family of Norway, the favorite with the people is Crown Prince Olaf. His popularity is immense. But eighteen years old, he recently passed the examinations for entrance to the university. From childhood he has received typically Norwegian training and has developed into a genuine son of the Vikings, tall, handsome, and an excellent sportsman. He regularly participates in the annual Norwegian derby, the Holmenkollen ski-jumping competition, at which he is a frequent prize-winner. His popularity is no doubt partly due to his democratic tastes. Educated at a private school, he mingled with his fellow-pupils on an equal footing and has always been wholly free from any tendency to self-importance. When he finishes a course at the Military Academy of Norway, the crown prince will enroll as a student in the technical high school at Trondhjem, to be educated as an engineer. Prince Olaf now has the right to attend cabinet meetings, but as yet has no vote.

James Bryce, who was created a viscount only seven years ago, is now in his eighty-fourth year. He was born in Glasgow, where he received his early education. Later he studied at the University of Glasgow, at Oxford, and at Heidelberg University. He practiced law from 1867 till 1882, after which he taught law at Oxford for twenty-three years, then entered politics. He was elected to Parliament in 1880, was under secretary of state for foreign affairs, 1886; chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (with seat in cabinet), 1892; president of board of trade, 1894; chairman of royal commission on secondary education, 1894; member of senate of London University, 1893; one of the British members of the international tribunal at The Hague; chief secretary for Ireland, 1905-7; ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary at Washington, 1907-13. Since resigning as ambassador to the United States Viscount Bryce has devoted his time almost wholly to writing and to his studies.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

The Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street" Makes Some Observations on English Society.

Since the war there have been many audible, even strident, voices demanding a reform of our political systems as a remedy for the havoc of conflict, as a pledge against its recurrence. But there have been few to insist upon a moral change, upon a reversal of those decadent habits of thought that represent an irresponsible pleasure as the chief aim of life and that are the practical negation alike of private virtue and of public duty. There was a time when the leaders of society and of fashion felt it incumbent upon them to live soberly, to conceal rather than to display the disparities of fortune, and to serve the general good by a high and honorable example. But those times were rapidly passing away even before the war. A scientific materialism had shown us a universe governed by chance, and from which honor and duty had necessarily been banished to the domain of fancy. The worship of folly was exalted to the status of a national cult; money became the only passport to happiness; and poverty found its chief expression in envy, malice, and revolt. The end of the war brought with it an access of these evils rather than their diminution. Conscience in high places, political as well as social, seemed to wane almost to the point of disappearance. The worship of folly became a carnival throughout Europe, and with it came the ever louder mutterings of revolt from across the border line that had been drawn so ostentatiously between rich and poor, between the squalid luxuries of wealth and the menacing discontents of poverty. There could be no doubt that the ethical lessons of the war had not been learned, and that material ruin had been followed by a moral decadence from which even worse evils might be expected.

Such may be said to be the text of a new and impressive volume by the anonymous author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." If we felt a curiosity as to the source of the earlier book there will now be an increased interest in a writer who showed first so intimate a knowledge of the statesmen of Great Britain and who now impeaches English society with a moral fervor that is alike dignified and impressive. The enemy, he tells us, is Darwinism. It is Darwinism which justifies the excesses of society, Prussianism at the cannon, and Bolshevism at the prison door. If Darwinism be true, then there is no crime of violence, no abomination, that can be censured, no excess of fashion to be condemned, no act of love or tenderness for which a logical reason can be adduced.

The author sets forth to test fashionable society by its own documents and by the words from its own mouth, and as his first exhibit he selects Colonel Repington's Diaries from 1914 to 1918. Colonel Repington is a soldier of experience and is an aristocrat. He is supposed to be a gentleman in the best sense of the word. He was writing at a time when hundreds of thousands of men were being killed, mutilated, blinded, and driven mad:

Most people felt this agony in their blood. It was something from which there was no escape. It was as close to life as the skin to the body. To know that freedom was in peril, and that it was being bloodily and awfully defended by boys fresh from school, was a mental experience which could not be dislodged. To shake off the intolerable burden of that thought for a few moments was possible; diversion was even necessary to health; it was right, it was just; but to wish to forget it altogether, this was criminal; and to write about the War without the consecration of that thought always in mind, to make the War the theme of two volumes, and never once write one single word suggesting even a consciousness of that holy thought, the Cause for which our men were fighting, this, until I read Colonel Repington's work, I should have said was impossible.

To read these volumes is to discover the unthinkable and the impossible. Nowhere will you find a period or a sentence of which you could say, "There! that is what we fought for." The Cause finds no expression. There is no penetration to the spiritual reality of the conflict. It never seems to have occurred to the author that the soldier in the trenches might have preferred "the trivial detail of daily happiness" to War, but for something that held him there like a priest at the altar.

Colonel Repington met every one. He talked with every one. He repeats the conversations, but apparently not one word was ever said that glanced beneath the surface. Nothing but banalities and sillinesses. It is as if the armies of the world were fighting for a bone. But if Colonel Repington is to be censured for his omissions what shall we say of the flippancies that crowd his book from cover to cover. Here, for example, is an entry under the head of "The Outlook for 1916":

Lunched in Belgrave Square. Lady Paget, Prince and Princess Victor Napoleon, Mrs. Duggan, Wolkoff, and Max Muller of the Foreign Office. The princess was very nicely dressed, and charming as usual. Mrs. Duggan was in the most attractive widow's weeds imaginable. Callaud (sic) of Paris makes a specialty of mourning for war widows apparently. These particular weeds included a very pretty hat in crape, with veil hanging down behind, or rather streamers, and a narrow band of white crape round the hat next her face, and also under her chin. The dress hat, a white waistcoat of tulle, and open at the neck, in fact she looked like a fascinating nun. Laszlo has painted her in this dress.

The author remarks that one is not only shocked by

such an entry, but filled with a dull nausea. We feel that a sanctity has been degraded. It is as though one were to admit a cinematograph to the death chamber.

The attitude of these people, says the author, is one of self-satisfaction. They have no idea of their own guilt. They have no consciences. They think the world ought to be grateful to them for existing. There are innumerable such entries on these pages. They are always silly, and sometimes they are obscene, as in this one, which records a remark made in the presence of a mother and her sons:

Dined with Belle Herbert and her two boys, Sidney and Michael, and Juliet Duff, in Carlton House Terrace. A very pleasant evening. They screamed over my story of Robertson's remark that he and I could no more afford to be seen walking together just now than we could afford to be seen walking down Regent Street with a whore.

The author confesses that he is fairly used to a rather brutal vigor of language among certain men of fashion, but never in his life has heard such an expression as this in the presence of women. Here is another amazing story to be told in the circles of refinement and culture:

The other story was of Harry Higgins and a famous beautiful prima donna. Harry was trying to engage her for the opera and she held out for £200 a night. "But we only want you to sing, you know," rasped out Harry in her ear.

From the document of a man the author turns to the document of a woman. He selects Mrs. Asquith's autobiography. Mrs. Asquith, he says, seems to have flung herself quite early in life against society's spiritual paling of modesty, self-effacement, restraint, and delicacy. Decisively and victoriously she is of the company known as People Who Are Talked About. Immodesty, he says, is not one of the smaller sins; it is almost the greatest. What is to be the end of an aristocracy which decides for anarchy in manners? Compare Mrs. Asquith with, for example, the Duchess of Abercorn, whose exquisite manners were the outward and visible expression of a vital inward and spiritual grace:

She could not have written such a book as this. The idea is inconceivable. Even if she had been brought to the direst penury she could not have sold to the public the story of her love. For rather she would have died of starvation. But Mrs. Asquith sells to the public, not merely the long chronicle of her amorous adventures, telling us who proposed to her and how she explained matters to the first Mrs. Asquith, but even a most intimate letter of sympathy written to her, by a man still living, on the death of one of her children.

What are we to think of such insensibility as this? Here, of course, she was not thinking of sensation; a monetary incentive must have been, not merely far from her thoughts, but obliterated from her mind. Yet the sacred letter goes in with the rest. How was this possible?

We ask ourselves, did no tears fall upon it? Did her hand not shake a little, remembering the acuteness of her former anguish? Did she not shrink, if only for a moment, from the profanation of giving those words, which had meant so much to her, to the printer? All we know is this, that the letter went in with the rest.

We have a few extracts from the autobiography in support of the author's condemnation. She tells us of receiving a remonstrance against her habit of receiving company in her bedroom, a remonstrance to which she "listened closely," and which appeared to her "absurd." And then she gives us a description of the bedroom:

... my walls were ornamented with curious objects, varying from caricatures and crucifixes to prints of prize-fights, fox-hunts, virgins, and Wagner. In one of the turrets I hung my clothes; in the other I put an altar on which I kept my books of prayer and a skull. ... We wore charming dressing-jackets, and sat up in bed with colored cushions behind our backs, while the brothers and friends sat on the floor or in comfortable chairs round the room.

Mrs. Asquith at the age of fifty-six carefully relates for public perusal the dubious adventures of her youth. The author calls this an element of persisting indelicacy "which in a young woman would be disagreeable, but in an elderly woman is disgusting:

You see her nature when she tells you that she "listened closely" to Laura's warning about being "fast," deciding that the idea was absurd. She thinks where most people are guided by instinct. But even here she does not think very far. She did not think, for instance, in the matter of bedroom entertainments, whether it would be "absurd" for the maidservants in the attics to hold a bedroom salon—or should it be saloon?—with the knife-boy, the footman, and the butler, while she and her sister entertained "company" on the floor below. Apparently, however, she does not perceive that there is no logic in manners. There is no reason in logic why she should not clean her teeth on the doorstep. There is no reason in logic why she should not make a loud noise when she eats. There is no reason in logic why she should not dig M. Bonvin in the ribs when she goes to luncheon at the Ritz. Nice people do not do these things. Neither do they ever ask themselves why they do not do them. It is instinctive with them not to do such things.

Mrs. Asquith has the wisdom of the serpent as well as the tongue. She can be demure. She has a certain amount of tact. She would not switch on so much current for John Morley or Gilbert Murray as for lesser men. But what shall we say of John Morley and of the "astonishing and almost shocking" letter which he wrote to the lady at the time of her marriage:

John Morley has condemned fashionable society with a contempt as withering as Voltaire's, and with an austerity as high as Mill's. A score of fiery passages come into my mind. He speaks of fashionable life as "that dance of mimes," pours scorn on "that egoism which makes the passions of the individual his own law," and denounces the man of the world as "that worst enemy of the world." Who, in modern times, has lent to moral effort, to spiritual aspiration, a manlier hand than John Morley?

And yet, how does this great moralist, this burning reformer, this impassioned philosopher of history, write to a person so notorious for egoism and reckless self-assertion as Miss Margot Tennant?

He says: "Don't improve by an atom." I think John Morley's 'oon't improve' deserves to live in history.

The author hinted in his earlier volume that Mrs. Asquith's influence on her husband has not been a good one. Now he quotes a conversation between Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, in which Mr. Churchill is represented as saying of Mr. Asquith: "He will sit up playing bridge and drinking late at night. . . . Asquith has gone morally down hill. From the Puritan he was, he has adopted the polite frivolities of society."

But there are contrasts. If there is a Mrs. Asquith there was also a Mrs. Gladstone, whose coöperation with her husband in the rescue of fallen women has never been fully known:

One night as he walked through the London streets with a friend, Gladstone turned back to speak to a prostitute, and presently rejoined his friend with the woman at his side. The friend whispered, "But what will Mrs. Gladstone say if you take this woman home?" He answered, "It is to Mrs. Gladstone I am taking her."

Few people know that Gladstone gave himself with the deepest passion and the highest consecration to the bitter work of rescuing degraded women. This noble passion, which I have reason to know began while he was at Oxford, lasted to the end of his life. The dangers of such work had no terrors for him. Extraordinary gossip floated through the haunts of scandal. Among the base it was whispered, "The heel of Achilles!" Some of his friends would have dissuaded him from labors which almost invited the political spy and the social slanderer to destroy his reputation. But Gladstone could not be turned. Every woman saved by his efforts, every woman restored to womanhood, every woman created anew in faith and purity was a fresh incentive to his zeal. And in this work, as in everything else, Catherine Gladstone was his partner. Mrs. Gladstone and her friend Lady Loshian (this fact, I believe, has never been mentioned till now) went out regularly at night in places like Leicester Square, Coventry Street, and the Haymarket, seeking young girls and carrying them off to homes of rescue.

We are told also of some of the great women who may be said to have adopted the whole British army and to whom thousands of young men turned for sympathy and aid as they would have turned to their own mothers. But of these women we hear too little. They are not clamorous. They are not among the People Who Are Talked About and who are so eager to be identified with the fashionable society that they disgrace:

Because of the grave importance of this matter, I hope I may be forgiven if I express the hope that the Prince of Wales, who can do so much for the nation if he will take the next step on the road to spiritual development, will not mistake popularity for influence. It is of high importance to the empire that his staff should consist of men whose intelligence is equal to their social position. To be charming is a great power, and a tremendous responsibility. With his nature, which is so attractive, the prince may do a great deal to save society from a grave disaster. He will best serve the nation in this way if he makes friends only among the best men and women of the day, its scholars and its workers, those people whose lives are devoted to the highest interests of the human race, and whose culture entitles them to be the leaders of English civilization.

We have reached, says the author, a Drift Age in morals. It is a greater danger than Bolshevism, because it threatens us with destruction by pessimism, and to this we are moving under the impetus of fashion. What example is fashion giving to us? Does it lend any encouragement to the passion of the man of science for knowledge, to the desire of the world for peace, to the belief of the spiritual that life is an everlasting evolution of beauty, power, and knowledge:

What end does Fashion offer mankind for their labors? Its voice is lifted up to say, "Work hard if you would have a good time," and its good time is a condition of luxury. At the door of Fashion the sentinel does not challenge those who approach with the cry, "Who goes there?" but "How much do you bring?" So long as a man has made money, no matter in what way, and no matter how dull or how stupid or how flagrantly vulgar he may be, Fashion will open its door to him and he is admitted to the Olympus of our national life. There are men on that Olympus at the present moment, boasting of their aristocratic friends, whose minds are as truly ignorant of culture as the mind of a Patagonian or an Esquimaux.

The decadence of morality is naturally shown in the decay of manners, and the prevalence of bad manners means that we are ceasing to think of others. Lord Frederic Hamilton refers pointedly to this in his "The Days Before Yesterday." He tells us that his parents never dined out on Sunday, nor did they ever invite people to dine on that day, for they wished to give those in their employment a day of rest. "All quite hopelessly Victorian!" says Lord Frederic, for, after all, why should people ever think of anybody but themselves?

Present-day hostesses tell me that all young men, and most girls, are kind enough to flick cigarette ash all over their drawing-rooms, and considerably throw lighted cigarette-ends on the fine old Persian carpets, and burn holes in pieces of valuable old French furniture. Of course it would be too much trouble to fetch an ash-tray or to rise to throw lighted cigarette-ends into the grate. The young generation have never been brought up to take trouble, nor to consider other people.

The author believes hopefully that there will be a renaissance of the human spirit, and he asks what part will be taken by the aristocracy, that is to say by the people at the head of the nation. Can Fashion help us, can Mammon help us, to enter into a new birth of the human spirit? Time alone can answer such question, but the author has done no small service in bringing us to the points where at least the urgency of those questions must be recognized.

THE GLASS OF FASHION: SOME SOCIAL REFLECTIONS. By A Gentleman with a Duster. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending August 20, 1921, were \$120,600,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$164,800,000; a decrease of \$44,200,000.

Without exception there never was a more opportune time than now for investors to enter the gilt-edge bond field. Values are far below the financial depression of 1883, the stringency period of 1903, or the panic of 1907.

The opportunities to be found in the bond held today are not confined to any particular group. For example, in 1907 government bonds depreciated less than 5 per cent., but recovered in a very short period. Municipals, utilities, railroads, and industrials depreciated in much wider proportions. Today, however, values are lower than 1907 prices. In other

something like 4.15 per cent. as compared with about 5.05 per cent. today. Public utilities returned about 4.30, as compared with about 4.80 today; railroads at that period yielded about 4.50 compared with 5.80 today, while industrial bonds yielded about 4.45 as compared with 5.95 today.

Summarizing briefly the bond situation, present-day yields are more attractive than ever, but such attractive yields can not remain long at present figures. The far-sighted investor would do well to consider seriously the exceptional opportunities now on the bargain counter.—John D. Dunlop.

There seems to be a somewhat better sentiment prevailing in the iron and steel trade now, owing to increasing business encouraged by reduced prices. Production has fallen so low that it stands to reason it would not take any long period of anything like generous orders to work off much of the surplus in the trade. The fact that business is being booked at prices that show substantial losses even for the strongest of the steel concerns is of no great importance were a good-sized buying movement of any permanency to develop. Except for a seasonal spurt in buying, though, I fail to see where we can look for much business in this trade, and certainly not in the copper trade, where foreign demand is looked to if the big copper surplus is to be eliminated any time soon. Foreign exchanges are so unfavorable for exports that we may only look for the most meagre buying on the part of Europe and the rest of the world.

Prospects of the cotton crop, according to the last government report, indicate such a small yield relatively that it would not require much in the way of unfavorable weather and weevil news to encourage a big buying movement in the cotton market. The help promised by the government in the matter of facilitating cotton exports is a favorable factor, and, though general economic conditions might naturally dissuade one from becoming too bullish on such a commodity, still the situation seems to be one that would demand a good deal of caution on the part of bear operators.

A pretty good expert business is doing in wheat, though the movement of the spring crop naturally discourages bullish operations to an extent. However, it would seem that world grain production will be short this year and there is reason to look for high wheat prices in the later months. We may have an abundant corn crop, however, and the coarser grains will be harder to sell than wheat.

The series of very dull markets for securities which have prevailed of late has been without material significance except as showing disinclination on the part of the public to enter the market on any important scale. There has been a pretty good lift in some of the railroad stocks helped by the purpose of the government to adjust the financial difficulties of the transportation interests and also by the more favorable net earnings and the natural inclination to look for a larger traffic movement as fall approaches.

But in the case of railroad stocks, just as in the case of industrials this year, the rallies seem to be, in a way, made to order for the

purpose of permitting selling. There is much talk of trade revival and some witnesses for the affirmative in this connection are high up in our government and in our banking system, and indeed the testimony of heads of our Federal Reserve banks is quite favorable in this connection.

It is the common statement in Wall Street circles that it requires an immense amount of business to provide for the wants of our 110,000,000 of population, but when all is said and done our prosperity depends on the ability and desire of foreigners to take our surplus products.

I can see nothing in the situation in this country, or in the world of business for that matter, but economy and again economy in order to solve the financial and credit problems manifest everywhere. Our transportation rates are still vastly high, and wages in the case of most trades are still far above normal. Radical readjustment in both cases seems absolutely necessary before we can hope to reach a solid foundation for the up-building of a new prosperity.

One very unfortunate feature in the situation is the attitude of a considerable portion of the membership of both the House and Senate in regard to important measures. Playing politics with our business interests at this stage of the game is just about like rocking the boat during a storm. It doesn't look as if there were to be any alleviation in tax schedules for this year and, as there are two more installments of last year's taxes still due, we may expect to see big selling movements in the stock market before the September 15th and December 15th payments, to say nothing of sales to record losses in an effort to avoid taxation.

Following are excerpts from an address delivered by William Sproule before the Twenty-Sixth Annual Convention of the National Association of Credit Men:

"No business can be conducted without reference to transportation. Even the home industry, using home-made machinery and working up home products, must figure against the same manufactured product or one competing with it, entering that same home market by means of transportation from other and perhaps very distant and diverse points of manufacture.

"So every one in business has before him in some way the transportation question, and is to some extent a critic of the agencies of transportation. Hence, the mind of the nation has for some time been directed to the importance of the business of transportation as a factor in every man's business, until now there stand in the public spotlight the railroads of the United States on the one hand and the United States Shipping Board on the other hand as the great public agencies of transportation that affect the welfare of the public to the greatest extent.

"In these times the transportation agencies may be said to be on the way toward convalescing after a burning and exhausting war fever, when the calm deliberation that belongs to time of peace had to give way over night to the emergencies of a war for which we had made no preparations and into which the railroads were flung to win the war. The railroads are passing through a period of attack with little power of resistance, and these

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attacks are the cause of an ailment which those very agencies of transportation did not bring upon themselves and could in no wise avoid. They are the victims of a condition they did not create.

"The malady began on January 1, 1917, when the Adamson law took effect on American railroads, placing their costs for wages on an arbitrary and artificial basis of eight hours a day for calculating the pay of engineers and trainmen. By this one step the labor costs for operation of the railroads were increased in 1917 by \$271,000,000, and this includes only those railroads that had a gross earning of a million dollars or more in the year, usually known as Class 1 roads.

"The next step was a year later, when, on January 1, 1918, the government took over the railroads as a war measure, and in that year 1918 the labor costs for railroad operation were increased by \$874,000,000.

"The next step was in 1919, when increased wages again increased the labor costs by \$229,000,000 for that year.

"The next step was in 1920, a short time before the railroads were turned back to their



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words, the investor's opportunities are greater today than they were in 1907.

For those who want to put their funds into tax-exempt issues (outside of government issues) the municipal bond field offers several attractive opportunities. Bonds of this type return flat yields only and can not be regarded as a business man's investment.

In the railroad mortgage group this type probably offers more opportunities than any other class of bond in this particular group. Almost all of the underlying issues are today selling at "below panic" prices. Many of these are better secured than most other types

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of so-called bonds. In fact many of these long-term issues can safely be bought for permanent investment.

Convertible bonds sometimes offer advantages, but the advantages and conversion privileges depend more or less on the earning power of the common stock. Other bargains to be found in the railroad group are the equipment trust issues. Many of these are selling at unusually attractive prices.

In comparing bond yields with 1907 returns it is interesting to note the change compared with the yields of today. For example, during the financial depression of 1907 the average yield on municipal bonds showed

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owners, when the wages were again increased, and this time by the sum of \$855,000,000.

"Thus the increases alone in labor costs within the four years ended January 31, 1920, reach the prodigious sum of \$2,230,000,000 above 1916. This increase is almost the same amount the railroads paid for all of their operating expenses in 1916.

"Comparing again 1916 with 1920, the cost of wages, fuel, and other expenses rose so that in 1920 the total increase in operating expenses was \$3,411,000,000, while the revenues taken into the box-office in 1920 increased but \$2,574,000,000, leaving the railroads for the year nearly \$837,000,000 to the bad. To state it again, the total sales of transportation in 1920 increased over 1916 but \$2,574,000,000 to pay an increased bill for the year of \$3,411,000,000. So the railroads were \$837,000,000 worse off in operating expenses alone at the end than in the beginning.

"But their taxes ran on, and in taxes they had to pay \$141,000,000 in 1920 in excess of 1916. So the railroads were in fact \$978,000,000 worse off at the end than in the beginning, and \$978,000,000 is not very far from one billion dollars.

"What was the result of all this? The railroads earned in 1920 not quite 72 per cent. more than in 1916, but their operating expenses were nearly 142 per cent. more, with the result that the net operating income in

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1920 which could be applied to interest or any other corporate purposes of the railroads was only \$62,000,000, a decline of 94 per cent.

"The pitiful feature of this period is that these railroads received in labor less than 8 per cent. more hours of service in 1920 than in 1916, although they paid for the service in wages 152 per cent. more in 1920 and the total expense of rendering the service was 142 per cent. more.

"At the same time the total transportation service, as expressed in train miles (that is, trains moved one mile), was actually less at the end of the period than before it; namely, was eighteen and one-half million train miles less, or, expressed in percentages, 1 1/2 per cent. less train miles were run in 1920 than in 1916; and train miles express in a general way for this purpose the service rendered to the public.

"With this reduced train service, however, the railroads carried a greater tonnage of freight and a greater number of passengers in 1920 than in any previous year, and chiefly because the actual operation of the roads was turned back to the railroad companies on March 1, 1920, although the wage costs were and are withheld from the control of the companies, being vested in the United States Railroad Labor Board by the Transportation Act of 1920. And so the wage costs remained up because the wage scales were beyond the control of the management, but operating efficiency, which was within the control of the management, improved.

"One trouble in this country that we never coordinate our efforts. This is true in every field of our activities as a nation. This is particularly true of the transportation business, and from this the railroads are now suffering. There is no coordination as between the railroads, whose rates are con-

trolled by the government, and the United States Shipping Board, whose rates are also within control through another, but unrelated, agency of the government.

"Within the states rates are controlled by each of those states and, of course, so are the taxes the railroads have to pay, but the state highways built by the state, and largely out of the taxes paid by the railroads, remain for the most part unregulated as to the users of those state highways.

"Thus the railroad, dedicated to public use, is regulated and taxed, while the state highway, also dedicated to public use by the state itself, is used free or for a nominal fee by carriers of freight and passenger and express traffic competing with the railroads who have themselves been taxed to build those very highways.

"The railroads do not complain of the competition over these highways, but they have a right to complain of the unequal and unfair competition from users of these highways who contribute largely to their depreciation and to increased cost of maintenance of the highways competing with the railroads without paying anything but a nominal fee for that use. The complaint runs against unfair competition, in that the rail carriers, who contribute so much out of their revenues to pay for these highways should not be required to face a competition which as to rates and taxes remains unregulated, with the further prospect that the rail carriers must again be taxed for the reconstruction and greater upkeep of these same highways because of this greater use."

The outlook for general business is brightening and the price readjustment, although drastic, is manifesting its good effects (says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in its August monthly letter). Business can now be handled at a smaller profit margin, and while there are many problems yet to solve, the outstanding fact is that abuses are being gradually eliminated and conditions are getting better. A striking development has been the reduction of rediscount rate from 6 per cent. to 5 1/2 per cent. at several Federal Reserve banks and the abandonment of the progressive discount rate at Kansas City. That the credit strain abroad is also becoming less is indicated by lower discount rates at the Bank of England and the Bank of France. At the great reserve centres the "frozen loan" account has been materially reduced through an extraordinary movement of wheat to market and a heavy increase in exports of cotton. Contrasting these conditions with those existing a year ago, we can see the marked recovery already made from the acute evils of the inflation period.

Good progress is being made in financing the export of produce and merchandise through advances by the War Finance Corporation, as well as by various banking pools and syndicates which together have arranged for heavy loans to many industries. These loans have helped to move surplus stock and been for material assistance in reestablishing our home markets, thereby releasing tied-up credits for new groups of borrowers. Our foreign trade situation has also been materially helped by the reparations agreement, as Germany is buying heavily of our raw materials; 22 per cent. of the June cotton exports of 495,590 bales—a movement of more than twice the size of that shown in 1920—went to Germany. Japanese and Chinese buying has also been stimulated through credits supplied by this country. However, as Eugene Meyer, Jr., managing director of the War Finance Corporation says, "Foreign credit is not the critical factor at the present time." He adds: "Europe prefers to take our commodities gradually instead of in a short period, but it does not want to buy largely for future shipment even if credit is offered; the exchange risks are too large. The fluctuations in exchange during the past year were greater than the present fluctuations in cotton. If the foreigner has to take a chance on one or the other he prefers to take the chance on the cotton fluctuations rather than on the much wider fluctuations of exchange."

The once popular belief that large corporations are owned by a few wealthy individuals certainly meets no support in the case of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. According to a recent compilation made by the company, of 13,368 subscriptions received for its first preferred stock, 7407, or 55.4 per cent., are for five shares or less, and 11,178 subscriptions, or 76.2 per cent. of the total, are for lots of from one to ten shares.

It is an interesting commentary upon the excellent distribution of this stock effected by the company that in the city of San Francisco alone over 5000 persons participate in the ownership of Pacific Gas and Electric Company preferred. The company's stockholders number persons in every walk of life, from the millionaire to the individual who is making a start in the direction of prosperity by purchasing one share on the easy payment plan. A subscription was recently received from far Korea.

The list of stockholders grows daily. \$711,100 par value of first preferred stock being sold in the month of July to 515 purchasers. This brings the total amount of stock sold by the company direct to its consumers and others in the past seven years up to \$22,680,400.

With the completion of the enlargement of the Tehachapi Pass project the Southern Pacific Company has carried through one of the biggest pieces of railroad construction in recent years. Work on the project has extended over a period of five years, and has necessitated the expenditure of \$1,000,000, according to the company.

The company claims that the entire work was prosecuted without delay to trains, despite the fact that the stretch from Bakersfield to Tehachapi is known as the busiest single track in the United States.


The Southern Pacific and Santa Fé operate the stretch jointly, and as many as eighty-seven trains a day and 1287 freight cars are sent over it, the company said.

Density of traffic made it impossible to perform the work of enlarging the pass by ordinary methods, and after consultation the pneumatic system was adopted by which the concrete was blown into place by means of machinery outside the tunnels. Work was completed at the rate of 100 feet a week by this means.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company have purchased \$140,000 Wheeler County, Oregon, 6 per cent. road bonds. These bonds, maturing from 1932 to 1951, were sold for the purpose of constructing an extensive system of highways within the county connecting interior points with the state highway. Wheeler County has an assessed valuation of \$6,574,602, with a bonded debt of less than 4 per cent. The bonds will be offered at par to yield 6 per cent., exempt from all Federal income taxes.

Emil Brisacher and staff, advertising engineers, announce the addition of a retail division to their organization, under the direction of Edward St. George. The Brisacher agency has heretofore handled manufacturing accounts almost exclusively, not touching the retail field. With the addition of the new division they announce that they have one of the largest and best equipped retail advertising departments in the West. Mr. St. George is well known among retailers of San Francisco, having handled some of the most noteworthy successes that have been put over in this city during the past few years. Before coming to San Francisco, St. George handled the advertising for several large firms abroad.

Associated with Mr. St. George in the Brisacher organization are Don Curley, who leaves his position as national advertising manager of the San Francisco Chronicle to come as vice-president of this division, and Dorothy Frank, who has conducted her own agency in San Francisco for several years, specializing in the advertising of stores handling women's wear. A. McKie Donnan, copy and plan chief of the manufacturing di-



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vision, who was formerly in retail work in the East, will act in an advisory capacity in the new division. C. Ellsworth Wylie, who has been on the editorial staff of the San Francisco Examiner, has recently taken a place with the Brisacher agency as representative.

Commenting on the understanding of the public and its attitude toward public utility problems, Alexander T. Vogelsang, former Assistant Secretary of the Interior, says: "The public is fair when it understands, and when it does not understand it is generally viciously unfair or indifferent to the attacks of those who seem willing to make sacrifice of legitimate investment and essential public good for political reasons. Demagoguery is nearly always the child of ignorance. The only cure is truth, light, and education.

"Therefore it behooves every developer of electric energy (in paraphrase of the gospel) to fully realize that, 'You are in fact the lighters of the world, and should let your light so shine before men that many may see your good work and glorify the power, which is electricity.' Then those who come to destroy the industry or the developer will aid in the fulfillment of the enterprise.

"Much has been done in spreading the gospel of power, but infinite more remains to be accomplished before understanding becomes the rule instead of the exception among the American people.

"The basic trouble is that in time past before the people realized their power of regulation and their means of protection most exploiters of natural resources sowed the seed of contempt of public right and they now, though chastened in spirit and desirous only of justice and fair dealing, are reaping a whirlwind of popular wrath. This can be cured, but it requires time and it requires publicity."—Industrial News Bureau.

"Two bells," "three bells," "four bells," etc., originated as the method of telling time aboard ship, on account of the twenty-four hours being divided into six watches of four hours each, thus having some one awake all the time. The passage of time was of no importance except to the watch on deck, so the bell was struck to show how many half-hours had passed. Thus "seven bells" would mean that seven half-hours had elapsed; this might mean half-past 3, half-past 11, or half-past 7.

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Burning Sands.

Formerly when an Anglo-Saxon novelist wished a story to have the piquant quality usually attributed to the French, and yet wished his story to pass uncensored the English board of etiquette, he placed the first scene on a Cunard liner and succeeding ones on a desert island. There are so many desert islands in the Atlantic Ocean! The unique English flair for conduct was satisfied, as even the most properly brought up young lady can not help it if her chaperon has drowned and if she, the heroine, is the only surviving woman to reach the ubiquitous island. Nowadays novelists are pretty well agreed that the desert island is passé and they have shifted the scene of that particular type of story to the desert. Any desert will do, but because of the penchant that British high society has for Egypt, the Sahara is the desert usually chosen.

We have had a number of desert stories lately. "Burning Sands," the most recent arrival, has the misfortune to conform to the tradition of the desert-isle kind of story. The word misfortune is used advisedly, because, stripped of its outer husk of conventional cleverness, the story reveals a sense of relative human values that is rare in any kind of fiction, conventional or unconventional. And it is a pity for the really rational note of the book to be blurred in a medley

of chords of which the general impression is that of a risqué society novel.

If Arthur Weigall meant to write a typical society shocker he erred in introducing his philosophic beliefs. If he intended a satire on society he did not succeed because, divested of its philosophical undercurrent, the hook reads exactly like any other of the Nedra type. It is wittier, perhaps, but its theme as carried out in action is the same. Its other theme is quite different—that human happiness is only the result of a peaceful conscience and work well done. That was our hero's philosophy, but we do not feel that Mr. Weigall demonstrated his theme. If we did not already hold it, we would scarcely be convinced merely because Lady Muriel forsook her fast Mayfair set to marry the philosopher of the desert. She was in love with Daniel and would have forsaken anything for him. In fact Mr. Weigall's mistake was in choosing the sempiternal desert setting. Mayfair itself might have been used with greater effect. A convert in London smart society would be significant, whereas any one could be converted under the glamour of Africa.

BURNING SANDS. By Arthur Weigall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Guns of the Gods

A large part of India is ruled by native princes who enjoy complete independence except for the benevolent supervision of a British commissioner who makes his functions as inconspicuous as possible. Mr. Talbot Mundy, who has already given us some good stories of India, bases his latest yarn on the native government of Sialpore in Rajputana and the beautiful Princess Yasmini, who is here seen at the beginning of her career of astute diplomacy, of which we have already had some glimpses. Gungadhura is Maharajah of Sial-

pore and Yasmini has set herself the task of depositing that precious rascal for reasons not unconnected with her own matrimonial plans. There is a hidden treasure, mysterious excavations, midnight murders, and most of the other ingredients of a popular novel of life in India.

GUNS OF THE GODS. By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

W. Douglas Newton, the English author, whose latest novel, "Low Ceilings," is classified with the "Miss Lulu Bett" type of fiction, holds the interesting theory that the future of the novel lies in America.

Don Marquis, columnist, essayist, poet, and philosopher—it sounds like the description of Cyrano de Bergerac—has added a new rôle to his repertoire. His volume of short stories, just published by D. Appleton & Co., range in subject throughout the gamut of society.

Andra Kirkaldy, whose "Fifty Years of Golf" has just appeared, is world-renowned among golfers. He is professional to the Royal and Ancient Club, St. Andrew's, Scotland, and well-nigh every famous golfer in the world has played with him. Among the celebrities who have gone around the links with Mr. Kirkaldy are Lord Balfour, Andrew Lang, Mrs. Asquith, Harry Lauder, Walter J. Travis, and Earl Haig.

Claud Lovat Fraser, the young English artist who designed the settings for "The Beggar's Opera," "As You Like It," and many exquisite designs for the later ballets of Mme. Karsavina, recently died, succumbing to the strain of an operation which his heart, weakened by shell shock and gas, could not withstand. Though only thirty-one years old, Lovat Fraser had already created for himself an enviable place among British artists and

designers. John Drinkwater, his friend, said of Fraser, "Alike in theatre design and his tender landscape, beauty of spirit flowed in everything he did into beauty of execution."

Ricardo León, the great Spanish stylist, has been persuaded to give his views on feminism in the Spanish magazine, *La Mujer Moderna*. Although León does not go so far as Armand Palacio Vaddis, who argues that law and politics are the natural sphere of woman, whereas men are better at art and science, cooking, and dressmaking, he does believe that they should have all the rights they claim on the ground that they have long since proved their capacity to exercise them. Señor León does not express his views on feminism in his novels.

Dr. Frank Pierpont Graves, the editor of the *Educational Review*, has been elected president of the University of the State of New York and commissioner of education. Dr. Graves is one of the most prominent of American educators. He has been president of the state universities of Wyoming and Washington, as well as dean of Ohio and Missouri state universities. He is the present head of the department of education and dean of the University of Pennsylvania.

W. J. Locke, in collaboration with the well-known English playwright, Ernest Denny, has made a dramatization of "The Mountebank," which will be produced in London in September, with Dennis Eadie in the leading rôle.

Gerhart Hauptmann's "The Weavers" is reported to be creating a furor in Berlin, where its production has recently been revived. The trade unions have bought out the house for some weeks and the wealthier classes are said to consider the production of the play dangerous at a time "when German labor is all too apt to identify itself with Hauptmann's Silesian weavers." The author was accorded a terrific ovation on his appearance at the first night.

Isaac F. Marcossow was recently granted a private audience of an hour with King Albert of Belgium, and was thanked by the king for the services rendered to Belgium and the Belgian Congo through his latest book, "An African Adventure." Mr. Marcossow has just left Brussels for Vienna and is returning to England via Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Germany, and France.

An enterprising Brooklyn book store, the Suomen Kirja Osakeyhtiö, supplies the works of Rudyard Kipling translated into Finnish so that his Icelandic admirers can read him in their own tongue.

Louis Fahulet is at work on a French translation of Thoreau's "Walden"—the first rendition of Thoreau's classic in French, although two German editions have been published.

Since Mrs. Wharton's "The Age of Innocence" has been awarded the Columbia University Prize as the best American novel of the year its sales have steadily increased till it is now announced that the ninth printing doubles its predecessors.

A belief exists among the Chinese that if a father or mother be seriously ill the most effective way of curing them is for one of their children to cut a tiny piece of flesh out of his own arm or leg and administer a broth made of the flesh in question to the suffering parent.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Brass.

Mr. Louis Couperus recently wrote a novel in which he advanced the bold theory that marriages can not be annulled by the simple processes of divorce, that there is an inner and spiritual tie that can not be loosened by decrees absolute. Now we have an American novel by Mr. Charles G. Norris, a substantial volume of some 450 pages, in which the futilities of divorce are set forth in the ugliest colors. Mr. Norris is not a crusader. He does not proclaim a mission. Indeed, he can hardly be said to "point the moral," but evidently he intends us to find it.

"Brass" is a novel of California, and of the fortunes that befell the family—two sons and a daughter—of Judge Baldwin of Vacaville. The eldest son, Philip, abandons the ranch and comes to San Francisco in pursuit of the charms of Marjorie, who has beguiled him with her gipsy beauty. The sister, Lucy, also marries a city man, and only Harry, the younger son, stays with his parents on the home soil and marries a village maiden. And it is only Harry who makes a success of his life, although over a rough road of discouragement and failure.

It is a sordid and ugly story so far as Philip and Lucy are concerned, a story unredeemed by even a decent impulse except the ordinary impulses of bovine good nature. Philip and his wife quarrel hopelessly and are divorced. They are wholly and utterly selfish. Philip nearly marries a fine woman, but when she finds that he has been divorced she dismisses him. Then comes his irregular union with Mrs. Grotenberg, and at last he marries Leila and lives miserably ever after. Lucy marries Philip's partner, but as Lucy has no sex nature there is catastrophe here also. As soon as these people cease to love each other they hate each other with a literally virulent intensity. Each succeeding ménage becomes positively a hell upon earth.

And at last we are allowed to see that it only Philip and Marjorie had exercised a little more forbearance at the beginning they might have reached a permanent harmony.

But the reader will not be sure that divorce was actually the blight upon these careers. Rather it was selfishness and a false ideal. The lives of these people stink of money and the craving for all the dithyrambs pleasures that money brings. There is hardly a suggestion of the finer things of life, neither domesticity, nor literature, nor art. We can hardly imagine these men and women as even reading a newspaper. Of the essentials of happiness they know absolutely nothing. Their matrimonial calamities are results rather than causes, the results of ethical and mental vacuities, of moral worthlessness.

But the novel, as a novel, is extraordinarily well done, with a keen eye for the dramatic and an unusual power of characterization. Mr. Norris gives us a well-filled stage, with orderly motion, balance parts, and a continuous sense of motive and purpose.

BRASS: A NOVEL OF MARRIAGE. By Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

The Fruits of Victory.

Norman Angell's latest book is written in the "I told you so" mood—a dangerous expedient on the part of a writer. Unlike a tedious friend who reminds us of his prophetic abilities, a writer does not *have* to be listened to. Curiously enough, Mr. Angell seems to think that his chief excuse for being listened to—on the assumption probably that since he was right once, i. e., in predicting a chaotic state of finance to follow the war, that he is infallible. Now, no one is infallible; and one would want a stronger reason than the fact that a man had once made a logical prediction to enroll beneath his banners forever.

Moreover, Mr. Angell is not always logical. Here is a peculiar fallacy that can not help but be inferred from the present book.

All of Mr. Angell's arguments are, of course, pacific. He looks forward with the ardor of the fanatic to a day when nationalism is obliterated, and he hopes that the present state of flux will be the first step toward that obliteration! This is such a curious fallacy that the laws of logic do not furnish a name for it. It might be flippantly called an Irish argument, for it reads like the sort of thing that with less serious context

draws down the house at a vaudeville performance. Mr. Angell admits therein that war is not an unmitigated evil—since its results are to be utilized in establishing a universal state or union of states. But probably he believes in making the best of a bad job. "The Fruits of Victory" is a plea for the redistribution of national wealth by a free interchange of goods between countries. The economic basis of Mr. Angell's book is that wealth is not a static quality as it was in the Middle Ages, but material plus a condition—the condition of change. The argument as it stands is a sound one, but we fail to see why "our cherished patriotism, nationalism, must go." An international cooperation of bankers should suffice to keep the wealth of the world in circulation. And we might be left at least our patriotism to cherish. Man needs something to fasten his faith and loyalty to.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY. By Norman Angell. New York: The Century Company; \$3.

Briefer Reviews.

A new edition of the inimitable salt yarn, "The Brassboulder," by David W. Bone, has just appeared. The present issue is revised and enlarged by an additional chapter and a special introduction. "The Brassboulder" is a sea classic of the first water. It is rich in lore of an era that has all but passed. The author has turned the knowledge—now so useless to him, professionally—to excellent account in this narrative of sailing days.

"Text, Type, and Style: A Compendium of Atlantic Usage," by George B. Ives, is advertised by its publishers, the Atlantic Monthly Press, as a book for the curious and careful in words and print. The subject-matter covers proof-reading, spacing and syllabification, punctuation in all its ramifications, abbreviations, capitalization, italics, spelling, compound words, relative pronouns, and such divers matters as the split infinitive and subjunctive forms. The text itself is a model of the style and careful printing it advocates.

"Russia from the American Embassy" is the history of David R. Francis' experiences as United States Ambassador under the Czar, the provisional government, and the Bolsheviks. Mr. Francis has given us a graphic description of Russia in the war and later in the hands of the revolutionists. In his position as ambassador Mr. Francis had an enviable insight into the Russian situation. "Russia from the American Embassy" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50) throws a new light on the complex Russian problem.

The life and times of John Chamberlain are presented to us in his recently published volume, "A Jacobean Letter-Writer" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5). The letters of Chamberlain, while they are very well known to historians and are largely drawn on for data of his era—that of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries—are practically unknown to the general reading public. The present volume should be welcome as a valuable source-book of Jacobean times.

"Popular Government," by Arnold Bennett Hall (The Macmillan Company; \$3), is an inquiry into the nature and methods of representative governments. An attempt is made to examine the nature of popular government and to determine its fundamental limitations. The practical problems of recent politics are emphasized.

"Pole and Czech in Silesia" (John Lane Company; \$2) is the record of James A. Roy's experiences as a member of the British commission that went to Teschen to try to keep peace among the Czechs and Poles in 1919-20. Mr. Roy has a lively narrative style and his chronicle of conditions existing among the upper-class Poles, Czechs, and Galicians with whom he came in contact brings this turbulent country very vividly before us.

A new tale of knights and outlaws and great adventure in the "Merry England" of the thirteenth century will be revealed in by young people who enjoy historical tales of the Ivanhoe school. "Cedric the Forester," by Bernard Marshall (D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50), is a tale of chivalry and brave deeds. The book is attractively illustrated with numerous reproductions of pen-and-ink drawings by Scott Williams.

An abnormal demand for hats of unusually large sizes is noted by the hatters of London (according to the London *Daily News*). In the words of one who carries on a high-class trade, "there is an epidemic of big heads." "Formerly the normal size was 6½ to 7, with a small percentage running to 7¼," he said. "Seven and three-eighths was the largest size. Today I am frequently asked for a 7½ and 7¾. And three weeks ago I was asked for a size 8. In these cases, of course, we have to make to measure. The only cause I can suggest," he added, "is the presence in London of an unusually large number of Irishmen. It is a fact that Irish hatters have to stock larger sizes than their English confrères, and on the average, Irishmen have larger heads than Englishmen."



New Books Received.

MORE HUNTING WASPS. By J. Henri Fahre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Studies in the habits of wasps.

THE ROMANCE OF HIS LIFE, AND OTHER ROMANCES. By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Stories of Suffolk.

CEDRIC THE FORESTER. By Bernard Marshall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50.

A tale of England in the thirteenth century.

A GLASS OF FASHION. By the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

Some social reflections.

QUIN. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

A novel.

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRGINIA DALE. By John Francis, Jr. Boston: The Page Company.

Juvenile novel.

A MAN'S GAME. By John Brent. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

A South American adventure story.

KINGS OF THE MISSOURI. By Hugh Pendexter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.75.

A romance of the opening up of the West.

REAL LIFE. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$2.

A novel.

THE TORTOISE. By Mary Borden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

A novel.

AMERICA'S POWER RESOURCES. By Chester G. Gilbert and Joseph E. Pogue. New York: The Century Company; \$2.50.

The economic significance of coal, oil, and water-power.



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The shorter way was chosen in spite of the difficulty it presented and another record was established by this pioneer power organization in what was, until quite recently, the longest span of aerial cable for electric transmission in the world.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY



"SONNY."

This latest-produced of Maude Fulton's plays, which is running at the Curran this week, is a play of part Western, part Mexican atmosphere. The action is, in fact, located but five miles from the Mexican border, and the first act ends with a bandit scare. The author introduces her local color with discretion, is very successful in giving a mannish flavor to the dialogue of both the city and the ranch men—although I am inclined to think that she would do well to abbreviate the conversation somewhat—and succeeds in stimulating the interest of the spectators by introducing a bandit siege and showing how her different characters react against the threat of danger. Also she establishes a queer psychic experience of "Sonny"—who is a girl, by the way, played by Maude Fulton—which promises to have a dramatic effect on the action of the play.

Furthermore, the romantic interest is well established, so that, when the act ends, we are looking forward confidently to an exciting struggle between the handits outside and the group of people in the beleaguered ranch-house, in which Bud Williams, the soft-hearted young cowboy who is plainly marked out to win Sonny for his own against all odds, will be sure to cover himself with glory.

But the author fools us; the curtain goes down on a marriage proposal, and the enigmatic inaction of the encircling handits outside remains unexplained.

The second act is midnight of the same day, and we are confident that now the deferred fight is to take place. But Maude Fulton's incorrigible sense of humor has steered her away from melodrama into comedy. She plays a joke on us, does that sly Maude, which is not fully developed until the last act, when we run slam up against El Malo, the terrifying handit who is so immutably determined to take possession of the ranch-house and all it contains.

It really is unfair to give away Miss Fulton's joke, so I will merely content myself by saying that it is a good one. She has, in making us acquainted with the person and character of El Malo, refrained from doing the obvious thing; what nearly every playwright would do.

Yes, the joke is a rich one, and richly conveyed both by the author and by Frank Darien, who plays the rôle of the handit very, very well.

The psychic nightmare of Sonny, which is caused by a terrible experience in early childhood, establishes the serious motive of the play, and perhaps that little joke rounded out so neatly by the author when she unfolds to our amused observation the character and circumstances belonging to El Malo may be found to conflict somewhat with the dramatically serious idea involved. At any rate Miss Fulton rounded a rather sharp corner when she glided away from a scene of accusation, acknowledgment, and condign punishment, and sheered off into gunless comedy.

Here, of course, is where the individuality of Miss Fulton comes in. She has no taste for the obvious and has a valuable sense of humor. There are lots of good things in her dialogue, although her company, by now, will have acquired a greater ease and more of a comic spirit in conveying them than was the case Monday night. Although, for that matter, both lines and characterizations had been carefully studied and, except for the slight tension which prevented the company from wholly breaking up, in the first act, the dull spirits of a rather unresponsive audience, the players did good work, which was finally acknowledged.

The two leading rôles, that of Bud, played

by Robert Ober, and El Malo, by Frank Darien, were particularly well done. Mr. Ober shows careful restraint and refrained from the error of making Bud the usual sentimental cowboy. The actor has a quiet play of humor, and Bud's lines, uttered in a noticeably agreeable voice, carried over well.

Mr. Darien's El Malo was really played *con amore* by the actor, who seemed to fit perfectly into Maude Fulton's conception of the childishly callous brigand who longed so for the lost comforts of past days.

Maude Fulton herself gave Sonny that agreeable flavor of girlish artlessness which so often characterizes the Fulton heroines, although she endowed Sonny with fewer comedy lines than she generally bestows on the rôles she plays.

Lea Penman extinguished her good looks and fresh youth under the graying hair and faded tints of a brisk, capable spinster. William Courtleigh was hearty, genuine, and likable in the rôle of the high-hearted ranchman Pinque Tucker, and the other players—Messrs. Ivan, Van Antwerp, Hanley, Pedgrift, and Lewis—rendered their parts with those touches of suggestive character that showed careful training and intelligent receptivity.

The play is not at all too long, but I was wondering if, in these times when every extra dollar counts, the author would not have done well to economize by running the two visiting young men into one character.

And, speaking of economy, the play has such a good dress that it has evidently been made ready to go on tour. And those are a very pretty pair of double hack-actioned chaps that Robert Ober wears, and Maude Fulton herself appears in a neat cowboy's outfit, chaps and all. Both pairs looked as if they were made of real leather, and leather prices have a horribly high latitude.

Taking it by and large "Sonny" is a carefully constructed, well-knit, pleasant little comedy. The author never makes a try at being any more than amusing, but with enough of a background of seriousness to provide dramatic moments. And Maude Fulton, thank heaven, has enough native common sense to recognize the need of entrusting the presentation of her characters to capable hands.

GETTING READY FOR OPERA.

Part of the interest of going to the opera when the Chicago Grand Opera Company was here was seeing how they had dressed up the ugly, har interior of the Exposition Auditorium so that it looked like a luxurious opera-house. They had profited by the pioneering work in that line done for the earlier season of the Scotti Grand Opera Company, and now Mr. Frank Healy, who is again the local manager for that organization, with a specially competent staff of men, profiting by such mistakes as were made by those who ran this department for the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

When Scotti brought his troupe out here on his first tour I scarcely think the public realized what a work of magnitude it was getting the huge auditorium ready for opera; more particularly as a symphony concert took place in it on the Saturday evening preceding the Monday opening. Everything that could be prepared in advance was therefore ready, but they had to do some lively rushing during Sunday and Monday.

The job of planning everything in advance is no light one. The services of men of the greatest skill must be enlisted. An architect must plan and do some feats in mental civil engineering as carefully as though he were doing a permanent remodeling. Those huge draperies that are attached to the ceiling must be fastened in place by sailors specially engaged, for only men well used to scaling dizzy heights such as the rigging of a ship could scurry around those lofty girders and keep their heads cool.

The architect—Landberg, I believe it was, and probably is this time—planned to hore through the maple floor and the concrete one below in order to screw on bolts that would hold down the heavy draperies firmly. But driving nails or screwing holes in the expensive floor was strictly forbidden, so they brought quantities of sacks full of sand and used them as weights to hold down the curtains.

Under the supervision of J. L. Stuart, who may be remembered as the man who worked with Leahy in successfully correcting the defective acoustics of Festival Hall, all these ticklish matters, including the erection of an immense proscenium arch, were attended to. This is the same Stuart who, some years ago, during some local parade of a patriotic nature, worked out the details for the spectacular unfolding of the largest flag that was ever made while the procession was passing the review platform.

This is a wasteful country and an extravagant age. I have been quite curious to know what they do with all this expensive equipment, after it has served its use. But it is just scrapped—thrown on the junk heap.

Frank Healy has had lots of experience in equipping bare halls for an opera company and installing scenery, for after the 1906

earthquake he took the Tivoli Opera Company—which he named the San Francisco Opera Company—on tour for four years, and carried his own scenery.

He has another expert with him—Samuel D. Simmons, his technical director—who has been working on the problem of so arranging the seats as to make a considerably increased number of people see the stage.

I remember on the first night of the Chicago Grand Opera Company sitting directly opposite the stage, and I was charmed with the magnificent scenic effect gained by utilizing the rear space for deepening the stage. Subsequently, however, I discovered that many people at the side were blue-green with rage, because even some of those in the \$5 and \$7 seats could only see a slanted-off portion of the stage.

But things are to be different this time—or so we are promised. And truly, from the lavishness with which they have sliced off acres of undesirable seat space, turning them into the territory behind the partitioning curtains which is to be utilized for dressing-rooms, it would seem as if the diminished auditorium must contain only seats that have a good view of the stage.

It will be remembered that during the Chicago Grand Opera season there were curses both loud and deep from ticket-holders who found themselves planted behind a column. But all such seats the wary ticket-purchaser can evade if he will but remember that the tickets corresponding to them are to bear upon their face the rubber-stamped legend, "This seat behind a post."

In the laying out of the seats a number of reforms have been introduced. You may see what some of them are from the illustration on the advertising circulars. For one thing Mr. Simons' plan includes a greatly increased number of forward-leading aisles. Thus there will be a free forward flow of the crowd moving to its seats. For another, the seats furthest at the sides are all turned at an angle of 45 degrees, so that they more directly face the stage and see the deep centre, while it is promised that all the others will be able to see the hack drop.

There is also a cross aisle of considerable width, and the increase of exits and entrances will tend to lessen the time necessary for filling or emptying the Auditorium.

The use of the graduated rise in the seats toward the rear on the main floor, introduced, I believe, by the local management of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, is to be followed again, only with an improved method; for, beginning with the seventeenth row, each separate row is to be several inches higher

than the row preceding it, and so on to the rear.

Nor will any one in the extreme rear be annoyed to find himself under the balcony. For, partly in order to prevent the annoyance of the noise caused by the opening and closing of the rear doors, heavy curtains are to be depended from the balcony; and the instant the conductor raises his baton attendants stationed for that purpose will draw the curtains together.

Another familiar annoyance will be spared patrons of the opera; for with the rise of the conductor's baton the house lights will go out, and belated patrons, rather than stumble about in the dark, will remain at the rear until the act is over. Still another improvement in the way of comfort and convenience is the doing entirely away with boxes and loges, the increased room gained allowing for a space of thirty inches between each row of seats.

Manager Healy is introducing an innovation during the Scotti opera season by choosing a different line of timber for his ushers. He will have 150 young women ushers, who will all be either students of music or ardent appreciators of the heavenly maid. These girls, many of whom are employed in stores or offices, will take their vacation during the two weeks that the opera season lasts, and thus feel free to stay and hear each opera through to its conclusion.

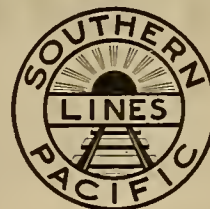
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manager thoroughly realizes that every one of the 150 will be an ardent advertiser for him; but all those young men—enterprising pioneers in being paid to go to the opera—who from similar motives have been wont to “ush” at notable concert performances and during opera seasons are probably feeling down and out. But the girl usher seems to have come to stay, and the innovation will, no doubt, be agreeable to the public. And, for that matter, there will be fifty men employed to direct the girls, thus making an army of 200 who will enjoy a form of high-priced opera that they never could have afforded to pay for.

Besides this small army of employees in front there will be plenty behind to occupy the space curtained off from the auditorium, which is to be utilized for dressing-rooms. Ordinarily there will be about 140 people dressing behind the scenes, but in “La Tosca” 100 additional ones will be engaged to figure in the imposing church parade, while 500 will be needed in “Aida” to swell with their numbers the great military pageant.

An innovation during the forthcoming season will be the use of the great Exposition organ, which will be heard in the church scenes in “Faust,” “Cavalleria Rusticana,” “La Tosca.”

Considerable ingenuity has been expended in devising a method by which the correct time can be transmitted to the organist, who is to be Wilfrid Pelletier, the French pianist and concert organist whose career as a concert organist and soloist was temporarily broken up during the war.

To Mr. Pelletier, seated up in the organ loft, the conductor’s baton will be invisible. But at a certain point invisible to the audience one of the assistant conductors, standing at the top of a twelve-foot step-ladder, will pick up the beat and transmit it by means of mirrors to the organist.

Everything looks very propitious for the success of the season. The thoroughness of Mr. Scotti—a master artist, singer, and actor—is now well known and appreciated, and the Pacific Coast public, not only from memories of past seasons, but from what they experienced of the work of himself and his company during their first transcontinental tour, is well aware that it is going to have, not only a musical, but a histrionic feast. The company is beginning the season with this tour comes here fresh and unworn. Scotti’s artists travel comfortably in special trains. Scotti himself, who is extremely popular with his singers, will see to it that they are comfortable and happy, and in some respects they will come to us from a pleasant excursion. And on their third night here they will be afforded an opportunity to meet socially at a reception to be tendered them the eighty-odd members of the Honorary Committee, citizens and citizenesses of San Francisco who have been highly complimented to be asked to welcome the enterprise and the artists associated with it. No guarantees have been asked on this occasion; the enterprise giving every promise of success. From all over the Coast orders for seats are pouring in, some of them coming from as far as Ogden.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Powys Lectures.

John Cowper Powys’ lectures at the St. Francis continue to draw notable audiences. On Monday and Friday of next week, at 11 a. m., Mr. Powys will speak on “Cardinal Newman,” “What Is Genius?” “Books That Live and Die,” “Emily and Charlotte Brontë,” “Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Conrad,” “Theodore Dreiser and Edith Wharton,” “Edgar Lee Masters,” “De Maupassant,” and “Rabelais.”

In the evenings on Monday and Friday the subjects of the lectures will be “Marriage and Friendship,” “Prohibition,” “Lloyd George and Clemenceau,” “The Republic of the Future,” “California and Culture,” “Country Life in England,” “The Tragedy of the Negro,” “The Problem of Evil,” and “The Purpose of Life.”

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The Columbia Theatre.

At the Columbia Theatre “Over the Hill” will be seen for seven more matinee and seven evening presentations, commencing with Sunday, August 28th. This will end the run of the picturization of Will Carleton’s “Farm Ballads.” The one hundredth showing of this picture at the Columbia will take place Monday.

Henry Miller and Blanche Bates.

Henry Miller and Blanche Bates, with a New York company in “The Famous Mrs. Fair,” will be at the Columbia Theatre as the first of the fall and winter attractions. The engagement opens three weeks hence. “The Famous Mrs. Fair” had a lengthy New York run.

The Orpheum.

The Marion Morgan Dancers head next week’s Orpheum bill with a programme entirely new. All the Morgan girls are Californians, and Miss Morgan has chosen her dancers from among those she has personally trained. The programme includes “Impressionistic,” “American Indian,” “Oriental,” “The Gypsies,” “Greek.” Among the dancers are Josephine Head, Jean Head, Adele Kellogg, Florence Lewis, Louise Riley, Esther Somers, Ruth Southgate, and Dorothy Woods. “The Honeymoon,” a brilliant skit, is to be interpreted by William L. Gibson and Regina Conelli.

Artie Mehlinger and George W. Meyer will call their vaudeville offering “A Musical Melange.”

Also on the bill will be William H. Crane and company, Carson and Willard, Scanlon, Denno Brothers, and Scanlon, and Four Lamy Brothers—all playing their final local engagements.

The Maitland Playhouse.

John Fee, for several years leading man at the Baker Theatre, Portland, has been engaged by Arthur Maitland to play leading roles at the Maitland Playhouse during the season that opens Monday night, September 5th. There will be other new faces in the cast.

Among members of the cast of last season Muriel Valli and Selby Roach, both exceedingly well liked by the Maitland audiences, will be seen. Rehearsals have already opened for the initial performance, “Major Barbara,” by George Bernard Shaw.

Attention is again called to the fact that subscribers’ night has been done away with and that the general public will be welcomed to the Monday night performance as well as any other evening during the week.

The posters for the Maitland this season were designed and drawn by Edgar Walter, a San Francisco artist, who has just left for a short trip to Europe.

The Happy Ending.

The first story with which Louis Joseph Vance began to bombard the editorial strongholds was a tragedy, “The Death of the Dawn”—maiden efforts are all tragedies, he thinks. It was sent back again and again until he put it away in despair.

One day he saw on the news-stands the *Brandur*, a magazine which advertised a rate of 5 cents a word for everything it published. “The Death of the Dawn” was given a new dress of typing and submitted. Promptly a letter came from the editor asking the author to call. Mr. Vance has a vivid memory of that first interview.

“The editor’s style was, I believe, Major Jones; he was urbane, free-handed, and indulgent; he gave me a cigar. In the arm-chair beside his desk I sat dazedly mulling the cigar and worshipping with round eyes that princely creature who was actually telling me out loud that he purposed purchasing ‘The Death of the Dawn.’ At 5 cents a word! It was five thousand words in length. I made mental calculations. . . .

“There was just one thing that Major Jones wanted to suggest, and did suggest with the most enchanting diffidence. It was undeniably true that Readers preferred stories with the Happy Ending, and if I could see my way clear . . . you know . . . Major Jones would be glad. . . .

Mr. Vance promised to make the change as soon as he could. It took just three-quarters of an hour to make a happy ending, but it would never do to rush right back, so he waited three days. Again he appeared at the *Brandur*’s office. An office-boy with a bilious eye and a hostile mouth hindered his approach to the sanctum set apart for the editor. “Whaddya wanta see Major Jones about?” he asked, adding with withering hauteur, “‘cause if it’s a manuscript you want to sell him, the *Brandur* suspended publication a nour ago.”

The Chinese have an easy and convenient way of taking the census, the oldest man in each block of ten houses being authorized to make the count on a given date and send the list to the imperial tax official, who refuses to listen to any charge of inaccuracy.

DON’T WRITE FOR MOVIES.

“Thousands of earnest men and women today are wasting precious time trying to break into the pictures by writing for them. They are trying to break through a locked door. Another door stands open to them just around the corner, and they don’t know it, simply because they haven’t noticed the tremendous revolution that is taking place in the motion-picture business.”

This bit of advice to scenario writers comes from Professor Walter B. Pitkin of the School of Journalism, Columbia University. Professor Pitkin, who teaches “feature” and short-story writing, has recently made a serious study of what’s going on inside the picture studios of America. He lays down the following law to the young scribes who study with him.

Writing synopses or scenarios directly for the motion pictures is in the long run a waste of time, and for three reasons:

First: To sell your stories to the “movies” you must show fully their dramatic or pictorial possibilities. This can not be done in a skeletonized outline. If you hear any one denying this, you may be sure that he knows nothing about story writing. A story idea must be written out to show its full values.

Second: It is so easy to dash off the incomplete idea of a “movie” plot in a few hundred words that thousands of inexperienced writers are always doing it. “Movie” editors receive about eight thousand such contributions every week. It is thus humanly impossible for these editors to read all these manuscripts, much less to judge them carefully. Not more than one in a hundred ever receives serious attention. This is not anybody’s fault. The whole system is ridiculous.

Third: It is commercially wasteful to submit scenarios to the “movies.” Any story idea good enough for the better “movies” is good enough for a short story, and, as a story, can generally be sold to a magazine for more than a “movie” will give. Once sold to a magazine it can later be sold better to the “movies”; the full story shows its dramatic values and a sale to the “movies” means double pay. Furthermore, a story sent to a magazine is almost certain to be read and considered.

The only exception to these remarks is the professional scenario writers employed by the motion-picture companies. The existence of these highly-trained experts within the studios is a natural result of the evolution of the “movies.” It is their duty to take stories, novels, or plays which the companies have purchased and pick out the episodes that can be photographed, write explanatory titles and generally arrange the material for screen production.

When story writers attempt these arrangements, or “continuity,” as it is called, they compete with these specialists. It is not worth doing. And the expert continuity writers in general find that it is a waste of their time to try to invent plot or write stories. For one thing, they are too busy; and their mastery of continuity is no guarantee of their knowing anything at all about creative writing.

Let the story writer stick to his craft. If his work possesses motion-picture possibilities, the “movies” will find him out. He can give his idea a real run for the money only in story form. He should concentrate on the laborious mastery of character and plot and ignore synopses. “The story’s the thing.” In the domain of high art no man can serve two masters. The salvation of the transcendent art of the “movies” depends largely upon a general recognition of this fact.

The greatest need of the “movies” today is better creative art. This need our best story writers must and will supply. The best judges in the “movie” world today are all saying that yesterday was the day of the star, today is the day of the director and tomorrow will be the day of the author.—*New York Tribune.*

Were There Giants in Those Times?

The revival of the petrified giant industry, in Tennessee or in any other state, suggests the gullibility of the public rather than the existence of giants in any period of recorded time. Even Og of Bashan, who is said, on the authority of Deuteronomy, to have slogged in a bedstead between eleven and thirteen feet in length, is rejected by the higher critics of the Scriptures as an improbability, and we are limited in our conception of the truth of Pliny’s description of the Arabian giants by a due realization of the probable imagination of the narrator. But there is no warrant in history or in archaeology for the supposition that the elder races were much taller or more powerful than are those of the present day.

The average present height of the human race is about sixty-five inches, but the average is produced by measuring both the races which are exceedingly tall and excessively short. The so-called gigantic races, of which the Scotch of Galloway still stand at the head, are offset by the little peoples of central Africa, but one century with another and one geological period with another, the same thing probably has been largely true. A few

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individuals have exceeded nine feet, according to authenticated records, but they have invariably been freaks, and do not justify the claim, now set forth by the alleged discoverers of a graveyard filled with petrified giants, that a race of giants ever walked the earth.

The giant legend is derived from the same source as the notion that everything deteriorates as time runs on. It is of one piece with the pessimistic idea that virtue and happiness and good works of every sort have been declining ever since the world was young. It was at first supposed that the first men on earth were necessarily tall and mighty, because it also was supposed that everything was going down hill. “There were giants in those times” was in reality a way of saying that men were not as great as they previously had been. But a more modern view is that the stature of races is due, not only to nature, but to nurture, and it is conceded that man was never so well nurtured as he is today. It is infinitely more probable that man in the distant future will be a giant than that such ever existed in a previous age.—*Oregonian.*

That the use of splints in the treatment of fractures was known to the rude practitioners of prehistoric America is revealed by examination of the skeleton of a young woman recently exhumed in the Pueblo ruins at Aztec, New Mexico.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is a trick of the human mind to regard its own era as normal, and there is strong likelihood that the victims of the Inquisition believed religious persecution a permanent phase of life. They would no doubt have been immensely surprised could they have witnessed the religious toleration of the last two centuries. Are we unduly optimistic, then, to hope that our descendants two centuries hence, free of the awful yoke of the private reformer, will look with dilated eyes upon our martyred age? It may be foolish optimism, but we may at least allow ourselves that much consolation. There has, as yet, been no means discovered of censoring our private hopes and aims! Though even that consolation may be short lived if science should betray us into the hands of the blue-lawers and white-ribboners. If the genius reformer must have a field of service, there are several fertile, wholly untended ones that we should like to suggest to him. There is the matter of telephone service. Surely, one-tenth of the energy that is expended against scotching imaginary white serpents—we did not know that Mr. Volstead's law was so inefficient—would renovate (we hate the word reform) that dark cause of many crimes. Think of the nervous systems the white-ribboners could save! Then there is the decline of the drama, and particularly of musical comedy. What a white-ribboner might call a Christian samaritan work could be done in helping the fainting muse to her feet. And last, but oh! so far from least, is the crying need of the age—a society for the humane suppression of blue-lawers.

And now we are told that South Carolina is the most moral state in the Union. It is so, according to the Right Rev. William A. Guerry, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of that state, because it does not countenance divorce on any grounds whatsoever. We wonder if its morality is because all its divorcing couples move out, leaving only the pure of heart behind, or whether there is some hitherto undiscovered difference in the inhabitants of South Carolina from other human beings. Are South Carolinians so wise that they never err in choosing their lifemates? A country would want an infallible population indeed to make no provision for the legal correction of mistakes, marital or otherwise. It would be interesting to know what percentage of Western divorces are gotten by South Carolinians; and what the mulatto statistics are in South Carolina in comparison to those of other states. For it would be only possible to compute the success of that interesting experiment by considering such statistics. It is one of the unsolved mysteries of the universe why reformers and others of their ilk never realize that one extreme is as bad as its opposite. A universal condition of no divorce would sprout fully as many evils as our present-day laxity in divorce. Why not—for the novelty of the thing if for no other reason—try to take a middle course?

It is consoling to those of us who love good company in our misery to read that even the king's household is not above the need to recoup in these hard times. In fact King George was so efficient in cutting down all unnecessary expenditure during the war that it was not until 1916 that a deficit was incurred in the civil list, which with the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster furnish the budget for royal expenditure. And even at that the king was able to make a voluntary contribution to the treasury of £100,000 during the war. It was not until the post-war conditions of 1918, when salaries and prices were making their balloon-like ascensions, that the annual grants became insufficient by £24,000 to meet expenses in that year. In 1920 the deficit was £45,000, and this year, despite the most stringent economy on the part of the king, it would probably be greater. We are glad to learn that Parliament has come to the succor of the king. The fact, trivial as it would have been in the peaceful past, is now filled with a sort of large comforting gesture. It is consoling to know that dignity and tradition still have a stronghold in this Bolshevik era of scrambled values.

One of the ancient, noble, and haughty Rohan family once said: "King I can not be; prince I scorn to be; Rohan I am." Were he living today he might change it to "King I scorn to be," for kings are coming to be held in slight esteem. Only the other day King George the Fifth was dragged into a newspaper altercation and had to repudiate a statement like an American politician. Now King Albert of Belgium has discovered that customs do not curtesy to kings. One day last week he presented himself at the door of the Casino at Deauville, but was refused admittance. The attendants had orders to admit no one who was not properly attired. It seems that the king wore what the correspondent—evidently an American—called a "business suit." The correspondent ought to know that kings have no business with busi-

ness, and that in Europe what we call a "business suit" is called a "lounge suit." It is said that hundreds of bejeweled women and smartly dressed men gazed wide-eyed at this shocking thing. But the attendants were adamant—royalty was turned down. This would seem to show that they have peculiar ideas in Deauville about attire. The correspondents represent the Parisian actresses and exotic ladies there as startling even the Deauville beach by their attire, or lack of it. However, these beautiful ladies—attired mainly in their complexions—seemingly do not conflict in France with that democracy with which the world has been made safe. Evidently the French flunkies at the Deauville Casino doors enjoyed their job of turning down a king. Albert of Belgium had flown to Deauville in his own airplane. Like the King of France who marched down the hill, the aggrieved Belgian monarch, after flying from Belgium to Deauville, immediately flew back from Deauville to Brussels again.

A modern parody on Samson and Delilah might be written in which Samson is played by the modern business girl, the chorus, of course, being supplied by a representative group of business men, bewailing the bobbed-hair girl's bereavement of sense instead of strength. Only, in the parody, our girl Samson tosses her clipped mane, serenely unaware of her lost prestige. Or rather she was unaware until recently. It must be a bit disconcerting to be a girl office-employee, who until a few months ago was scored for the amount of time spent on permanent waves, hair nets, etc., only to find that, discarding the burden of a coiffure, she is equally scored for her compromise with a masculine head-dress. It is a case of being damned if you do and damned if you don't.

The fez is no longer to be the national head-dress of the Turk, according to a decision of the National Assembly. The "kalpak" will be substituted. The "kalpak" is made of black cloth or felt, and is somewhat similar to the fez, only flatter and broader.

More than a score of daily newspapers are owned and managed by women.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. 9.
In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of the Person and Estate of Martha Allen, an incompetent.—No. 31138.
Notice of Sale of Real Estate by Guardian.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, C. H. Gray, Guardian of the Person and Estate of Martha Allen, an incompetent, will on or after Wednesday, the 31st day of August, 1921, sell at private sale at the office of C. H. Gray, said Guardian, Room 1009 Merchants National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, to the highest and best bidder therefor, and on the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned subject to the confirmation by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest, and estate which Martha Allen, the said incompetent, has or may have in and to the real property hereinafter particularly set forth and described.
Terms and Conditions of Sale: For cash, lawful money of the United States of America, ten (10%) per cent. of the purchase price on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of the sale by the court.
Bids or offers for the hereinafter described real property may be left at the office of C. H. Gray, Room 1009 Merchants National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court at any time before making said sale.
The property hereinafter referred to and to be sold as aforesaid is described as follows:
A claim of a right, title, lien or interest in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:
Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Avenue, distant thereon one hundred and nine (109) feet; seven (7) inches southerly from the southerly line of Santiago (formerly "S") Street; running thence southerly and along said easterly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Twenty-second (22nd) Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Block Number Eleven Hundred and Twenty-Three (No. 1123) of Outside Lands.
Dated: San Francisco, California, August 6, 1921.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The pastor was interrogating the pride of the family. "And do you always say your prayers before you go to bed?" "Yes, sir," replied Johnnie. "And what are the things that you pray for?" pursued the good man. "Well," responded Johnnie, thoughtfully, "mostly that pa won't find out what I've been doin' during the day."

A Scotsman stepped into one of the Edinburgh shops and asked to be shown a certain kind of overcoat. "How much?" he asked the shopman. "Five guineas," was the reply. "Nothing doing! Take it away," said the Scotsman firmly. "Why, you can afford that," the shopman said, unwilling to lose the sale. "Ay, I can," replied the Scotsman, "hut I'm nae that cold."

J. Adam Bede, one of the wittiest members of the House of Representatives has ever had, immortalized the resemblance of three congressional contemporaries—Mr. Weeks, Mr. Denby, and Ollie James of Kentucky. Bede, strolling through the lobby of the House one day, came to a halt before his three friends. "Hah!" said Bede, "didn't know tableaux were in order. 'Three Weeks'!"

A sudden sound of whistling disturbed the slumberous air of the classroom, and the strains of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" floated over small heads bent over forty small slates. "Who's that whistling?" screeched the teacher, as soon as she had recovered from her surprise. "It's just mase!" answered Sandy Macpherson, with true Scotch imperturbability. "Did ye no ken Ah could whistle?"

A Boston man, visiting a friend's household, found his host's son one afternoon settled in the library with a sheet of paper before him and a pencil clasped in his fist. Looking over the youngster's shoulder the "Hubite" saw that he was making pictures. "Well, Alhert," he asked gently, "are you drawing an engine?" Slowly the child looked up, and slowly he replied: "It would take a very strong hoy to draw an engine, hut I am making a picture of a locomotive."

A man, driving home on a very wet night, wished to give the cab driver something to keep out the cold. Finding nothing at hand hut a liqueur-stand with its tiny glasses, he filled up one and handed it to the jehu, remarking, "You'll think none the worse of this because it was made by the holy monks." "God bless the holy monks," exclaimed the driver, as he drained the glass, "it's themselves that can make good liquor, hut the man that hlew that glass was very short of breath."

Amhassador Jean Jules Jusserand, for the last twenty years the representative of France in the United States, has a sense of humor that is a constant delight to Washington. What is probably his prize quip was made some years ago, when the public was engaged in laughing a ridiculous statue out of the Capitol grounds. This statue was of George Washington. It represented the father of his country sitting, entirely nude, amid the snows and wintry hlasts of Capitol hill, one finger raised solemnly above his head. "I know just what he is saying," M. Jusserand opined. "He is saying: 'My soul is in heaven and my clothes are in the National Museum.'"

Writing to the editor of the *Palimpsest*, John P. Irish recounts some of the hardships of Iowa pioneer life and tells the story of one of those pioneer women and her granddaughter, who asked: "Grandma, you were here in the early days?" "Yes, I was a pioneer." "Well, were you poor?" "Yes, we were poor." "Couldn't you have what you wanted?" "No, I could not." "Did you have no meat?" "No, nothing hut venison, wild turkeys, prairie chickens, and quails." "Did you have no sugar?" "Nothing hut maple sugar." "What did you want that you couldn't get?" "New Orleans molasses and salt mackerel."

At a dinner a young man whose chief claims to distinction seemed to be an eyeglass and a drawl said to a man near him: "Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Spoke to that fellah over there—took him for a gentleman, and found he had a ribbon on his coat. The confounded head waiter, I suppose?" "Oh, no," replied the other, "that is the guest of the evening." "Hang it all, is it?" said the other. "Look here, old chap, would you mind sitting next to me at dinner and telling me who's who?" "I would do so with pleasure," was the reply, "hut, you see, I'm the 'confounded head waiter.'"

"Some of us," said Bishop Mitchell at a St. Paul missionary meeting, "are prone to judge everything by the money standard. A hook is no good unless it's a hest seller. An artist is no good unless he's getting rich. When we judge things that way we're as had as little

Samuel. Little Samuel went out one day to huy his brother a birthday present. He bought a jar of goldfish. 'Goldfish! Don't it sound rich?' he said to his father on his return. And he carried the goldfish gayly upstairs to his room. But a half-hour later he rushed down to his father again. 'Father,' he groaned, 'we've been stung. Them aint gold. They wouldn't stand the acid.'

A Scotsman, anxious as usual to make a hit, hit upon the idea of collecting old tins and pieces of scrap iron. Having accumulated a good collection, he sent them to a local marine store. Somehow or other they went astray, however, and were delivered in the wrong place. Imagine his surprise the next morning when he received the following letter from a garage: "Dear Sir—Your motor-car to hand. We have never seen a worse smash, hut we will do our best to put it together again. We send you herewith an estimate for the cost of repairs and approximate date of delivery."

Harvey Maitland Watts, the Philadelphia art critic, said at a dinner in Rittenhouse Square: "The ignorance of the new rich in art matters is quite incredible. The wife of a new rich profiteer was huying pictures in a Walnut Street shop the other day. After she had bought a number of costly pictures she said: 'Now show me something a little cheaper for the hack hall. It's dark there.' The salesman brought out another picture. 'This, madam,' he said, 'is only a chromo, and we could let you have it for nearly nothing.' The new-rich lady nodded in a sage way. 'Yes, of course,' she said, 'Chromo is a

struggling and obscure artist, and he can't expect to command good prices till he makes a popular hit, can he?'"

It was a pleasant enough house in its way, but the daughters were not famed for their beauty, and their matrimonial prospects seemed remote. Still there was one young man, supposed to partake largely of the "Johnny" species, who it was thought might he brought up to the scratch. With this view the dowager asked him sweetly one afternoon: "And now, Charlie dear, I must really ask you what your intentions are?" But Charlie was not such a "Johnny" as they supposed; for he rose from his seat, howed to his hostess and made for the door. "Madam," he paused to reply, "I make it a rule never to have an intrigue with a married woman."

"There are certainly more marriages than there used to be." The speaker was General Charles O. Dawes. He went on: "These marriages may he brought about by the more becoming way girls dress nowadays. Or they may he brought about by the greater camaraderie that now exists between sexes. Anyhow—" General Dawes smiled. "Anyhow," he resumed, "a very intelligent old maid said to me the other day. 'When I was a girl I was taught that young people oughtn't to kiss until they were engaged. Then she sighed and added: 'I suppose that is why I never got engaged myself.'"

"Why did you fire your cashier?" "Well, in the first place he didn't know anything, and in the second he was capable of everything."—*Stockholm Kasper.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Face with the Grouch Wln.
Smiling gent with cigarette;
Blandly smiling waiter;
Smiling girl with crabbing net;
Smiling aviator.

Smiling lass with silken hose;
Smiling lad, canocing;
Smiling matron washing clothes;
Smiling grandpa, chewing.

Smiling maid with some one's soap;
Smiling housewife, slaving;
Smiling sick man, taking dope;
Smiling husband, shaving.

Smiles on every billboard ad;
Miles of smiles unending;
Smiling mother, smiling dad,
This or that commending.

Gladly would we ope our pouch;
Anything—we'd buy it—
At the sight of one good grouch.
If you doubt us, try it.

—Arthur H. Folwell in *Leslie's*.

Spooning.

They call it "petting" down at Yale;
We call it "smoozing" here;
They call it "loving" at Cornell,
And "necking" far and near.
But, reader dear, I do declare,
Regardless of the name,
That college men most everywhere
Will play the game the same.

—Williams Purple Cow.

"Where can I get a few venison pies?"
"Dunno. What do you want them for?" "To throw, of course. We're going to film a Shakespearean comedy."—*Film Fun.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Formal announcement is made of the engagement of Mrs. Ella Gardner Horn, daughter of Mr. Wellington Gardner of Los Angeles, to Colonel Fell of the British army. The marriage will be solemnized next month in London.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Williams, daughter of Mrs. Ella G. Williams, and Dr. Robert L. I. Smith of Pasadena was solemnized Wednesday in the Saratoga home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blaney. Mrs. Philip Sheridan was the matron of honor and the bridesmaids were a group of little girls, including Miss Marian Kennedy, Miss Barbara Kirkwood, Miss Carlena Kuhn, Miss Jane and Miss Eleanor Williams. The two pages were Master George Kuhn and Master Phil Sheridan. Dr. Dunlap Strickler was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Effingham Sutton, Mr. Hugh Fairlie, Mr. Ronald Ogilvie, Mr. Philip Paschel, Colonel Burton Sibley, Mr. Alfred Post, Mr. Azro Lewis, and Mr. Robert Porter.

In honor of Mrs. Frederick Kohl, who is visiting here from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith gave a dinner Tuesday at the Burlingame Country Club. Accepting their hospitality were Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Frank Judge, and Mr. Raymond Baker.

Miss Anne Dibblee, bride-elect of Mr. Frederick Beaver, was the guest of honor at a tea at which Mrs. Harrison Dibblee entertained Thursday. Among those to accept the matron's hospitality were Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. Christian Miller, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Eugene Plunkett, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, Mrs. W. P. Horn, Mrs. Henry Kuechler, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Henry Botbin, Mrs. Gustavus Ziel, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Miss Margaret Foster, Miss Marion Lee Cobbs, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Elizabeth Dibblee, Miss Alice Oge, and Miss Ethel Lilley.

Mrs. Russell Wilson entertained at a luncheon Friday in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon. Others present included Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. George Baker, Mrs. Hays Smith, and Mrs. Charles Joselyn.

Miss Julia Van Fleet was a luncheon hostess Tuesday, complimenting Miss Lorna Williamson, at whose wedding in October she will be a bridesmaid. Among her guests were Mrs. Warren Hunt, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. George Wolff, Miss Anne Peters,

Miss Betty George, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Christian Donohoe, Miss Louise Braden, and Miss Isabelle Jenuings.

Miss Josephine Grant entertained at a luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club. Her guests were Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Newbold Lawrence, Mrs. Warren Hunt, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Charlotte Cromwell, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Barbara Donohoe.

Complimenting Miss Sara Phelps, who is visiting from Santa Barbara, Miss Dorothy Clark entertained at a luncheon Saturday in the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Latham McMullin gave a luncheon Wednesday at Woodside, when she had as her guests Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. William Roth, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Robert Noble, Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Harry Bates, and Mrs. George Cameron.

Miss Florence Russell was the guest of honor at a linen shower at which Miss Isabelle Bishop entertained Wednesday. Some of those hidden to meet the bride-elect were Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Isabelle Wheaton, Miss Dorothy Meyer, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Julia Adams, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Helen Hammersmith, Miss Adelaide Sutor, Miss Dorcas Jackson, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Adrienne Sharp, and Miss Jean Howard.

Mrs. Milton Esberg gave a luncheon Wednesday in Ross Valley. Her guests were Mrs. Crawford Clark, Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. George C. Boardman, and Miss Mary Coppee.

Complimenting Miss Emily Burke, who is a visitor to California from Omaha, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., entertained at a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club. Accepting her hospitality were Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Harold Hill, Mrs. Walton Hedges, Jr., Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. Denman McNear, Mrs. Arthur Selby, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Adaline Kent, Miss Heab Babcock, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Elizabeth Dibblee, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Patience Winchester.

Complimenting Mrs. Newbold Lawrence, Mrs. Warren Hunt entertained at luncheon last week at her home.

Miss Helen Perkins gave a luncheon Saturday in Palo Alto, when she entertained a score of guests.

Miss Louise Boyd was the honor guest recently at a luncheon given by Mrs. Rex Sherer in San Rafael. Others present were Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Kirby Crittenden, Mrs. Henry Kuechler, Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, and Miss Margaret Mee.

Miss Margaret Madison and Miss Anne Dibblee shared the honors at a luncheon at which Miss Mary Emma Flood entertained Saturday. Among the guests were Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Herman Pbleger, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Amanda McNear, and Miss Ellita Adams.

In honor of Mrs. George Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant entertained at dinner last Friday in Burlingame.

Miss Isabelle Wheaton was a tea hostess Friday in honor of Miss Agnes, Miss Lella, and Miss Anne Scott, daughters of Mrs. Guy Scott of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Silas Palmer and Miss Julia Adams assisted in receiving the guests, among whom were Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Eleanor Welty, Miss Ellenita Rawlings, Miss Mary Welty, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss

Helene Lundborg, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Dorcas Jackson, Miss Dorothy Meyer, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Miss Richie Sutton of St. Louis was the honor guest at a bridge-tea which Miss Charlotte Ziel gave Tuesday in San Rafael. Her guests were Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Philip Brown, Miss Adaline Kent, Miss Alice Carr, and Miss Emily Burke.

Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold and Mrs. William Kent, Jr., were joint hostesses at a swimming party Friday in Kentfield. Some of the guests were Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Frank H. Allen, Jr., Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Philip Brown, Miss Marjorie Pittman, Miss Catherine Pittman, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Florence Martin, and Miss Charlotte Ziel.

CURRENT VERSE.

Thirlestone.

The wind as swift, the air as clear
To Dartmoor, in Devonshire,
As swift as clear the wind and air,
As though we still were walking there.

Kingsbridge Hill to Salcombe Bay:
We'll not come walking back that way,
Unless the years themselves should come
—Ghosts of our youth—to Thirlestone home.

Ghosts of our youth—does the train run
Still into dreams from Paddington?
And does the gray cathedral stir
Lovers still at Exeter?

Does the traps from Kingsbridge Station
Still with damned reverberation
Jolt a boy and girl who sit
Far too glad to notice it?

Are Totness toffees still for sale,
And does the sticky kind prevail,
Adding a sweetness to the kiss
Of resolute confectioneries?

And does the postman still presume
To march into the sitting-room,
Gravely embarrassing his betters,
By observations on their letters?

Ah surely not! for all of this
Long since invited Nemesis,
And some wild moonlit night from Devon
Topped clear over into heaven.
—H. W. in the Saturday Review.

Night on a Bus Top.

Night on the "bus-top, and a thin mist played
Down the deep city: rolling cumulously
We passed through double rows of lamps which
made

The avenue a winged victory:
And gazing there, I wondered where I was:
Why stone-hemmed, mist-closed, man-sur-
rounded, I
Went wheeling on a planet that, alas!
Wandered engulfed in some infinity.

But as this strangeness of my flesh came to me,
And death was real, and life a dream, I gazed
Into my soul, and saw your image: through me
A glory swam, to star-heights I was raised:
Have I not seen you brooding when you
furled

Under your wings the vastness of the world?
—From "War and Laughter," by James Oppenheim. Published by the Century Company.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Storey have returned from Honolulu, where they passed a month. They will be at the Fairmont for a few days before leaving for Chicago.

Mrs. James Bull has returned from the East and is at the Fairmont while waiting to take possession of Mrs. Harry Sherman's residence on Jackson Street, which she has rented for the winter. Commodore Bull will join Mrs. Bull early in October. She will be accompanied from Boston by Mrs. Herbert Newhall and her children.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Davis have returned from Europe, where they traveled for four months. They are at their ranch near Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow has returned from the Feather River country, where she has been visiting for the past month.

Mrs. George Marye and Miss Helen Marye have returned from Los Angeles, where they were the house guests of Colonel and Mrs. William Fowler.

Miss Grace Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Erle Brownell and Miss Harriett Brownell at Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark of New York have returned from the McCloud River country and they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park in Burlingame.

Mr. Harry Miller has returned from Los Angeles, where he visited Mrs. J. O. Miller.

Mrs. Newbold Lawrence, Miss Charlotte Cromwell, Miss Emily Merriam, and Miss Barbara Donohoe are en route to Baltimore, where Miss Cromwell and Miss Merriam reside. Mrs. Lawrence and Miss Donohoe will visit for several weeks there as guests at the Cromwell home. On their return to California Mrs. Lawrence will join Mr. Lawrence in Los Angeles, where he will go shortly to make his permanent home.

Mrs. A. V. Bishop and Mr. Thomas Bishop have returned from Honolulu and they have joined Mrs. Guy Scott and her children in this city.

Dr. Garth Boericke has returned to San Francisco and will take up his permanent residence here.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Austin have gone to Los Angeles for a several days' visit. They have recently been in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Andrew Welch and the Misses Marie and Florence Welch have returned to San Mateo from Rose Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet and their children have returned from Ross Valley, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Vincent will arrive shortly from Ireland to visit Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn in San Mateo.

Dr. Walter S. Franklin and Mr. Bernard Ford have returned from Santa Barbara. Mrs. Ford remained in the south and will be Mrs. Franklin's guest for another week.

Miss Mary Miller is visiting Mrs. Charles Norris in Saratoga.

Mrs. George Boyd has been visiting Mrs. Charles Felton in Redlands.

Mr. and Mrs. George Roos are at Catalina for a fortnight's stay.

Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, and Mrs. Walter Martin have returned from a camping trip in the Sierras.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule and Miss Marie Louise Baldwin have been sojourning in Colorado Springs.

Colonel and Mrs. John T. Meyers have arrived from Honolulu and they are stopping at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. John Sutton and Mr. Reuel Sutton have returned to San Francisco from a five weeks' visit in the Feather River country. Mr. Jack Sutton returned Saturday from Europe, where he has been for the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering are enjoying a motor trip through Vancouver Island.

Miss Emily Burke has arrived from Omaha to spend several weeks in Marin County with Mr. and Mrs. William Kent.

Miss Louise Boyd is in Washington, D. C., where she has joined Mrs. Conger Pratt. They will leave shortly for Europe to spend several months in travel.

Miss Francesca Deering has gone to Montecito to visit the home of Mrs. Norris Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Maynard of England have taken a house in San Rafael for the winter.

Miss Adrienne Sharp took her departure yesterday for the Atlantic coast, accompanying Mrs.

Voohries and Miss Sara Phelps, who have been spending the summer in Santa Barbara. Miss Sharp will visit relatives on Long Island before returning to school.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor have returned to Piedmont, after a several weeks' absence in the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White have returned to Mill Valley from Europe, where they have been traveling for several months.

Mrs. E. A. Selfridge and Mrs. Woodworth Selfridge have gone to Honolulu on a brief visit.

Mrs. Henry Scott expects to return in October from London, where she has been enjoying the summer.

Mr. Edward Vail has returned from the Atlantic coast and is at his home in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Vail and the Misses Elizabeth, Jane, and Catherine Vail will arrive early in October from the East.

Mrs. Morgan Adams has gone to Montecito for a week's visit.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Glizin, Los Angeles; Mr. R. A. Ginsberg, Fresno; Mrs. John Armstrong, Miss Armstrong, New York City; Dr. R. S. Yanor, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Frees, Honolulu; Mrs. E. M. Griffiths, Hollywood; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ehres, Sacramento; Mr. D. L. Colvin, New York; Mr. D. R. Mitchell, Santa Monica; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Lyons, Lincoln University, Pennsylvania; Mr. G. G. Soutendam, Michigan Falls, New York; Mr. Gustave A. Frees, Atascadero; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Close, Preston, California; Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Little, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Malcolm, Long Beach; Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Byers, Los Angeles; Mr. J. M. Wheeler, New York City.

Recently registered at the Hotel St. Francis are Major B. G. Ferris, U. S. A., Boston; Mr. H. A. Johnson, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Dea, Minneapolis; Mr. Charles William Taussig, New York; Mr. H. H. Hilton, Seattle; Mr. E. W. Casson, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Maury Kemp, El Paso; Mr. J. Bernstein, Los Angeles; Mr. M. F. Farrell, El Paso; Mr. and Mrs. S. Mitchell, Visalia; Dr. F. G. Sanborn, Los Angeles; Mr. S. B. Steele, Chicago; Mr. H. L. McNair, Los Angeles; Mr. O. J. Willis, St. Louis; Mr. E. C. Hauch, Stockton; Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, Mr. Frederick Law Obmstead, Brookline, Massachusetts; Mr. W. B. Cary, Australia; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hughes, Baltimore; Lieutenant and Mrs. G. W. Clark, U. S. N.; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Lloyd, Kansas City; Mr. Sidney G. Flaspoller, New Orleans.

Among those recently registered at Hotel Oakland are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Franklin Myers, New York City; Mr. C. L. Addleman, Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a daughter.



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2. A horizontal wage reduction of 7½ per cent. No further wage changes prior to November 12, 1921.

3. An eight hour day and a five and one-half day week, overtime to be paid for at the rate of time and a half, except Sundays and holidays, when double time is to be paid.

4. No discrimination against or interference with any employee because of his union or non-union standing.

5. Elimination of those rules which hitherto have tended to reduce output and increase costs; a man is expected to deliver a normal day's work and to use such modern machinery or tools as will best and most economically do the

work, provided the same are not unsanitary or dangerous to health.

6. No discrimination against materials for any reason, whether on account of source, means of transportation, or handling.

7. No person is permitted, without the consent of the employer, to go upon a building during working hours for the purposes of holding conferences or conversation with the workmen.

8. A Board be created not later than (September 30, 1921, to investigate building conditions and to announce a wage scale effective November 21, 1921. In no sense is this Board to be an Arbitration Court, but it will act only after public hearings and investigation in which all parties will have opportunity to present their views and claims. It is realized that this Board can not function successfully without the support of Public Opinion and that it can not hope to win such support unless its personnel is of unquestioned integrity and its proceedings open and fair.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What are you?" "I am a war child."
 "But you are Swedish?" "Yes. But father
 and mother are always at war."—*Stockholm*
Kasper.

Professor—So, sir, you said that I was a
 learned jackass, did you? *Freshie*—No, sir,
 I merely remarked that you were a burro of
 information.—*New York Globe.*

Visiting Curate—Mandy, is it necessary for
 you to leave all these young children at home
 and go out to cook? *Mondy*—Yes, sir, the
 doctor says I needs a rest.—*Detrait News.*

"Why is our lawyer always alluding to the
 lawyer on the other side as the learned counsel-
 sel?" "That's a legal slap at his education."
 —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Judge—You have been found guilty of
 petty larceny. What do you want, ten days
 or ten dollars? *Guilty Party*—I'll take the
 money.—*Denison Flomingo.*

"They say the Mexican Congress is rather
 turbulent." "Oh, I don't know. Their gun-
 plays are quite as harmless as our senatorial
 near combats."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"So you have named a new brand of cigars
 after me, have you?" said the celebrity. "I
 have taken that liberty, sir," replied the man-
 ufacturer. "Well, I wish you would call it

something else. I have tried one."—*Boston*
Transcript.

Mother—You had better not have another
 piece of chicken. You must leave room for
 the cake. *Nancy*—Oh, the chicken can move
 over a little.—*Toledo Blade.*

Professor X—Who's there? *Burglar*—Lie
 still and keep quiet. I'm looking for money.
 Professor X—Wait, and I'll get up and look
 with you.—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

"An Old-Fashion Woman" writes in to ask,
 "What is a stadium?" A stadium, madam,
 is a large hall park with a university at-
 tached.—*Boston Transcript.*

"How must I approach your father?"
 "Step into his office briskly, as if you were
 going to pay him money." "I can't." "Why
 not?" "I've never had any experience at that
 sort of thing."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Teacher—Johnny, your conduct is out-
 rageous. I will have to consult your father.
Jahnnny—Better not, teacher—it will cost you
 two dollars. He's a doctor.—*Buffalo Ex-*
press.

Cholly—Ah, yaws. In the ahmy hospital I
 had a twained nurse. *Algy*—Dearie me,
 Chollie, you're so lucky. Poor Percy told me
 he had one of the wild ones who dwove him
 positively fwantic.—*American Legion Weekly.*

"Tom, I told you to keep that dachshund
 out of the dining-room." "Part of him has
 to project into the dining-room, my dear,
 when I feed him in the kitchenette."—*Louis-*
ville Courier-Journal.

Teacher (examining class in physiology)—
 Mary, can you tell us what is the function of
 the stomach? *Mory*—The function of the
 stomach is to hold up the petticoat.—*Corolino*
Tor Bobby.

"Our mamma is very kind to us. Every
 time we drink our cod-liver oil without crying
 we get sixpence each." "And what do you
 do with the money?" "Mamma buys more
 oil with it."—*Peorson's Mogazine.*

Myles—Good hoarding-house where you're
 stopping now? *Styles*—I should say so. It's
 very high-toned. *Myles*—Ever have hash?
Styles—Never; only meat croquettes.—*Toledo*
Blode.

The Wife—I'm becoming a regular business
 woman, my dear. I bought forty pairs of silk
 stockings reduced from 40 to 30 francs and
 with the 400 francs I saved I got myself that
 duck little hat I cnvied so much.—*Paris Le*
Rire.

"De Binks has just been paid the highest
 compliment ever accorded his histrionic and
 artistic career." "What's that?" "All the
 film reviewers wrote up his most recent im-
 personation as though he were a real ape."—*Film Fun.*

"I brought you hack a dress from Paris,
 and yet you are not satisfied?" "It is very

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unbecoming; and you know it's the custom
 here to wear them longer than that."—*Paris*
Le Journal Amusont.

"Couldn't you find any eggs, dear?" a
 woman asked her little city niece, who was
 visiting her on her farm. "No, auntie," said
 the child, "the hens were scratching all
 around as hard as they could, but they hadn't
 found a single egg."—*Boston Transcript.*

"The old-fashioned girl would have been
 horrified by the clothes now worn." "True,"
 replied Miss Cayenne. "But the principal
 reason for her horror would have been the
 fact that such things were then wholly out
 of style."—*Washington Stor.*

The Actress—I have driven three men to
 the dogs, obtained two divorces, and won six
 lawsuits, and my pearl necklace has been
 stolen twice—I don't know what else I can
 do to set the world gaping. *Her Manager*—
 Try learning your parts perfectly.—*Paris Le*
Journal Amusont.

"You do not quote so much poetry in your
 specches as you used to, senator." "No,"
 said Senator Sorghum. "The last time I
 quoted poetry the rival orator got up and
 sang a song. My managers insisted it was up
 to me to come hack with a classic dance, so

I gave up the competition as hopeless and
 am now relying on the simple statesmanlike
 dignity of plain prose."—*Washington Star.*

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2319.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son, in Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Fifth Year

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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End of the Strike.

Reasons for collapse of the strike in the local building trades are not far to seek. They are in part historical. There had grown up here under the enforcements of a short-sighted and selfish unionism a system of restrictions and arbitrary charges fatal to community welfare. Under the system the cost of building in all its departments had come to be onerous—ruinously so. Under it, too, there had grown up a complicated mass of petty vexations regardless alike of equity and common sense. Drunk with arbitrary power, the unionist leaders rode roughshod in enforcement of one petty imposition upon another. A point was reached where San Francisco had either to abandon its position as the foremost city of the Coast or take the bull of radical unionism by its horns—to make itself master in its own house.

By a singular, but as the event demonstrates a fortunate stupidity, the union leaders, at a time of depression and of generally declining conditions, presented demands for increased wages; and when these demands were submitted to arbitration by mutual consent they declined to accept the verdict of the arbitrators. Patience had ceased to be a virtue. The prosperity of San Francisco was at stake. Under leadership of the Chamber of Commerce, a movement of general reform in the building industry was inaugurated. A scheme in industry styled the American Plan—the principle of the open shop plus certain equitable provisions—was prescribed and it was authoritatively announced that

under no other conditions could work in the building industry be resumed in San Francisco.

For sixteen weeks building in San Francisco has been at a standstill under strike or lockout, whichever you may choose to call it. From the start the majority of actual workmen engaged in the building trades were in favor of accepting the new order of things. But the unionist leaders rallied their forces under the old banners and war cries. It has been a battle royal, but the end, just now attained, is a victory positive and complete for the forces representative of the community interest. The men—some 22,000 of them—have practically thrown over their old leaders and have applied for work under the American Plan. The roster of every contractor is full, and as soon as materials can be re-assembled the work of construction which has been so long interrupted will go forward in full force.

It is promised that the new order of things as related to the conditions of labor will be duplicated in case of associated interests. Contractors and suppliers of materials who have shared with labor in the old schemes of imposition have been brought to the snubbing post. Their "agreements" and "combines" have been torn up. The force that has brought about these reforms promises continuance of vigilant guardianship of the community interest. And here is a vital point. There must be good faith all round and there must be sustained vigilance. Otherwise that which has been gained will be lost. If anywhere down the line the labor interest, the contracting interest, or the interest of supply there shall be revival of the old abuses, the building industry will swing back to its old conditions. A victory has been gained for equity and progress. Time will tell if it be merely a victory or a real triumph.

Reflections on the Disarmament Conference.

The coming conference on disarmament is as portentous as it is novel. Nations have met before this in solemn conclave to partition the world, but never as yet to disarm it. No more delicate or dangerous experiment could be tried. For if the participating powers fail to reach an agreement to disarm, made in good faith and without material or mental reservations, they will leave the world in a worse position than if the conference had never been held; for in such case the conferees will part after having sown throughout the earth the dragon's teeth of distrust. They convene to disarm, and if unsuccessful will part to arm, and the suspicions excited by the failure will increase the extent and the rapidity of subsequent armament. The results incident to failure will be disastrous and unequivocal. It will not be a case where it was better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all. The fact of failure will be the crowning disaster. These are great and obvious perils. Will the possible success of the conference bring results that will compensate the negotiators for the risks which they are taking?

In so far as the United States is concerned, disarmament can only apply to the sea. On land we are about as thoroughly disarmed and helpless as it is possible for any people to be. The handful to which we have reduced our army is not large enough to perform even adequate garrison and police duty throughout our country and its widely separated possessions.

If disarmament on land be with us already a *fait accompli*, the only other place where we can disarm is on the sea, and this brings us to the question, What do we expect will be accomplished in the way of naval disarmament? The chief naval powers are England, Japan, and ourselves. It can hardly be imagined that these nations will agree to scrap their existing navies. They represent too much in blood and treasure, too many a heroic deed, too many a noble tradition to be scuttled and sunk. The most that could be expected would be an agreement to limit future construction,

but this would not alter the relative proportions of the existing naval forces. The proportions and the inequality would remain the same.

The essential thing never to be lost sight of in regard to naval disarmament is the necessities of the British Empire. These necessities control the world and will continue to influence it as long as that empire exists. England can never disarm upon the sea. Her existence depends upon its uninterrupted mastery. Her national life hung in the balance at Jutland and at Trafalgar. Not only can she never suffer any other nation to become her naval superior; she can not even suffer it to become her equal. Every Englishman realizes this. Only recently her prime minister has made this declaration in the most emphatic manner while justifying the laying down of the four super-Hoods. And the immediate construction of these super-ships, initiated upon the eve of the conference, is the strongest and surest affirmation of the national faith.

Few realize what is meant by the term "super-Hood." The *Hood* went into commission in 1919. Her displacement is 41,000 tons and she carries a main battery of fifteen-inch guns. The four super-Hoods will surpass her in size and will be much more powerful in speed, in armor, and in armament. When completed, each of them will represent an expenditure of some forty millions of dollars. Thus, on the even of the disarmament conference, England decides to expend \$160,000,000 upon these four great capital ships. In contrast with this, we have just placed in commission the *California*. The latter is of something less than 33,000 tons displacement and has a main battery of fourteen-inch guns. Thus, two years later than the *Hood*, we bring out a ship that is greatly her inferior in size, in speed, and in armament; and we flatter ourselves that we are progressive.

For England, naval superiority forms the sole guaranty and condition of her existence. The citadel of the British Empire is and must always be upon the deep. Its command is the tie which binds together the mother country and her vast and scattered empire, which otherwise would be hopelessly divided. Her naval supremacy converts the barriers of the ocean into the strongest links of her imperial power. Given this supremacy, the oceans no longer divide, but bind together her empire. Like England, Japan is an insular power, and she has a similar policy. It was her navy and its control of the adjacent waters which enabled her to win the wars against China and Russia. For her Trafalgar and Jutland were duplicated at the Yalu and the Straits of Tsushima.

However eager, therefore, the United States may be to dismantle her own navy, it is not likely that any other one of the great powers will consent to a limitation which will put it in a position of relative inferiority as compared with the one which it now occupies. And if the relative strength of the various navies is to be maintained, nothing will be gained except perhaps a diminution of naval expenditures for the time being and so long as no menace of war clouds the horizon.

If the convention at Washington is to be held merely for the purpose of determining how little the nations are willing to spend on their fleets, then it amounts merely to a conference over naval outlays and will in no way affect the relative naval strength of the several powers nor have any influence in preventing war; for if a fleet of a hundred ships has an incentive, by reason of its superiority, to attack a fleet of fifty, that incentive will remain just as great between a fleet of ten and of five ships respectively.

But it is obvious that the expectation of many people goes far beyond a question of mere reduction of armament. All idealists, pacifists, and peace-at-any-price

men and women are looking towards the conference as the first great step in the campaign to end war. Thus, for example, in his recent address to certain San Francisco clubs the editor of the London *Times* is reported to have announced as a fundamental fact that disarmament must follow a spirit of universal brotherhood, and that this spirit must come first. This is an admission that disarmament is not a matter of scrapping armies and navies, but of scrapping human nature. It might be observed, in passing, that the recent intercourse between the rulers of the London *Times* and the rulers of the British Empire leaves the odds still in favor of human nature. If Mr. Steed, however, be correct, and disarmament be in fact dependent upon a change in human nature, it follows that the disarmament conference has been called cons ahead of time and that its deliberations are predestined to failure. Like the foredoomed infant in the Westminster Catechism, its future is in the frying-pan.

It is pathetic to note how altruistic men and women of high purpose continue to regard disarmament as the guaranty of peace. We are deceived by the roar of the guns and the rattle of musketry. We regard them as a cause when they are only an effect. Human strife is not compounded of powder and bullets. It is compounded of the self-interests, the rivalries, the passions, and the prejudices of men. Since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary nature has instilled these instincts in him and his progenitors as a condition of the struggle for existence. Man is not to be blamed for them. They are his heritage. Disarmament is not a guaranty against attack. It is only an invitation to it. If all the world were defenseless, there would be much more fighting than at present, because it would be much less complicated and costly and therefore much easier for every one. There would be no great controlling civilized powers to restrain the savages and the semi-civilized of the world. Until human nature is changed the stability of mundane affairs can only be regulated by a wise balance of power, and the best we can hope for is that such balance may be held and administered by the most humane and enlightened nations.

There is another thing not to be forgotten. We are summoning the nations to Washington to discuss the "Far Eastern Question." We declared, in advance, that its settlement is and must be the condition precedent to disarmament. But how about the near Western question? Is this to be taboo? And yet, of the two, the latter is fraught with infinitely greater danger to the peace of the world. For the Far Eastern question concerns only the open door in China—i. e., only another possible market for the sale of our products. It is a commercial question and involves matters of bargain and trade. The near Western question, on the other hand, concerns the infinitely more delicate and dangerous problem of the actual invasion and colonization of our territory by the Japanese. If such invasion and colonization continue they are bound to result in conflict, for the white and yellow races are alien, competitive, incapable of amalgamation. The United States can refrain if necessary from selling its goods, but California can not and will not refrain from protecting her territory from alien absorption and her citizens from destructive competition. If she did she would be an inhuman state, unworthy of her traditions and her heritage. And it is well to remember, as we are about to gather at Washington, that no amount of disarmament will settle this problem.

As compared with the navies of England and Japan, our own is lacking in one vital, fundamental element of strength and is thereby already partly disarmed. The former are idolized by their countrymen and are backed and supported by the solid weight of a public opinion which demands that their efficiency be kept up to the highest possible point. England's worship of her navy amounts to a religion, and Japan cherishes a similar sentiment in regard to her own. When Nelson hoisted his last signal—"England expects every man to do his duty"—could any sailor on those twenty-seven ships of the line doubt that the whole moral force and love of Albion, were behind him?

In America, unfortunately, we do not stand unanimously behind our navy. A large section of our people, of our politicians and our press are continually protesting against its increase, continually complaining

that it costs more than it is worth, continually weighing it in terms of dollars and cents instead of in terms of national pride and patriotism. There is little interest in its history and little exultation in its glorious past. We haggle over its cost as if it were a question of purchasing drygoods over a bargain-counter. Illustrious statesmen in Congress, whose constituents are at a safe distance from the sea, oppose every move to increase its efficiency and constantly demand its further reduction. It is due to this spirit of captious opposition that our fleets are incomplete and lacking in homogeneous units. The struggle to get any navy at all has been so great that there has been no opportunity to attend to the proper balance and proportions of its squadrons. Those refinements of detail and proportion which are essential to the perfect working of the naval machine have been sacrificed and lost sight of in the congressional mêlée. All naval experts are familiar with this. They know that we are lacking in great and swift battle cruisers, in scout cruisers, in submarines, in naval airplanes and airplane carriers, and, above all, in that one preëminent equipment without which the greatest navy is worse than useless—adequate navy yards and dry docks.

In other words, the American people do not stand behind their navy and support it loyally and with a just pride, but they treat it as an incumbrance to be gotten rid of at the earliest possible moment. Now this lack of appreciation and sympathy on the part of our people must inevitably react upon the *morale* and the spirit of our navy itself. Its personnel would be more than human if it did not become chilled and disheartened by the national indifference. Eminent military experts like the late Colonel Ardant du Picq assert that the *morale* of an army is more important than mere numerical superiority. The same thing is true of a navy. No stronger proof of this can be found than in the career of the greatest sea captain the world has ever produced. He proved it conclusively at Cape St. Vincent and in every action which he subsequently fought. He took little heed of the numbers of his enemies, but was chiefly concerned with the discipline and *morale* of the officers and men of his fleets. Assured of the latter, he never hesitated to attack. The same thing was true of the navy of Japan at the Straits of Tsushima. It was outclassed in guns and armor by the Russian fleet, but its superior *morale* more than compensated for material inferiority.

The effective power of an English or Japanese fleet lies not so much in its armor and its guns as in the public spirit and adoration of the nation which supports it. These two countries are insular. Not only their safety, but their very existence itself depends upon their fleets. Until recent years our country has been entirely continental, and our people have not yet risen to the conception of their newly acquired world empire. When they rise to realization of this and of the heavy responsibilities and hazards which it necessarily implies we shall have an adequate navy adequately supported, but not before. Probably it will require great disasters to teach us the lesson. We certainly deserve it. We are as yet provincial and lack fixed and intelligent foreign policies. This is largely because we have no internationally trained statesmen. Under one administration we declare for the open door and under another we acknowledge the preëminent influence of Japan in China. We dwell on a political Main Street and are the half-grown diplomatic hoyden among the nations. Witness our ignorance, our erudities, our contradictions and absurdities at Versailles.

There is another thing to be considered. It is of vital importance to us. If the conference at Washington limits future naval construction, the United States will be permanently and hopelessly relegated to at least the second rank as a naval power. This position of relative inferiority may delight our politicians and our pacifists, but will the great bulk of our people be content to bind themselves thereto forever? We are now the wealthiest nation with the greatest resources in the world. May the day not come when we shall desire to enjoy the same freedom and independence on the sea that we do on the land? Can we be sure that we shall always be content to play second fiddle, no matter how vast and how powerful our country may become? Shall we always be willing to take refuge and to shelter ourselves behind the fleets and beneath the flag of an alien power? If not, we would better pause and ponder a little before we agree to limit future naval construc-

tion and thereby covenant that our ships shall hereafter sail the seas and that we shall hold our far-flung possessions only by permission and at sufferance of others.

Lenin as a Reactionary.

Russia no longer presents to the world a spectacle of an experiment in radical socialism. That phase of the revolution has blown up. Its newest aspect is the highly interesting attempt of a régime established theoretically as an adventure in socialism to right-about-face in a reactionary movement and still hold its place and its powers. Having failed practically under his original plan, Lenin is now trying to maintain his authority under a new policy differing little in essentials from the old Czarist system. Henceforth the state will retain and conduct only a few great industries of national importance. The new project as outlined revokes free railway, telegraph, and tramway services, together with free household goods and supplies to workmen. Hereafter taxes are to be paid in money, wages are to be paid in money, merchandise is to be bought and sold for money. In short, the monetary system, nullification of which was a cornerstone of the original Lenin programme, is to be reëstablished. As to where the money is to come from, Lenin offers no suggestion.

The system originally sought to be imposed by Lenin has failed precisely at the point prophesied by Mr. Hoover some two years ago. Men, declared Hoover, will not work without pay; and this being so, socialism under any project as yet set forth must break down at the point of production. So it has worked out in Russia. General industry is and has now for many months been at a standstill because laborers will not work unless they are paid. The peasant class which cultivates the soil will not produce food and turn it over to the authorities without being paid for it. Eagerly as they have taken possession of lands hitherto incorporated in great proprietary estates, they have not produced from them more than enough to supply their own necessities—in truth not even so much as that. Other circumstances and conditions may have contributed to the prevailing famine in Russia, but the main factor in the situation is that agricultural industry, not being paid for, has gone on strike.

The world is now to see if Lenin and his gang, who came into power upon the presumptive basis of a social theory, can continue to maintain their authority under a radical change of programme—under a plan of nothing short of reversion to the old rule of unrestricted autocracy. Whatever pretense of moral authority may originally have helped Lenin to attain power is assuredly lost under the inconsistency which now seeks to sustain the radical group under a plan practically identical with what formerly they condemned. Today the Lenin dictatorship stands practically in the shoes of the old Czardom, but is lacking even in the scant moral basis of that system. Nicholas at least represented a tradition and a theory of right in his character of autocratic ruler. No such claim may be made for Lenin. He stands in the character of a dictator minus any circumstance of historical or moral justification. He represents nothing but an inordinate egotism, and he stands condemned by a record of inconsistency, of cruelty, of failure. His support is nothing more than the strength of an organization built up by methods revolting to every humane instinct. Unless in this case all precedents fail, the reign of Lenin—the reign of a new Czardom minus any element of moral strength—must before a great while collapse.

The Late Epes Randolph.

For twenty years or more the largest individual force in the general life and in the material development of Arizona has been Epes Randolph—dead within the week at his home in Tucson. As the head of the Arizona and Eastern Railway and president of the Southern Pacific Lines in Mexico, as a man of wide and penetrating vision, as guide, philosopher, and friend of every progressive movement, Mr. Randolph has been essentially the MAN of the country. He has left upon the state of Arizona a mark, he has endowed it with a tradition, that will survive to its latest day.

Even greater than his material services have been inspirations outflowing from his character and career. Many years ago—prior to his career in the Southwest—Mr. Randolph was seized by a congenital infirmity that would have broken the spirit and in all likelihood have quickly ended the life of a man less resolute and

self-controlled. It became evident that if he was to live he must seek special conditions of climate. He came to the Southwest, not as another might have done to die or to eke out a few years of invalidism, but to take up a burden of responsibilities far greater than that borne by most men of rugged constitution. Thus for two decades or more Epes Randolph carried himself a figure of notable energy and force, sparing himself no labor, unceasing in works of large utility extending even beyond the American line into Mexico. Under his inspiration the great work of controlling the flood waters of the Colorado River was devised and carried to execution. By his advice and encouragement the southwestern desert has been made a seat of prosperous habitation. All this—and more—was the work of a man who held an infirm body subordinate to a firm spirit. Truly, a great force has gone out of the world.

The Home of Thomas Jefferson.

A proposal that the government buy Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, and maintain it as a summer home for Presidents is subject to many objections. There is no assurance that successive Presidents will wish to spend the summers at Monticello. Tastes vary in the matter of summer residence. Then Monticello has become a species of shrine to which great numbers of visitors resort, oftentimes as many as five hundred in a single day. In a situation thus exposed to the intrusions of veneration and curiosity there could hardly be the atmosphere of repose which Presidents seek in the periods when it is practicable to be absent from the seat of government.

Purchase of Monticello by the government would carry with it a significance relative to the name and historic fame of Thomas Jefferson hardly compatible with recent appraisal of his character. Very much may be said for Thomas Jefferson as a patriotic figure; likewise very much may be said to the historic discredit of the man. The name of Jefferson is symbolic, not of principles in our national life that have succeeded and blessed the land, but of that which has failed and been discarded. As the author of the resolutions of '98 Jefferson was the father of the theory upon which secession of the Southern States was founded. With great abilities and with certain notable patriotic achievements, Jefferson was nevertheless a man of many infirmities of mind and character. Much that has vexed our national life is to be traced to the teachings of Jefferson.

Many years ago it was proposed that the government should acquire by purchase the home of George Washington and maintain it as a patriotic shrine. The matter was debated long and widely and in the end the proposal was declined. We think very wisely, since the precedent would have been an embarrassing one. That Mount Vernon has been preserved and is maintained as we have it today is due, not to governmental action, but to the patriotic spirit of a society of women in whom title to the property rests, and who carry the responsibility of its administration. The precedent may wisely be accepted as fixing the rule in matters of this kind. There are those—and they are many—who hold the name of Thomas Jefferson in veneration. It is for them, if their enthusiasm will carry them so far, to imitate the example established in the case of the home of George Washington.

Editorial Notes.

George W. Norris, head of the Third Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, has been making a study of economic aspects of armament, domestic and foreign. His conclusion is given in the free-and-easy phrase, "Disarm or bust." According to Mr. Norris the average American family of five was taxed annually before the war in the trifling sum of \$1.15 on the score of national debt, \$23.10 for military expenditures, \$8.75 on the score of general expenditures of the Federal government. The total tax charge for a family of five on national account was thus \$33. Today the charge for the same family on account of national debt runs to \$43.23, for military expenditures \$54.10, for other expenditures \$117.45. As against a total of \$33 before the war, we now have a total of \$214.80. This is serious enough, but it becomes relatively trivial when compared with the figures in European countries. The average family tax (five persons) in Italy is \$642.05, in France \$633.30, in Great Britain \$548.90. Mr. Norris can not be wrong in the conclusion that these charges if continued must result in universal bankruptcy. His

remedy is disarmament, and in the light of his figures he does not go too far in the phrase, "Disarm or bust."

The people of Oregon want the government to present to them the battleship which bears the name of their state. But that is not all. They want the government in giving the ship to provide for its permanent maintenance. In other words the Oregonians want the glory of possessing the most famous ship in our navy, but they want it cheap. There will be no objection anywhere to giving the ship to the people of Oregon, but it is not likely that the government will undertake its maintenance.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Word of Appreciation.

NEW YORK, August 26, 1921.
DEAR MR. HOLMAN: I can not refrain from commenting and congratulating you on the article entitled "A Closing Door" in your issue of August 20th. I have sent my copy of this issue to an important man in the labor world, who agrees with it and with you and who I hope will be able to disseminate the idea, so aptly brought out in your article, widely in labor circles.

Possibly you will send me another copy of the *Argonaut* for my own files.
Yours very truly,
J. B.

The More the Merrier.

NEW YORK CITY, August 23, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I can well understand your objection to a "Dante Day," as proposed by Senator Shortridge of oratorical tendencies. Dante, as you remark, has been a long time dead. And the world remains remarkably cheerful.

For some time past, however, I have been about to propose a Bill Nye Day. Bill, at least, was American from his bald spot to his Sullivan heels; and so was the Sweet Singer of Michigan, whose claims to a Day should certainly be considered before those of the lugubrious Italian. Then, again, we have the Irwin brothers, between whom a Day might be divided; from 8 until 12 for Will and from 1 to 5 for Wallace, with the customary hour for lunch and recuperation.

If the senator's proposal goes through I give the *Argonaut* warning that I shall fight bitterly for my own favorites. Upon occasion I, too, can spout some.
Yours very truly,
HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

A Word of Approval.

OAKLAND, August 23, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Commendation is expressed for the excellent and timely editorial article, "The Matter of Canal Tolls," in your issue of August 20th, and the terse and trenchant style in which the matter is handled and the facts set forth.

During the previous administration this same question (of repealing the Canal tolls on American shipping) came up, and it is to the undying credit of former President Wilson that he refused to be a party to any compromise of national honor in the matter, and set his face as a flint against the policy of those in the nation's councils who would make (as a certain nation of blessed (?) memory did) "a scrap of paper" of a treaty.

There is every reason to believe that were the British government approached in the proper, that is the legitimate way, by the accustomed channels of diplomatic usage and intercourse on this subject the necessary modification desired of the present treaty, covering this matter of discrimination as to tolls in favor of American shipping, might be satisfactorily arranged; in any case it would be the preferable and honorable course to pursue first. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was thus modified, if I am not mistaken.
E. S. CLAUSSEN.

Health and Righteousness.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 30, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In last week's *Argonaut* Theodosia Adams, in a timely letter stressing the necessity to "hunger and thirst after righteousness," asks, "Should we expect the Christian church to animate a people whose souls aspire only to health, wealth, and happiness, achievable through the Christian Science method with the Mary Baker Eddy tag affixed?"

Answering this question by asking another, "Is there any virtue *per se* in poverty, sorrow, and suffering?" The one great purpose running through the life of every normal individual is to escape from these things and attain that state or condition where they are unknown.

While prosperity, health, and happiness are not inconsistent with righteousness, Christian Scientists do not put them ahead of it. But there is no warrant for the intimation that Christian Scientists put them ahead of righteousness. On the contrary, Christian Science teaches that health and happiness are dependent upon right thinking and right living and follow as a necessary consequence thereof. Spiritual regeneration is the prime object of Christian Science; health is the incident. Jesus covered the whole ground when he said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added."

Nevertheless good health is a matter of no small consequence. The founder of Christianity gave a great deal of attention to curing disease, and his instruction to his followers was to heal the sick as well as to preach the Gospel. The Christian Science church has taken this injunction seriously, and is striving to carry out both commands. It is interesting to note that some other churches are taking a step in the same direction.
PETER V. ROSS.

The Case of Hightower.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 27, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have read with approval your discussion in this week's edition of the Hightower case, for I believe in these days of unrest a dangerous precedent is established when officials place due administration of law in abeyance. For my own part, I do not understand the attitude of the archbishop of the Catholic church in his letters to officials thanking them for their work done in the solution of the murder, as though it had been solved by them, and thus giving sanction to methods as against law and order followed by these officials. We have two peculiar features in this case. First—About eleven years ago a foreigner lured a priest in Colorado by the same methods in order to kill him, and strange to say the housekeeper for that priest was named Wendel. Second—I noticed that the sheriff of Stanislaus County states that prior to Father Heslin's removal from Turlock to Colusa two priests had notified him that Father Heslin's life had been threatened, but immediately this fact is concealed, as well as the fact that Father Heslin was accused of

a crime some eleven years ago in Oakland, as I am credibly informed. Is it a fact that in the old country when a priest is guilty of a certain crime his case is taken care of by secret societies, who select men by lot to kill him?

As you say, Hightower may be guilty, but I see no real basic motive for an atrocious murder in his case, and it seems strange to me that the reputation and life of the murdered priest have not been thoroughly sifted.

A CONSTANT READER.

THE SORROWS OF AN AMBASSADOR.

If the life of a policeman is not a happy one—although we have our doubts about that—the life of the ambassador, and particularly of the American ambassador, must be placed even lower on the scale of human felicities. For the ambassador has every right to "fancy himself," if one may so far use the language of the street. In the fullest sense of the word he is the only representative of his country in a foreign land. He is not one of a crowd like the congressman, nor even one of a select group like the cabinet officer. He is subject to no control except that of his general instructions and such clumsy direction as may reach him by mail and telegraph. In moments of crisis his responsibilities are almost immeasurable, and even when his instructions are timely and unequivocal it will be largely his own individuality that determines his success or failure. The ambassador will always be an institution so long as personal influence plays its present large part in human affairs.

But the lot of the ambassador who is ignored and harassed by his own government, which is not uncommonly the lot of the American ambassador, is a peculiarly unhappy one. He must sustain his dignities on a diet of indignities, and do his best to hide the nature of his provender. To do him justice, he rarely complains, not even when he writes a book of "remembrances" from which every drop of real juice has been carefully excluded. Perhaps he learns to be indifferent. Perhaps he has hopes of another job. Perhaps he is too patriotic to reveal a shame and a scandal.

But Mr. Walter H. Page, once ambassador to Great Britain, seems determined to speak right out in meeting. More power to him. The days of darkness in our foreign affairs have passed away, but they may return. Almost certainly they will return, and if Mr. Page's revelations can mitigate the gloom of their stupidity he will not have toiled in vain. In point of fact Mr. Page is writing a book, or rather he is having a book written about him. Certain chapters from this book are being published in the *World's Work*, and the first of them, entitled "Honor and Dishonor in Panama," by Mr. Burton J. Hendrick, will be found in its September issue. Quite evidently this is a book to be watched for, to be marked, learned, and inwardly digested.

The story of Mr. Page's diplomatic career is not made up of state documents. In that case it would hardly be worth the trouble of reading. If we may judge from the sample before us it will consist largely of letters written by Mr. Page to friends in America, letters not written for publication and therefore with all the sincerities of the confidential. Mr. Page evidently found himself perplexed by a false position. On February 13, 1914, he writes to Colonel House and unobscurely himself freely to that oracle of the silences. He is inclined to be pessimistic. All the other ambassadors have their own houses, but the American ambassador must find for himself a place to lay his head. And also pay for it himself. It is a "constant humiliation." Of course it is, but then what does the great American electorate care about embassies? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Much of the diplomatic business, says Mr. Page, is "sheer humbug"—rich men and ambitious women playing the game that is called society, indifferent to American ideals, or even eager to show that they, at least, do not share in them. Mr. Page himself can not, and the government will not, bear the expense. Only rich men can do this. If he resigns it will be said that he has failed. What is he to do?

But there is another trouble, and he tells Colonel House all about it. It is said in the newspapers that Mr. Bryan intends to visit Europe, and if that is so Mr. Page would like to go home before his magnificent chief arrives on the scene. Mr. Bryan's presence in London would be the last drop in his cup of bitterness. It would take years for American ambassadors to "recover what they'll lose if he carries out his plan." Mr. Bryan had already been doing disconcerting things—not knowing any better, says Mr. Page, charitably—introducing his friends directly to the prime minister, dashing off letters of introduction to people "asking me to present them to Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George," etc. Mr. Page had been doing his best to gain respect for the American government, but it would all disappear in one day after Mr. Bryan's arrival. This is probably the most striking testimonial to Mr. Bryan's peculiar gifts that was ever penned. But what will Mr. Bryan think of it? Will he read it with the usual Chautauqua smile? For years Mr. Bryan has been posing as the dove of peace brooding over the troubled waters of internationalism with healing in his wings, and now in a moment he is represented as the storm petrel heralding disasters. One day of Mr. Bryan's one brief winter day, and the dawning amities between

America and Great Britain would be dispersed, and mutual respect would give way to ridicule. It was really too bad. Could not Mr. Bryan be kept at home "on the Mexican problem or some other"? Everything had been going so well. British statesmen were friendly and complacent, "but it raises doubts every time the shoestring necktie, broad-brimmed black hat, oratorical, old-time, River Platte kind of note is heard." The historian does not say what sort of pressure was brought to bear upon Mr. Bryan to persuade him to confine his ministrations to his own, his native land, and to refrain from imparting his views on Darwinism and the Pentateuch to the statesmen of Europe. Perhaps we may hear about this from some other source, but Mr. Bryan stayed at home and Europe was spared the baleful influence of his after-dinner oratory. But Mr. Page's heart was in his mouth for a time. It was a narrow escape. It really looked like war.

But there were other troubles, and once more Colonel House became the recipient of Mr. Page's confidences. Colonel House, by the way, is elsewhere described by Mr. Page as "the silent parmer" (the quotation marks are Mr. Page's) of President Wilson, as a man who "helps to make cabinets, to shape policies, to select judges and ambassadors and suchlike merely for the pleasure of seeing that these tasks are well done." And so, two weeks later, we find another long letter to Colonel House. Could the colonel so arrange it that some one in connection with the State Department should open and read Mr. Page's letters and dispatches and possibly go even so far as to reply to them? After eight or nine months Mr. Page is gradually reaching the conviction that his telegrams and letters are not being read nor even opened. And it is distinctly uncomfortable to Correspond with Nobody. "What the devil do you suppose does become of the letters and telegrams that I send, from which and about which I never hear a word? As a matter of curiosity I should like to know who receives them and what he does with them!" Mr. Page believes that somewhere in Washington there must be a big box nearly full of his unopened letters and telegrams, and when he returns to America he intends to find it.

We smile at these revelations, but the smile has something of a bitter twist to it. By what special mercy of Providence did we escape disaster while our foreign affairs were under the control of Mr. Bryan? And can we believe that we have reached the *ultima* *thule* of political progress while it remains possible for such a man as he to remain at the helm, no matter how strong the will of the people to oust him? Can we pretend to any measure whatsoever of true democracy while such men as Bryan and Daniels and Burleson are answerable for their almost limitless powers only to the President who appointed them and whose *amour propre* is necessarily involved in their retention?

There is one other matter to which the story of Mr. Page draws our attention. Practically every ambassador to Great Britain, says its author, has had to run the gauntlet of vituperative abuse from those who suppose "that the main duty of an American diplomat in Great Britain is to insult the country of which he has become the guest." Mr. Page was in no sense an Anglophile, but he did believe that the destinies of the human race depended largely on the friendly coöperation of the United States and Great Britain. And for this he was shamefully attacked again and again by Irish and Germans in America, who made use of their American citizenship in order to advance causes that were foreign to American interests and policies. Irish meetings were held in order to demand his recall. Senator Chamberlain of Oregon presented a petition from the *Staatsverband Deutschsprechender Vereine von Oregon* to the same effect. The pages of the *Congressional Record* were crowded with fulminations of the same kind, denunciations of Mr. Page for truckling to England, brought by men who were guilty of an even more disgraceful offense, that of truckling to Irish and German votes irrespective of right and wrong, indifferent to the breeding of hates that end in war. Mr. Page, writing to the President, says "these Anglophobias . . . hound me wherever I go," and he tells him of a newspaper correspondent who got up and yawned at a public dinner at which Mr. Page had spoken, remarking to his neighbor: "Well, I'll go; the ambassador didn't say anything that I can get him into trouble about."

Now this comment upon a striking narrative contains practically no reference to the main subject of that narrative, which is the controversy over the Panama Canal tolls. These sorrows and tribulations of an ambassador are no more than a sort of fringe or background to the story of a diplomatic incident of the first importance, and one of which the end is not yet. But the said sorrows and tribulations seemed worthy of notice as an example of the awful way in which we sometimes do business, as a glimpse of the precipice over which in our heedlessness we may one day fall. At least it may serve as evidence that the life of the ambassador is not a happy one. But we will watch for other chapters in the *World's Work* and also for the completed volume, since gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 31, 1921.

Recently invented attachment for passenger or freight elevators switches on a red light or rings a bell when they are overloaded as a danger signal.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Annie Martin has been appointed assayer in charge of the United States Mint at Carson City, Nevada.

Ernest Brown, a fourteen-year-old pitboy in an English mining town, has been appointed parish clerk in recognition of his services to the church during the war.

Count Alfred Korzybski, Polish war hero and mathematician, is perfecting a theory that assails Darwinism and supports the elder theory that man is a distinct species.

Miss Margaret A. Best, an Englishwoman, who has passed the century mark, has lived in the reigns of five sovereigns—George IV, William IV, Victoria, Edward VII, and George V.

Miss Helen Wills of Berkeley, California, who is not yet fifteen years old, is woman tennis champion of Central California, having recently defeated Miss Helen Baker, holder of the title.

M. Edmond Perrier, formerly director of the Paris Museum of Natural History, has died at the age of seventy-seven. Other prominent posts held by the great French biologist were: Professor at the Lycée d' Agen, member of La Société de Biologie and of L'Institut de France, president of La Société Nationale d'Acclimation, and many others. He was a member of St. Hubert's Club, Paris.

Professor Ramsay Muir, who will shortly relinquish the chair of modern history at Manchester University, England, which he has held since 1913, has accepted a unanimous invitation to stand as Liberal candidate for the Rochdale division at the next general election. Professor Muir belongs to the younger Manchester school of Liberalism, and it was largely through his advocacy that the industrial and economic programme of the Liberal party came more into line with advanced Manchester views.

Richard Washburn Child, the new American Ambassador to Italy, was received in his new capacity by King Victor Emmanuel on Monday, August 1st. He succeeds Thomas Nelson Page, appointed to that post by President Wilson. Mr. Child is one of those rare individuals who seem to be able successfully to pursue several dissimilar lines of endeavor. He was educated for the law and has handled important suits with conspicuous ability. During the war he was assistant to Frank Vanderlip in war finance work in the United States treasury. But it is as a writer and editor that he is, perhaps, best known to the country at large. He has been a prominent contributor to numerous leading magazines for the last dozen years and has published a number of longer works. In 1919 he became editor of *Collier's Weekly*.

Lord Byng of Vimy has been given the post of governor-general of Canada very appropriately, for it was while in command of the Canadians that he performed the military exploit which raised him from mere local fame to a position of one of the foremost military commanders of the world. This occurred in the spring of 1917, when he led the Canadians to the storming and reduction of the German positions on Vimy Ridge, a stronghold which had been previously regarded as impregnable. Later, in command of the British third army, Byng conducted the famous tank battle at Cambrai, which was one of the most spectacular operations of the entire war. Throughout the war he was known merely as General Sir Julian Byng, but the British government, in recognition of his services, has subsequently created him Baron Byng of Vimy and presented him with a handsome gratuity.

Professor Henry Carter Adams, member of the faculty of the University of Michigan, and one of the leading economists of the country, recently died at his home at Ann Arbor. He was in retirement, having resigned as the head of the Michigan economics department last June, due to his failing health. He had held that position since 1887. Professor Adams was born in Davenport, Iowa, December 31, 1851. Early in his life he showed an aptitude for political economy and became a fellow in that subject at Johns Hopkins at the age of twenty-five. He later studied at Heidelberg, Berlin, and Paris. Prior to his connection with the University of Michigan, he was an associate professor of political science at Cornell for seven years. He was statistician with the Interstate Commerce Commission from 1887 to 1911, and for the last five years of that period was in charge of the statistical division. From 1913 to 1916 he was advisor to a commission of the Chinese government on the standardization of railway accounts. In 1890 Professor Adams was married to Miss Bertha Wright of Port Huron, who, with three sons, survive him.

Lord Curzon, despite his distinguished academic and political record, has never been a popular man. The son of a clergyman peer, he was born in 1859, went to Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, and became assistant private secretary to Lord Salisbury when the latter was premier. That was in 1885. The same year he attempted to get into the House of Commons and failed. He was more successful the following year, when he was returned as Conservative member for the South-

port division of Lancashire. He resigned to go to India, where he acted as viceroy from 1899 to 1905. On his return from the Far East and after the death of his first wife he dropped out of prominent public life and traveled in central Asia, Afghanistan, the Pamirs, Siam, Indo-China, and Korea, and turned out a number of books. But with the war, the grave of so many men's reputations and the cradle of still more others, he became lord president of the council, leader of the House of Lords, and president of the newly formed air board. Already, in 1911, he had been created Earl Curzon of Kedleston. He was raised to the marquise very recently.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Canadian Boat-Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!
—Thomas Moore.

The Mermaid Tavern.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tipped drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of Venison? O generous food!
Drest as though hold Robin Hood
Would, with his Maid Marian,
Sup and howse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's odd quill
To a sheepskin gave the story—
Said he saw you in your glory
Underneath a new-old Sign
Sipping heverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac!

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known—
Happy field or mossy cavern—
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
—John Keats.

Youth and Age.

Verse, a hreeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy.

When I was young!
When I was young!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flash'd along:
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty.

Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here.
O Youth! for years so many and sweet.
'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It can not be, that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-hell hath not yet toil'd:
And thou wert aye a masker hold!
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that Thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips.
This drooping gait, this alter'd size:
But Springtide blossom on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but Thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old.
—That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A "poorhouse" for millionaires who have lost their wealth through business failure has been established in Chicago by means of a private bequest. Each member has a private bath and the use of libraries and hiliard rooms.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

A Sketch of Her Youth and Early Married Life from Lytton Strachey's Biography.

Barely twenty years ago Queen Victoria died, and already she has become legendary—a colossal figure, as grotesque as a Chinese idol, upon which have been draped all the inconsequences and absurdities of her period. When the "Eminent Victorians" appeared, and the brilliant light of Mr. Strachey's penetrating and ironic humor brought into startling prominence the characteristic idiosyncrasies of his victims, he was regarded, in spite of his extraordinary gifts or perhaps because of them, as a picturesque iconoclast, wanting both in seriousness and in balance. The announcement that he was engaged upon a biography of Queen Victoria shook the literary world with a joyous premonitory shudder of apprehension. What hitherto accepted conventions, what cherished prejudices, were now to be ruthlessly if gayly sacrificed! However prepared we may be for ironic slaughter, we nevertheless shrink from impaling our last lingering sentimental attachments upon an author's light-hearted and remorseless pen.

From this standpoint alone the present biography is disappointing. Lytton Strachey will have none of the cheap triumphs of the expected or the obvious; he scrupulously avoids the brutality of over-emphasis or of mere crude caricature. That game, given the material at hand, would have been contemptibly easy. By inference, rather than by direct attack, his subtle mind prefers to expose our own modern pretensions; with what ready complacency we have accepted as symbolic of the Victorian era everything that is heavy, commonplace, tasteless, and portentously dull.

From beginning to end Queen Victoria moves through these astonishing pages in the "grand manner," stately and august even in the shapelessness of a corpulent and unwieldy old age. So convincing, so intensely alive is the portrait he presents, that Victoria—who had become as monumental and lifeless as many of her bronze or marble effigies—is restored to an oblivious generation as a most formidable personality—passionately imperious and extraordinarily human, both in her strength and in her weakness. Mr. Strachey paints in the manner of a Velasquez, unsparing of any absurdity of costume or of posture, of any line, fold, or wrinkle in his sitter's physiognomy that makes for added character, but, like the great Spaniard, he manages to envelop his whole conception in an atmosphere of dignity and even splendor that gives to the most grotesque detail its proper and subordinate significance. From the background the secondary figures emerge—the Prince Consort, Palmerston, Lord Melbourne, and a host of others—with a masterly suggestiveness which never endangers the importance of the central figure upon whom the full light of his brilliant, intuitive intelligence is concentrated.

Although it is clear that he has learned a difficult lesson of self-restraint, his literary skill is no less unflinching. His writing has all the zest, the irrepressible gusto of the most spontaneous fiction. The narrative moves smoothly, if impetuously, never turgid, with a clear and limpid swiftness. The author so steep himself in the complexities and passions of the period in building up, from a huge mass of relevant evidence, the dominant figure of the queen-empress, that we feel he is gradually overwhelmed by it as completely as we are absorbed.

Never did a biographer plunge into his subject with less of introductory splashing about. His tribute to race and ancestry is paid in a few trenchant lines. The life and death of Princess Charlotte, the story of her conflict with her husband—the handsome, shrewd, resolute Prince Leopold, afterwards King of Belgium—the arrival of Stockmar, for so long the power behind the throne, are all compressed into the first five pages.

It was Prince Leopold's sister, the widowed Victoria Mary Louisa of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, who became the Duchess of Kent and the mother of Queen Victoria. Edward, Duke of Kent, one of the seven sons of George III, was fifty years of age at the time of his marriage: "a tall, stout, vigorous man, highly colored, with bushy eyebrows, a bald top to his head, and what hair he had carefully died a glossy black. His dress was extremely neat, and in his whole appearance there was a rigidity which did not belie his character. He had spent his early life in the army—at Gibraltar, in Canada, in the West Indies—and, under the influence of military training, had become at first a disciplinarian and at last a martinet." Some one said of him that he was "*reglé comme du papier à musique*," yet in spite of an income of £24,000 a year he was hopelessly in debt.

The duchess would be worth a volume to herself. At the time of her second marriage "she was thirty-two years old—short, stout, with brown eyes and hair, and rosy cheeks, cheerful and voluble, and gorgeously attired in rustling silks and bright velvets":

Before long it became clear that a child was to be expected; the duke decided that it should be born in England. Funds were lacking for the journey, but his determination was not to be set aside. Come what might, he declared, his child must be English-born. A carriage was hired, and the duke himself mounted the box. Inside were the duchess, her

daughter Feodora, a girl of fourteen, with maids, nurses, lapdogs, and canaries. . . . The authorities provided a set of rooms in Kensington Palace; and there, on May 24, 1819, a female infant was born.

The temptation to quote is so great that it could only be completely satisfied by quoting the whole volume. The little Alexandrina Victoria was welcomed with no flourish of trumpets, there seemed to be so little chance of her ever ascending the throne. Seven months after the birth of his daughter the Duke of Kent died suddenly of inflammation of the lungs, and six days later "the long, unhappy, and inglorious life of George the Third was ended."

The death of the duke took place at Sidmouth, and so impoverished were the fortunes of the duchess that she had not money enough to pay for her return to London. Prince Leopold, at this juncture and again later, played the part of banker to his widowed sister; and at his advice and through the provision he made for her the duchess was enabled to settle permanently at Kensington Palace.

The childhood of Queen Victoria is a pathetic chronicle of monotony and restriction. "Great forces and fierce antagonisms seemed to be moving, obscurely, about the royal cradle." Every energy was bent upon molding the strong-willed, imperious child into "a Christian queen." Whatever imagination, whatever lightheartedness she may have been born with were stifled by the methodical routine to which she was sternly subjected. The dolls—those innumerable humble dolls the present generation of children regard with such round-eyed wonder, not untouched with contempt—represented, for the little princess, the sole possible escape of a mind and heart quick enough, in those early days, to register their eagerness:

From time to time she would fly into a violent passion, stamp her little foot, and set every one at defiance; whatever they might say, she would not learn her letters—no, she would not; afterwards she was very sorry and burst into tears; but her letters remained unlearned. When she was five years old, however, a great change came, with the appearance of Fräulein Lehzen. This lady, who was the daughter of a Hanoverian clergyman, soon succeeded in instilling a new spirit into her pupil. At first, indeed, she was appalled by the little princess' outburst of temper; never in her life, she declared, had she seen such a passionate and naughty child.

There was probably, from the start, an unconscious rivalry between the duchess and the governess to win the preponderating influence over the susceptible heart of their charge; both watched over her with a vigilance from which there was small chance of escape. The duchess, however, had other duties, and it is more than hinted, other attachments. The governess had but one interest and one passion, and she won in the uneven competition. Of a deeply affectionate nature, the child had few people upon whom to lavish her ardor, but she seized upon them when they came. All the influences surrounding her youth were feminine, with the single exception of the beloved "Uncle Leopold," and he, alas, left England in her eleventh year to become King of the Belgians. Her journal, begun when she was thirteen, chronicles her passionate adoration for her "precious Lehzen." She notes the arrival of a couple of boys from Wurtemberg; two years later other cousins appear, but these are all thrown into the shade by the Princes Ernest and Albert. Upon Albert she concentrates "all the underlinings and exclamation marks" of her age. Her journal had superseded dolls.

Till the day of her accession she slept in her mother's bedroom, she never went downstairs without some one beside her holding her hand, she was allowed no place where she might sit or work by herself. Was it not natural that her first trial of her power should have been to free herself from this irksome maternal watchfulness? The Duchess of Kent could not forget for a moment, unfortunately, that she was the mother of the heiress to the throne. She had managed to antagonize many of her own household, and had made a bitter enemy of the king. What he termed her pretensions were certainly pressed forward with more energy than tact. William IV is represented as "a bursting, hubbubbing old gentleman, with quarter-deck gestures, round rolling eyes, and a head like a pineapple; his sudden elevation to the throne after fifty-six years of utter insignificance had almost sent him crazy." The description of the king's birthday party at Windsor, upon which occasion he snatched the opportunity to pour out, in a long, passionate after-dinner speech his pent-up rage against the duchess, brings home to the reader the suspicion that in manners we have little to learn from that indiscreet age. Incredible animosities and jealousies encompassed the princess on every side, but the moment was fast approaching which would set her free from their immediate pressure. It soon became clear to every one that the king's death was close at hand, and at last the general attention was turned to the Princess Victoria, that "small unknown figure, lost in the large shadow of her mother's domination."

The story of the reception of the ministers come to announce her accession to the throne is familiar to every one, but Strachey gives it fresh life. Though the real ordeal must have come later in the holding of her first council. The inner circle of statesmen and officials were as unknown to her as she was to them, and to face them with dignity and composure, with no trace of agitation or nervousness, must have cost her an effort little short of heroic:

The great assembly of lords and notables, bishops, generals, and ministers of state saw the doors thrown open and a very short, very slim girl in deep plum mourning come into the room alone and move forward to her seat with extraordi-

nary dignity and grace; they saw a countenance, not beautiful, but prepossessing—fair hair, blue prominent eyes, a small curved nose, an open mouth revealing the upper teeth, a tiny chin, a clear complexion, and, over all, the strangely mingled signs of innocence, of gravity, of youth, and of composure; they heard a high unwavering voice reading aloud with perfect clarity; and then, the ceremony over, they saw the small figure rise and with the same consummate grace, the same amazing dignity pass out from among them, as she had come in, alone.

It was a magnificent début, and the self-command she exhibited at eighteen never failed her in her long and eventful reign. Another quality she possessed in a high degree, and showed unmistakably in every crisis, was courage. One of her first acts, after her move from Kensington to Buckingham Palace, was to separate completely her own apartments from those of her mother, while the bedroom of the Baroness Lehzen was next door to her own. It was a strange culmination to the ambitions of the duchess. She found herself summarily and irretrievably shut off from every vestige of influence and power, and was utterly unable to conceal her disappointment and rage.

Victoria's accession to the throne was like the launching of a ship, and it must have been an inspiring sensation to see how gallantly she rode the waves:

What, above all, struck everybody with overwhelming force was the contrast between Queen Victoria and her uncles. The nasty old men, debauched and selfish, pig-headed and ridiculous, with their perpetual burden of debts, confusions, and disreputabilities—they had vanished like the snows of winter, and here at last, crowned and radiant, was the spring.

Whatever conclusion one may arrive at after reading these stirring pages that so vividly illuminate the career of Victoria, both in her private and her public capacity, there can be no doubt in any mind that she was far more than the mediocre, poorly-endowed, self-willed, commonplace woman to whom her position lent the adventitious glamour of dignities and grandeurs not her own. Her predecessors had the same advantages, but were too dull to reflect them. Victoria borrowed no prestige from any source; she set an example of sheer goodness, relieved, it must be confessed, by an imperious temper and a very human pride. She set the example and established a tradition. A woman of strong feeling, she showed the strongest attachment to Lord Melbourne, Palmerston, and Disraeli as she had shown it overwhelmingly, as a child, to her Uncle Leopold and Baroness Lehzen. Her dislikes were perhaps no less vehement. She took her duties seriously and accepted her responsibilities with almost religious fervor. That she could in the end relinquish so much of her authority to the all-wise and towering Prince Albert was in her case a proof of strength rather than of weakness. He had inspired her, not only with a wife's passion, but with an immense respect:

Intelligent and painstaking, he had been touched by the moral earnestness of his generation . . . yet he was not over-serious. . . . He was no milkop; he rode, and shot, and fenced; above all did he delight in being out of doors . . . and returning laden with specimens for his natural history collection.

The married life of the royal couple was at first—contrary to the popular impression—by no means without a cloud. Prince Albert had to combat violent prejudices; his rôle, he soon perceived, was to be "the perfect husband," but as for playing any political part—hands off! He was not at all favorably impressed by the English, and they warmly returned the compliment, if for no other reason than because he was so un-English. His manners were stiff and formal, and though in private he could be natural and even charming, he went little into general society. Their tastes were fundamentally opposed. Albert was bored by court functions; Victoria's favorite amusement was (how little do we recall her youth?) to dance through the night, and to see the sun rise behind the towers of Westminster:

It was only natural that in so peculiar a situation, in which the elements of power, passion, and pride were so strangely apportioned, there should have been occasionally something more than mere irritation—a struggle of angry wills. Victoria, no more than Albert, was in the habit of playing second fiddle. Her arbitrary temper flashed out. Her vitality, her obstinacy, her overweening sense of her own position, might well have beaten down before them his superiorities and his rights. But she fought at a disadvantage; she was, in very truth, no longer her own mistress; a profound preoccupation dominated her, seizing upon her inmost purposes for its own extraordinary ends. She was madly in love.

His real intellectual predominance finally triumphed over every obstacle:

In the ministerial crises of 1845 and 1846 the prince played a dominating part. Everybody recognized that he was the real centre of the negotiations—the actual controller of the forces and the functions of the crown. The process by which this result was reached had been so gradual as to be almost imperceptible; but it may be said with certainty that, by the close of Peel's administration, Albert had become, in effect, the King of England.

It is only necessary to compare the photograph of the queen taken with the prince in 1860 with the one taken in her widow's weeds, three years later, to realize how devastating was the shock of his death. The early photographs are full of animation, and even of charm, but in the unspeakable sadness of her bereavement she has put aside worldly things and already we see the rather heavy, sombre dignity with which we are most familiar. Age had stricken her in a night—an age of unaffected sorrow.—J. H. H.

QUEEN VICTORIA. By Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.; \$5.

(Other aspects of this book will be reviewed next week.)

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending August 27, 1921, were \$112,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$150,100,000; a decrease of \$38,100,000.

Following are the views of Mr. W. C. Van Antwerp, of McDonnell & Co., upon the present financial situation as developed in the course of an interview with the *Argonaut*. Mr. Van Antwerp is the author of the well-known hook, "The Stock Exchange from Within":

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ous American attribute, and that is a pity, because the man who sits tight and emerges from this period of depression with a little money and a little nerve will participate in the most memorable recovery ever known. The period of waiting for this recovery is very tedious; it does not accord with our rapturous national spirit; to the man who bought stocks six months ago and has been 'sitting up with the baby' ever since it is well-nigh unendurable. But like all other nightmares it will come to an end. And when it comes the man who has waited for it with patience and confidence will recover all his losses, and more.

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to answer. But they realize that in periods of alarm and panic one disaster breeds many, and that the best way to prevent these derivative disasters is to arrest the primary difficulty which causes them. This corrective process, which must be made effectual before we can hope for recovery, is now under way, and each day brings us nearer the end of our troubles. Already we have witnessed a decided and unmistakable improvement in credit conditions: the hubbles of an inflated currency has been pricked, and we are witnessing a reversal of the demoralizing downward trend of commodity values. These things are basic and fundamental; we could never hope for a return to normal until they had been accomplished. Labor, which declined to liquidate while all the rest of the world was liqui-

dating, has sensed the changed conditions beyond a doubt. The business of transportation, which next to agriculture constitutes our premier industry, shows a marked improvement both in car loadings and in net earnings; the enactment of the Winslow bill will further assist the carriers to pay off their mountainous vouchers and repair their equipment. Everybody knows that the packing and textile industries, to cite but two examples, are rapidly recovering. And so it goes.

"We must all remember that two steps forward and one step back is a law of all progress; that we must creep before we can walk; and finally that a sorely stricken industrial world, suffering as never suffered before, can not be expected to jump up and turn hand-springs.

"We are sitting at the bedside in a mortuary turn of mind, with a taste for gloomy forebodings. But the patient is slowly getting well."

People of small and moderate savings are beginning to receive the attention from investment bankers that is their due (says John K. Barnes in *Century Magazine*). For years past the investment banking machinery of this country has been geared to serve the man or woman with ten or twenty or more thousands of dollars to invest. The small investor was welcome when he came in of his own initiative, but little effort was made on the part of reliable investment houses to locate him or to invite him in. It was left largely to magazines and other publications conducting financial service departments to tell the public that there were reliable channels through which they could make safe investments, no matter how small their savings. There are indications that this is to be changed.

At the Financial Advertisers' Association Convention in Atlanta, in June, Mr. A. E. Bryson of Halsey, Stuart & Co., who has been giving careful study to this subject, made some definite recommendations for reaching the small investor which should be of interest to those who are able to accumulate small savings as well as to investment banking houses. That results will come from these recommendations, or from those made by others with the same object in view, is certain, for, as Mr. Bryson pointed out in opening his address, retail bond distribution today is a very different business from what it was ten years ago or even five years ago. Heavy taxation has driven the large buyer of corporation bonds and other taxable securities from the market and the average sale of bond distributors today is around \$3000 or less, where ten years ago it was at least four or five times that amount or more. On the other hand war-time prosperity, Liberty Loan drives, and the high rates of interest which have prevailed for the past few years have created a new bond-buying class—the small investor. Today he an important factor in the bond market and those banking houses that have fully appreciated this fundamental change in the investment business have begun to make their plans for serving this small investor as carefully as they have in the past served the large investor. Those who are not making such plans will be forced by circumstances to do so.

"Actual buyers are now scattered from Maine to California," Mr. Bryson said, "and

potential buyers, because of the increased wealth of the country and the greater familiarity of the majority with the merits of bonds, exist in every nook and corner of the country. The problem now is how to reach these buyers with profit to the distributor."

His first recommendation was for cooperation between the large distributing houses and the country banker under a plan such as was outlined on this page last January. That plan has received favorable attention from several investment houses and it is gratifying to print here what Mr. Bryson said regarding it:

"For those who are really concerned about ways and means of increasing bond distribution, the country banker offers one of the largest opportunities as well as one of the most difficult problems open to the solution of this question. It is inevitable, I think, that in time he will become a distributor—just how soon depends largely upon the aggressiveness of those whose job it is to get him to see the light. There are some 30,000 banks in the United States. Imagine the results if all, or a substantial part of them, add facilities for the distribution of sound investments to the other machinery for the promotion of thrift and accumulation which they have offered for years."

The second recommendation of Mr. Bryson was for fitting the product of the investment banker to the changed market for it. This is the recommendation that is of particular interest to the small investor. "It seems trite to state," he said, "that there is an infinitely larger proportion of people in the world whose monthly surplus is \$100 rather than \$1000. And again a much larger proportion whose monthly surplus is \$10 rather than \$100. While merchandisers in other lines have taken cognizance of this fact, we in the bonds business have not to the extent that we should. A majority of all pianos, talking machines, sewing machines, wash and ironing machines, and I understand automobiles as well, are today sold on the installment plan. In short, every facility is offered the man who wants to acquire what may perhaps be a nonessential, yet equal opportunity is not generally afforded him to acquire what is certainly more nearly an essential—sound interest-bearing investments. You may say there is no analogy; the piano merchant operates on a much wider profit, which permits of installment payments, and there is force to your argument. Yet have we as investment bankers no responsibility to supplant extravagance with thrift and to thwart the peddler of Blue Sky securities, who you may be sure will make terms to suit his buyer's pocket-book?"

"And can we consider only the profit of the first transaction? Is the purchaser's repeat business not worth consideration? Is the advertising value of a walking representative, for such the partial payment plan is apt to be, of no value? Is the fact that because of systematic saving the purchaser will become a larger and consistent buyer of no moment? Suppose we only break even in dollars and cents on a partial payment sale, are not the other considerations, a few of which I have suggested, sufficient to make the transaction in reality a profitable one?"

His conclusion on this point, addressed to the investment bankers, was in these words: "If you want to increase bond distribution

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and at the same time deal a body-blow to the slick salesman of Blue Sky securities, put in a partial payment plan. Don't worry too much about the profits. Consider rather the service which you are rendering and the good-will you are establishing, and I venture the opinion that the net result will be on the right side of the ledger at the year's end."

Mr. Bryson had a good deal to say concerning more and better advertising to put these "most advertisable commodities in the market" where they belong. This he regards as the most important question today in the problem of increasing bond distribution. He concluded his address with these fundamental reasons why we should endeavor to increase bond distribution. They should have the



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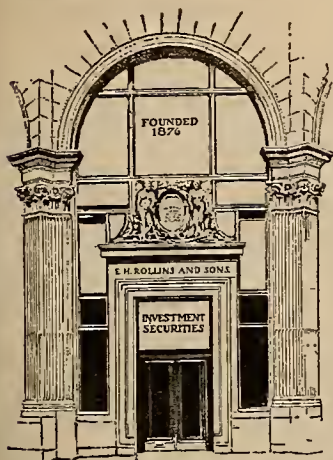
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In the field of bond investments there are many attractive bargains to be found in the external issues of foreign governments. Some of these issues are selling at figures to yield

anywhere from 5.65 to 10.35. Many American investors are beginning to realize the advantages and possibilities of this desirable class of issues. The security behind most of the foreign government bonds is very high.

The most outstanding issues are the Canadian government issues, such as the 5s due 1926, the 5s due 1929, and the 5s due 1931, the 5½s due 1927 and the 5½s due 1937. The United Kingdom Bonds; the 5½ per cent. (external) due 1937 stands out as one of the most attractive issues of the British obligations. The present yield is about 6.60. The Convertible 5½ due 1929 appears to be very attractive on account of its convertible privilege. This issue is convertible into War Loan Sterlings 5½. Both the external and internal issues, at present market figures, are unquestionably attractive purchases. Of the other government issues the following are well worth considering: Argentine Republic internal 5s due 1945, at a price to yield about 7.65; French Republic 4s redeemable after 1945 at the option of the French government; the Victory 5s due after 1931. Both issues are selling at very attractive prices, and will no doubt appreciate greatly in value when exchange returns to more normal conditions.

Of the Japanese loans, the most outstanding issues are the 4½s due 1925 and the sterling 4s due 1931. The former is selling at a present figure to yield about 10.25 and the later shows a yield of 9.10. The City of Tokio 5s due 1932 can be bought at about 60 to yield over 8. Other desirable issues are the Swedish government 6s due 1939; Switzerland 5½s due 1929; both are selling to yield over 6.50. The Belgian 6 per cent. external notes due 1925 yield about 7, and the Restoration 5s of 1934 are selling about 80. The 7½s (twenty-five-year) of 1945 show a yield of over 8.50 at present prices.

In the above group American investors will find a wide range to select from, and with exchange at present quotations the direct yields range from 5½ per cent. to 10 per cent. and over.—John D. Dunlop.

The William R. Staats Company have moved their offices from 477 California Street to the corner of California and Montgomery, where they will remain pending completion of their permanent offices in the Alexander Building, corner Bush and Montgomery Streets.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company have purchased and are offering \$100,000 Nevada-California Electric Corporation ten-year 6 per cent. convertible debentures, due April 1, 1926. These are part of \$336,800 of this issue outstanding, which mature prior to any other bonds of the company.

Dillon, Read & Co. are offering through a nation-wide syndicate the remaining \$25,000,000 worth of United States of Brazil twenty-year 8 per cent. external loan bonds. This offering will be made at 98½ and will return about 8.15.

Local bond and investment houses partici-

pating in the syndicate besides the Pacific Coast branch of Dillon, Read & Co. are Cyrus Peirce & Co., George H. Burr & Co., Bond & Goodwin & Tucker, and the bond department of the Bank of Italy.

The first block of these bonds was placed on the market by Dillon, Read & Co. about the middle of May and were well oversubscribed. The price on this second block is a point above the first offering, although the market on these bonds has been very strong, and at one time the price was considerably better than now.

The principal and interest of these bonds is payable in United States coin and the issue is non-callable, either as a whole or a part. The Brazilian government agrees to provide as a sinking fund sufficient to purchase \$625,000 principal amount of these bonds semi-annually during the life of these bonds, which is to be used to purchase bonds in the open market at a price not to exceed 105 and accrued interest.

This issue is a direct obligation of the United States of Brazil and will be specifically protected as to revenues by a first charge on the consumption and stamp tax, which yielded \$58,963,000 on the basis of the exchange rate during 1920.

The formation of employees' committees to direct the Southern Pacific Company's September campaign to prevent loss and damage in freight handling is proceeding rapidly on the various divisions of the Pacific system from Portland to El Paso, and the committees' personnel should be complete several days before the big drive starts, September 1st, according to R. G. Fagan, superintendent of freight protection, Southern Pacific Company.

Fagan points out that the idea of the campaign is to demonstrate what it is possible to do in handling freight without loss or damage, the success of which means improved service to the shipper. While the reduction in losses through claims for lost and damaged freight will benefit the company, the shippers will share as well, inasmuch as delays and annoyances from lost and damaged freight are as little relished by the shippers as by the railroads.

The committees are being formed by the stationmen, trainmen, and yardmen, and every section along the Southern Pacific lines will be represented on the general committees or sub-committees. As soon as they are organized the committees will hold conference to evolve plans for improved handling of freight and for the education of shippers to the importance of careful marketing, packing, and loading of consignments.

Fagan says that the amounts by which the net earnings of Class 1 roads have been reduced through loss and damage payments without any corresponding benefit to shippers of freight increased from \$23,546,965 in 1916 to \$104,398,930 in 1920.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Master of Man.

The problem that most novels juggle the figures of is how to keep their characters square with the law. This is particularly true of American and English fiction—continental romance being more concerned with dramatic effects and less with instructing the young. On the other hand we have a school, a very recent one, of English and particularly American fiction in which neither the pagan heauty of the Latin writers nor the moral austerity of our immediate Anglo-Saxon tradition flourishes. Both are extremes and neither belongs to life. We have before us a novel of a very different sort—a novel that is a novel in the sense that word connoted before it was usurped by the taldoid machine-made story of one episode and about one-quarter of an idea—tablets that are turned out in half a dozen patterns, labeled to suit the reader's taste. "The Master of Man," we repeat, is a three-dimensional novel with a double-harrelled theme. Hall Caine, we are told by his publishers' notices, has been silent for eight years. If it takes eight years to produce such a book as "The Master of Man," whether in the actual process of writing or not, we suggest that more prolific writers follow the illustrious Manxman's example. One such novel is worth eighty of the usual stamp.

Sir Hall has given his book the sub-title, "The Story of a Sin," which of course it is.

but somehow the designation seems inadequate. Any novel that is a synthetic representation of life must be the story of a sin. It is doubtful if a sinless cross-section of life could be taken anywhere. It is also the story of a crime—though the book does not belong to the category of criminal fiction, a large part of the action and interest hinges on the result of the crime and the sin. The sin, by the way, is one that passes for granted as part of the indispensable paraphernalia of realism in our innocuous fiction. We take it for granted. The great Manxman takes neither life nor sin for granted—that is probably why his novel hasn't the made-to-recipe air about it. Perhaps the author wished to emphasize the fact that his hero's sin was the crux of the situation; perhaps he launched his sub-title in the legitimate interests of good advertising. For doubtless not a few people will be attracted by that promise of iniquity. For the benefit of such we assure them there is not one sin, but several, and at least two crimes. For the benefit of others, we do not hesitate to go on record as saying that it is the cleanest book we have read lately.

As a serious novel and a serious essay in literature "The Master of Man" should rank very high indeed. We hesitate to say with the work of Thackeray and Meredith—so bound is the human mind by the need of greater glories in the past—but, in this book, at least, Hall Caine is the superior of either of those masters in a very important essential. He does not sentimentalize about his people nor idealize even his hero or heroine. In that respect he deserves to rank next to Fielding himself. And yet is there in all fiction—or elsewhere—a nobler specimen of a man than Victor Stowell, the heroic hero of "The Master of Man"? And speaking of comparisons, "The Master of Man" is bound to challenge comparison with "The Growth of the Soil," if for no other reason than the identity of the central crime. But where the Scandinavian book is sordid, with a vision reaching no further than the letter of the law and content when that is complied with, "The Master of Man," dealing with similar—we think slightly greater—temptations, yet redeems its sordid crimes by the disgust of the criminals themselves. The people of the Isle of Man are not brutish, but human. They are not up from the soil, but down to the soil—against which they heat the futile wings of their higher aims.

THE MASTER OF MAN. By Hall Caine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company: \$1.75.

America's Power Resources.

This is an extension and a digest of the reports on America's resources and her use of them made to the Smithsonian Institute by C. G. Gilbert and J. E. Pogue. Those who have only a vague idea of the squalid wastefulness that may almost be said to be our national policy would do well to read this sober statement concerning our oil, gas, coal, and transportation systems. Whether we should even then bring forth fruits meet for repentance is another matter.

Sometimes we "point with pride" to the landscape thickly dotted with oil derricks. They mean that the oil field has been leased up into small holdings and that the Smiths and the Browns are each feverishly sucking the oil from under his bit before the other fellow can suck it away from him. The wells are badly drilled, the gas is allowed to escape and water to enter the oil sands, oil runs to waste and evaporates, prices are demoralized and valuable wells in other fields abandoned. Innumerable other ills are the result of this "racing" between oil neighbors.

The story of the coal miners is just as bad. Assurances of the quantity of coal still remaining are misleading. The question is not how long the coal will last, but how long the high rank coal upon which concentrations of industry are dependent will last. That time, say the authors, is closer at hand than is generally realized.

The book, which is in no sense alarmist in the usual sense of the term, should be read in its entirety. Our whole standard of living depends upon power. The mainspring of American life is machinery in motion. Three billion hard-working slaves would be needed to take the place of our machines. If our machines are to remain in motion they must have fuel, and at the present time we are wasting 50 per cent. of that fuel. What are we to do about it?

AMERICA'S POWER RESOURCES. By Chester G. Gilbert and Joseph E. Pogue. New York: The Century Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"Poems of the English Race," selected and edited by Raymond MacDonald Alden (Charles Scribner's Sons), is an anthology of British and American poems that includes, says its compiler, "in the first place the classics which the years have culled out as memorable for younger generations from one generation to another, and, in the second place, a selection from recent poetry almost up to the present hour." The contents have been divided into two parts: Narrative Poems and Lyrical and Reflective Poems. The choice has been

based on the intrinsic fitness of the poems themselves, and not on the literary period or the importance of the author. The book is a useful miscellany for the average library.

"Letters to Nobody, 1908-1913" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5), is the journal of a big game hunter. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, the writer, wrote the letters during his brief holidays from his duties as director of the Finances of India. The game includes tigers, bison, elephants, rhinoceroses. Aside from the vicarious thrills of big game hunting, the reader will derive much useful information of the fauna and flora of India. The book is illustrated.

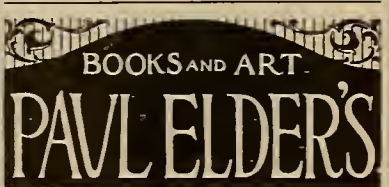
"Famous Chemists," by Sir William A. Tilden (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5), is not a history of chemistry so much as a history of chemists. Neither are these life stories of great chemists intended as formal biographies, but rather as a sketch for general reading of the lives and times of celebrated chemists. "Famous Chemists" should fill a long-felt need for information concerning the lives of these scientific men. The book is interestingly illustrated from photographs and prints.

A practical but nevertheless charming book for amateur gardeners is "Come Into the Garden," by Grace Tabor (Macmillan Company; \$2.50). Miss Tabor's experience, combining that of garden magazine editor and landscape architect, admirably fits her for writing for the needs of the average gardener and at the same time inspiring him to greater effort. The photographs of gardens of all sorts and kinds are themselves an inspiration. A thoroughgoing index makes the book a ready reference.

The old furniture enthusiast will revel in the plates and pages of "Domestic Life in Scotland, 1488-1688," by John Warrack (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3), but the general reader will also find much to interest and enlighten him. Mr. Warrack is an historian and an archaeologist, as a man should be before attempting to reconstruct the past from the relics of the past. "Domestic Life in Scotland" represents the result of close scholarly research and is written in a manner that will commend it to the general public as well as the antiquarian.

"How to Enjoy Music," by Herbert Antcliffe (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2), is published in the Library of Music and Musicians. Its author says it is not a book, but a collection of suggestions to help those who wish to get more enjoyment out of music than they have done before. The suggestions include notes on musical form, harmony and instrumentation, and interpretation, as well as the more usual phases of opera, programme music, etc. A chronological list of brief biographies of musicians throughout five centuries and a glossary of musical terms add intrinsic value to a very useful compilation.

The directors of the Kingswood School, Hartford, Connecticut, have voted to renew their lease on Mark Twain's old homestead there to prevent its demolition.



President David P. Barrows
University of California

Will deliver a lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery Monday, Sept. 12th, 3:30 o'clock. Tickets, \$1.00.

On James Bryce's
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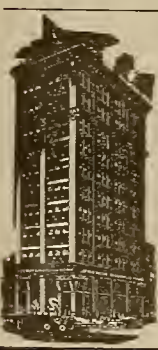
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Wind Along the Waste.

The scene of this story is laid in California, although it might just as well have been laid anywhere else. When the heroine is engaged as governess at Dane House, a long automobile ride from San Francisco, she finds at once that she is plunged into an atmosphere of mystery. Her employer, Miss Haldayne, and her sister are evidently terribly afraid of something and that their fears are not altogether illusory is shown by occasional glimpses of lurking Chinamen among the sand dunes and by evident traces of nocturnal visitors within the house. We have to read some two hundred pages before we reach the solution of occurrences that we may be pardoned for believing to be impossible in California, and when at last we begin to see light our sympathies are strongly with the Chinamen.

WIND ALONG THE WASTE. By Gladys E. Johnson. New York: The Century Company.

A Man's Game.

The "man's game" is the fomenting and conduct of a revolution in the Spanish-American republic of Mescalita. The average reader may think it a cruel and ruthless game, but so much depends on the point of view.

A group of Americans in Mescalita are thwarted in one of their development schemes by the rascalities of Mescalitan intrigues, and as a result they decide on a revolution that shall give their friends the upper hand and make for the advantage of American interests in general. They send an emissary to New York to secure the necessary financial aid and to raise a company of cowboys and desperados. In the meantime disaffection is spread among the Mescalitan Indians, the usual proclamations are prepared and the

train laid for an explosion at the opportune moment. An eccentric New York millionaire named Walter Acklom is interested in the project to the extent of financing it, but whether Acklom really believes that he is a philanthropist—for the matter of that they all profess to be philanthropists—must be left for the reader's decision. They seem to be surprisingly like highwaymen.

The story is a detailed narrative of the revolution, which proves to be a particularly bloody one. We should like to believe that Mescalita becomes henceforth a model republic, but we have our doubts. We can not see that the crew of ruthless adventurers whom we leave in control of the government of Mescalita is in any way preferable to the other crew that has been dispossessed. But perhaps the financial end justified the murderous means.

A MAN'S GAME. By John Brent. New York: The Century Company.

A New Book About London.

One would think it hardly possible to fill a substantial book with new facts about old London. But this is exactly what has been done by Mr. Leopold Wagner, who makes good his claim to have concerned himself "only with such matters as have escaped the notice of topographers." He tells us of old London houses, of tavern curiosities, of historic landmarks, and of Dickens' haunts and hostilities. Even those with an extensive knowledge of London will find something new on every page, some curious fact of archaeology or that illuminates some ancient chapter of sentiment or romance. Who knows, for example, of the Rainbow coffee house close to the Temple where James Farr, a barber, sold coffee in 1657 and was indicted by the churchwardens for "making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, whereby in making it

he annoys his neighbors by evil smells and fires for the most part night and day, to the great danger and afflictment of his neighbors"? The Vintners' Company denounced coffee as "a sooty drink," but then the Vintners' Company was doubtless prejudiced. And who knows of "Williams's" public house in Bishopsgate, whose customers are forbidden to smoke, to talk loudly, to sit down, or to call for a second drink? Then there is the Spaniards Inn at Hampstead, once the headquarters of Dick Turpin, where one may still see the knives and forks used at supper by that gallant highwayman and his friends when they were surprised by the officers on the eve of Dick's famous ride to York. Lovers of London will find this one of the most delightful books of the day, and one full of quaint and curious lore.

A NEW BOOK ABOUT LONDON. By Leopold Wagner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

F. Sturges Allen spent twenty years compiling his remarkable dictionary of synonyms and antonyms. It was the ambition of his life to produce the perfect book of synonyms. Although he died shortly before it was published, he had the pleasure of holding a copy in his hands, as his publishers hurried the process of manufacture in order to issue a copy in time. Mr. Allen was widely known as the editor of Webster's New International Dictionary.

Charles Caldwell Dobie thus describes himself: "I am a totally uneducated person who went only through the grammar grade and did not even have the benefit of four years of high school." However, Mr. Dobie dreamed of being an author ever since he can remember, and at his first opportunity studied the technic of writing with W. C. Morrow. While clerking in an insurance office Mr. Dobie devoted his evenings to writing a novel. "I wrote for ten years without selling anything," he relates. "In 1910 I sold my first short story to the San Francisco Argonaut. . . . I slaved in an insurance office for seventeen years. Four years ago, on April 1st, I bade farewell to my business career and decided to sink or swim on a literary sea. I am still swimming, thank fortune. Some day, perhaps, I may learn to float. I hope never to drift." Mr. Dobie, whose work pleases both public and critics, is about to publish a new novel, "Broken to the Plow."

The names of books, like the names of children, seem to be subject to seasonal popularity. Recently Fanny Hurst was asked to grant a playwright special permission to use the name of one of her short stories, "The Sob Sister." "The Breaking Point" is also in vogue just now. Mary Roberts Rinehart announces a novel by that name. An Englishman named Jeffery has titled a book on civilization in the light of today's conditions "The Breaking Point." A short-lived play, so named, was produced in New York last year. Artzibashev's novel, "Breaking Point," seems to have started a very respectable fashion.

Baroness Leonie Aminoff, whose brilliant novel of Napoleon and the French Revolution, "Torchlight," has been recently reviewed in this paper, is of Finnish birth. Her godfather was Topelius, the famous Finnish poet. Her father was Consul Emil Borgstein and her mother Constance Paterson of Castle Huntly. She was educated in France and England and married Baron Max Aminoff. Her first writing was done about ten years ago, when she published two books in Swedish, which were followed by "The Broad Walk," published in England. For the last six years the baroness has been a widow and her home is now in Helsingfors, Finland. "Torchlight," her most ambitious work thus far, is the first of a sequence of novels which she has planned to deal with the character and career of Napoleon throughout his life.

New Books Received.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE. By James Drever. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

COME INTO THE GARDEN. By Grace Tabor. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

A book for amateur gardeners.

THE MAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SNAKE. By Ferdinand Reyher. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

A novel.

FAMOUS CHEMISTS: THE MEN AND THEIR WORK. By Sir William A. Tilden. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

THE ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. By R. M. MacIver. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

HOW TO ENJOY MUSIC. By Herbert Antcliffe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

THE MASTER OF MAN. By Hall Cain. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

PROPERTY. By Arthur Jerome Eddy. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

An inquiry into property rights.

PEGGY WARE. By M. W. Howard. Los Angeles: J. F. Rowny Press; \$2.50.

A romance of the mountain regions of Alabama.



SHASTA
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The Standard of All Drinks

menes, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, Philopomen and Flaminius. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

Published in the Loeb Classical Library.

QUINTILIAN. With an English translation by H. E. Butler. In four volumes. Volume II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

Published in the Loeb Classical Library.

CARTER, AND OTHER PEOPLE. By Don Marquis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75.

Short stories.

NEOPHON, HELLENICA. Books VI and VII. ANABASIS. Books I-III. With an English translation by Carleton L. Brownson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

Published in the Loeb Classical Library.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN SCOTLAND, 1488-1688. By John Warrack. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

A sketch of the development of furniture and household usage. (Rhind Lectures in Archaeology, 1919-1920.)

WHITE SHOULDERS. By George Kibbe Turner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

A novel of the South.

A DAY IN A COLONIAL HOME. By Della R. Prescott. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

A reconstruction of colonial life for young people.

BRASS. By Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A novel of marriage.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY. By Norman Angel. New York: The Century Company; \$3.

A sequel to "The Great Illusion."

BURNING SANDS. By Arthur Weigall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A novel.

THE TOWER OF LONDON. By Walter George Bell. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.

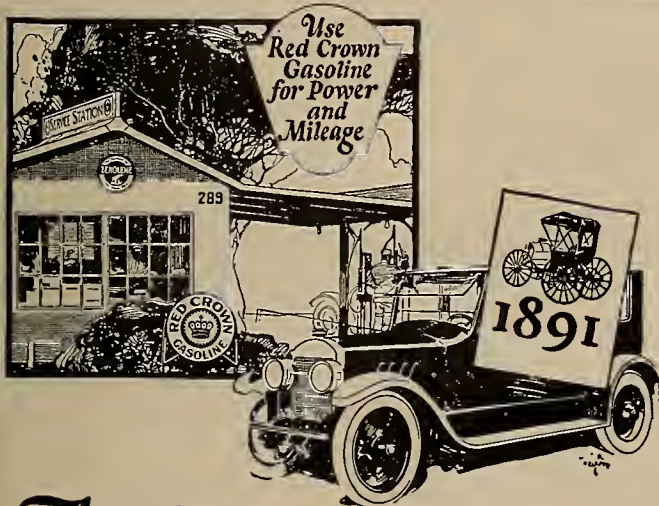
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THE ORPHEUM.

"The Mayor and the Manicure," with its neatly alliterative title and its deft presentation of the astute politician defeating the predatory female blackmailer, makes an excellent vehicle for that sterling veteran, William H. Crane, whose art remains ever fresh and vigorous. Fifty years, I believe, is the record that Mr. Crane has rolled up of histrionic services to the public, and the familiar ring of his voice has somewhat lessened. But if his voice has lost some of its punch his acting hasn't, and the play goes with snap, in spite of the supporting company giving out an obscure suggestion of being carefully trained into the conscientious presentation they give of the minor characters.

Miss Grace Goodall, who undertakes the rôle of the manicure, looks neither old enough nor tough enough for the part; for, judging from the mayor's heartless allusions to the lady's age, she is supposed to be a well-seasoned dame with a thrifty cultivation of youthfulness of appearance; or else she should look crassly materialistic, which Miss Goodall does not.

However, conscientiousness serves, and Mr. Crane's is the dominating figure in the clever little farce-comedy which one might easily believe had been written especially for him by George Ade.

There is another playlet on the bill this week—"The Honeymoon," by Aaron Hoffman—in which are amusingly depicted by Regina Connelli and William L. Gibson a chilly and crochety bride and a humble and subservient bridegroom. It is just an entertaining trifle, but a good point in it is that just about the time the spectators thought the bride needed a good trouncing she got it; a verbal one, it is true, but it served as a good point to the playlet, and apparently immensely gratified the male contingent in the audience. For a noticeable trait of male spectators at vauville is their rich relish in any hits at wives; a relish that frequently reaches the point of emphatic applause at any bits of humorous cynicism directed at the holy institution of marriage.

George Ford and Flo Cunningham gave a very neat act in which they successfully departed from stereotype, and thoroughly succeeded in their design of piquing the curiosity of the audience as to whether or not they were man and wife. George Ford is a particularly clever comedian in his line, and his partner is a good second.

The Scanlons and Dennos quartetted, and danced, and successfully sprang a surprise that made the act stand out, and the four Lamy brothers, in their amazing acrobatic feats, fairly thrilled the audience into sudden starts and apprehensive exclamations as they trekked feats in the ordinary line of perilous air acrobatics.

Carson and Willard gave a nonsense act of the kind that everybody laughs at gleefully and forgets immediately; Artie Mehlinger sang a well-arranged medley of George W. Meyer's songs, the popular composer presiding at the piano while the effervescent Mr. Mehlinger danced, and convetted, and hopped, and warbled, and jested, to the delectation of an appreciative audience, which testified its satisfaction by applause as each familiar number came along. Mr. Mehlinger's name comes first on the programme, and really when one recalls the untiring energy with which he amused the audience, he certainly deserved it. As a decorative wind-up we had the Marion Morgan Dancers. Eight young women alternated in giving dances in groups of four, and as the costumes—in spite of the limitation of their material—played an important part in the spectacle, the idea worked out very happily.

How soon we adjust ourselves to features in stage entertainment that would once have shocked us horribly. I remember, some years ago, how startlingly uncovered Maude Durrant—or was that her stage name?—seemed in the Salomé dance which was invidiously commented on at the time when the dancer's voluminous skirts whirled out at right angles. But the astute Miss Morgan is fully up to date, and, indeed, almost ahead of it, in the way she costumes her dancers. As to the girls themselves, with them it is evidently strictly business. The eight girls—there are no solo dancers—do their act well, and show especial proficiency in giving dramatic expression in feature as well as pose and motion, and the act in its entirety is characterized by agreeable variety.

MAN VERSUS WOMAN.

The drama of the past has largely concerned itself with the mutual love of men and women. But what about the drama of the future? Millions of men who would have offered homes and wifehood to women are dead. Millions of women whose domesticities or whose love of pleasure would have kept them out of the industrial world are now earning, or will be obliged to earn, their living. Two million women in excess of the men in Great Britain alone, we are told.

What a picture this conjures up! Two million of the women upon whom fate has already borne down rather heavily by making them plain or without allure forced to enter into working competition with men, no matter how unfitted they may be for the struggle in ability or disposition.

Man does not seek his mate, be she an illicit or a legitimate one, in the mood of a utilitarian. He wants the woman of beauty, charm, attractiveness to sit by his fireside, or to be by his side when he walks abroad, that he may revel in the envy of his peers.

And what then becomes of those others, the plain women, the shy, self-effacing ones, the untemperamental, matter-of-fact kind, who, even if they are dowered with good looks, are unaware of how to use them to lure the masculine gaze?

It looks very much as if the unappropriated women, those who enter the industrial world and support their widowed mothers, orphaned brothers and sisters, and paralyzed uncles and aunts, are going to correspond to the workers in the bee-hive. They will constitute a third sex. For them there will be no romance; no sweet dreams of a fairy prince who will come to the rescue with love in one hand and rare gifts in the other.

Fate will be unkind to these women, for, once the semi-paralyzed masses regain their poise, and the old struggle for a living begins, the competition will be fearful. Then we will see, possibly, man against woman, armed with his superior strength, and rendered desperate by the influence of that primal law, "self-preservation is the first law of nature."

Does it sound improbable? Perhaps it may not develop to such a pitch here in America. Our 50,000 dead in the war are but a small proportion compared to the millions of Europeans who died. It is there that the struggle will be most bitter, for war has had a brutalizing effect, as we may remark in unhappy Russia, where masculine chivalry toward woman seems to have died, as the Russian masses grow increasingly hungry and unfed.

Oddly enough, sex antagonism in the labor market has already been used as the leading motive in a play. It was Brieux who first recognized that the hostility of the male to the female worker could be used as a motive in the drama. "La Femme Seule," or "Woman on Her Own," as Mrs. George Bernard Shaw renders the title in her translation of the play, is a play in which the author depicts the experiences of a woman happily betrothed until she learns that, through the dishonesty of the lawyer in charge of her securities, she is without a dowry.

We in America have learned through French drama and fiction how immensely important a marriage dowry is to French girls. It is true that its importance is somewhat lessened since more numerous paths of industry are opening up to Frenchwomen. But these women virtually renounce all idea of

marrying when they enter into the business world.

In "Woman on Her Own" Therèse's engagement is automatically off with the disappearance of her dowry, although she and René love each other deeply.

Therèse, being a woman of intelligence and resource, refuses an asylum with her relatives, and after various difficulties and the usual insults, finally demonstrates unusual abilities in a business position as directress in a hindery.

Here Therèse organized the women's work-room, and, on account of mutterings among the men, started a union; the Hens' Union, the scornful workmen called it.

Trouble is precipitated by the women working at lower wages than the men, who demand that they be given the same pay; also the break-up of the Women's Union. "It strengthens you too much against us," said the men's delegate in his complaint against the invasion of the labor market by female labor. "I've just come down from Paris. Who gave me my railway ticket? A woman. Who did I find behind the counter at the postoffice? A woman. Who was at the end of the telephone wire? A woman. I had to get some money; it was a woman gave it me at the bank. I don't even speak of the women doctors and lawyers. . . . There are women now even in the metal-working shops."

"The women," complains the delegate, "are not competitors; they are enemies. In every dispute they'll take the side of the masters. . . . They've always done it, because women take orders by instinct. They're humble, and docile, and easily frightened."

At this point in the play, which, like the majority of the Brieux plays, is a thesis treating of a social and economic problem, we recognize the familiar Brieux note. Therèse and the delegate thresh out the question at a length never permitted on the American stage. The delegate points out that in severing the woman from all her domestic duties in time she will revolt against factory work. But this point is scarcely borne out by Vincent, one of the workers, who demands work for his wife in order that he may have more tobacco and extra butter on the bread. Also a bicycle, money to pay for his amusements, etc., while his wife utilizes her rare leisure in cooking, cleaning, and mending.

Such diverse points of view are irreconcilable. The defiance of the women—who have been selected because of their special need for the work—makes the men ugly. They make a hideous vow and threaten the head of the bindery so fiercely that he is finally obliged to let, not only the work-women go, but Therèse herself.

Therèse, who has already given up one position because of the amorous persecution of her employer, finds herself again out in the cold world. And the intimation is that she is going to give herself to René, her former betrothed—whose marriage with her is refused by his parents—because she sees no other solution.

Brieux wrote this play before the war. With his flair for economic problems he foresaw this one. The only solution will come, he feels, through an improved outlook that the men must gain from education.

Brieux also recognizes that modern times and women's increased privileges have developed a generation of women who prefer single life to matrimony. However unnatural the celibate's life is, there are millions of women who live it today, and their right to follow their own preference in the matter is readily accorded by this most far-sighted and liberal-minded of Frenchmen.

As to the part that a theme of such nature will play in the drama we can not but recognize that romance will continue to flourish even within the cold gray walls of factories, and that drama—outside of America, at any rate—is bound to reflect contemporary life. The present era in respect to literature is in an arrested condition. When the world gets to work, production begins, and the masses are occupied and themselves again, then we may look for this question to come up. And when it does it will infallibly make its entrance into the drama.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Many regions hitherto impassable by railway are now being opened up by arial transport. The British Air Ministry announces that a new route has just been opened across the desert between Palestine and Mesopotamia. The new route—an extension of the present Cairo-Ramleh route—is about 580 miles long. Starting from Ramleh, where the main royal air force aerodrome is situated in Palestine, it passes through Amman—east of the Jordan—and Kasr Azrak, where landing grounds have been prepared, and proceeds thence in an almost straight line across the Arabian desert to Ramadieh, on the Euphrates, and thence to Bagdad. Notification has been received in London of the arrival at Bagdad of three airplanes of the royal force which have flown over this route.

Weather Bureau figures show that the windiest place in the United States is Point Reyes, California.

THE NEED OF ACCURACY.

Secretary Hughes hit on a common fallacy of men when he told a group of young consular appointees the other day, "I confess that in my experience with young men the capacity I have found least often is the capacity for accuracy." Every employer of large numbers of men has found the same thing, if the nature of their work was such as to make accuracy a principal desideratum. Honesty—so common indeed, he it said to our credit to a people, that it is rated as practically universal; but ability to observe correctly, to get to the bottom and ascertain the facts, and then to report them without deviation from the truth, is so rare as to excite commerce everywhere.

"I have set greater store by the discovery that I could absolutely depend upon what man said," said Secretary Hughes, "than have ever set by anything that his friend may say who are not in close contact with him and in a position to observe his daily work." Mr. Hughes here implies no accusation that young men are conscious liars, but he evidently means only that the power of close observation and accurate reporting is last among the faculties to be developed by the average man and the one least employed by many. Yet when it has been discovered that a young man is "unreliable," it is far from being a perfect defense to plead that he believed that he was right. The world of business is built on the foundation of probity which means dependability both in the letter and the spirit of the transaction.

"The occasion for the meeting of Secretary Hughes and the young men in question is more than incidentally interesting because of its bearing on the changes which the consular service has recently undergone. The removal of this branch of the public employment from the realm of politics, and its elevation to the list of opportunities for a career, mark an epoch in the political development of the country. The most recent of all the departments of the government to be put on an efficiency basis and to come under the protection of the civil service principle, it is the one in which permanency is the most likely to influence results.

If the consular service can be made the technically efficient institution that it ought to be, inviting the talents of highly-trained linguists and commercial experts, it will appeal to the young men of the country as something entirely worth their while. And if it can be kept free from wire-pulling and favoritism and made so that promotions are certain to be the reward of merit, it will come very close to being an ideal career for intelligent, ambitious, and adventuresome young Americans. Secretary Hughes gives promise that this will be done. It is observable that in respect to the extension of at least the principle of the merit system in governmental affairs the country has never consented to the taking of a backward step.—Oregonian.

The latest theory of the origin of the Pacific islands is that they are the result of recent geological disturbances—not the mountain peaks of a submerged continent of the Pacific, as so many scientists have believed. The new theory is advanced by Dr. Ralph Linton, research assistant in archaeology at the Bishop Museum.

Rosa Bonheur, the famous French painter, always wore masculine attire, except on social occasions, when she invariably appeared in a black silk gown of the plainest make.

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The Maitland Playhouse.

All is in readiness for the opening next Monday night of the third season of the Maitland Playhouse with its worth-while plays. George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Major Barbara," has been selected for the opening week and with Miss Lea Penman and John Fee as additions to the cast. Both Miss Penman and Mr. Fee are well known to San Francisco play-goers.

As subscribers' night has been done away with, the general public will be welcomed Monday nights the same as any other night during the week, save Sunday evening, when no performance is given.

Matinees during the coming season will be given Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, as was the custom last year.

"Belinda," a dainty comedy by A. A. Milne, played in New York by Ethel Barrymore and in Europe by Violet Vanburg and Dion Boucicault, is announced for the second week at the Maitland Playhouse.

Maeterlinck's poetic drama, "Monna Vanna," is announced for the Maitland the week commencing Monday night, September 19th.

The Columbia Theatre.

"Over the Hill" will end its long run at the Columbia Theatre this Saturday night, when it will have achieved a run of 112 performances.

Sunday matinee, September 8th, William Fox's feature picture, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia, the run being limited by the fact that Henry Miller and Blanche Bates will open the regular fall and winter season the middle of September.

"A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" is taken from Mark Twain's celebrated comic romance of the same name, and was built to make people laugh, a purpose in which it seems to have succeeded to judge by reports that come from Eastern cities where the picture has been shown. Harry Myers appears in the title-role and splendidly visualizes Mark Twain's hero. Pauline Stark and Rosemary Theye are also in the cast. Matinee every day.

Henry Miller and Blanche Bates come to the Columbia on Monday, September 19th, in their new play, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," opening the fall and winter season.

Scotti Grand Opera Season.

Riccardi Stracciari, operatic Italian haritone, who will be heard with the Scotti Grand Opera Company, which commences a two weeks' season on Monday night, September 19th, at the Exposition Auditorium, was born in Bologna, Italy. Although the offspring of an artistic family, he was educated at the Institute Aldini Valeriani for Arts and Trades, after which he entered the Institute of Bologna, where he was graduated with high honors as an electrical engineer. In spite of the fact that his future along technical lines looked particularly bright, he dropped his chosen vocation and entered the Liceo Musicale, where he made remarkable progress.

His debut was made a short time later, not in opera, but in oratorio, singing the leading role in Perosi's "Resurrection of Lazarus." His first appearance in opera followed shortly

at the Teatro Duse of Bologna as Marcello in "Bohème."

Besides being an operatic artist, Stracciari has been equally successful on the concert stage, singing easily without exaggeration, and delighting his audiences with the sincere rendition of his songs.

During the coming season of the Scotti company Stracciari is scheduled to sing roles in "Il Barbiere Di Siviglia," "Zaza," "Pagliacci," and "Carmen." Directly following the close of the San Francisco engagement he goes to Italy, where he will make his debut at the La Scala in Milan.

Antonio Scotti has further augmented his company by the addition of Adolf Bolm and his Metropolitan ballet. Adolf Bolm remained in America after the Diaghileff ballet, which had brought him here, departed again for Europe, and he has become associated with choreography and dancing in this country. He is at present leading producer and dancer for the Metropolitan Opera Company, a position he has held for some years, with his production of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or" and Stravinsky's "Petrouska" to his credit. The history of the Imperial Russian Ballet, of which Bolm is an exponent and was formerly a member, is interesting. It began in the seventeenth century and originally borrowed its technique from the French and Italian schools. It became as time went on a more and more rigorous institution. Applicants had to go through elimination courses, and in the end only the most fit mentally and physically were retained for training. The traditions of the Latin schools of dancing eventually gave way before the more brilliant and lawless imagination of the Muscovites, and so we see the Russian school emerging at the beginning of the twentieth century a many-sided art movement combining painting, music, and motion in perfect complement to one another. For want of a more suitable name we have come to call this art choreography.

Music lovers and those interested in the terpsichorean art, realizing that the opera season is but little less than three weeks away, are keeping the ticket-sellers at the Scotti box-office, Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, constantly busy, and the activity there presages a success for the Scotti Grand Opera Company.

The Orpheum.

Sarah Padden is to bring her latest depiction, "The Charwoman," to the Orpheum as next week's headliner. In her new rôle she is said to be even better suited with a character than she was in "The Clod."

The programme for the week includes Edith Clifford. Miss Clifford was the Clifford of Clifford and Mack. Roy Ingraham is her accompanist at the piano.

Frank Farron, described as a "Dealer in Laughs," will be included on the Orpheum bill this week.

Of particular import is the announcement that William L. Gibson and Regina Connelli, Marion Morgan Dancers, Artie Mehlinger and George W. Meyer, George Ford and Flo Cunningham, and the Clairmont Brothers are to occupy spots on the new bill.

Professor Alfred Gradenwitz has advanced the theory—which he assures us is only tentative—that national type may be the result of similarity of ideals and standards among the members of a nation, fully as much as it is the product of climate and food. In fact, Professor Gradenwitz is inclined to think the mental factor the more dominant and he points to the Roman type that developed in the Roman colonies as well as in the parent country—a case that can not be explained by habitat nor even by intermarriage. The theory is advanced to account for the fact that immigrants from widely separated countries who come to America rapidly come to resemble each other and to conform to the type we familiarly call "American." The process suggested by the theory might be called post-eugenics. We are used to regretting that a man can not choose his parents, but if the professor's theory is tenable, it would seem that we can choose our nationality. Other arguments in support of the hypothesis are the similarity between the "American" type and that of the American aborigines and the resemblance that is so often noticed between long-married couples. The importance for education in Americanism is emphasized if Professor Gradenwitz can prove his interesting theory.

American patrons of archaeology are promoting an expedition to Palestine to excavate the sight of Armageddon, the scene of the first battle known to civilization, whose date is placed at 1479 B. C. The University of Chicago is sending the expedition with Dr. James Henry Breasted, head of the university's department of Oriental languages and literature, in charge. Digging at the sight of Armageddon was in progress under German supervision when the breaking out of war put a stop to all scientific research on the part of Germany that was not of a more helligent nature.

THE DRAMA OF KING PETER.

Of all the great dramas that have grown out of the war or in which it has been involved, probably none surpasses the life of King Peter of Serbia in human interest. Having spent his life to middle age in exile, he was called to the throne as the result of a crime which exterminated the rival dynasty. Thus ended the feud in which the Karageorgevich and Obrenovich families at intervals drove one another from the throne.

Strife has been the daily lot of Serbia. Having driven out the Turks and achieved freedom by savage war a century ago, the liberated part of the race strove to emancipate and unite with it the greater parts which remained subject to Austria and Turkey. It made some progress and won complete independence in 1878, but it saw Bosnia and Herzegovina transferred from the weakening grasp of Turkey to the strong grip of Austria. In 1908 Austria announced that it would hold those provinces permanently, and thus hastened the world war. Russia was then too weak to defy Austria and Germany combined in defense of her ward, and Serb efforts were confined to agitation and secret conspiracy. In alliance with Greece and Bulgaria in 1912 Serbia doubled her area and population at the expense of Turkey and won still more from Bulgaria in 1913. The last of the race escaped from Turkish tyranny, which had been endured for more than five centuries, as the climax of a century of war.

This triumph led the Serbs to turn attention to their brothers who were under Magyar and Austrian rule, and expanded their hopes of expanding the kingdom to the west and north and winning a door on the sea. This ambition prompted the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, which lighted the fire of the world war. Peter had become an invalid and had handed the reins to his son Alexander. Twice during the first few months of the war the enemy penetrated to the heart of old Serbia, and twice he was flung out with terrible loss. On the second occasion the crippled king made an appeal to his soldiers which so fired their spirits that they were irresistible.

But 1915 was Serbia's year of tragedy. Deserted by her false ally, Greece, and left to her own slender resources by the great powers till relief was too late, the country was overrun by the armies of Austria, Germany, and Bulgaria from the north, east, and west. Through the last gap in the fast-closing trap the army, carrying its crippled king and taking every boy of twelve or over, retreated through the snowy Albanian Mountains to the Adriatic Sea and finally found refuge on Corfu. It renewed the fight in 1916, but only won the corner around Monastir. Through 1917 and most of 1918 Peter lay helpless while his country was ravaged by ruthless Germans and Magyars and vengeful Bulgars.

Victory came in September, 1918. Greece had joined the Allies, a host of Serbs from Austria had enrolled with their brethren, French and British troops were in line, and in mid-September a breach was made in the Bulgar line. It was quickly widened, the Allied troops poured through, within two weeks Bulgaria surrendered, and in the early days of November the Serbs were again on the Danube, where their retreat had begun in 1915.

The old king, now blind as well as racked with pain, lived to learn that his young son had gathered all the Serbs into the one fold. In the six years from the beginning of the Balkan war in 1912 to the close of the world war in 1918 Serbia's population was increased from less than 3,000,000 to about 13,000,000, equal to that of Czechoslovakia and Roumania as they now are and 50 per cent. greater than that of either Austria or Hungary, the Serbs' former oppressors. Peter lived to see mentally his people with a long frontage on the Adriatic Sea, for which they had struggled. His comfort after being twice exiled and after witnessing his country under the heel of the conqueror was that all his people were united and free, and that thus the work begun by his ancestor, Karageorge, is finished.

Peter's death is the latest of a long series among the monarchs who reigned when the war began. Among those of belligerent nations only King George of Britain, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and King Constantine of Greece still occupy their thrones. The Romanoffs are well-nigh exterminated, Charles of Roumania is dead, Francis Joseph of Austria is dead, Ferdinand of Bulgaria is in exile, William of Germany and Charles of Austria and all the lesser German sovereigns are fugitives, and Sultan Abdul Medjid of Turkey is dead. Though he had been driven out and ended his reign a physical wreck, Peter outlived or outreigned them all.—Oregonian.

The government of Liberia rents the chamber of the House of Representatives in Monrovia for a twice-weekly motion-picture show. The admission price is 30 cents, and the president of the republic has his own reserved seat.



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The Unknown Island.

To be commended with discernment is usually an agreeable experience, and M. Sacha Guity, who has returned to Paris after his recent experiences of London and its audiences, has been saying some pleasant things about London and its inhabitants in the columns of the *Temps*. As far as theatre audiences go, the visit has confirmed M. Guity in an old impression—that "the good public has no fatherland." From the point of view of the actor and playwright the good public is the public that understands, and, though M. Guity found himself in occasional difficulties in the streets or his hotel, in the theatre all embarrassment vanished and the barriers of race and tongue were as though they had never been. If there are any frontiers to the kingdom of dramatic art M. Guity found that they had been drawn by the "stars" and the managers who present them. He deplors the fact that an English audience is cut off from contemporary French stagecraft by the tendency of visiting "stars" and their managers to stage only the accepted certainties—"La Dame aux Camélias," "Cyrano de Bergerac," and so forth.

On the London that lies beyond the theatre M. Guity is shrewd and interesting. The number of concerns which trade as Brown "and Sons" or Brown "Bros.," suggests to him the reflection that the English family is more closely knit than the French. He observes, like many other visitors, the unquestioned authority of our policemen, and concludes that the English regard the laws as created for their protection instead of for their annoyance (which is certainly not a Parisian attitude). He is pleased by the safety of a drive in a London taxicab—as compared, one supposes, with the desperate adventure of its Parisian equivalent. Perhaps his most interesting—and most debatable—opinion is on the difference between the French and the British public in general. The difference is as between a man of thirty and a man of sixty:

"In my opinion the public in France was forty-three years old in 1912. I consider that it has aged rapidly since then. I can not say whether the English public was a child in 1912, but I can tell you that, in my view, it has the air today of a young man, full of health and energy. Without being ironical or blasé it has a rich sense of humor."

It is a queer point of view; but if our elder brother will always speak so kindly of us we shall have no excuse for quarreling with him.—Manchester Guardian.

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VANITY FAIR.

Recent interest in international contests of sports is said to be undermining American preference for baseball. In fact it has been predicted that the time is not distant when baseball will no longer be our national sport. The event is not to be deplored. Whatever the merit of baseball to the players themselves, it has a serious drawback in that its vogue discourages active participation in sports by the majority. Sport is intrinsically not a thing like music or drama that should be practiced by the few. Vicarious exercise should not be encouraged. We rejoice in our new-found distinction as a nation of amateur as well as professional sportsmen.

And there are other ways we are improving. A second great American institution is passing, and one for which we have had less desire than for the beloved contest on the diamond. We are referring to the passing of the snob. Reports from abroad tell us that Americans are losing their old-time snobbishness. We know that fewer American girls are marrying titles—but that was just one of many phases of our provincial characteristic. Even European girls occasionally marry titles. We have not had an American monopoly, by any manner of means. But the movement to become democratic—almost as democratic as Englishmen themselves—seems to be well under way. Rumor has it that Americans abroad are treating their aristocratic hosts as equals.

Gradually we are accustoming ourselves to the transcendent rôle of the movies and of movie actors in our national life; but till now we rather insisted on their staying in their place as public entertainers. Now we come across the movies in a new rôle. Cinema actors may henceforth consider themselves in the light of unofficial diplomats. If Sienkiewicz' phrase may be twisted in both meaning and form, we may pronounce them diplomats without portfolios. Mr. Davis Edwards, writing in London, sends home the special plea that movie producers and actors consider international relations in filming pictures that are liable to go abroad. Mr. Edwards says: "In the main, London likes American pictures. Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and half a dozen others are as well known and popular on this side as they are at home. But I should be delighted if no more films containing caricatures of Britons—stage Englishmen—were sent across. They seriously harm American prestige."

On the subject of the ubiquitous movie, we have other news from abroad. Amateur movies, like amateur sports, are spreading. The Duchess of Marlborough is picturizing Blenheim Castle. It does not take much perspicacity to foresee the day when an earnest representative from Muscogee will originate a bill to prevent the private ownership of movie machines on the original plea, no doubt, that feminine vanity is on the increase. We suggest to begin action immediately, as the fad is bound to go further.

The last straw in the way of senatorial reform has come in the beauty-contest bill introduced by a member from Oklahoma. The proposed Herrick law would impose one year's imprisonment or a \$5000 fine or both for promoters and participants in such contests. The enormity of the crime, we are told, is due to the bad influence that beauty contests have on girls. They lure them from home and encourage them to go on the stage! Now, every pretty girl should know that her place is in the home. It is sad that it remains for an Oklahoman to tell her so. The stage—since it is still extant, though no one may say how long that unreformed condition will be allowed to go on—should naturally recruit its material from the ugliest women in the country. Would the home-loving congressman—who we understand is a bachelor—condone contests of ugliness? We repeat, the stage is still allowed to function. It must therefore draw its material from somewhere. And even ugly actresses are better than none. We should, we suppose, be grateful for what small privileges we retain.

Apropos of blue laws, one always thinks of costume; or lack of costume. Matters must have changed greatly on European bathing beaches. There was a time—probably "hefo' de wah," as the Southerners used to say—when the European bathers conducted themselves in the most prudent, not to say prudish, manner.

At Brighton and other English bathing beaches, at Ostend, at Trouville, Deauville, Biarritz, at San Sebastian, and other Continental bathing beaches, practically all the bathers disappeared themselves in little structures called "bathing machines" in England and "cabines" in France. These were then wheeled down to the water. The rise and fall of the tide is very great on most European beaches, and when the tide is low it is a long distance from dry land to the water. Therefore the bathers go into the hriny directly

from their bathing machines and almost out of sight of the people seated on the dry sands. At some of these beaches in the old days there were ropes rigged like life-lines in the water to divide the sexes. All these old fashions in Europe seem to have gone into the discard.

Yet at Atlantic City late dispatches tell us that a sensation was created last week by the appearance of a bathing cabinet—"the first ever used in America"—and the mayor of Atlantic City christened it by breaking a bottle of champagne on its side as it was wheeled down into the surf. The paragraph caused a mild feeling of wonder, for the Atlantic City sirens have not been noted in the past for ostentatious modesty. This bathing cabinet, it seems, was purchased by an Atlantic City hotel for those of its guests who desired to wear one-piece bathing suits.

The Atlantic City cabinet is painted in large red and white stripes and has windows on all four sides. Thus it will be seen that it is modest, neat, and not gaudy. The mild feeling of wonder at the demand for such a bathing cabinet is allayed when we learn that Miss Hope Hampton, a movie star, was the first to use the cabinet. Rumor ran through the serried ranks of lounge lizards along Atlantic City's board walk and as a result a mob surrounded the red and white striped cabinet when Miss Hope Hampton emerged in her one-piece bathing suit. The young lady, we learn from her voracious press agent—who certainly did a great stunt—was rescued with difficulty from the mob.

The Children's Princess.

Princess Mary continually grows in popularity. She has many of the characteristics of her brother, the Prince of Wales, and, had she his dash as well as her really notable mental brilliance, she would be a sort of second "Princess Pat" (says a London correspondent), who was patron saint of the Canadian troops during the war and although daughter of the Duke of Connaught and therefore a member of the royal family, finally married a sailor without rank or title—and with the full consent of her father and mother.

Princess Mary cares little for those things for which some English princesses have been famous—sports and out-of-doors life of the strenuous sort. She loves the out-of-doors and knows horses very well, but she never cared for tennis, and her horsemanship, while good, has not been daring or especially expert.

She is instantly fascinated when she sees an infant and usually shows this in such manner as to leave no doubt whatever as to the genuineness of her emotions. She has been the judge at many a baby show, and her decisions have always been based upon sound understanding and beyond the reach of criticism.

When she is to be the chief judge at a baby show it is usual for her to see to it that each babe exhibited gets some sort of a prize, for she infinitely hates to see any disappointed mothers after a show is over.

More and more frequently, in these days, she is called the "children's princess." There is not a movement having anything to do with babies or young children in which she does not take a vital interest.

Not only does she worship children, but quite obviously they instinctively delight in her and trust her. It is charming to observe the way they flock to her even when they do not know at all that she is Princess Mary.

The Rev. Francesco Scatigna of Locorotondo, in the province of Bari, Italy, claims to have discovered a "perpetual calendar," which has baffled science for centuries. His calendar consists of two discs, one superimposed upon the other, by the turning of which the correct day, week, and month may be obtained. The great astronomer Herschel declared that a perpetual calendar never could be devised.

A new process for the manufacture of carbon from lignite will be utilized in a \$1,000,000 plant to be built in Monroe, Louisiana. The new carbon will be used in the process of refining sugar, replacing the bone black now in use.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An unfaithful steward had embezzled a large sum and his employer asked advice as to how he should he dealt with. "Get rid of him at once," advised an Englishman. "Keep him and deduct the sum from his wages," said a Scotchman. "But," said the employer, "the sum is far greater than his wages." "Then raise his wages," suggested an Irishman.

A four-year-old who was taken to kindergarten for the first time was allowed to slide down the chute in the playground. Finally the teacher called to him to join the other children in a game. "Oh! I want to slide down here," the youngster protested. The teacher adjusted her most sympathetic tone to say, "But we are going to do something else now." "Oh! I don't mind!" said the magnanimous baby, returning to his slide.

Said the guest, upon approaching his host's home in the suburb, "Ah, there are some of your family on the veranda. The girl in short dresses is your daughter, the young man in riding breeches is your son, and the woman in the teagown is your charming wife." Said the host: "No, you are all wrong. The girl in the short dresses is my grandmother, the young fellow in riding breeches is my wife, and the woman in the teagown is my ten-year-old daughter, who likes to dress up in her great-grandmother's dresses."

An Englishman went to a baseball game, and both sides made one run each during the first inning. The Englishman watched the scoreboard intently, as each team failed to make a run in the following innings. The game had gone sixteen innings, and the figure one and the zeros following had left their impression on the mind of the Englishman. Going down the street after the game, a small hoy stopped him and asked what the score was. "Oh," said the Englishman, "I lost all track of the game; it's way up in the millions."

A negro employed at one of the Hollywood movie studios was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion. "You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream." "Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the dorky. "No, sah! Not a-tall. I quits right here and now." "But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you. This lion was brought up on milk." "So was I hung up on milk," wailed the dorky, "but I eats meat now."

William Keith was said to be very superstitious, as so many artists are. A story is told of him that corroborates the report. A soothsayer once told him that he would die in Europe. At the time Keith ignored the prophecy, but, happening to remember it when he was preparing to go abroad, he called off his tour and could not be persuaded to go on with his plans—until another fortune-teller assured him that he would die on his native soil. Keith then went gayly on with his plans, but was careful to omit Scotland from his itinerary.

"The college graduate," said President Hibben of Princeton at a tea, "sets out from college to conquer the world. Yes, he sets out with a very big opinion of himself, but the poor fellow soon gets taken down. A college graduate, the day after commencement, swaggered into a bank and asked to see the president. He was told to wait in an anteroom where a small boy was chewing gum. 'Boy,' he said after a hit, 'do you know if there's an opening in this bank for a college graduate?' The boy, chewing grimly, answered: 'Dere will be if dey don't slip de extra five-spot wot I'm askin' fur in me next pay envelope.'"

Admiral Benson told at a dinner a story about an English general. "This general, like many others," he said, "had his line broken by the Germans, and was accordingly given a title and sent home. Well, after the general got home he built himself a very fine house in Sussex. He was showing an American over the house one day, and he said when the inspection was finished: 'Yes, this place of mine is perfect—perfect. Only one thing is lacking, and that's a name. I can't think of a good name for it. Can you help me?' The American, thinking of the old gentleman's war record, chuckled and said: 'Why not call it "The Retreat"?'"

Frothingham Lodge, the Boston municipal reformer, in the course of an address, said: "Man wasn't made to loaf. The minute he begins to loaf he takes to drink or hypochondria—I don't know which is worse. There's a loafing hypochondriac named Sweeney who spends all his time talking about his health. He's always ailing, and usually when you go to see him you find him in bed with a headache or rheumatism or dyspepsia, or what not.

Sweeney was tottering feebly down the street one day when he fell in with a burly friend named George. 'George,' he said, 'I'd give anything to be as strong and healthy as you are. What do you live on?' 'I live on fruit,' said George. 'Fruit, eh?' said Sweeney eagerly. 'That sounds good. I'll have to try it. What kind of fruit, George?' 'The fruit of labor,' George answered significantly."

The story is told by a certain philanthropist in the West, who is a man of big business as well and who is noted for his sympathy for the "down-and-outers." If possible he will give any deserving applicant for work a chance to "make good." On one occasion it is stated this gentleman was approached by an individual so utterly disreputable in appearance that any but the philanthropist himself would have had him ejected from the office. "Can't you find any work at all?" asked the good man, when he had heard the man's recital of his woes. "I can find work all right," said the man, "plenty of it, but everybody wants references from my last employer." "And can not you get these references from him?" "No, sir, he's been dead for twenty-five years."

"Perhaps the bitterest moment in the life of a lover of hooks," says a New Yorker, "is when he finds that his treasures are valued by no one but himself. I once tried to weed out my collection, after I had become convinced that either the surplus volumes or their owner would have to move out of the library. This weeding was a painful process, but at last the second-hand book dealer was invited to name his price for the uprooted 'weeds.' 'They're

no good to me,' was his disconcerting reply. 'What, none of them?' 'No, not one.' Some one suggested that as the books had to go the dealer might better have them for nothing. It was a bitter moment, but finally I assented. The man then remarked: 'That'll be half a dollar.' 'Half a dollar for what?' 'For taking them away.'"

The youngster was sitting on a pile of bricks at the edge of a vacant lot. At the other end of the lot was a group of boys playing as only a bunch of healthy boys can. "What's the matter, sonny?" a passerby asked the lad who was sitting all alone. "Why don't you play with the rest of the boys?" "They don't want me to play with 'em," he replied bitterly. "Are you sure of that?" he was asked. He nodded his head despairingly. "What's the trouble that the other boys don't want to play with you," the stranger persisted. "They found out sump-thin' 'bout me," the lad answered, trying hard to keep back the tears. "Was it something bad?" "They think so. But—but I can't help it!" the hoy defended himself. "Come on, tell me all about it," he urged. "Maybe I can help you." "Naw, you can't help me none." "Well, tell me about it anyway." The hoy hesitated for a moment, but decided to confide. "Well, mister, these fellows say I'm a sissy 'cause I'm," and he gulped hard, "I'm twins with a girl."

The people of Amsterdam are taught how to helave in public—that is, on which side of the pavement to walk, how to carry canes and umbrellas, etc.—by means of official motion pictures.

THE MERRY MUZE.

The Thrill of the Line.

Some of the joys of love discourse,
And some to baseball their lyres smite,
Some rave about the golfing course,
Some in jackpots find delight.
Each to his taste, but bless my soul!
No game nor sport nor lover's kiss
Can match the thrill of a fishing pole
Bobbing up this!
down and like

I concede a charm to laughing eyes
When for kissing you're in the mood;
I grant a thrill to rolling dice,
I agree that most games are good.
To hit the line, to kick a goal
Is sport you may not want to miss,
But I prefer a fishing pole
Bobbing up this!
down and like

So—
When creditors are pressing
And when debtors fail to pay;
When your mind is worn with fretting
About the worries of the day,
Go find a sheltered fishing hole,
Your tired mind invite to bliss,
Where you can watch your bamboo pole
Bobbing up this!
down and like
—Bernard Finn in Judge.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear have made formal announcement of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Amanda McNear, to Mr. William Henriksen, Jr., son of Mr. William Henriksen of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller have made formal announcement of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Laura Lindsay Miller, to Mr. John Knox, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knox of Oakland.

The marriage of Mrs. Heien Leavitt Eaves, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt, and Mr. William Lawson, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lawson of New York, was solemnized last Thursday in Hollywood.

The marriage of Miss Florence Russell, daughter of Mrs. Atherton Russell, and Mr. Philip Hurn of Hollywood was solemnized at the home of the bride's mother last Saturday. Rev. Mr. Guthrie

officiating. Mr. George Russell gave his sister in marriage. Miss Dominga Russell was the maid of honor and Mr. John Morgan of Los Altos was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Hurn will make their home in Hollywood.

The marriage of Miss Cora McCormick, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. A. M. D. McCormick, to Mr. Morris R. Clark was solemnized Saturday evening in St. Mark's Church in Berkeley. Rev. W. R. H. Hodgkins officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby were dinner hosts in Burlingame Sunday, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Doheny, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Doheny, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Commander and Mrs. W. C. Van Antwerp, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. George Baker, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Gordon Armsby.

Complimenting Miss Anne Dibblee and Mr. Frederick Beaver, whose marriage will be an event of October 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear entertained at a dance at their Ross Valley home last Saturday. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Denman McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Audrey Williams, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Doris and Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Dolly Kuhn, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Betsy Dibblee, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Ynez Macendray, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Edward McNear, Mr. Grant Black, Mr. John Cassell, Mr. Addison Keeler, Mr. John Boyden, Mr. John Edwards, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Paul Clappett, Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Harrison Dibblee, Jr., Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. Covington Janin, Mr. Atherton Eyre, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Oliver Lyman, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Breck McAllister, Mr. Evan Evans, Jr., Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Jr., Mr. Wallace Campbell, Mr. William Bliss, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Ensign Atherton Macendray, Ensign Nicholas Van Bergen, Mr. Blair Schumann, Mr. Frederick Johnson, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. John Ziel, Mr. Wilder Bentley, and Mr. James Moffitt.

Miss Marion Zeile was a luncheon hostess at the St. Francis Monday, when she had as her guests Mrs. Willard Chamberlin, Mrs. John Galois, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Mrs. George Bowles, Mrs. William Duncan, Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mrs. Jan C. Van Eck, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. George Nickel, and Miss Amy Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill gave a picnic last Sunday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs was the guest of honor at a stag dinner last week by a group of friends, who included Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Algernon Gibson, Mr. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. George Howard, Jr., Mr. Frederick Tillman, Mr. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. Edward Clark, Jr., Mr. Robert Coleman, Jr., Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. William Parrott, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Paul Fagan, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Arthur Payne, Mr. Due de Torre, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Henry Howard, Baron Otto Madvig of Denmark, Mr. Choutou Johnson, Mr. Robert Bradford, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. George Tallant, Mr. Alvah Kaime, and Mr. Eldridge Buckingham.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye gave a luncheon to twenty guests Sunday in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin gave a farewell luncheon last Sunday at the Burlingame Club, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Pritchett, Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Dr. and Mrs. William Lyle, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Mrs. Will Taylor, Mrs. Elkins de Guigné, Mrs. Selby Hayne, Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, Miss Amy Brewer, Miss Josephine Parrott, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Eugene Murphy, Mr. Frederick Tillman, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Horace Chase, Jr., Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Arthur Payne, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Gordon Armsby.

Complimenting Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle, Mrs. James Bull gave a dinner Sunday at the Fairmont. Her other guests were Captain and Mrs. Richard Lee, Judge and Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, Commander and Mrs. Alfred Tawse, Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Captain Towers Symington, and Colonel Thomas Rees.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui entertained at a dinner Friday in honor of Miss Margaret Madison and Mr. Wakefield Baker. Covers were placed for Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. William Porter, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Caroline Madison, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Hugh Porter, Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Alfred Holmes, and Mr. Robert Henderson.

In honor of Miss Lorna Williamson and her fiancé, Mr. Andrew Talbot, Mr. Donald Lewis entertained at dinner Friday. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Betty George, Miss Louise Braden, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Jean Webster, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Anne Peters, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. James Jackson, Ensign Nicholas Van Bergen, Mr. Benno Hart Jr., Mr. Cameron Wylie, and Mr. Louis Bertschmann of New York.

Mrs. Willis Walker gave a luncheon early in the week for Mrs. Louis Hill of St. Paul and Mrs. Edward Harkness and Mrs. Samuel S. Auchincloss of New York.

Mrs. Charles Blyth entertained thirty children last Friday in Burlingame in honor of her little daughter, Miss Marjorie Blyth, who celebrated her third birthday on that day.

Mr. Raymond Armsby gave a luncheon Friday at the Burlingame Club.

Complimenting Mrs. John Barrette and Miss Louisa Biddle, Mrs. John D. McDonald gave a luncheon Saturday. Her guests included Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. William Wright, Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. Thomas Pearce, Mrs. William Butler, Mrs. W. P. Burnham, Mrs. William Duval, and Mrs. Guy Carleton.

Mrs. John Selfridge gave a luncheon in San Rafael in honor of Mrs. Frederick Kellond of Washington. These present included Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Woodworth Selfridge, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Franklin Harwood, Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mrs. Edward Selfridge, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Ritchie Sutton, and Miss Katherine Branson.

Mr. Charles Holbrook gave a luncheon Wednesday in Menlo Park to celebrate his ninety-first birthday. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. John Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrill, Mrs. Anna Hildesley, Miss Harriett Holbrook, Mr. John Lardner, and Mr. Harry Holbrook.

Commander and Mrs. Albert Rees were dinner hosts Tuesday on board the *Idaho*, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Captain J. R. P. Pringle, Ensign William Ingram, and Commander William F. Newton.

Miss Adaline Kent, Miss Heath Babcock of New York, Miss Emily Burke of Omaha, and Miss Katherine Wilson of New Jersey shared the honors at a masquerade dance at which Mr. and Mrs. William Kent entertained Friday.

Mrs. Porter Ashe gave a dinner Friday in San Rafael.

Mr. Everett Bee entertained at a tea Saturday in honor of Miss Frances Revett and Mr. Bradley Wallace.

Scandal Walk Enters Society.

San Francisco, the city of dancers, welcomes the latest terpsichorean sensation—the Scandal Walk. This new dance from New York, which promises to be the favorite for the winter, will make its first public appearance before San Francisco on Saturday evening, September 3d, in the Sun Lounge at the Hotel Whitecomb.

Miss Eva Gaby, with her dancing partner, L. J. McGraw, will interpret the captivating new steps to the jazz melodies of Jack Haywood's Whitcomb orchestra. Some new and original steps have been added to the Scandal Walk by Miss Gaby, which promise to win over even those who mourn the departure of cheek-to-cheek dancing and the quivering toddle. All these new steps will be given on Saturday night at 11 o'clock.

Miss Gaby is a great favorite in San Francisco. She added to the laurels of the city as a dancing connoisseur when she danced before the International Association of Dancing Teachers at the Exposition. Since that time Miss Gaby has given the latest New York hits in San Francisco before society and as *la professeur du danse* at Puckett's Dancing Academy.

The setting of the picturesque Sun Lounge will give the dancers a rare opportunity to exhibit the novel steps of the Scandal Walk. The dance, scheduled for 11 o'clock, will be given in the centre of the roof garden, in view of all the tables. Against the pale green of the Sun Lounge's decorations Miss Gaby's flame-colored *toilette du bal* will stand out in picturesque relief. After the exhibition dance Miss Gaby and McGraw will join the regular dancing of the Sun Lounge.

Opening of the New Paul Elder Gallery.

Paul Elder announces that the new Paul Elder Gallery at 239 Post Street will open Monday afternoon, September 12th, at 3:30 o'clock, with a lecture by President David P. Barrows, University of California, on "Modern Democracies," a review of Viscount Bryce's significant interpretation of democracy.

This event will be followed by two lectures, Tuesday afternoon, September 13th, and Thursday afternoon, September 15th, at 3:30 o'clock, by the Polish scientist, Count Alfred Korzybski, author of "The Manhood of Humanity." Count Korzybski's subjects will be "Introduction to a Science of Man" and "The Principles of the Science of Man."

On Saturday, September 17th, at 2:30 o'clock, Professor A. L. Kroeber, chief of the

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department of anthropology, University of California, will lecture in review of the popular scientific book, "Outwitting Our Nerves," a primer of psychotherapy. Professor Kroeber will start a course of eight Wednesday afternoon lectures on "Psychoanalysis and Human Behavior," September 21st, at 3:30 o'clock.

Descriptive circulars and tickets for these events may be had at Paul Elder's, 239 Post Street.

Seven million coins are turned out every week by the British mint. One week's output of coins would, if laid out in a single layer, make a gold, silver, and copper carpet ten yards wide and more than a quarter of a mile long.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby left Thursday for New York, after having passed the summer in Upland. Miss Leonora Armsby and Mr. George Armsby, Jr., left yesterday for Del Monte. They will not join their parents until later in the month.

Mrs. Spencer Eddy and Master Spencer Eddy, Jr., will return to New York, en route to Paris, in the middle of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin and Master Aronson Chamberlin left California for Pittsburgh Wednesday. They will be joined later in the month by Mrs. Charles Keeney, who will spend a winter with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth will leave for the East in the middle of September. They expect to remain in New York until the return from Europe of Miss Katherine Ramsey, towards the close of October.

Mr. Arthur Mejia sailed for the United States on England on August 24th. He will enjoy but brief visit in New York with Mr. Edwin Mejia before joining Mrs. Encarnacion Mejia here.

Mrs. Arthur Chesbrough and Master Jimmy Chesbrough left Thursday for the south, after having enjoyed six weeks in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill.

Ensign Atherton Macondray has been enjoying week's visit here with Mrs. Atherton Macondray and Miss Ynez Macondray.

Countess Eric Lewenhaupt will return Monday on Bolinas, where she is passing the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope returned Saturday from Burlingame, after a visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Frank Deering and Miss Francesca Deering have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker and their house guest, Mrs. Samuel S. Auchincloss of New York, have been spending the past week in Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., are enjoying a sojourn of several weeks in Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne have been entertaining Miss Mary Ashe Miller, who will return next week to Hollywood.

Mrs. James Robinson has returned to Redwood City, after having visited in Santa Barbara and more recently in San Jose.

Mrs. Washington Dodge and Mr. Washington Dodge, Jr., are visiting in New Orleans.

Mr. Andrew Welch has gone to Honolulu to be away a month.

Mr. Schwyn Eddy will leave for Lawrenceville, where he is attending school, about September 11th. He will accompany Mrs. Charles Page and her son, who are returning to their New York home, after having passed the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walter are en route to Europe, where they expect to pass the winter in Italy.

Miss Barbara Parrott and Mr. Stephen Parrott are visiting in Sorrento. They have recently returned from a tour of Greece.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury is planning a trip East in the late fall and on her return she expects to be accompanied by Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., who has made her home in New Jersey for the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and the Misses Doris and Elizabeth Schmiedell have returned to Ross from Lake Tahoe, where they spent a part of the summer.

Mrs. Macondray Moore will return next week from Lake Tahoe, where she has been passing the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy have returned to their San Francisco home from Santa Barbara, where they recently enjoyed a three weeks' visit.

Mrs. William Childs will return shortly to Washington, D. C., for the winter. Miss Emeleen Childs will remain with relatives in Los Angeles throughout the coming season.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody have returned to San Mateo, after a month at Webber Lake.

Mrs. Tyler Henshaw is visiting in Montecito with Mrs. William G. Henshaw.

Mrs. John H. Russell and Master John Russell have returned to Los Angeles from Piedmont, where they have been visiting Mrs. Isaac Regua.

Mrs. George Riddell, who has been the house guest of Mrs. Robert Graves for the past two months, will return about September 15th to Baltimore.

Commander and Mrs. Starr King, Jr., have been visiting in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alden Ames.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, and Mrs. Will Taylor, Jr., left yesterday for Del Monte to remain over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick St. Goar have returned from the Santa Cruz Mountains, where they passed three weeks.

Mrs. Norris Davis is enjoying a brief visit here from her home in Santa Barbara.

Miss Heath Babcock has returned to Albany, after a visit in California with Mr. and Mrs. William Kent and Miss Adaline Kent.

Former Superior Judge Edward A. Belcher spent the summer at Pine Mound near Dutch Flat.

Hotel Oakland recent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Steele and daughter, Modesto; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Werner, Los Angeles; Mrs. Frances K. Ball, Pasadena.

Arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Harriman, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Holt, Stockton; Mr. A. S. Hebble, New York; Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Murray, Seattle; Mr. Jesse Froelich, New York; Mr. B. Schoenfeld, Mr. M. G. Sanborn, Seattle; Mr. A. E. Perkins, Salt Lake City; Dr. E. W. Wood, Los Angeles; Dr. B. W. Sylla, New York; U. S. Congressman A. J. Sabath, Chicago; Mr. Marshal A. Neilen, Los Angeles; Mr. Guy R. Kennedy, Chico; Mr. Louis Van Ulen, New York; Mr. J. L. Hatcher, Pasadena; Mr. John E. Shaw, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Dr. Arthur D. Hirschfelder, Minneapolis; Mr. H. Koerber, St. Louis; Mr. D. F. Turnbull, Louisville.

Among those recently registered at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. H. L. Schrenk, Paris, France; Miss F. A. Raymond, Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ridge, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Segerstrom, Sonoma; Mr. F. G. Naylor, Stockton; Mr. J. G. Hampsher, Chicago; Mr. J. E. Jennings, Los Angeles; Mr. Robert W. Schwab, Sacramento; Mr. George R. Walling, Fresno; Mr. J. J. Sherwood, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Scott, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilebrandt, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mainox and family, San Luis Obispo; Mr. Willis C. Allen, Kansas City.

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The Powys Lectures.

The English writer and lecturer, John Cowper Powys, who continues to create widespread interest in San Francisco and vicinity by his lectures, has been engaged to give a series of talks on art at the California School of Fine Arts under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association. In addition to this Powys will also lecture during September, by arrangement with the Greek Theatre at the University of California, at Wheeler Hall Auditorium. The lectures will also continue, as scheduled, at the Hotel Bellevue, throughout September.

The art lectures, to be given Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 4 o'clock, commence September 6th. The opening subject will be "Florentine Art," under which general topic Powys will talk on Leonardo Da Vinci, Botticelli, and Fra Angelico. Thursday, September 8th, the subject will be "Michael Angelo." Tuesday, September 13th, the lecture will be on "Venetian Art," covering the work of Giorgioni, Titian, Paolo Veronese, and Tiepolo. Thursday, September 15th, "Dutch Art" is the subject, which covers Rembrandt and Van Dyke. Tuesday, September 20th, "Spanish Art" is the topic, including El Greco, Velasquez, Murillo, and Zuloaga. The concluding lecture of the art series will be on Thursday, September 22d, and will be on "French Art," and this includes Watteau, Claude, Matisse, Cezanne, Renoir, Gauguin, and Nicolas Poussin.

At Wheeler Hall Auditorium lectures to be given by Powys have been announced as follows: Tuesday, September 6th, "Saint Paul"; Thursday, September 8th, "Helen of Troy"; Tuesday, September 13th, "Dante"; Thursday, September 15th, "Joan of Arc"; Tuesday, September 20th, "D'Annunzio"; and Thursday, September 22d, "Queen Victoria."

Covering still other subjects, Powys lectures every Monday and Friday morning at the Hotel Bellevue on "Books That Live and Die," "Emily and Charlotte Brontë," "Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Conrad," "Theodore Dreiser and Edith Wharton," "Edgar Lee Masters," "De Maupassant and Rabelais." In the evening, also on Mondays and Fridays, the topics of Powys' talks will be "Lloyd George and Clemenceau," "The Republic of the Future," "California and Culture," "Country Life in England," "The Tragedy of the Negro," "The Problems of Evil," and "The Purpose of Life."

CURRENT VERSE.

Pierrot.

Pierrot alone,
And then Pierrette,
And then a story to forget.

Pierrot alone,
Pierrette among the apple boughs
Come down and take a Pierrot's kiss,
The moon is white upon your brows,
Pierrette among the apple boughs,
Your lips are cold, and I would set
A rose upon your lips, Pierrette,
A rosy kiss,
Pierrette, Pierrette.

And then Pierrette,
I've left my apple boughs, Pierrot,
A shadow now is on my face,
But still my lips are cold, and O
No rose is on my lips, Pierrot,
You laugh, and then you pass away
Among the scented leaves of May.
And on my face
The shadows stay.

And then a story to forget.
The petals fall upon the grass,
And I am crying in the dark,
The clouds above the white moon pass—
My tears are falling on the grass;
Pierrot, Pierrot, I heard your vows
And left my blossomed apple boughs,
And sorrows dark
Are on my brows.
—"Poems, 1908-1919," by Joh Drinkwater.

Words.

Words are the stones I use in building,
My house will be strong without fillet or gilding;
I dig in the crypt of the centuries
Where the earth is rich in ebonies.
I burrow for words in the quarry of time;
In the heart of the ancient hills for rhyme.

There are veins of Beauty the sages have known;
Milton worked where the marble shone,
Our Lincoln found what he liked in the clay
Of the common fields where the stones are gray.
So every spirit must find a way
And delve for the treasure that seems its own.

But you! What are words, what are words to you?
Not stone nor metal precious and true,
Nor blocks to serve in a hallowed shrine;
But seductive jewels cut subtle and fine;
Spangles you wear to glitter and shine;
I know the worth of your words to you!
—Gladys Cromwell in the Nation.

Soy beans thrive north to a latitude of about 46 degrees. Soy beans are largely raised for hay, silage, and pasture. Samples were sent north during 1920 and of 511 reports returned to the Department of Agriculture 400 were favorable.

The Bombay legislative council has approved of the enfranchisement of women.

THE SCANDAL WALK

enters society!

The first exhibition of New York's
latest dance sensation—the *Scandal Walk*—in San Francisco will
be given in the Sun Lounge at
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MISS EVA GABY
and her dancing partner,
L. J. McGraw

at
eleven o'clock
Saturday evening, Sept. 3rd

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An Exhibition of Russian Painting.

An exhibition of the work of the Russian painter, Nicolas Roerich, opens with a private view and reception in the Palace of Fine Arts on Friday afternoon, September 9th, at 2:30 o'clock. The collection has already been shown in the Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, and other Eastern museums, where it has created a furor in art circles as well as among the general public. M. Roerich is the leader of a group of artists who are associated with the Moscow Art Theatre.

Writing of his work, the well-known European critic, A. Koiransky, says of him: "He draws from sky, sea, and land those unseen forces of fatalism and destiny which are found in Shakespeare. His use of materials is that of a master craftsman, especially where tempera and pastel are used together."

The Pochayev Cathedral and two or three private chapels are adorned with numerous mural paintings, done with Roerich's ever-present love both for the subject and the technic suitable for it. In all his creations number now over seven hundred. A good many of them have been acquired by the National Gallery in Rome, the Louvre (Pavillon Marson) and the Luxembourg museums in Paris, and public art galleries in Vienna, Milan, Brussels, and other cities.

The secret carefully guarded for the last two centuries by the family of John Calvin concerning the location of his grave is about to be divulged. The last member of the Calvin family, a childless man of seventy-one, has announced his intention to reveal the family secret to the ecclesiastical consistory at Geneva.

One of the oddest insurance policies on record was that of a man who insured himself at Lloyds against the consequences of laying violent hands on his mother-in-law.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pa, what is meant by spirit control?"
 "Formerly the butler, now the physician."—
Boston Globe.

"Who has taught you those naughty words?" "Nohody, mama; I know them by heart."—*Klods-Hans.*

"Has your mother any objection to kissing?" "What do you want—the whole family?"—*Cornell Widow.*

1921—Did you see that movie called Oliver Twist? *Frosh*—Yes and say, wouldn't that make a peach of a book?—*Brown Jug.*

First Golfer—How is your game, Cliff? *Second Golfer*—Oh, I had to quit. My niblick got overheated.—*New York World.*

She—Jack is in love with you. *Her*—Nonsense! *She*—That's what I said when I heard it. *Her*—How dared you!—*Cornell Widow.*

"You can't sell that man an encyclopedia." "Why not?" "He knows it all." "Well, he'll enjoy going over it for errors."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Maud—When we were married I must have three servants. *John*—You shall have twenty-three, darling, but not all at the same time.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

"That chap is having a devil of a time at that water hazard. Is it a man or woman, caddy?" "I can't say, sir, as I'm a bit hard of hearin'."—*Judge.*

Wife—John, will you give me \$25 to get my hair permanently waved? *Husband*—Yes,

and here's \$100 to get your hat permanently trimmed.—*Houston Post.*

Lady (gently but firmly refusing all substitutes)—No, thank you, I must have Scroggins'. I notice the advertisements speak so well of it.—*London Mail.*

Daughter—Jack says he'll die if I refuse him. *Father*—Let him die, then. *Daughter*—Why, papa, don't you know that he's heavily insured in your company?—*Boston Transcript.*

Professor (endeavoring to impress on class the definition of cynic)—Young man, what would you call a man who pretends to know everything? *Senior*—A professor!—*Lehigh Burr.*

"If you will make the boy wear his hair long, I at least insist on getting him boxing lessons." "Why so?" "A kid with long hair has got to know how to fight."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Artist (sneering)—What did you do before you became a critic? *The Critic* (ditto)—I was an artist. *The Artist*—And why did you quit? *The Critic*—It was too easy.—*Turin Numero.*

Hostess—Very bad form, I call it, to ring one up during church hours. *Guest*—Probably she knows you don't go to church. *Hostess*—Very likely; but she might have the decency to assume that I do.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Where is your friend, Scatterwits, going in such a hurry?" "To attend a séance given by a noted spiritualist." "He's crazy." "I agree with you. He told me he had a date with Helen of Troy."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Professor (telling the story of how Orpheus descended into the lower regions to get Eurydice, his wife)—You understand the allusion, of course; Orpheus went down into Hades to find out where in hell his wife was.—*Princeton Tiger.*

"You know there have been wonderful time-saving devices invented in the past decade. Rufus." "Yes, I know dat, boss." "A man doesn't bave to work as hard now as he did ten years ago, Sam." "I knows dat, too, for yer see, I's been married eight years, boss."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"John, John!" whispered Mrs. Congressman Squibbs. "Wake up! I'm sure there are rohrrers in the house." "Robbers in the house?" he muttered sleepily. "Absolutely preposterous; There may be rohrrers in the Senate, Mary, but not in the House. Absurd!"—*American Legion Weekly.*

"Our new still photographic department is equipped to turn out ten thousand stills a day. What do you think of that?" boasted the studio manager. "I think," replied his friend Bibbler, dreamily, "that before the day is over you'll have trouble with the prohibition enforcement officers."—*Film Fun.*

"Smart lawyer you have." "He seems to be," said Mr. Cobbles, "but I don't know whether he's the man to help me win my lawsuit or not?" "What's the matter with him?" "Oh, he's powerful sharp, but I don't see any use of quoting famous Greeks and Romans

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and a lot of other people I never heard of before simply because a train ran over my Jersey cow."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Country Editor (to new assistant)—I shall expect you to write all the editorials, do the religious and sporting departments, and turn out a joke column. *Assistant*—What are you going to do? *Country Editor*—Edit your copy.—*Life.*

Anxious Mother—Yes, Mr. Roxley, the fact is that I have three daughters I want to see settled in life. Is this friend of yours a marrying man? *Mr. Roxley*—Not to any great extent. I'm afraid he wouldn't care about taking more than one of them.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Court (during bankruptcy proceedings)—Kindly inform the court how you managed to keep your credit open. *Defendant*—Certainly. But allow me to suggest that I impart this information behind closed doors. There are several of my competitors present and I have no desire to teach them the secret.—*Christiania Karikaturen.*

"You say that pretty stenographer of yours is hright?" asked the man of the lawyer. "Very bright," replied the legal light. "Been with you five years, you say?" "Just five

years; yes." "Has she learned any law that time?" "Oh, I don't know as to that. She hasn't begun to sue me yet."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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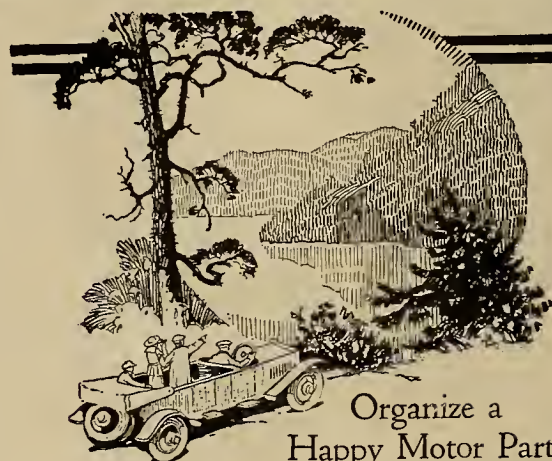


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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2320.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Municipality and the Street-Car Lines.

We are not prepared to dispute Engineer O'Shaughnessy's appraisalment of the Market Street Railway properties. They may have the value attributed to them—or more or less. Mr. O'Shaughnessy's dictum in these matters is not of the highest credit since the many demonstrations of his capacity for secretiveness and camouflage has been so signally illustrated in the case of Hetch Hetchy. But this we do know, that no more dishonest or shameful practice ever disgraced a municipality anywhere than that employed by the Rolph régime to destroy private investment in the street-car lines of San Francisco. To the end of boosting the municipal ownership project there has been bald-faced disregard of every principle of accounting, and of specific law, in reports relating to the operation of the municipal lines. They are made to appear as earning profits when in fact they are losing heavily and continuously. Again, while everything has advanced, including charges of repair and operation, the privately-owned lines have not been permitted to advance their rates. In Oakland, across the bay, the car companies are allowed to collect a 6-cent fare; in Portland, Oregon, the allowance is 8 cents; in Seattle, Washington, 10 cents. In San Francisco, although the service is more extensive and costly than in any of the cities named, the companies are held down to the 5-cent fare—this to the end of their impoverishment, and to the

further end of reducing values when time shall come to "take them in." This also we know, that after the city shall ultimately take in the privately-owned lines and make them part of the municipal system, one effect will be to create an interest—a voting legion, so to speak—that will have San Francisco at its mercy. It does not take a world of political foresight to see what will happen when the street-car service and the police service and the fire service shall consolidate in a voting unit and present its demands, whether in reason or out of reason. We have already some hints of what to expect, and they do not tend to encourage enterprise of a kind subject to taxation.

Reform Must Go "Down the Line."

Economic considerations had their part, and it was a large part, in winning the fight for equitable conditions in the San Francisco labor market. But the larger influence was the general sense—the fixed universal conviction—that the men of the building trades were essentially unreasonable and unjust in their demands. In other words it was upon the moral issue that the fight was won. Not all the inequities that have served to blight the fortunes of San Francisco in recent times have been on the part of labor. Building contractors, engineers, and architects have had their share in the loot or in toleration of looters. Suppliers of materials have likewise had their fingers deep in the pie of profiteering. In truth, local profiteering has been a matter of concerted organization, and no factor connected with building enterprise in any of its phases can be held exempt from reproach.

The Chamber of Commerce in its immediate and recent administration holds high moral credit in the community and has pledged itself to reform abuses all down the line—that it will not cease its efforts with its victory over the building trades. Now if the success just achieved is to signify anything in the way of permanent good, if it is to be anything more than a flash-in-the-pan, this pledge must be made good. Contractors, suppliers of building materials, must not only be called to the snubbing-post along with selfish and extortionate labor, but they must be held there. It is the job of the Chamber of Commerce to do just this; and if it is to hold the high moral authority that it has won under Presidents Michaels, Koster, McBean, and Alexander it must not shirk or falter.

The common cause of failure in enterprises of reform like that undertaken by the Chamber of Commerce is weariness in well-doing. Too often that which is deemed well done is regarded as done completely and finally. Experience here and everywhere demonstrates the fallacy of regarding as final that which, if left free from sustaining energy, may be only temporary. There is vast difference between victory and triumph; and there will not be triumph in the work the Chamber of Commerce has undertaken unless it shall take to itself and establish its policy upon the maxim that vigilance, constant and sustained, is the only assurance of success.

Moral Causes and Immoral Methods.

At the recent annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held in this city there was set on foot, amid general enthusiasm, a movement to raise a fund of a million dollars to be employed in the "fight" to enforce prohibition. This is in keeping with the methods by which prohibition was put over. From some unnamed source a great fund came into the hands of the promoters of the "cause" and it was used, as political funds usually are, without restraint of conscience or propriety. In the history of American politics no more unworthy use of money was ever made. The "campaign" ran through all the moods and tenses of political corruption. Now, the basis and the pretensions of the

prohibition movement are moral. And we submit that it is due that movements in the cause of morality should be pursued by moral methods. A corrupt campaign in the cause of morality is an anomaly; and as much a crime as corruption in any other cause. The W. C. T. U. can not without undermining its own foundations enter into a "money campaign" for temperance; and if it shall do it, as proposed, it will surely destroy the public respect that has hitherto been its main support. Furthermore, causes promoted by money—and any "money fight" is in the nature of things illegitimate and corrupt—end in greater damage than help to the broad interests of morality. Beware, good women of the W. C. T. U., being led into evil in the hope of achieving good!

The Local War in West Virginia.

For many months prior to last week issues of very great importance relative to labor in mines have been under discussion between operators and men in the coal districts of West Virginia. Hours of labor, wage scales, housing of miner's families, overtime work, Sunday work, holiday work, unionism in its various projects—these and a score of other matters have been subjects of intense interest and of more or less acrimony. Discussions between operators and men—for it had come to that—were eagerly observed the country over; and it had been hoped confidently that out of them there would come a rational and equitable scheme applicable, not only in West Virginia, but elsewhere.

But just as a point had been reached affording promise of settlement, patience and self-control on the part of the miners broke down. They left off arguing and resorted to violence, with the usual criminal accompaniments. Local officers of the law responded to the call of the operators for protection of life and property. There was collision between the forces representing the state and a large body of angry miners. It was the old story—first stones, then bullets, with wounded and dead on both sides. The conflict grew beyond the limits of riot to the dimensions of a battle or a series of battles. The authorities of West Virginia, unable to enforce order, called upon the national government for military aid. President Harding, after investigation, finding that there was no other way to establish and maintain peace, sent a body of troops to the scene of conflict. At first the miners resisted and something very like a battle ran through two or three days with many casualties on both sides. In the end the miners laid down their arms and dispersed.

Now we shall hear from Mr. Gompers and other professional exploiters of labor that government is on the side of the rich and against the poor. The old song will be sung in all its familiar variations. The yellow press with its propensity for tickling and augmenting class prejudice will shout itself hoarse in denunciation of the powers at Washington. Widespread effort will be made—and it will be more or less successful—to create hostile feeling against the government. This is the sort of thing that hangs upon the heels of every such incident since the day of the Whiskey Rebellion in Pennsylvania, which President Washington had to put down by armed force under the necessity of maintaining the peace, and at the same time asserting the authority and demonstrating the power of the government.

It seems never to occur to those who foment riots that the moment discussion is left off and violence begins a new issue is raised, an issue necessarily subordinating the cause of the original contention with everything associated with it. When the first shot is fired the issue no longer relates to equities. It becomes a question of the authority of the government to maintain order. All else is put into the background. When government asserts itself, those who feel its thrust out that government is on the side of the rich against the poor. They seem unable to understand that

government is bound in the very nature of things to enforce order without consideration of the causes of the trouble or of the rights and wrongs associated with it. The necessity for public order supersedes all else. A government that can not or will not suppress violence, whatever its motive, would be unworthy of the name and would have no right to exist. If government should fail to meet situations like that in West Virginia it would be faithless to its trust and to its duty. It could not command the respect of men, and without respect it would cease to be. Of necessity all of its powers must be exercised to the end of re-establishing order.

When with its strong hand the government enforces order it serves the interest, not of the rich only, but of the whole community. For if riot is permitted to proceed unchecked, if contention is permitted to degenerate into social chaos, the "rich," having the powers of capital, will inevitably overwhelm such powers as the "poor" may array against them. There is fallacy in the cry that government in suppressing violence plays into the hands of the rich, since public order is no more an aid to the rich, nor so much, as an aid and bulwark of the poor.

President Harding has met the situation in West Virginia courageously and promptly. He has sustained the authority of government precisely as Washington did it, as Jackson did it, as Lincoln did it, as Cleveland did it, as Roosevelt did it. He has employed the forces under his command in obedience to plain duty, not to aid one side or the other in a contention, but to establish and maintain conditions under which alone men may be brought to reason together and thus come to an equitable determination of the issues in dispute. Mr. Harding's duty in this matter was infinitely more difficult of performance because of concessions unworthily made by his predecessor. Under duress, in terror of economic and political reprisals, Mr. Wilson yielded when he should have been firm. He ran up the white flag when he ought to have raised the Stars and Stripes. In forcing enactment of the Adamson bill he stimulated the spirit of radicalism, gave to it the notion that its powers were superior to those of the government, encouraged pretensions that ought to have been rebuked. This surrender was in a moral sense the cause of the warfare in West Virginia last week. The dead and the maimed in that conflict owe their misfortunes to the weakness of the government in an hour when by every motive of expediency and of moral obligation it should have been strong.

A Break in Hypocrisy.

The action of Congress—or its failure to act—in the matter of "medicinal beer" is characterized by the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* as "a break in hypocrisy":

In Congress, and in the legislatures of many states, including our own, dry laws have been enacted in a spirit of hypocrisy. Men have been known to vote dry while actually under the influence of intoxicants; and some of the most ardent speeches in favor of prohibition have been followed by a more or less ironic spree. To honest advocates of prohibition the surface indications seemed all right—they were getting what they wanted, anyway. But to those privileged to see below the surface the insincerity of some of the lawmakers seemed contemptible—as it was.

Recent events show a change in the temper of Congress; and since senators and representatives are supposed to keep their ears pretty close to the ground, the inference is not far-fetched that there is a change in the temper of the people of the United States. Nowhere can there be any considerable sentiment favoring the revival of the saloon; but everywhere there is increasing knowledge of the fact that the naturally temperate American people, in too great numbers, are using narcotic drugs and poisoning themselves more and more with bootleg and moonshine intoxicants and with the questionable compounds of their own manufacture.

When Congress comes in from recess the fight will be resumed. The country will be glad to see it carried on in honest fashion, stripped of hypocrisy and the cheap considerations of personal politics. The country knows that Congress does not consist, in whole or in majority part, of total abstainers; and the country, this newspaper believes, is in mood for a discussion devoid of camouflage, and a determination that will bring relief from the gross abuse of extreme laws that can not now or ever be effectually enforced.

In these remarks there is the double value of truth and suggestiveness. Up to this time, the course of Congress in the matter of prohibition legislation has been under the inspiration of hypocrisy. Members of Congress have been afraid of the organized prohibition vote. Legislation relating to prohibition has

been under duress. Fear and hypocrisy have dominated congressional action. It is time that this great issue should be considered in sober seriousness and in common honesty. And when that is done the law will be relieved of the radicalism that is doing more to debauch the morals of the country than the unrestricted liquor traffic—with all its grievous ills—ever did.

Obregon.

President Obregon announces that there is no need for Mexico to make a treaty with the United States. This is naturally satisfactory, in truth it is highly exhilarating, to a Congress made up of emotional Latin-Americans, who think they see in it the finale of an embarrassing situation. Obregon of course knows better; further he knows that the proposal to get along without a treaty with the United States is mere buncombe. He knows that without a treaty with the United States, Mexico can not get either in the United States or elsewhere capital needed for rehabilitation and development. Explanation lies in the fact that Obregon is playing up to Mexican sentiment; that he is simply doing a stunt in home politics perhaps necessary to sustain his position at the head of affairs.

We should not too hastily condemn Obregon. Too often our own Presidents have done unseemly things in order to gain time for conciliation of domestic prejudices. The position of Obregon's government is precarious. Among his difficulties is the fact that he hails from Sonora and that he is to some extent openly, and to a greater extent secretly, opposed by leaders in the central and southern regions. He has, too, to meet the enmity and opposition of a powerful military clique which resents the placing of authority in civilian hands; and he it remembered that although Obregon carries the title of general he is none the less in essentials a civilian. The short of it is that Obregon is compelled in many small respects and in some large ones to practice the blatherskite arts. It is under this policy that his latest announcement has been made. Nobody knows better than Obregon himself that sooner or later Mexico must come to terms with the United States.

In the meantime it behooves us to have patience, to tolerate a lot of what may appear to us foolish diplomacy. In broad view the Obregon régime promises better for Mexico, and ultimately in its relations to the United States and to the world, than any condition that has obtained since Huerta was driven from authority by President Wilson. This is not saying that Obregon is as yet an assured success, or that the régime which goes by his name may hold its place and maintain order in Mexico.

The *Argonaut* is doubtful if any régime possible to be instituted by Mexicans can permanently hold authority and sustain public order. But Obregon is entitled to a chance and he is further entitled to proceed by such means as the nature of the task places in his hands. It would be the height of unwisdom for us to take his political moves too seriously, and to embarrass him by impatience or irritation over petty neglects or affronts. Boasting and blustering are perhaps legitimate devices in Mexican politics. At least they are traditional and therefore to be expected. A policy which employs them hurts nobody north of the Rio Grande. Tolerance is our best course. But while we may safely and even wisely stand a good deal of nonsense, we can not with dignity or in proper respect of our own interest stand for more than that. We have, through investments made upon authoritative invitation, a great stake in Mexico, and it will be well for Obregon and for his country not to go too far in dealing with us. While we can afford to smile at impertinent talk, we shall not endure injuries.

Disarmament.

There is a suggestion of hedging in President Harding's address last week at the opening of the fall term of the Army and Navy College. Both positive and timely was the declaration that "no matter where the best aspirations of the world lead us there never may be a time without necessity for armed forces." We say timely because it comes as an explanation—or shall we say a limitation—of the President's intentions with respect of the Disarmament Conference. Many have misconceived the President's purpose. Too much emphasis has been placed upon the idea of disarmament. Extremists have contrived to impress upon the country, and perhaps upon the world, that the idea back of the conference is that of doing away with

the armies and navies of the world. Now the President gives notice that his aim is far short of what the radicals would make it appear. He is no Don Quixote. He is not attempting the unreasonable, still less the impossible. Disarmament, as it is interpreted by the extreme pacifists, is an impossibility so long as there shall be serious differences between the nations of the earth, and prior to a time when all shall recognize the authority of some species of international court. To expect disarmament in the existing condition of the world is only to dream of Utopia. Much may be expected from the coming meeting at Washington; and more may be expected from approaching it upon calculations of practicability than from idealistic and vain hopes. If the conference shall find ways and means of disposing of certain questions now vexing the nations, if it shall agree upon certain leading principles as they affect the rights and policies of nations, if it shall by a precedent establish the rule of discussion of their interests and grievances between nations, it will accomplish a mighty step in the progress of the world. And this step is all that may reasonably be hoped for at this time. Disarmament, as extreme pacifists interpret it, must wait upon better mutual understandings—in truth, it must wait upon a higher moral development of mankind.

The Irish Bone of Contention.

Britain offers to rebellious Ireland full partnership in the league of nationalities styled the British Empire. This would afford to the rebellious districts, not merely home rule in the fullest sense of the word, but every other kind of liberty save that of making war on England or of alliance with England's enemies. Rebellious Ireland hesitates to accept unless there shall be included within the sphere of its authority as a dominion the five northern counties of the island which wish to retain their present relations to England, and which protest against incorporation with the districts in rebellion. Rebellious Ireland is largely dominated by Catholic priesthood. The northern counties hold to the Protestant faith. Between the two districts there is traditional hatred and long-sustained enmity. The plea of the rebellious districts is mainly one of geography. The protest of the northern districts is both religious and economic. A disproportionate share of enterprise and wealth of the island is in the north; and the northerners profess fear that if abandoned to jurisdiction of the south they would be politically submerged and inequitably taxed. The plea for "self-determination" made by the south against English rule is duplicated in the north as against rule by the south. This now appears to be the sole contention. The northern counties have logic on their side. They have undoubted right under the principle avowed by South Ireland to maintain whatever status or whatever affiliations may accord with their own wishes. There is no logic—no argument of any kind—to sustain the claim of South Ireland, which has nothing to support it save a geographical condition which means nothing at all. Furthermore, England can not with self-respect turn over Protestant Ulster to be exploited by the Catholic majority of the south. The judgment of mankind will assuredly support the position of the Ulsterites. And as surely it will go against the South Irelanders if they refuse the offer now made them.

Editorial Notes.

There is a disposition, especially among women, to appraise the exploits of Roy Gardner as a species of heroism. This is of a piece with the emotionalism that often fills a murderer's cell with flowers and confectionery. Let it not be forgotten that Gardner is just a common type of criminal—a thief and potential murderer. And this by choice, for if he had chosen to gain his living in honest ways he had both the physical vigor and the wits to do it. He chose the crooked path of life because he preferred criminality to honorable industry. Surely it adds nothing to his character deserving of sympathy or admiration that he has made repeated efforts to escape punishment richly merited. The theory that love of wife and child and the desire to make a new start in a better way of life is the inspiration of his desperate efforts is just melodrama. Ladies, you would better reserve your sympathies for worthier objects!

New York City's longest bridge is the Hell Gate bridge, built by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, at a cost of \$15,000,000.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

More or Less Pertinent.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 5, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have before me the entertainment programme of the convention of the American Bankers' Association to be held in Los Angeles during the early part of next month. Three "typical California seashore menus" have been suggested, and among the eatables I find the following:

Padre Junipero Ahalone Chowder.
Santa Catalina Clam Chowder (Saint Catherine).
Barbecued Catalina Mountain Goat.
Other items in the three menus include Roast Baby Pig, Iced Radishes, Isthmus Lobster, and Fricassee of Middle Ranch Capon.

Father Junipero Serra and Saint Catherine having been so thoughtfully remembered, I wonder whether the entertainment committee would dare to attach the names of Mr. John Drum and Mr. J. B. McCargar to any of the "other items" above mentioned.

NEWTON H. BARRY.

"A Still Small Voice."

SAN FRANCISCO, September 2, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your timely editorial on the disarmament congress and Mr. Chester H. Rowell's talk before the Commonwealth Club today is as a still small voice crying in the wilderness. Also, it is a ray of sunshine. Not only can Great Britain not stop its programme, but she must, perforce, increase her burden of taxation to take up the slack due to America's short-sighted complacency. Mr. Rowell's "no leak" dictum is England's sacred trust. Apparently she must again stand across the door and protect our entry—not from sordid or altruistic motives, but from sheer need of preserving her own skin. The "leak" into the Americas will develop into that dreaded flood of the earth.

In reply to a long argument for railroads and scientific reforestation and flood control to be applied to China, to the end that China be made capable of supporting 800 millions instead of its 400 millions as of now, a quiet Chinese sage replied with a shrug: "And when you have prepared my China for 800 million people, China will be ready with 900 million souls."

Japan today faces two problems: Defeat, if she attacks the combined sea power of America and England, which she can not keep apart, and being absorbed by China and losing her identity as a nation if she develops, exploits, or conquers the Chinese, even as Ghengis Kahn and all other conquerors were absorbed by that great Chinese blotter.

We, of course, know that we have a right to survive. But in that soulless trek of peoples toward lood and the "fat fields of the harvest moon" the English peoples of the earth are sooner or later to be placed on trial, and the answer to their right to survive will be given by them truly, justly, and fairly by their fitness to survive.

Let us not forget that Greece and Rome rode the wave. Let us remember that the language of those peoples is dead. No language has surpassed the beauty and fullness of the dead Sanskrit. If we are not fit to survive, our right to survive will avail us "not again forever." Perhaps the answer is already written.

Let us hope that your good publication and men of Mr. Rowell's foresight are writing a declaration of action, and not an obituary.

JOHN SHERMAN BAGG.

The United States in the Philippines.

OAKLAND, September 6, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: You are entirely right in the statement that "there is need of a strong reforming hand in the Philippines, and General Wood, by a combination of qualifications, including successful experience in Cuba, is obviously the man for the job," but when you say that we gain nothing from our possession of the Islands occasion is offered for serious question. In my judgment there is ample evidence to show that the Islands have already proved of value in ways both commercial and strategic, while the practical benefit to this country that intelligent development of their resources assures is almost beyond parallel.

It is true that in the beginning we got off on the wrong foot by announcing a policy and making declarations before becoming acquainted with the people or conditions there. The commitment was most unfortunate—its embarrassing effects have been keenly felt throughout the years of our occupation—and by odd circumstance it was left for a Democratic administration to finally demonstrate the futility of theories that were voiced by McKinley and Taft under pressure of a situation created by Bryan at the time of the peace negotiations with Spain and the presidential campaign first following our occupation.

Francis Burton Harrison performed a notable service when, to win flattery and adulation from the Filipinos, he put the whole shooting match into the hands of the native politician. Of course he did not appreciate the potency or anticipate the effect of his policy—that it was calculated to force an "about face" on the part of the American government in Philippine administration, or he probably would not have done just as he did. But the fact remains that it was done and great good is certain to result, expensive though the lesson has been. It might be remarked in passing that the readjustment and reorganization that impends in the affairs of these insular possessions is likely to prove a keenly painful process for Filipinos to whom Harrison had given complete control of the government there, not excluding the public treasury and official patronage, as well as to those American residents who elected to play the rôle of court jesters and stool pigeons to Harrison.

Recurring to your statement that we gain nothing from our possession of the Islands, I will direct attention to some points on which the American public is not well informed. Under present laws all articles the growth or product of the United States enter the Philippines duty free. The legislation providing for this provides also that articles produced in the Philippines may enter the United States free of duty except such as contain 20 per cent. or more of foreign material, which shall pay full rates. Now the Philippine tariff law is a revenue measure primarily and the import duties assessed under it extend to nearly all articles on the list, while the United States law is based on the protective principle and the protection it affords is not designed for Philippine needs. Thus we enjoy an advantage over all competitors in practically every line that we sell there, which results in control by us of the Philippine market. But the Islands are benefited by this free trade arrangement in a very limited way, as few of their products are on the dutiable list in this country. Thus the Philippine tariff law, which may not be changed without our consent, automatically favors American products entirely, while the advantage to the Philippines under our law is limited and there is a definite restriction with regard to entry of articles containing foreign material which the reciprocal trade act of Congress imposes on Philippine articles in our market, but not on American goods in the Philippine market.

Last year we sold the Islands close to \$100,000,000 worth of goods, practically all of which had an advantage over

similar products of other countries to the extent of a substantial customs duty. The Philippines is a real home market for us, as we enjoy what is equivalent to blanket protection there. Statistics prove that our trade with the Islands, in proportion to its extent, is the most profitable external trade that the country has and that it is not many times its present volume is due entirely to our short-sighted policy there.

The Philippine government has paid all administration expenses since its inauguration in 1901. It is not now nor has it been a source of expense to this country. True we maintain naval and military bases there, but we do the same in Hawaii and find it of benefit to the service and of advantage otherwise. I would not want to be understood as trying to discount the fact that association with this country means salvation to the Philippines, but I do contend that there is a side to the relationship other than that of Philippine interest. American guidance and protection secures the integrity of the Islands, as well as their development and the development of their people. And it costs us nothing to give.

At the same time we have, in process of building, an empire at the gateway of the Orient that secures to us an important position with respect to the trade of China and the rest of the Far East, that will enable us to extend our foreign trade along profitable lines, that promises relief from the burden of an unfavorable balance of trade now existing in our commerce with countries supplying our needs in tropical products and make us largely independent of foreign sources, and that will, without question, place in our hands power to control the Pacific.

HAROLD M. PITT.

A Filipino on the Philippine Question.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 5, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: With reference to your editorial, "The Philippine Mess," dated August 27th, allow me to say: While no honest political observer who has an intimate knowledge of the present status of the Philippine government would deny that the Harrison administration has its blunders and shortcomings, which perhaps inspired you to write the editorial in question, yet there are important points worth considering. I shall not attempt to discuss the wisdom or unwisdom of granting Philippine independence at the present time. The future policy of the Harding administration will, of course, determine what course the Filipino people will take. As soon as the report of General Leonard Wood has been submitted to the Secretary of War, then we shall be able to say whether or not it is timely to grant Philippine independence. We know that General Wood will submit an impartial report, for we know that the distinguished general will not give any report which will be inconsistent with his integrity, uprightness, and his sense of justice as an able investigator.

Whatever the shortcoming of the administration of former Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison, let me say, in justice to his name, he has been instrumental in fostering better understanding, closer friendship, and the spirit of good-will between your people and my people. It would be sheer hypocrisy to deny that his administration has its mistakes, but at the same time he had done a very wonderful work for the welfare of both Filipinos and Americans alike in the Islands. Yes, it is true that grafts were committed, that there were some black sheep in the Philippine government as it would be a natural thing in any government in any civilized nation, but these professional grafters were duly and severely punished by the courts of justice in the Islands. You will agree with me when I say that there are grafters in all governments.

In the last paragraph of your editorial you say: "True, we have introduced the schoolma'am, but here as elsewhere it has been found impossible to bridge over with spelling hook and arithmetic the tremendous chasm that separates barbarism from civilization." Permit me to protest. Philippine history shows that the Filipino people had their own culture and civilization even prior to the coming of the Spanish people to the Islands more than three centuries ago. They traded with neighboring peoples and they had their own form of government at that time. A full quarter of a century we had our institutions of learning, the Santa Tomas University of Manila, ahead of Harvard University, the oldest institution of learning in the United States. Our university was then turning out men of arts, sciences, letters, medicine, law, etc., at a time when the first hunch of pilgrims were still landing at Plymouth. The Spanish fathers who belonged to the Jesuit order were our first educators. According to the latest census the population of the Philippines is eleven million. Out of this eleven million people, ten million, five hundred thousand represent the Christian, civilized Filipinos, and so you can readily imagine the very small proportion of the five hundred thousand non-Christian people who represent the Moros and Igorrotes. The percentage of literacy is 70 per cent.—a record of literacy which is higher than Spain, Mexico, Cuba, any of the South American republics, and many of the small countries of the so-called civilized Europe. The reports of the last census of the Philippines will verify my assertion. Also the Filipinos are the only Christian people in the whole Orient—a distinction which makes us different from any Oriental nation. The most permanent institution implanted by the Spanish colonizers is the Roman Catholic religion, and my people are Catholic devotees. The amalgamation of Latin and Anglo-Saxon culture in the Philippine Islands makes them absolutely different in social behavior, costumes, and habits from any of her sister nations in the Orient, and which makes them more sympathetic to Western culture. The late Admiral Dewey, in testimony before Congress, asserted that "they (the Filipinos) are a more intelligent people and more capable in self-government than the natives of Cuba."

Another thing: It would be a gratuitous presumption to say that the Filipinos are unfit for self-government before we were given an ample opportunity to show what we can do to direct our future destinies. You can never say that a child can never learn to read and write before you give that child an opportunity to demonstrate. Such a presumption would not hold true under any circumstances.

There may be civil war, yes, if independence is granted as stated in your editorial. But did not the civil war of the United States make this country a more homogeneous, a more united America after the wounds of the civil war were healed? But to speak of a possible civil war in the Philippines if independence were granted is a doubtful and an uncertain prophecy. Since the birth of the Philippines up to the present time there had never been any single anarchist. Our courts of justice will show this. In fact, and for honest-to-goodness sake, we have never heard of any such thing as an anarchist, or I. W. W. in the Philippines.

As to the possibility of Japan grrahing the Islands, all I can say is that there are more Japs in Los Angeles alone than in the whole Philippines. Census reports will show that there are only 7000 Japs in the Philippines, whereas there are more, and very much more, in the State of California. According to an expert, it will take two-thirds of the Japanese navy to go down before they capture Manila. It will cost two-thirds of the Jap navy to get the Islands. The island of Corregidor, which is outside Manila, is only second to Gibraltar. Furthermore, the Philippines are composed of thousands of islands, and it would be next to impossible to capture all of them at once.

As to possible foreign aggression, all we can say is that

during the world war the Philippine National Guard was easily raised and trained within three months ready to fight side by side with Uncle Sam against a common enemy.

I prefer not to discuss the advisability or inadvisability of granting Philippine independence at the present time. The preamble of the Jones law, which granted a practically complete home rule to the Filipinos, specifically and clearly states that the United States will grant independence as soon as a stable government is established therein. The organic act also explicitly states that it has never been the intention of the United States to hold the Philippines for conquest or for national aggrandizement. Facts which show that a stable government is already existing in the Philippines are already in the hands of Congress, and it would be improper to say that the Filipinos are unfit for self-government. Congress, and Congress alone, is the one authority to pass judgment as to the capacity or incapacity of the Philippine people for self-government, and, of course, much will depend upon the impartial report of General Leonard Wood.

FLAVIANO C. GUERRERO.

WHERE WARS ARE BORN.

Materialism was never quite so riotous as in the present arguments against war and in devices for its prevention. When Mr. Norman Angell wrote "The Great Illusion" he proved to the satisfaction of every one—although no one had ever doubted it—that wars are financially ruinous to all concerned. All we had to do, he said, to prevent wars was to bring this fact home to the public mind. President Jordan wrote much and often to the same effect. He administered the dollar argument *ad nauseam*. He made for us fascinating calculations based on the price of a cartridge, and mounting up and up until we had the price of a battle and the price of a war. Sometimes he gave us what may be called the physiological argument as a variation. Assuming that the object of all human endeavor was to produce a race of super-policemen, he warned us that wars were followed by a loss of stature. He ran his measuring tape and callipers over the Frenchman and pronounced him degenerate. Mr. Angell and President Jordan, having abolished war by the simple expedient of showing us how expensive it is, rested on their oars, and we heard no more of them—indeed, we almost forgot them—while we fought the greatest war of all history. Now Mr. Angell is beginning all over again. He has the effrontery to write another book, "The Fruits of Victory," in which he says "I told you so." The war has indeed been most unprofitable from the financial point of view. Most of us are more or less ruined. The bookkeeping entries are nearly all on the debit side. That no one ever supposed that war could be financially profitable, that no one is quite such a fool as that, that nations do not fight for financial profit, escapes Mr. Angell's attention and vitiates his argument. It is not without its bearing upon the forthcoming conference which is intended to remove the "causes of war." Are we sure that we know what are the causes of war? Do we truly believe that the average citizen of Illinois could lash himself into a war fever under the conviction that his personal fortunes are involved in the domination of Yap? Or in the problem of Canal tolls? Or the mastership of Korea? Or the fate of Shantung? At the present moment there is something horribly like war in Ireland. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the English-speaking world is rent in two by this quarrel, and with a partisanship alike bitter and dangerous. There are hardly any conceivable limits to its results. But there is no question here of financial or economic profit. There are no markets nor "open doors" involved. Every one knows that the war in Ireland is basically a religious war—but then one must not talk of religion, at least not in its modern and doctrinal aspects, not even though one may see that the nations of Europe are already aligning themselves for the next war under the banners of religion. Religion has a far heavier war guilt than finance or territorial ambitions, although it often assumes these disguises. It was religion that isolated Russia for centuries, that created the Balkan problem, that brought the Turks into Europe and kept them there, that created the hate between Italy and Austria. There is not a single political phase in the great war that was not molded by religion. There is not a nation on earth that is not mint-marked in its character, temperament, and affiliations by religion. But when we come to the causes of war we give the place of honor, not inappropriately, to Yap. Nations fight because of their innate and unreasoning pugnacities. They fight for the imponderables. They fight as animals fight, because they causelessly hate each other. They fight for the sense of power and supremacy which they call patriotism. And they invent and create the material "causes" about which their statesmen wrangle and dispute. They call those causes religion in one age and economics in another. War is an act of national immorality—or a defense against such an act—and for which we try to invent a rational reason. It springs from the source of all immoralities, the lust for power and possession, instinctive animal hatreds, and the sense of difference. The slant eyes of the Japanese are more provocative than Shantung. War will be abolished by a quickened moral sense. All other remedies are pills against earthquakes.

I have been an omnivorous reader of books about war, its cause, and its cure. Most of them

mental level with the writer who said that there would have been no war but for the mechanical facilities offered by gasoline. He might as well have said that there would have been no war but for the law of gravitation. War is a part of the age-long disciplining of human nature, of the cosmic search for God. It is the penalty for failure in that search, and by God I mean the deliberate choice of right as against wrong, of service as against self, of the characteristics of a good man as against those of a bad man. The citizen who would talk about himself as he talks unashamedly about his country would be derisively ostracized as a vain fool, but it is the same thing on a larger scale. The principle of *Deutschland über Alles* is not confined to Germany. We all avow the same principle. We call it execrable when it comes from beyond our frontiers. When we ourselves proclaim it we call it patriotism. But it is a bastard patriotism. It is the war breeder. No man loves his mother because she is wiser, more beautiful, more learned, more virtuous than all other mothers. He loves her because she gave him life and ceaselessly sacrificed herself for him, even though she have neither beauty nor learning. And that true love brings him into alliance, not into conflict, with all other men who love their mothers for the same reasons. True patriotism can never provoke war. It is the enemy of war. It makes war impossible.

There are two writers—probably more than two, but I have only seen two—who venture to tell us in plain language what are the causes of war. One is Dr. Cram, who wrote "The Nemesis of Mediocrity" and "The Great Thousand Years." The other is the anonymous author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street" and "The Glass of Fashion." They use different terminology, but their meaning is the same. Dr. Cram tells us that the great war—yes, and great wars still—became inevitable with the coming of a false democracy somewhere soon after the Reformation with its slowly growing conviction that we could be saved by means of some sort of political mechanism, that we could ballot ourselves, vote ourselves, legislate ourselves, elect ourselves into the millennium. With this false democracy came the worship of *things* instead of qualities, the cult of possessions instead of graces, and of a contempt for the beautiful and the intangible. For some three centuries we have been trying to legislate ourselves into a political kingdom of heaven. We are still obsessed by the conviction that nothing intervenes but a loose screw here, a leaky valve there, and that the means of grace is to be found in a monkey-wrench with which to tinker with the political machine. We have passed laws literally by the hundreds of thousands and *pari passu* with that prodigious legislation has come an increase of poverty, of crime, of divorce, of drug-taking, of suicide, of sedition, and of war. Because of that false democracy we have placed a ban upon great men who by their genius have denied our brummagem equalities. At the present moment and with a few possible exceptions there is not one supremely great man upon earth, not one to compare—to take statecraft alone—with Lincoln, Gladstone, Disraeli, Gambetta, Cavour, Napoleon, or Bismarck. There are no writers to compare with Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, or Goethe. Such are the men who give vision, and "without a vision the people perish." We have dethroned God and set up a ballot-box in his place. Instead of leadership we have legislation by illiterate and moron majorities controlled by mean men, base men, stupid men. In the fullness of our democratic wisdom we have chosen Barabas. What wonder that there should be continuous war? Be careful, says Dr. Cram. Look at Russia! Perhaps the worst is yet to come!

The author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street" and "The Glass of Fashion" takes a similar line, but he is more specific. He is trying to account for war and for the wave of degeneracy that preceded and followed the war, the concentration upon greeds and upon vicious pleasures, the indefinite adjournment of the moral sense. What else can you expect, he says in effect, after the cycle of materialism and the teachings of Darwin, Haeckel, and Spencer? These men have taught, and civilization has believed, that there is only one law of evolution and it is the law of the jungle, of sharp teeth and long claws. Your scientists have searched for the human soul with their scalpels—as well search for radium with a pickaxe—and because they could not find it they have denied its existence. They have declared that the universe is governed by chance, and that man in his highest aspect is no more than a fortuitous concourse of chemicals. Nature preserves the fit, we have been told, and the fit are the predatory. Self-preservation, they say, is the first law of nature, oblivious of the fact that even human immortality has been given only to those who did *not* preserve themselves. Now if Darwin and Haeckel are right, if man is no more than a material mechanism wound up like a clock to run for so long, what becomes of duty and honor and virtue? Why prate of such things at all? What more do we need than policemen and armies? How indeed can we conceivably dispense with them? If the materialistic science that is taught to our children be true science, what right have we to blame Germany for invading Belgium? Why should she not invade Belgium, indifferent to anything except opposing armies? Why should I not steal my friend's watch if I am able to do so? What do you mean by

honesty and virtue? Mechanisms can not be honest or virtuous. Why should not Japan seize Korea or Manchuria? Why should she keep treaties? How can we condemn invasions, aggressions, conquests? What is there to appeal to? It is no use to appeal to a faulty machine.

And so the doctrine of human irresponsibility, bequeathed to us by Darwin and Haeckel, has saturated the white world. I am not responsible for my misconduct, seeing that my grandmother had a wart on her forehead and married a Democrat. Or I have a tumor on the brain. Or I was born naked and am naturally covetous. And so we have doctrines of heredity and eugenism. No one is answerable for anything, and we may all do what we please in pursuit of pleasure. Self-restraint is a myth, renunciation a folly, self-denial a superstition. Having lived as the beasts that perish we then die like them, and pass away into the damnation of extinction.

We must get rid of Darwinism—at least of this materialistic phase of it—if we would get rid of war and degeneracy. So says our author, and he is by no means a preacher. We must recognize that duty is a reality and rather an awful one, and that it is in no way affected by material interests, nor false patriotisms, nor to be abolished by false democracies. Then we shall be able to see our way to abolish war. But it will not be done by conventions or treaties. We have tried them.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 7, 1921.

OLD FAVORITES.

Hymn of Pan.

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands
Where loud waves are dumb,
Listening to my sweet pipings,
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The hees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.
Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Sipped by my sweet pipings,
The Sileni and Sylvans and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal earth,
And of heaven, and the giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth.
And then I changed my pipings—
Singing how down the vale of Mænalus
I pursued a maiden, and clasp'd a reed:
Gods and men, we were all deluded thus;
It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed.
All wept—as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood—
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Coyote—Or the Prairie Wolf.

Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
Half bold and half timid, yet lazy all through;
Loth ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,
He limps in the clearing.—an outcast in grey.

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,
Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,
Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever away
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in grey.

Here, Carlo, old fellow, he's one of your kind,—
Go seek him, and bring him out of the wind.
What! snarling, my Carlo! So—even dogs may
Deny their own kin in the outcast in grey!

Well, take what you will,—though it be on the sly,
Marauding or begging,—I shall not ask why;
But will call it a dole, just to help on his way
A four-footed friar in orders of grey!—Bret Harte.

Song.

Fresh from the dewy hill, the merry year
Smiles on my head and mounts his flaming car;
Round my young brows the laurel wreaths a shade,
And rising glories beam around my head.

My feet are wing'd, while o'er the dewy lawn,
I meet my maiden risen like the morn:
Oh bless those holy feet, like angel's feet;
Oh bless those limbs, beaming with heavenly light.

Like as an angel glitt'ring in the sky
In times of innocence and holy joy;
The joyful shepherd stops his grateful song
To hear the music of an angel's tongue.

So when she speaks, the voice of heaven I hear;
So when we walk, nothing impure comes near;
Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.

But that sweet village where my black-eyed maid
Closes her eyes in sleep beneath night's shade,
Whene'er I enter, more than mortal fire
Burns in my soul, and does my song inspire.

—William Blake.

To guide airmen flying on the Paris to London route the French government is placing anchored balloons in certain positions at a height of about a mile.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Josephus Daniels' ambition as a youth was to be a professional baseball player.

Mrs. Mildred Clemens Schenck of Berkeley has been honored by the Royal Geographical Society of England for her contributions to geographical knowledge. Mrs. Schenck is a cousin of Mark Twain.

Miss Mary Rutter Towle is the Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. Miss Towle was born in Wakefield, Massachusetts, was educated in Boston and at Bryn Mawr, where she took the degrees of A. B. and A. M., studied law at New York University, and has been a successful practicing lawyer in New York since 1913.

Charles Beecher Warren, United States Ambassador to Japan, was born at Bay City, Michigan, April 10, 1870. He was educated at the University of Michigan, where he took the degree of Ph. B. in 1891, and at the Detroit College of Law. He secured the degree of A. M. from the University of Michigan in 1916. He married, December 2, 1902, Helen Wetmore of Detroit. He was associated with the firm of Dickinson, Warren & Warren and later in the firm of Warren, Cady, Ladd & Hill. Among numerous positions and commissions that he has held was that of president of the Detroit Chamber of Commerce, 1914-1916. He is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and the American Society of International Law.

General Jan Christian Smuts was not born a Briton, but became one when his native Transvaal was annexed by England after the Boer war. In this war Smuts served with the Boer army with great distinction. General Smuts was born in 1870, and was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. Following his admission to the bar, he hung out his shingle at Johannesburg, Transvaal, in 1896. Defeat of the Boers did not embitter him toward England, and the outbreak of the world war found him on the side of the Allies. In 1916 he was given command of the British forces operating in German East Africa and annihilated German power there. In 1917-1918 he was South Africa's representative in the imperial war cabinet. He was chosen the first premier of the Union of South Africa, a position he has since held.

Judge Julian W. Mack, permanent chairman of the Palestine Development Association, is a lawyer and jurist of national repute. Born in San Francisco in 1866, he was educated in the public schools of Cincinnati and at Harvard, from which university he secured an LL. B. degree in 1877. During the three years following his graduation from Harvard he studied at the universities of Berlin and Leipzig. On returning to the United States in 1890 Mack was admitted to the bar. In 1895 he became a professor of law in Northwestern University, remaining there seven years. In 1902 he took a position on the law faculty of the University of Chicago. The next year he was elected a judge of the Cook County, Illinois, circuit court, a position he held until 1911, when he was appointed to head the newly created United States Commerce Court. On this court he has since served with distinction.

Donald B. MacMillan will soon be on his way to explore Baffin Land, the vast Arctic island southwest of Greenland. He will take with him a crew of six men. They expected to reach Baffin Land in September and return to the United States late in 1922. MacMillan is the son of a Cape Cod sea captain. He was born in Provincetown, November, 1874, and was graduated from Bowdoin in 1898. After postgraduate work at Harvard in 1910-12 he took up teaching and became a public school principal. He made his debut as an explorer in the Cabot Labrador expedition of 1919, and three years later became the leader of the Crocker Land expedition. During 1911-12 he made ethnological studies of the Eskimos in Labrador. In the meantime he served as chief lieutenant to Peary in the latter's successful dash to the North Pole in 1909. Altogether he has made eight voyages into the Arctic regions.

Bainbridge Colby was born in St. Louis on December 22, 1869. After graduating from Williams College in 1890 he studied law and was admitted to the New York bar in 1892. He represented Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) in settlement with his publishing house and was one of counsel of interests who brought about reforms in the Equitable Life Assurance Association. Mr. Colby began taking an active interest in politics about twenty years ago, when he was elected as a Republican to the New York legislature. He was actively identified with the candidacy of Theodore Roosevelt for the presidential nomination in 1912. He was one of the founders of the Progressive party and served as a delegate to the Progressive convention held in Chicago in 1912. Mr. Colby was a commissioner of the United States Shipping Board and a member of the United States Shipping Board Fleet Corporation, 1917-1919. He was a member of the American mission to the Inter-Allied Conference at Paris in November, 1917. He was nominated as Secretary of State by President Wilson, February 25, 1920, and served in this capacity during the last year of the Wilson administration. Immediately following the inauguration of President Harding, Mr. Colby and former President Wilson formed a law partnership, with offices at New York and Washington, D. C.

THE VICTORIAN PARADOX.

Lytton Strachey Expounds Victoria's Character and the Nature of Her Statesmanship.

A cynic recently remarked that feminists would be utterly lost without the notable examples of Mme. Curie, Florence Nightingale, and England's two queens. It is amusing to ponder the sad fate of the suffragist shorn of her favorite example of feminine statesmanship; for surely Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" annihilates that legend completely. Whatever virtues or qualities Mr. Lytton attributes to the Widow of Windsor, statesmanship is not among them. From one angle, at least, the most talked of biography of the day is a vindication and a sort of inferential or incidental biography of another person—the Prince Consort. Is the truth a surprise to England, we wonder; and did the English of the Victorian Age know that it was really an Albertian age? Naturally, the age was called for the monarch, but it is nevertheless astonishing to learn that what the age stood for were not the things Victoria stood for:

Her piety, absolutely genuine, found what it wanted in the sober exhortations of old John Grant and the devout saws of Mrs. P. Farquharson. They possessed the qualities, which, as a child of fourteen, she had so sincerely admired in the Bishop of Chester's "Exposition of the Gospel of St. Matthew"; they were "just plain and comprehensible and full of truth and good feeling." The queen, who gave her name to the Age of Mill and of Darwin, never got any further than that.

But this accounts for the strange discrepancy between the notion of Victorian straightlacedness and the other things for which that odd age has always stood—labor reforms, liberal politics, even spiritual disturbances as manifested in the Oxford movement. Victoria herself would have had no change anywhere if she had had her own way:

That the nation's idol was a very incomplete representative of the nation was a circumstance that was hardly noticed, and yet it was conspicuously true. For the vast changes which, out of the England of 1837, had produced the England of 1897, seemed scarcely to have touched the queen. The immense industrial development of the period, the significance of which had been so thoroughly understood by Albert, meant little indeed to Victoria. The amazing scientific movement, which Albert had appreciated no less, left Victoria perfectly cold. Her conception of the universe, and of man's place in it, and of the stupendous problems of nature and philosophy remained, throughout her life, entirely unchanged.

More strange still is the fate that Albert is even responsible for the cast of temperament that we call Victorian in contrast to our modern freedom:

It was indeed a model court. Not only were its central personages the patterns of propriety, but no breath of scandal, no shadow of indecorum, might approach its utmost boundaries. For Victoria, with all the zeal of a convert, upheld now the standard of moral purity with an inflexibility surpassing, if that were possible, Albert's own. She blushed to think how she had once believed—how she had once actually told him—that one might be too strict and particular in such matters, and that one ought to be indulgent towards other people's dreadful sins.

Needless to say Albert's death was a very real catastrophe, and not merely to the queen:

The sudden removal of the prince was not merely a matter or overwhelming personal concern to Victoria; it was an event of national, of European importance. He was only forty-two, and in the ordinary course of nature he might have been expected to live at least thirty years longer. Had he done so it can hardly be doubted that the whole development of the English polity would have been changed. Already at the time of his death he filled a unique place in English public life.

It is difficult to even imagine how the queen survived the blow. Mr. Strachey tells us that "with Albert's death a veil descends." He means that not so much of the private royal and diplomatic history was consigned to writing as in Albert's chronicle-loving life. Victoria had caught the habit of making memos of everything that occurred, but after Albert's death her mania for preserving the past took other forms:

No new picture could be hung upon the walls at Windsor, for those already there had been put in their places by Albert, whose decisions were eternal. So, indeed, were Victoria's. To insure that they should be the aid of the camera was called in. Every single article in the queen's possession was photographed from several points of view. These photographs were submitted to her majesty, and when, after careful inspection, she had approved of them, they were placed in a series of albums, richly bound. Then, opposite each photograph, an entry was made, indicating the number of the article, the number of the room in which it was kept, its exact position in the room and all its principle characteristics.

As for Albert's own rooms:

Within those precincts everything remained as it had been at the prince's death; but the mysterious preoccupation of Victoria had commanded that her husband's clothing should be laid afresh, each evening, upon the bed, and that, each evening, the water should be set ready in the basin, as if he were still alive; and this incredible rite was performed with scrupulous regularity for nearly forty years.

Two things enabled the queen to "carry on." One was the necessity to commemorate Albert in every possible way—by statues, institutions, a magnificent mausoleum. Perhaps the most satisfying of all to Victoria was the official life which she ordered written by Mr. Theodore Martin and in which she had her consort pilloried in perfection:

The fatal drawback was that the public did not find that image attractive. Victoria's emotional nature, far more remarkable for vigor than for subtlety, rejecting utterly the qualifications which perspicuity, or humor, might suggest, could be satisfied with nothing but the absolute and the categorical. When she disliked she did so with an unequivocal

emphasis which swept the object of her repugnance at once and finally outside the pale of consideration; and her feelings of affection were equally unmitigated.

The poor lady was disappointed at the book's reception, but only threw herself the harder into carrying out her second task—that of continuing alone the work she had hitherto done under Albert's kindly supervision:

She assumed the gigantic load; and naturally she staggered under it. While he had lived, she had worked, indeed, with regularity and conscientiousness; but it was work made easy, made delicious, by his care, his forethought, his advice, and his infallibility. The mere sound of his voice, asking her to sign a paper, had thrilled her; in such a presence she could have labored gladly forever. But now there was a hideous change. Now there were no neat piles and docketings under the green lamp; now there were no simple explanations of difficult matters; now there was nobody to tell her what was right and what was wrong.

For awhile—before Disraeli came on the scene as prime minister to inherit Albert's position as political tutor to the queen—the difficult matters seemed well-nigh insurmountable:

The mere effort of grappling with the mass of documents which poured in upon her in an ever-growing flood was terribly exhausting. When the draft of the lengthy and intricate Irish Church Bill came before her, accompanied by an explanatory letter from Mr. Gladstone covering a dozen closely-written quarto pages, she almost despaired. She turned from the bill to the explanation, and from the explanation back again the bill, and she could not decide which was the most confusing. But she had to do her duty: she had not only to read, but to make notes. At last she handed the whole heap of papers to Mr. Martin, who happened to be staying at Osborne, and requested him to make a précis of them.

This was during Gladstone's premiership—a time of sore stress to poor Victoria:

The well-known complaint—"He speaks to me as if I were a public meeting"—whether authentic or no—and the turn of the sentence is surely a little too epigrammatic to be genuinely Victorian—undoubtedly expresses the essential element of her antipathy. She had no objection to being considered as an institution; she was one, and she knew it. But she was a woman, too, and to be considered only as an institution—that was unbearable. And thus all Mr. Gladstone's zeal and devotion, his ceremonious phrases, his low bows, his punctilious correctitudes, were utterly wasted; and when, in the excess of his loyalty, he went further, and imputed to the object of his veneration, with obsequious blindness, the subtlety of intellect, the wide reading, the grave enthusiasm, which he himself possessed, the misunderstanding became complete. The discordance between the actual Victoria and this strange Divinity made in Mr. Gladstone's image produced disastrous results.

Yet his fidelity remained unshaken. When the cabinet met, the prime minister, filled with his beatific vision, would open the proceedings by reading aloud the letters which he had received from the queen upon the questions of the hour. The assembly sat in absolute silence while, one after another, the royal missives, with their emphases, their ejaculations, and their grammatical peculiarities boomed forth in all the deep solemnity of Mr. Gladstone's utterance.

But at last Disraeli was returned to office and Victoria had six years "of excitement, of enchantment, of felicity, of glory, of romance":

The amazing being, who now at last, at the age of seventy, after a lifetime of extraordinary struggles, had turned into reality the absurdest of his boyhood's dreams, knew well enough how to make his own, with absolute completeness, the heart of the Sovereign Lady whose servant, and whose master, he had so miraculously become. In women's hearts he had always read as in an open book. His whole career had turned upon those curious entities; and the more curious they were, the more intimately at home with them he seemed to be.

Small wonder the queen was happy. She had what she needed above all else—adequate support, sound judgment to fall back on, and a minister who was only too happy to contribute to her glory:

As for Victoria, she accepted everything—compliments, flatteries, Elizabethan prerogatives—without a single qualm. After the long gloom of her bereavement, after the chill of the Gladstonian discipline, she expanded in the rays of Disraeli's devotion like a flower in the sun. The change in her situation was indeed miraculous. No longer was she obliged to puzzle for hours over the complicated details of business, for now she had only to ask Mr. Disraeli for an explanation, and he would give it to her in the most concise, in the most amusing, way.

Is it not, after all, to Disraeli that the feminists owe their pet argument? And yet it was Disraeli who said:

With Prince Albert we have buried our sovereign. This German prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our kings have ever shown. . . . If he had outlived some of our "old stagers" he would have given us the blessings of absolute government.

Probably to Victoria, whose mind, Strachey says, was incapable of subtle deductions, there was no inconsistency between this statement and the many with which he hailed her own sovereign powers:

Disraeli, who had suddenly veered toward a new imperialism, had thrown out the suggestion that the Queen of England ought to become the Empress of India. Victoria seized upon the idea with avidity, and in season and out of season, pressed upon her prime minister the desirability of putting his proposal into practice. He demurred; but she was not to be balked; and in 1876, in spite of his own unwillingness and that of his entire cabinet, he found himself obliged to add to the troubles of a stormy session by introducing a bill for the alteration of the royal title. His compliance, however, finally conquered the Faery's heart. The measure was angrily attacked in both houses, and Victoria was deeply touched by the untiring energy with which Disraeli defended it. She was, she said, much grieved by "the worry and annoyance" to which he was subjected; she feared she was the cause of it; and she would never forget what she owed to "her kind, good, and considerate friend."

We can not help wondering how even her monstrous egoism swallowed all of Disraeli's flattery, but swallow all it did:

"You have heard me called a flatterer," he said to Matthew Arnold, "and it is true. Every one likes flattery; and when you come to royalty you should lay it on with a trowel." He

practiced what he preached. His adulation was incessant, and he applied it in the very thickest slabs. "There is no honor and no reward," he declared, "that with him can ever equal the possession of your majesty's kind thoughts. All his own thoughts and feelings and duties and affections were now concentrated in your majesty, and he desires nothing more for his remaining years than to serve your majesty, or, if that service ceases, to live still on its memory as a period of his existence most interesting and fascinating."

What probably helped the queen to swallow her minister's over-sweet draughts and what conduced her to regard herself as a politician was a Teutonic love of red tape. She would have made an excellent clerk:

The love of business which, from her girlhood, had been strong within her, reasserted itself in all its vigor, and, in her old age, to have been cut off from her papers and her boxes would have been, not a relief, but an agony to Victoria. Thus, though toiling minister might sigh and suffer, the whole process of government continued, till the very end, to pass before her. Nor was that all; ancient precedent had made the validity of an enormous number of official transactions dependent upon the application of the royal sign-manual; and a great proportion of the queen's working hours was spent in this mechanical task. Nor did she show any desire to diminish it. On the contrary, she voluntarily resumed the duty of signing commissions in the army, from which she had been set free by Act of Parliament, and from which, during the years of middle life, she had abstained. In no case would she countenance the proposal that she should use a stamp.

This love of business was a really a manifestation of her *hausfrau* nature. Victoria, born to a lower station of life, would have been a perfectly happy woman. The happiest periods of her life were those spent in the seclusion of her Highland home, partly—true—because of its association with Albert, but also because she loved the atmosphere of domesticity:

Her absorbing passion for the comfortable commonplaces, the small crises, the recurrent sentimentalities, of domestic life constantly demanded wider fields for its activity; the sphere of her own family, vast as it was, was not enough; she became eager confidante of the household affairs of her ladies; her sympathies reached out to the palace domestics.

One's heart aches for the poor old queen when Disraeli died:

The grand romance had come to its conclusion. Lord Beaconsfield, worn out with age and maladies, but moving still, an assiduous mummy, from dinner party to dinner party, suddenly moved no longer. When she knew that the end was inevitable, she seemed, by a pathetic instinct, to divest herself of her royalty, and to shrink, with hushed gentleness, beside him, a woman and nothing more.

Victoria's political career was practically over with Disraeli's death:

Victoria was growing very old; with no Albert to guide her, with no Beaconsfield to enflame her, she was willing enough to abandon the dangerous questions of diplomacy to the wisdom of Lord Salisbury, and to concentrate her energies upon objects which touched her more nearly and over which she could exercise an undisputed control.

It is pleasant to think that her old age was freed from the cares of statesmanship that had set so heavily upon her shoulders for so many years:

And so, after the toils of the tempests of the day, a long evening followed—mild, serene, and lighted with a golden glory. For an unexampled atmosphere of success and adoration invested the last period of Victoria's life. Her triumph was the summary, the crown, of a greater triumph—the culminating prosperity of a nation. The solid splendor of the decade between Victoria's two jubilees can hardly be paralleled in the annals of England. The sage counsels of Lord Salisbury seemed to bring with them, not only wealth and power, but security; and the country settled down, with calm assurance, to the enjoyment of an established grandeur. And—it was only natural—Victoria settled down, too.

It was perhaps the happiest time of her life since her consort had died. She had at last wrested popularity from the people, she was supremely honored in the royal household, and she was free to enjoy the domesticity for which she hungered. Along with her new-found popularity she was accorded almost as great a perfection as she had previously required in the name of Albert:

It was for long the custom of courtly historians and polite politicians to compliment the queen upon the correctness of her attitude towards the Constitution. But such praise seems hardly to be justified by the facts. . . . In truth it is difficult to trace any fundamental change either in her theory or her practice in constitutional matters throughout her life. The same despotic and personal spirit which led her to break off the negotiations with Peel is equally visible in her animosity towards Palmerston, in her threats of abdication to Disraeli, and in her desire to prosecute the Duke of Westminster for attending a meeting upon Bulgarian atrocities. The complex and delicate principles of the Constitution can not be said to have come within the compass of her mental faculties; and in the actual developments which it underwent during her reign she played a passive part. . . . Perhaps, absorbed as she was in routine, and difficult as she found it to distinguish at all clearly between the trivial and the essential, she was only dimly aware of what was happening. Yet, at the end of her reign, the crown was weaker than at any other time in English history. Paradoxically enough, Victoria received the highest eulogiums for assenting to a political evolution, which, had she completely realized its import, would have filled her with supreme displeasure.

Mr. Strachey has gone far to explain the enigma of the Victorian Age, but will it not after all remain one of the great paradoxes of history?—R. G.

QUEEN VICTORIA. By Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.; \$5.

A bill has been laid before the French Parliament providing for the taxation of foreigners in Paris. The minimum tax proposed is 3½ francs a day. The tax will be 6 francs daily in better-class hotels.

Throughout the history of Japanese feminine dress the graceful lines of the kimono have prevailed, unchanged.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 3, 1921, were \$118,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$148,900,000; a decrease of \$30,900,000.

While Europe sent to the United States more than two hundred and fifty million dollars in gold during the first six months of the current year above receipts from this country, nevertheless a slight gain occurred in that period in the total gold reserves of Europe held by central banks or government

subsequent to the outbreak of the great war far above pre-war figures, and were further increased since the armistice by concentrating in them as far as possible all gold privately held. While these reserves have been, by continued government impoundage, kept rigidly stabilized at the points attained as a result of those extraordinary war and post-war measures, in the face of the recent tremendous suction toward America, nevertheless the three great streams have flowed through these countries to the United States with little impediment during the last six months. No material effort has been made in Europe to divert the gold from them for the purpose of building up further the reserves there. The gold has served to reduce European indebtedness in America rather than to aid in restoring the gold standard in Europe.

It was stated in the Federal Reserve bulletin for June, 1921, that the director of the Swedish Mint had recently estimated that seven tons of Russian gold were received in Sweden since 1920. He was quoted as saying that after refining it was reexported, chiefly to the United States, representing an assayed value here of about \$40,000,000. The bulletin also said that not less than another \$60,000,000 of Russian gold or its equivalent had found its way to the United States through France and other channels.

The movement of gold from Russia to the United States is not definitely traceable. It is thought to have come to this country indirectly through various continental countries in addition to those mentioned above. At the outbreak of the war in 1914 the Russian State Bank held \$779,750,000 in gold; by the end of 1917, the date of the last definite statement of gold held in the bank, the stock had dwindled to \$633,000,000. It has been reported that this balance has since been largely dispersed and the amount remaining is unknown, but is thought to be small.

It appears, therefore, that the United States received, between January 1st and July 10th, the equivalent of \$106,599,000 of African and Indian gold by way of London and the equivalent of more than \$100,000,000 of Russian gold by way of Continental Europe. These three chief sources account for the fact that Europe as a whole has been able to make substantial gold payments to the United States without further impairing her existing centralized gold stocks.

During the last two weeks of July the bond market was active with an upward tendency, the result of an ample supply of funds as evidenced by easier money (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in *Commerce Monthly*). All the Liberty Loans were dealt in on a large scale, as were the leading foreign issues. The upward movement in these classes was shared not only by municipal issues, but by railroad and industrial bonds. As a result of the need of money for financing the heavy crop movement the market for railroad and industrial issues became much less active during the first two weeks of August, and prices reacted moderately from recent high levels. Transactions in the high interest-bearing foreign issues and in Liberty Loans continued to be heavy until the close of the period.

New issues from July 15th to August 15th

were chiefly state and municipal securities, and some public utilities, the most prominent of which was the \$15,000,000 Western Union Telegraph Company 6½s, which was oversubscribed at the offering price of 99, returning 6.60 per cent. New issues of industrials were light, the most important being \$25,000,000 ten-year notes of Swift & Co., to yield 7½ per cent.

American investors will have more foreign bonds offered to them, many more. Only thus can a foreign trade balance in our favor be financed (says the *World's Work*). In the past the people of Europe have been our best customers. Just now they do not have the money to pay us, but they need our goods more than they ever did. One economist says we must loan them money or see them starve. Furthermore, we need their trade to take up the surplus production in this country over and above what we need for our own use. It will be as true of these loans as were James J. Hill's comments on the Anglo-French loan—the first long-term credit to be placed with American investors to enable England and France to continue buying here during the war: "Its greatest benefits are to come to the people of the United States. One who looks at the plain facts will see that the grant of this credit for the purpose stated is far less an accommodation to the countries that ask it than an act of necessity for us." We no longer must send war supplies to those who stand between us and the Hun, but we must send supplies to the undernourished people of the world, and it is as true today as it was in 1913 that we must grant these credits or our return of prosperity will be longer delayed. The banks can not provide the credit for financing this trade, for it must be long-term credit. American investors alone can supply it.

Today American investors are holding more than a billion and a half of foreign bonds that they have bought since the war started. Nineteen different countries are represented in the list of our foreign security holdings. More than two and a half billion have been sold here since 1914, and about one billion have been matured and paid off. The only defaults have been on Russian and Mexican government bonds. The experience of American investors with foreign bonds has, therefore, on the whole, been a favorable one. Those who see the necessity for our taking more of them, but who fear they can not hold here in amounts adequate to meet the situation, reckon without that host of new investors created by the war. These new investors will not take many bonds individually, but collectively they will provide the requirements of our own government for refunding the maturing loans of our railroads, other utilities and industrial companies in need of vast sums of money, and also of foreign governments that look to us for help. It is the duty of our investment bankers to find the way to reach these many new springs of investment savings, and lead them into the streams and rivers of capital that will finance the requirements of the world. Steps are now being taken to do this.

Why should we look beyond our own borders for investment opportunities? We did not do so before the war, why should we now, when the war is over. At the risk of repetition, it is well to point out why Americans,

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for their own interest, must now finance other nations of the world. The reason is clear, but is being lost sight of. Before the war we were a debtor nation. We owed abroad something like five billion dollars. That was money the British, French, and other foreigners had invested in this country by the purchase of securities and in other ways. To pay the interest on that amount called for a trade balance in our favor, i. e., an excess of exports over imports of three hundred million dollars a year. The war has changed all that. We have bought back a good part of our securities held abroad. American investors have taken a billion and a half of foreign bonds,



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and our government has loaned ten billions to the Allies. From a debtor nation we jumped in five years to the world's greatest creditor. The trade balance would have to be more than five hundred millions against us to meet the annual interest running to us. Now the rest of the world has no such trade balance for us, and if it had, we would not want such an excess of goods sent to us. But the only way to keep the rest from sending us more goods than they buy from us is to continue to loan them money to pay for what they buy here, until they get back to prosperous conditions, when they will begin to pay back what they owe us from their savings.

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agents (says *Commerce Monthly*, published by the National Bank of Commerce in New York).

Only three of the fourteen chief European gold-holding countries showed a diminution in their gold stocks from January 1st to July 1st, and these losses were relatively slight, their combined total amounting to less than twelve million dollars. This loss was more than offset by gains among the other eleven countries, the net increase of the fourteen combined amounting to \$1,199,000.

Yet between January 1st and July 1st the gold stock held by the Federal Reserve Banks in the United States increased by \$402,601,000, or nearly 20 per cent. of the \$2,059,330,000 they held the first of the year, almost two-thirds of the increase being made up by the

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gold from European shipping points, the rest coming from non-European and domestic sources.

An analysis of this gold movement shows that present European gold reserves are not being drained to swell America's holdings, but that the increments to this country's hoard since the first of the year, in so far as shipments from European points are concerned, are chiefly accounted for by three great streams of the metal consisting of newly-mined supplies from Africa coming by way of London, of gold yielded up by India, also coming by way of London, and of metal thought to have originated from Russian sources, eventually coming to America through various European countries.

Europe's centralized reserves were built up

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skill in establishing credits for foreign buyers. America can take a place of leadership if her new investors are educated to lend as freely, and her bankers show the same skill in administering credits. Not only must our investment bankers locate the new springs of investment capital in this country; they must educate the owners of this capital to invest in foreign as well as domestic securities. They must see to it that the foreign securities they offer to them are safe investments, then they must show them that their money will be safely invested in them. One house, that has specialized in Canadian securities with marked success, has recently done this in regard to that country. It has issued a booklet

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showing the agricultural and natural wealth of the Dominion, and pointing out the great material progress that has been made in Canada during the last few years. Such statistical information as it presents can not but increase the confidence of investors in Canadian securities. The same thing should be done for other countries. While in many cases it would not show such a record of progress, yet it would increase the investors' knowledge regarding the security behind the obligations of those countries, and help to establish confidence in them. "American investors have grown to feel that when investing in Canada they are investing at home," is the way this house explains the growing popularity of Canadian securities in this country. What is needed is more of an "at home" feeling regarding investments throughout the world. Familiarity with the wealth and condition of foreign countries and with the nature of their peoples will give something of that feeling. Some of the cosmopolitanism of the British is necessary to make us ready buyers of foreign securities.

In the last analysis, from the standpoint of the investor, the best safeguard he can have in buying foreign issues, as well as most others, is the recommendation of a reliable investment banking house that values its reputation. The experience that American investors have already had with foreign government issues shows the chief risk investors run, and the one which is hard to guard against—that of the instability of governments themselves. Not always does the overthrow of a government undermine the value of its securities, but such an event is likely to do so and this point of the stability of governments is one that the buyer of foreign bonds should take into consideration. If the government of a country is stable, however, and its people are able to pay the taxes necessary to meet the interest and principal of its obligations, then the bonds of that country are likely to prove good investments.

Another point which is worthy of consideration is that external loan bonds, such as the foreign issues which have been brought out in this country in dollar denominations, are generally regarded as coming ahead of the internal loan bonds of the same countries. This is based on the theory that a country will regard the maintenance of its credit abroad as of more importance than the meeting of its obligations to its own people. In other words, should occasion arise when it could not meet all its obligations, it would first pay the interest and the principal of its loans abroad. These are the kind of loans that will be made here to finance our future trade balance, and they will undoubtedly hold out some attractive opportunities for American investors. Those foreigners who bought our high-interest-bearing bonds after the civil war were in much the same position that we are today in regard to the rest of the world. We have a large share of the world's investment capital. Our future position in world trade depends largely upon how we use it.

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The Albany and Susquehanna is entitled to extra benefits up to 9 per cent., plus a percentage of about 3 per cent. from the refunding of the bonds, making a total of 12 per cent.

The Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line is under the control of the Southern Railway. Should earnings warrant, there is a provision to increase the guaranteed dividend rate from 5 per cent. to 7 per cent. Present rate is 7 per cent.

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Georgia Railroad and Banking Company—This company is jointly controlled by the Louisville and the Atlantic Coast Line. Present dividend rate, 11 per cent.—John D. Dunlop.

It is common enough to find bankers and writers in financial papers advising farmers to patronize the banks, and the advice is doubtless none the less valuable because of the banker's financial interest which is involved. But no self-interest attaches to a sermon against hoarding which is preached by a farmer's paper, *Wallace's Farmer* (Des Moines). This editorial on "The Sin of Hoarding" is prompted by the writer's conviction that there are in many communities men who are sinning against themselves and their fellows by keeping from \$200 to \$10,000 around the house; "they are laboring under the impression that things are going to get worse and worse until the final crash comes and that then they will be at a peculiar advantage because they have a stock of hard cash on hand." The point is that—

"Cash kept around the house is dead money. Cash deposited in the bank is live money. A dollar of cash deposited in the bank serves as a source of from \$5 to \$10 of credit. The man who keeps \$1000 around the house is, in effect, preventing five to ten other men from



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borrowing \$1000 each from the bank. We suspect that there is at least \$5,000,000 in the State of Iowa being kept out of circulation by timid hoarders. This \$5,000,000 if it were put in the bank would serve as a source of from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000 of credit, and would go a long way toward relieving the present critical situation.

"Never keep more than \$50 in cash around the house, and if you can get along with as little as \$10, by all means do so. If you have large quantities of money on hand there is always danger of losing it by robbery and fire. But the biggest reason why all surplus

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money should find its way into the bank as promptly as possible is that the banks are credit factories, and the raw material of the credit which they manufacture is hard cash. Remember that the bank makes out of every dollar of cash which you deposit from \$5 to \$10 worth of credit. We are satisfied that if only one-half of the money which at present is being hoarded in the United States were deposited with the banks that credit could be increased to such an extent that prices would rise by from 5 to 10 per cent. The man who keeps his money about the house is helping to hold prices down."

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White Shoulders.

If an unusual situation were the acid test of a successful novel, "White Shoulders" would pass over many others; and undoubtedly an odd situation is the secret of many a good story. The situation in Mr. Turner's novel is perhaps aggravated somewhat by deliberate complication, but the interest is pretty well sustained throughout. Strictly speaking, the book is not a detective story or a mystery story, but the glamour of the law is conjured up to shed some of its fascination on our people.

The plot is cleverly, if a bit conventionally, unfolded by placing two mysterious women in the bright publicity of a small-town boarding-house. If the women had any discretion they would have gone to a hotel in a large city, but their real unsophistication excuses their blunder. Needless to say, the other boarders attempt to solve the mystery, and their varying degrees of failure help to keep the plot in solution.

We have one bone to pick with the author, however. After the main mystery has been duly exposed to those most interested, the later third or so of the book can be propelled only by what amounts to a fanatic *idée fixe* on the part of the heroine. It is overcome anyway, finally, and one can not help feeling that its use was factitious. But this brings up an interesting point. If the

latter third of the book had been curtailed, the novel would be a pure detective story. It is the latter part that saves it from that category and gives both people and story any human interest. Why do not writers weigh these facts and keep their books homogeneous? "White Shoulders" really falls into two stories, a mystery story and a really touching love story; but their connection here is loose. The moral is: when writing a detective story let it end with the solution of the mystery, and in writing a love story let the tragedies in the heroine's past be known without the aid of detectives.

WHITE SHOULDERS. By George Kibbe Turner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

Property.

When Proudhon asked "What Is Property?" he replied to his own satisfaction that "Property Is Theft." Proudhon's definition has now become the basis of the communistic theories that, with more or less success, are being urged upon the attention of the world. The late Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy examines Proudhon's theory, not so much because it needs refutation, but as a basis for some considerations on the nature of property and the various classifications of property that civilization has found it convenient and necessary to adopt.

There is a difference, says the author, between actual use and control of property and the modern scheme of legal titles that convey ownership. The brute or the primitive human being can possess but a few things at a time, but modern man can own, or have legal title to many. A farm, for example, may not be owned by the man who works it, but by some other man a thousand miles away who has a legal title paper to it. Another man has a mortgage paper on the same land, another on the machines used, and still another has a contract for purchase paper. These are paper ownerships or legal creations, and they might all be destroyed without the least effect upon the farm or its productivity. The same might be said of a railroad which is "owned" by stockholders and bondholders, many of whom are women and children, and whose ownership is represented by pieces of paper all of which might be burned without in the least affecting the railroad or its usefulness. But by destroying those pieces of paper and thus accomplishing what is called state ownership there would be an atmosphere of listlessness and indifference, of routine, of work with no expectations save that of slow advancement by seniority. Civilization, says the author, may be measured by the extent to which these paper property rights are protected and elaborated, and it is this legal notion of ownership that is the most powerful incentive to individual effort ever devised. Now there may be enormous inequalities in the distribution of paper wealth, but there are very slight inequalities in the distribution of actual wealth. There may be thousands of paper millionaires, but there can be no actual millionaire except in land and luxuries. No man, with these exceptions, can have in his exclusive possession more than a relatively small amount of actual wealth, that is to say of wealth that he uses and controls to the exclusion of others. The millionaire can do little more than accumulate pieces of paper. His powers of monopoly are very small. Nearly the entire wealth of Russell Sage, for example, was in the possession and control of others. Civilization indefinitely multiplies incentives to effort by thus separating the idea of ownership from the hard fact of possession.

Perhaps it would be unfair to describe the foregoing as the essence of Mr. Eddy's volume, but at least it is an illuminating part of it. Brushing aside the sophistries of socialism and communism, he goes a long way to show us the nature of the realities that underlie our economic and financial systems, their actual and practical bearing upon human happiness.

PROPERTY. By Arthur Jerome Eddy. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Let 'Er Buck.

Pendleton is in Oregon, and this fact alone may be news to some Eastern friends who have yet to make the acquaintance of a city that furnishes us every year with the greatest show on earth.

The first Pendleton Round-Up was in 1910. It was a good show of stock, cowboys, and Indians, and some four thousand, five hundred people attended. Compared with present performances it was "like a couple of kids playing ball in the sand lot as compared with a major league." The attendance at the last performance was seventy thousand, and they came from every part of America, Canada, and Mexico, and from across the ocean. The board of directors are hereby advised to circulate this descriptive book by Mr. Furlong, or at least parts of it, and then prepare for a rush that will put precedents into the shade.

It is an extraordinarily vivid description that Mr. Furlong gives us. Here are Indians, not hand-fed in traveling vans, but straight from the reservation and with costumes worth a million dollars. Here are bucking horses possessed of devils and fighting mad, horses

that have hardly ever seen a human being. Here are steers that intend to kill, and that must be overpowered by unaided human muscles. And here are cowboys direct from the ranches whose feats of strength, audacity, skill, and hardihood are almost incredible. Indeed they would be incredible to many of us if they were not verified by over fifty of the most remarkable photographs of their kind that we have ever seen. There is no trace of cruelty in this exhibition. The animals are neither killed nor injured, nor even hurt, and the odds of these Homeric combats are usually in their favor. The Pendleton Round-Up is a sort of condensed exhibit of life on the great ranches, and there is hardly an incident that has not occurred a hundred times without the stimulus of audience or applause.

Mr. Furlong might have written a more orderly book, but we are glad that he did not, for in that case it would certainly have lost some of its enthusiasm. He wants to tell us everything that he saw, the life history of the ranch celebrities that he met, the great deeds of sheriffs, old-timers, and Indians, and he pours it all forth headlong and in so exuberant a medley as almost to make audible and visible a scene without a parallel on earth.

LET 'ER BUCK. By Charles Wellington Furlong. F. R. G. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Wisdom of the East.

It is gratifying to note that this admirable series continues to grow in size without any lessening of the excellence that marked its earlier issues. Indian, Iranian, Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese, Japanese, and Egyptian literature are all represented in its later issues, the selections being made wisely and the rendering and notes all that they should be. The last volume to appear is "The Rhythm of Life," based on the philosophy of Lao-Tse, translated by M. E. Reynolds from the Dutch of Henri Borel. The author explains that it is not a translation nor even a free rendering, but a self-evolved elaboration of Lao-Tse's principles. It is divided into "Tao," "Art," and "Love," and there are several pages of useful notes.

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE. By Henri Borel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Thomas Hardy, the last of the great Victorian novelists, was eighty-one on June 2d. And speaking of the birthday a leading writer says: "Including Thomas Hardy the last century produced nine great English novelists. He alone survives. This group included besides Sir Walter Scott, Miss Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Emily Brontë, George Eliot, and Meredith. Four of the nine were women. We can scarcely include any others, for certainly Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Gaskell, Bulwer, Read, and Trollope, along with Kingsley and Disraeli, fall below the nine, and some of them far below when what they wrote is measured by the havoc which old Father Time plays with so much of literary endeavor.

Viscount Bryce is reported to be among the leading pedestrians among the visitors in the Berkshire Hills. When not attending lectures or society events he is generally on a tramp over the Williamstown hills, and that is the main reason that at eighty-two he is as active as most men at fifty. Lord Bryce hopes to make the six-mile ascent of Greylock Mountain by way of the hopper before he leaves Williamstown.

It is not generally known that Rupert Hughes, author of "Beauty" (Harpers) and of many other popular novels, is an accomplished composer of music. Mr. Hughes has been active throughout the season in sponsoring efforts made in behalf of worth-while American musical composition. Addressing the recent third annual convention of the California Federation of Music Clubs, Mr. Hughes declared that there is a dearth of American librettos suitable for opera.

Ford Madox Huffer says that the secret of Conrad's immense appeal lies in the fact that he is not provincial. He thus formulates the technical rule to which Conrad adheres: "Never take for granted any special knowledge in your reader!" For your reader will be man, woman, New Yorker, inhabitant of Tokio, seller of groceries behind a counter in Athens . . . or denizen of a century that shall come two thousand years after your own age.

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G. K. Chesterton is at work on a new book dealing with his impressions of America and Americans, gathered during his recent visit here. Dodd, Mead & Co. expect to publish the book early next year.

Writing in a similar column to this, in the Boston Evening Transcript, E. F. E. says: "A new book by George Jean Nathan, entitled 'The Critic and the Drama,' is announced for publication. Some of us who are weary of the Nathan-Mencken or of the Mencken-Nathan brand of humor will rejoice that the day of its appearance is as far away as next January." Indeed, we do rejoice at even that short respite.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Stories by Rider Haggard.

Mr. Rider Haggard is at his best in his stories of South Africa. Here he is on home ground. When he ventures into other fields he sometimes allows his imagination to descend to fancy, which is quite a different thing. In this volume of five short stories the best are "Little Flower" and "Magepa the Buck," both of South Africa. "Little Flower" relates the struggle between a missionary and a Zulu sorcerer, in which the Zulu gets decidedly the best of it, and would have finally triumphed but for the missionary's little daughter, who knew how to win the hearts of savages which her benighted father was too

stupid to know. In "Magepa the Buck" we have a pathetic story of native heroism deserving, says our old friend Allan Quartermain, who tells it, of a kind of spiritual Victoria Cross. The story that gives its name to the book, "Smith and the Pharaohs," is a rather too fanciful yarn of an Egyptian archaeologist who fell in love with an ancient Queen of Egypt and had a curious experience, first in the lady's tomb and then in the course of an uncomfortable night spent in the courts of the Cairo Museum.

SMITH AND THE PHARAOHS. By Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Thankful Spicers," by Agnes Mary Brownell (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50), is a story of a country family and their friends. It is a novel for young people and is of the optimistic category of fiction.

"The Romance of His Life, and Other Romances" is a collection of eight tales by Mary Cholmondeley (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The stories range from the pure humor of "The Romance of His Life" to the almost mystical quality of "The Goldfish," and each one is good of its sort.

Ralph D. Paine, who has written a score or so of books, mostly about the sea, has added another to his long list, "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas" (The Century Company; \$4). This time he has dug into old sea records and resurrected old sea yarns. The stories told

are true ones—or at least as true as a salt yarn can be. They are all of the days of sailing ships and will be welcomed by all who love to go down to the sea in hooks.

Arthur Guiterman's latest book, "A Ballad-Maker's Pack" (Harper & Brothers; \$2), is divided into three parts—ballads of many lands, ballads of his own country, and ballads of his own times. The range of subject is aptly suggested by these titles. The new ballads have all of Mr. Guiterman's usual joyous lilt.

"The Strange Adventures of a Pebble," by Hallam Hawksworth (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.60), is an introduction to physiography for both children and grown-ups. The book may be used in conjunction with a formal text-book or it may be read by itself. In either case it very satisfactorily opens up its subject. It is very completely illustrated.

"Dreaming True," by Alma Newton (John Lane Company; \$1.50), is a novel with a distinctly mystical strain. People who enjoy fiction with a delicately supernatural element will enjoy it; on the other hand, the person who likes fiction to be realistic may object to the stressed transcendentalism of this story of a girl who had to resort to dreams for spiritual expression.

"Little Journeys to Parnassus," by Thomas Speed Mosby (Message Publishing Company), is an attempt to present a "critical survey of the classical periods of the seven great literatures of the world." The book is thus divided into seven sections, treating Roman, Greek, Italian, Spanish, French, German, and British authors. The plan followed is to give a brief biographical and critical sketch of each of the representative writers of those countries. The selection has been rather conventionally made. One can not help objecting to the omission of Ronsard and Du Bellay from the French writers, Fielding and Thackeray from the English, and Tacitus from the Romans.

New Books Received.

THE CHILDREN'S GARLAND OF VERSE. Gathered by Grace Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

TO LET. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

A NOVEL.

THE PASSING OF THE GREAT RACE. By Madison Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50.

The racial basis of European history.

ERIK DORN. By Ben Hecht. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A NOVEL.

LARAMIE HOLDS THE RANGE. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

A NOVEL OF THE OLD WEST.

THE DONOVAN CHANCE. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.60.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A PEBBLE. By Hallam Hawksworth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.60.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A BALLAD-MAKER'S PACK. By Arthur Guiterman. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

DREAMING TRUE. By Alma Newton. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A NOVEL.

THE THANKFUL SPICERS. By Agnes Mary Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

A NOVEL.

STORIES EDITORS BUY AND WHY. Compiled by Jean Wick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2.

BILL BORAM. By Robert Norwood. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

A TALE OF THE SEA IN VERSE.

CURTAINS. By Hazell Hall. New York: John Lane Company.

VERSE.

ONE THIRD OFF. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.

How to lose weight.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN LIFE AND PROGRESS. By Robert L. Webb. Philadelphia: The Judson Press.

Economic principles.

SYMPTOMS OF BEING 35. By Ring W. Lardner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

TOWNS OF NEW ENGLAND AND OLD ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND. By Allan Forbes. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$12.50.

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of the same name in England, Ireland, and Scotland, containing narratives, descriptions, and many views, some done from old prints.

A BOOK ABOUT THE BEE. By Herbert Mace. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF THE BEE.

LOST SHIPS AND LONELY SEAS. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: The Century Company; \$4.

SEA YARNS.

GOD'S ANOINTED. By Mary Katherine Maule. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90.

A NOVEL.

WITHIN FOUR WALLS. By Edith Baulsirr. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90.

A NOVEL.

A GALLANT OF LORRAINE. By H. Noel Williams. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$10.

THE MEMOIRS OF FRANÇOIS, SEIGNEUR DE BASSOMPIERRE, MARQUIS D'HAROUL.

BROKEN TO THE PLOW. By Charles Caldwell Dohie. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

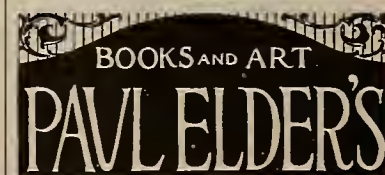
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THE RHYTHM OF LIFE, BASED ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAO-TSE. Translated by M. E. Reynolds from the Dutch of Henri Borel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

THE THIRTEEN TRAVELERS. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

SHORT STORIES.

ESSAYS ON BOOKS. By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.



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SHAW AT THE MAITLAND.

There is light ahead. In less than two weeks the Scotti Grand Opera Company will be here, and the Henry Miller-Blanche Bates organization will be giving us at the Columbia a first-class specimen of the spoken drama, according to all accounts that are given of "The Late Mrs. Fair."

The Maitland began its fall season Monday night, and the Players Theatre will shortly be giving a programme of one-act plays.

In the meantime the two first-class theatres are jollying us on very nicely with popular picture plays of some magnitude in the line both of production and acting.

Mr. Maitland, true to his policy of giving us important plays, has a piece on this week by George Bernard Shaw, with whom the ambitious young manager seems to have established very cordial business relations. It is certainly a satisfaction to see the Shaw plays on the boards, for we must always remember that plays—even when they are as lengthily conversational and full of discussion as "Major Barbara"—are written, not to be read, but to be acted. And to see them acted is the best way to get at the intentions of the author. "Major Barbara" is a play of economic purport, Shaw evidently desiring to turn the thought of theatre-goers toward the great problem that confronts it today: how to make the number of needy workers match in number the pieces of work to be done.

In discussing this idea—for, after all, it is always Shaw who discusses the themes in his plays—the author has subjected himself to that familiar reproach that playwrights are well used to, of allowing their characters to voice their own convictions. Enough has been said and written, however, by Shaw himself to enable us to realize that he is depicting Undershaft as an enemy to human progress. Shaw is utilizing Undershaft to make people think truly. "If," says Shaw inferentially, "men pile up huge fortunes, then let them atone for having gotten so much out of their fellow-men by spending it on them in good works." And not all the brilliant casuistry of Undershaft can permit those who really understand what Shaw's sentiments are on the subject of riches and poverty in believing that Undershaft is other than a menace.

What Shaw is really convinced of is shown in his words in the preface to the play, in which he practically accuses the great mass of the people of being cowards with "all the sensations of heroes, whilst they tolerate every domination, accept every plunder, and

submit to every oppression." Which of course leads on to the sometimes forgotten realization that Shaw is a Socialist.

It is plain that what Shaw really means is that men should not be allowed to pile up such huge fortunes as to secure for them such a dangerous amount of power that they can buy a soul's religious faith.

"Major Barbara," which has been called "a discussion in three acts," is a loosely constructed play from the standpoint of action. It must have been an appalling amount of work to learn and rehearse it, and Mr. John Fee has demonstrated at once that he is not only a good actor, with an excellent stage presence and a forceful delivery of Undershaft's gospel of money and power, but also a most reliable study, for his task in mastering his rôle was a heavy one.

For "Major Barbara," in spite of a dramatic tinge to the opening act, with its well-arranged entrance of Undershaft, in spite, also, of the novelty and rich humor of the second act, which transpires in a Salvation Army shelter, winds up with a saturnalia of discussion. Undershaft is airing his gospel of money and power and trying to win his daughter Barbara away from her religious obsession. And Barbara hesitates, for his sinister eloquence has invaded the stronghold of her faith.

Miss Lea Penman, whom we saw to such advantage in Maude Fulton's "Pinkie," is Mr. Maitland's new leading lady. Tall, youthfully fresh, and very pretty, the young lady is more exotic than romantic in style and appearance. She could develop into a fine type of the magnificent adventuress. But she is intelligent, and whatever she does as a leading lady she will do with credit.

Mr. Maitland appeared to advantage as the gayly ironic Greek professor who wins his Barbara by a pretense of conversion to Salvation-Armyism, and F. Brandon made a hit in the rôle of a young cockney tough, doing the accent and toughness with such conviction as to seem the genuine article.

Muriel Valli and Selby Roach, in this same act, presented cockney types with sufficient fidelity to contribute to the very satisfactory general effect. For the second act is really quite a triumph for the company, and won prolonged applause from the well-pleased audience; a capacity one, by the way.

Half a dozen new additions to the company were satisfactory in lesser rôles, with the exception of one member who shall be nameless. For she made a brave start in what was practically a long and taxing monologue, and no doubt it was the nervousness of an opening night that caused her stumble. At any rate she pluckily recovered, and I have an idea that she may turn out to be a very useful member of the company; unless, indeed, she is a poor study.

There must be so much work in getting up a piece of this kind that I doubt if it would have gone so well—but for the one threatened but happily averted disaster, during which, by the way, one of the new members, Mr. Charles Stevens, kept his head admirably—if it had been played in between other pieces, but being the first of the opening season gave the time for the hard work necessary.

"Major Barbara" has been described as a drama of soul conflict; which accounts for the comparative lack of action. So the new company cut their eye-teeth on a very big mouthful, and, speaking collectively, came through with considerable credit, giving the audience promise for creditable work in successive plays.

HUMOR AT THE COLUMBIA.

There is laughter awaking the echoes at the Columbia this week for Mark Twain—whom we see pictured in one of the views, in the familiar pose of sitting up in bed writing with that assured, masterly air that a world's favorite is entitled to wear—Mark Twain has been resurrected and put on his familiar job.

"A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" shows the contrast between the grandiose knight-errantry of more than a thousand years ago and the utilitarianism of the practical present. Only it is the devices, conveniences, and mechanisms of the present that are violently projected into King Arthur's times. The famous humorist pokes fun at knight errantry, at kingliness, at queenliness, at the ceremonial unwieldiness of the times.

The Yankee is the spirit of American irreverence for tradition. He is the prototype of the American soldiers who fronted various royalties during the war, preserving their courage, their grins, and their poise. Besides the humorous elements in these contrasts of the old and the new, the picturesque beauty of the numerous views of court life, including a tournament, are a great factor in the enjoyment. The tourney field is laid out before us like a map. We see the throng of spectators in the distance, and the mounted figures of the contestants showing splendid horsemanship in field. The American comes out to meet and defeat his stately, picturesque rival costumed as a cowboy, and lariat-throwing

proves too much for the knight's prowess with sword and spear.

Poor old Merlin, the magician, too, is thoroughly routed by the dashing devices of the modern fighter, and the final touch is supplied by bringing a battalion of knights into the picture mounted on motor-bicycles.

The effect is really quite wonderful, for we are shown miles and miles of the splendid roads winding through the mountain passes in Southern California. Along these roads, whirling around dangerous curves, mounting toward higher levels, until at last they come to the rescue of King Arthur at Morgan le Fay's castle, rush the numerous strange figures, with their modern mount and their costume of ancient times. It must have been a wonderful spectacle to see when the picture was in the making, for it is a splendid effect on the screen.

The audience roared and clapped over the captions, which are so very up to date as to make it plain that they are of a more recent vintage than that of Mark Twain's time. But they are very efficacious aids to the humor in the picture play, which is a well-balanced combination of the spectacular and the burlesque.

Harry Myers plays the Yankee with good burlesque spirit, and displays magnificent horsemanship. Charles Clary is a fine figure of a man as King Arthur, Rosemary Theby is picturesquely evil and beautiful as the wicked sister-queen, and William V. Mong wins many a laugh as the discountenanced old magician. Also there are Pauline Starke and George Seigmann, both of whom do very good work in the cast. The near appearance of the Miller company will necessitate a short run of this picture, otherwise it would probably hold the screen there for many weeks, as it is the kind that is bound to grow in favor.

"QUEEN OF SHEBA."

At the re-named Century—formerly Curran—they have, pending the arrival of speaking attractions for the fall season, put on the picture play, "Queen of Sheba," which is a truly magnificent spectacle. No doubt everybody will be thumbing their Bibles after seeing it, for it gives life, color, and vitality to those poetic biblical figures, King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

The story tells of the magnificent queen what the Bible tells, how "she came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bore spices and very much gold, and precious stones." But the scenario introduces a son—a beautiful boy whose stage name is Pat Moore—and of course they are obliged to piece it out to the prescribed length by making much of Adonyah's envy and jealousy of his brother Solomon, and of the abduction of the child, which necessitates a second visit of the queen and the anguished reunion of the royal lovers in their search for their son.

The white figure of the royal child imprisoned in the Tomb of Kings recalls Maeterlinck's play of "The Death of Tintagiles," for the little figure in "The Queen of Sheba" beating against the great bronze door might be that of Maeterlinck's royal child beating against the relentless portal of death.

However, acute dramatic interest is not so much to the fore in "The Queen of Sheba" as imposing spectacle, the figures seeming to move in a slow, stately rhythm. And truly it is a fine conception, and the architectural effects, the caravan trains, the agitated masses of people when a fratricidal develops, the splendor of the festal ceremonials attending the arrival of the queen, all reach up to those vague mental conceptions born in our young brains when first the Bible took hold of us and we escaped from the pallor of self-righteous religiousness into the glowing and picturesque poetry of those immortal old history stories.

Such picture plays as "The Queen of Sheba" send us to the Bible again, and we find ourselves reading its stately, impressive diction with a rare, æsthetic joy.

The people who appear as the biblical personages in "The Queen of Sheba" are well selected. Lovely indeed is Jean Gordon, who appears as the gentle sister of Sheba, and some of the pictures of the drowned girl are a triumph of photography.

Betty Blythe—the Queen of Sheba—has dramatic features and a most beautiful body which lends itself with grace and splendor to the magnificence of Sheba's jeweled costumes. Fritz Lieber is perhaps a shade or so too gentle and unmaterialistic for the great and grandiose king who eventually allowed his thousands of consorts to turn his heart from God. But Mr. Lieber fits into the concept presented of a spiritually inspired king. Raymond Nye and George Seigmann make a pair of fine, lusty villains as Adonyah and Armird, and Nell Craig is malvolently handsome and decorative as Vashiti.

The chariot race is of course thrilling, the race-course with its fine architectural features most imposing. But I wish to goodness that picture-play managers or directors, whatever they are, would not whisk the pictures so rapidly off the screen. They show you something splendid, impressive, crowded with de-

tail. You want to take in two features; the dramatic suggestion of the picture and the pictorial elements. You are just reveling in it, when—presto!—it is gone, and all that fine, carefully studied detail is just a momentary flash on the retina. I was aggravated the same way in "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," which at the Columbia is also giving a series of pictures which the absurdity of the burlesque does not prevent from being tremendously enjoyable as a fine spectacle.

However, perhaps they have to hurry to get in the whole story—or perhaps they want to attract people to come a second time; which I should certainly like to do in both cases.

"The Queen of Sheba"—which is a Fox attraction—reminds us, by the way, that we have little reason to fear that our American supremacy will be wrested from our picture-play magnates. The picture has a wholesome imagination and a tremendous grasp of the possibilities in picture-play architecture and the handling of masses of people. There are tremendous audience halls in the piece, vast architectural vistas, splendidly tessellated walls and columns, imposing façades, groupings of these effects, everything looking as firm and solid as if those trains of spirited horsemen were riding over solid stone floorings built to last hundreds of years.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Newnham College.

Fifty years ago Miss A. J. Clough opened a small house of residence in Trumpington Street, Cambridge, for young women wishing to attend courses of lectures in preparation for the Cambridge Higher Local Examination. Last month the institution thus set on foot celebrated its jubilee as a fully-equipped college, with four halls of residence, fellows' rooms, large dining and assembly hall, lecture rooms and laboratory, clustered round a wide, leafy garden in one of the pleasantest suburbs of Cambridge, close to the famous college "backs." Students of Newnham and of Girton (the latter had its jubilee in 1919) are admitted to many of the men's college lectures and laboratory courses, and the university final honors examination are also open, but lead only to a certificate instead of a degree.

In the early days of the young institution the attitude of those in academic authority varied from haughty disdain, through a doubtful toleration, to the warm good-will of those who, realizing the boon that a wider education would bring to womanhood in general, threw the whole weight of their influence upon the side of the college. Dr. Bateson, master of St. John's College, and Mrs. Bateson, Dr. Peile, head of Christ's College, and Mrs. Peile, and Professor J. B. Kennedy and his two daughters—all now passed away—were early and staunch friends. Their memory is enshrined in the grateful thoughts of all contemporary students. Others who gave valued help are still with us. But the greatest good fortune of Newnham lay in the character and endowments of its chief founder and first principal, Anne Jemina Clough. Naturally gifted with an intellect which habitually took a wide sweep in handling all matters brought under its survey, and a swift perception of the relation of means to ends in practical affairs, she possessed a retiring disposition and simple domestic sympathies that were thoroughly early Victorian.—*Manchester Guardian*.

Statistics show that more than 40 per cent of the clergy live to be septuagenarians.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

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A motor sensation is to be Harry Castled and company's offering, in which a crew of pre-devils will defy gravitation's laws in making their act an excitement generator. A vaudeville version of the farce, "Baby Mine," is to bring Nanou Welch and com-

pany. Anna Vivian and company is billed for a shooting and singing novelty.

Sarah Padden and company, Edith Clifford, and Frank Farron's names are on the week's bills.

Henry Miller and Blanche Bates.

What promises to be a highly interesting opening of the San Francisco dramatic season will be the engagement of Henry Miller and Blanche Bates, who come to the Columbia Theatre, Monday, September 19th, in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." These two stars are among the most popular players on the American stage. They are to appear in the four-act play by James Forbes, in which they were seen for an entire year at Henry Miller's Theatre, New York City, and for four months at the Blackstone Theatre, Chicago, and which was regarded by critics and public alike as one of the most worth-while dramatic offerings of recent years. Mr. Miller and Miss Bates are supported by an efficient company. The advance sale will be opened Tuesday.

The Operatic Season.

One week from Monday night musical San Francisco will be at the Exposition Auditorium to welcome Antonio Scotti, Geraldine Farrar, Mario Chamlee, and other artists in a wonderful performance of Puccini's "Tosca." Scotti is displaying some of his greatest artists for his opening night. On Tuesday night in "The Barber of Seville" Scotti will present a cast which consists of Angeles Otteni, the coloratura soprano, whom Tetravini declares is destined to become world-famous; Riccardo Stracciari, one of the greatest baritones before the public; Charles Hackett, one of the best lyric tenors in the world, and Léon Rothier, the eminent French basso. The cast for "Tosca" is the same as when the opera was given recently at the Metropolitan.

Manager Healy is just in receipt of word that Scotti and his entourage are on their way from New York to Seattle in three special trains. They will commence a five days' engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Seattle, on September 12th, after which place they will come directly to San Francisco, arriving here September 17th. This will assure them rest from their journey so that the entire company will be in the best form for their two weeks' engagement here.

The Powys Lectures.

Addressing an enthusiastic audience of art lovers and students of art on Tuesday and Friday of this week, John Cowper Powys, the well-known English writer, lectured at the California School of Fine Arts, where, under the management of Jessica Colbert, with the cooperation of the San Francisco Art Association, a series of six talks have been arranged to take place every Tuesday and Friday at 4 o'clock.

The next lecture will be on the subject of "Venetian Art," including the artists Giorgione, Titian, Paolo Veronese, and Tiepolo. "Dutch Art," "Spanish Art," and "French Art" will each be covered in a lecture.

In addition to this course, Powys is also talking four times weekly at the Hotel Bellevue, on Mondays and Fridays at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m., and his morning topics there include "Theodore Dreiser and Edith Wharton," "Edgar Lee Masters," "De Maupassant," and "Rabelais." The evening lectures are on the subjects of "Country Life in England," "The Tragedy of the Negro," "The Problem of Evil," and "The Purpose of Life."

At Wheeler Hall Auditorium, under the auspices of the Greek Theatre, Powys has been booked for six lectures by his manager, Jessica Colbert, and the first two of these were given Tuesday and Thursday last on the great personalities, "Saint Paul" and "Helen of Troy." The subjects still to be given are "Dante," "Joan of Arc," "D'Annunzio," and "Queen Victoria."

Success has attended the application of astronomical methods to the solution of a mooted question in biology. This relates to the height of the flight of birds during their migrations at night. Two telescopes were placed at measured distances apart (from ten to twenty-one feet), on an east and west line, and with them two observers simultaneously watched the moon. The tracks of birds flying across the face of the moon were noted by each observer independently on a lunar chart, ready at his side. The tracks, being projected from separate points of observation, of course were not identical in position, and their distance apart furnished the basis for a calculation of the "parallax" of the flying birds. Two sets of observations in one case were made, in May and October. The deducted heights above the ground varied from 1400 to 5400 feet. The last, however, was an extreme case, most of the measures running from 1500 to 2500 or 3000 feet.

Rio de Janeiro is famed through South America for the abundance of brilliant illumination it has at night and sailors report the glow from the lights may be seen as far as 100 miles out at sea.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Daughter of Omar.

My wants are few, a one-piece bathing suit
Of knitted silk, fur-trimmed or fringe, perhaps;
A pair of sandals laced with ribbons red.
The nattiest of scarlet rubber caps,
A vivid parasol to fend away
Too ardent sun and prying eyes from me
When I am not alone, white sand, a rock,
It will not matter if there is no sea.

A five-pound box of chocolates, my case
Of perfumed cigarettes—'tis platinum,
And hears my monogram in diamonds,
Sapphires and emeralds—some chewing gum.
My golden lip stick, also set with gems—
Rubies and pearls—a tiny powder puff,
And every day a different young man
Beside me on the beach were joy enough.
—Minna Irving in New York Herald.

Mercutio.

Along an avenue of almond-trees
Came three girls chattering of their sweethearts
three.
And lo! Mercutio, with Byronic ease,
Out of his philosophic eye cast all
A mere flowered twig of thought, whereat—
Three hearts fell still as when an air dies out
And Venus falters lonely o'er the sea.
But when within the further mist of bloom
His step and form were hid, the smooth child Ann
Said, "La, and what eyes he had!" and Lucy said,
"How sad a gentleman!" and Katherine,
"I wonder, now, what mischief he was at."
And these three also April hid away,
Leaving the Spring faint with Mercutio.
—From Characters from Shakespeare in "Collected Poems" of Walter de la Mare.

Lost Ships.

"Where have you hidden them?" I asked the sea,
And from its rim the answer came to me
In lazy tumblings like purple wheat
Upon the ivory shore-line at my feet,
But scarfed in magic by the silver foam,
I lost the message it was bringing home.
"Where are the galleons," I cried afar,
"The Argosies, the barks, the men-of-war,
The battened pinnaces that rode the bay,
The souls and ingots that you warped away?"
A white shape rose above the curving sea,
But fog swept through ere it could signal me.
Yet on I waited till the world was night,
Then gleamed the shape again in fog-drenched light,
It was the lodestar risen from the sea,
It was the luster came to answer me.
And lest I hear its beckoning reply,
I fled under a hill that hid the sky.
—Thomas Hornsby Ferril in the Denver Times.

Tewkesbury Road.

It is good to be out on the road, and going one
knows not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows
not whether nor why;
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the
keen cool rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad
blue lift of the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall
green fern at the brink
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and
the foxgloves purple and white;
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in a
troop to drink
When the stars are mellow and large at the
coming on of the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely
smell of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past
power of words;
And the blessed green comely meadows are all
a-ripple with mirth
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear
wild cry of the birds.
—John Masefield in "An Anthology of Recent Poetry."

Alms in Autumn.

Spindle-wood, spindle-wood, will you lend me,
pray,
A little flaming lantern to guide me on my way?
The fairies all have vanished from the meadow
and the glen,
And I would fain go seeking till I find them
once again.
Lend me now a lantern that I may hear a light
To find the hidden pathway in the darkness of the
night.

Ash-tree, ash-tree, throw me, if you please,
Throw me down a slender branch of russet-gold
keys.
I fear the gates of Fairyland may all be shut so
fast

That nothing but your magic keys will ever take
me past.
I'll tie them to my girdle, and as I go along
My heart will find a comfort in the tinkle of
their song.

Holly-hush, holly-bush, help me in my task,
A pocketful of herries is all the alms I ask:
A pocketful of herries to thread in golden strands
(I would not go a-visiting with nothing in my
hands).
So fine will be the rosy chains, so gay, so glossy
bright,
They'll set the realms of Fairyland all dancing
with delight.
—Rose Fyleman in "An Anthology of Recent Poetry."

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A more appropriate, a more useful, and a more dignified country home for the President of the United States could not, we think (says the Boston Evening Transcript), be found in easy motoring distance of Washington. When the chief executive wishes to spend a week-end in the country today he is forced to accept the hospitality of friends or go to a hotel and be on exhibition. At Monticello he would find seclusion amid historic surroundings—a country home in the heart of the state that is proud to be known as "the Mother of Presidents."

Congress could not, as we believe, do a more popular thing or make a more useful and beneficial contribution to the comfort and convenience of the chief executive than to buy Monticello and maintain it as a country White House.

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San Francisco Chronicle

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ARTHUR TRAIN
RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD
GEO. BARR McCUTCHEON
PETER CLARK MacFARLANE
HUGH WALPOLE
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VANITY FAIR.

The particular variety of psychopath whose brain has been unbalanced by feminine attire and habits and who is more colloquially known as a "reformer" has overshot himself when he left the more or less defenseless realm of modern dress and assailed the stronghold of woman's economic position. The menace to the race threatened by our friend, the reformer, is a purely problematic affair, whereas the actual statistics of the case so far are to the effect that contact with the economic world is making the female of the species healthier, wealthier, and wiser. Let the reformer cling to coiffures and skirt lengths, where he belongs.

Some weeks ago the horrible statistics were published that drunkenness was on the increase in Great Britain. There were several explanations—the most likely being that more cases were recorded than formerly. But, at last, the mystery is solved. We should have known that America was at the bottom of it; if not as the source of prohibition—then somehow else.

LONDON, September 3.—The cocktail habit is getting a strong grip on Britain. There's not the slightest doubt about it. The distillers are delighted, the hotel and bar men are delighted, the brewers are not quite so much so, and the prohibitionist are frothing at the mouth.

There are units of the British press which say that, though America gave much in the war through supplying troops, food, ammunition, and Ford cars, she has given more in peace through contributing the cocktail.

There are other units of the British press which solemnly declare that the United States at divers times has grievously offended England by her arrogance and her new-richness, by her quantity of production and her invention of divorce, but that now she has capped the climax by inflicting quite the greatest harm that any other nation ever has done Britain through foisting on the British public, and especially the British female public, the deleterious, insidious, mind-stealing, character-wrecking, muscle-destroying cocktail.

Is it possible that the sorely debated question whether skirts are to be long or short is to be answered with enigmatic reply "neither"? One or two women have actually been seen in knickerbockers—not on the golf links, either; and the new attire is reported to be fairly common in the East. A Chicago clothing house for men has begun to offer women's knickerbockers for general wear, and is advertising the desirability of "knickers" for street and business attire. The announcement gives us food for speculation. There will certainly be several passionate attempts to pass bills forbidding women to appear skirtless on the street. It is fortunate there are numbers of hikers who will not submit to that ruling. There will be a great deal of discussion of the insane sort now going on concerning the morality of bobbed hair. We can still remember the horror that first greeted women in riding breeches. And in those days, at least, the fair sex was still allowed to dress its hair in any way it saw fit. Picture the consternation with which feminine trousers are to be greeted. The girls with bobbed hair will have a rest at last. Or rather, the girls with merely bobbed hair will. All the blue batteries will have another point d'appui. For knickers have all the disadvantages of short skirts, and surely some special anathema of their own. The question now is—will knickers be short or trousers long?

The King of England is in the unique position of being compelled to be extravagant. Pencil writers have sometimes labored to invent a situation of this sort, but it is a reality in King George's case. The king himself has signified his desire to economize in order to meet the strain of the high cost of keeping a court, but the only economy allowed him is in his personal diet. In fact King George is in a position analogous to King Midas. Every one knows, of course, the explanation. Tradition is dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart. Indirectly, it is the British public who have forced the king into his uncomfortable position. British officials hesitate to strip the court of its medieval trappings. There is something to be said for this attitude. Tradition is a thing not to be discarded lightly; but in the present instance the problem resolves itself to which is the lesser of two evils. There is a difference between anachronistically destroying old forms and ceremonies and in letting them die a natural death. Perhaps the prestige of the British crown would be better upheld by adopting a reasonable course in keeping with the national house-cleaning that is or ought to be going on everywhere.

European nobility from all accounts seems to be adapting itself to the changing times. A notable example is the Duke of Manchester, who is under contract to become a movie star. He is coming to New York directly to start work on a production for the screen.

His decision to go into the movie game is said to cause considerable opposition on the part of his noble connections. The stage, of course, and all its associations have never been accepted by English society and it is easy to understand the attitude of a conservative British nobility. However, from a democratic viewpoint, Manchester deserves great credit. There is undoubtedly more money in movies than in writing and promoting—the two other activities in which the duke has participated. And as money is the *sine qua non* for nobility as well as for every one else, it behooves the duke's friends and relatives to take a rational stand. Once more, it is a question of the lesser of two evils. The duke has chosen wisely and we wish him success.

A FRENCH CARICATURIST.

Léon Daudet is the "Gentleman with a Duster" of France—the indiscreet person who draws portraits of his fellow-statesmen and authors—unflattering but vivid portraits—those caricatures that look more like the man than the man does like himself. Such portraits M. Daudet has drawn in a book which he has just written called "Vers le Roi," which in a sense is the Parisian "Mirrors of Downing Street." Americans are not likely to be much interested in these French pictures, but inasmuch as Aristide Briand is prime minister, and is also likely to come to Washington for the Disarmament Conference, which will put him on the front page, it may be interesting to give the little picture of Briand that Daudet draws in this book of his, especially as a passage in it offers a new, interesting exercise in translation. The Listener confesses that he himself has been rather more interested in the French of this passage than he is in its matter; and in order that the reader may go along with him the Listener will present the original before he undertakes to translate it. It is as follows:

"Briand n'a rien lu, est ignorant comme une carpe, et paresseux comme une loche. Mais il connaît cette marche des pions sur l'échiquier, cet assemblage de trocs et de trucs, de travaux d'approche, de mines et de contre-mines qui, l'éloquence aidant, aboutissent nécessairement à un portefeuille. C'est une bête spéciale, qui a une tête de fourbe et de ruse, un tronc de tribun, des pattes pour couloirs, une poche à fiel et à vénéin et une remarquable facilité de torsion, rétorsion, et contre-torsion."

Now for the translation, and may the god of translators, be he Hermes, or Argus, or whoever he is—aid in the task:

"Briand has read nothing; he is as ignorant as a carp and as lazy as a loach. But he is past master of that sort of management of the pawns on the chessboard, that grace of trucking and tricking, that art of undermining and countermining your enemy, which, with the help of oratory, leads to a cabinet portfolio. He is a peculiar kind of animal with a fox's head and a demagogue's body, paws made for creeping in lobbies, a gall-bladder for all venoms and animosities, and a remarkable facility for twists, back-twists, and counter-twists."

This is not a literal translation, but a literal translation would be nonsense. Perhaps you do not know what a loach is. The Listener did not until he had first ascertained that "loche" in French is "loach" in English, and that a loach is a kind of fish. What kind of fish it is, or why it should be supposed to be lazy, the Listener does not know. Presumably the loach goes with the carp. "Ignorant as a carp" is good; it goes well with Irvin Cobb's "no more privacy than a goldfish," and "lazy as a loach" is even more picturesque than "paresseux comme une loche," being alliterative.

The impression that one gets of M. Briand is not altogether favorable, but neither is it particularly repellent. A successful politician must needs be a rather queer animal. Mr. Briand's portraits do not give one an impression of a Napoleon, a Wellington, a Washington, or a Harding. There is a strong flavor of Montmartre, not to say of the Bowery, in his physiognomy. But one tancies that he is a good fellow and a clever fellow for all that. The chances are that he will be popular when he gets to Washington.—The "Listener" in the Boston Transcript.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

They were in a railway train and were discussing Dickens. "Well," said one, "John's 'Bleak House' first and 'Martin Chuzzlewit' second." "Excuse me, gentlemen," said a silky voice from the seat behind, "I don't know your pal, John, but you're bein' steered. There aint no such horses runnin'."

Dickie's father was shocked to see his son kick his little playmate. "Why did you kick him?" he asked, severely. "I am tired of playing with him. I want him to go home," was Dickie's answer. "Then why don't you ask him to go home?" "Oh—it was Dickie's mother who was shocked—'why, daddy, that wouldn't be polite!'"

In a neighbor's house, not long since, little Georgie for the first time saw a face vibrato. At home, shortly afterward, the youngster said: "Mrs. Umson's face must get awful ugly, mother." "Why do you think that?" mother asked. "Because," replied Georgie, "while I was there I saw her trying to fix it up with a vacuum cleaner."

A merchant had advertised for a boy. Late in the afternoon a red-headed, freckle-faced, wide-eyed, honest-looking boy applied for the job. "Do you like to work?" asked the merchant. "No, sir!" replied the boy. "Then you can't have the job," replied the merchant. "You are the first boy who's been here today who won't lie about it and say yes."

A little Scotch laddie, wee Willie Macgregor, returned home after his first day at school. When his father came back from work that evening he asked the young scholar what he had learned. "I learned to say, 'Yes, I am,' and 'No, sir,' to me mither and mither," replied the boy. "Did you indeed?" asked the father. "Aye!" responded Willie.

A well-known admiral—a stickler for uniform—stopped opposite a very portly sailor whose medal-ribbon was an inch or so too long. Fixing the man with his eye, the admiral asked: "Did you get that medal for being my man?" On the man replying "No," the admiral rapped out: "Then why the deuce do you wear it on your stomach?"

A traveling salesman driving his car along a country road came upon a victim of a grade-crossing accident. The car was a complete wreck and its former occupant just "coming to." He leaned over the injured man and asked him: "What's the matter, brother, an accident?" "Yes." "Didn't the engineer blow his whistle?" "No." "Did any one see it?" "No." "Well, tell me, has the claim agent been around yet?" "No." "Then, for heaven's sake move over and let me lie down."

Minor Glyn said at a dinner: "The average Spanish couple have a child a year for twenty years or so. A good many of these children die but nevertheless the average Spanish family boasts about twelve children. A Spanish grandee took his family to America last year, and one day, as he was leading the way into a New York department store, a policeman halted him rudely. 'Here, what you bin doin'?' the policeman said. 'Nothing,' replied the Spanish grandee. 'Then what are these children follerin' you for?' the policeman said suspiciously."

William L. Ettinger, New York's superintendent of schools, was discussing the German campaign to break up the Allies. "German propagandists," he said, "distort history. They misinterpret Germany's acts and motives in such a way that that— Well, it reminds me of a story. A little girl was visiting her aunt. The family cat sat on the hearth rug, and the aunt said: 'Oh, look at that cat, washing her face!' The little girl watched the cat for a moment and then said with a scorn: 'Washing her face? Pshaw, she's not washing her face. She's washing her face and wiping them on her face.'"

They are telling in Greenwich Village a story about Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, whose exhibition of sculpture has had a wonderful success in Paris and London. Mrs. Whitney was sketching one day in the country when a young farmer came and stood leaning over her shoulder while she worked. Though this sort of thing always annoys her, she worked on in patient silence, while the farmer breathed heavily in her ear. Finally, though, the man began to criticize. "It aint bad," he said; and then he screwed up his face and added, "It seems to look better further off." Mrs. Whitney laughed. "Well," she said, "so would you."

John T. "went with" Susan for three years and then suddenly grew fickle and began to go out with the youngest Allen girl. And Susan was

decidedly peeved. She had entertained him well, fed him well, and had done everything in her power to win him. So when she heard he was going with the Allen girl she decided to get even. A little later her chance came. John's sister at the Ladies' Aid began to tell how regularly John was going to Allen's. And when she was through Susan sniffed wisely. "At last," she said with an air of triumph, "I know something I've long wondered about." Several pressed her to share her knowledge with them, and finally she did. "I know that the Allens set a good table," she said with so much meaning that John's sister was silent.

An old farmer couldn't really believe that people who were miles apart were able to converse over a telephone wire. One day his wife went to a distant friend, who had a telephone in her house. During the afternoon the farmer sought shelter from a thunderstorm in the house of a neighbor, who also possessed a telephone and who persuaded the farmer to call up his wife as a little surprise. Following instructions, the farmer put the receiver to his ear and, after the usual preliminaries, said: "Halloa, Jane!" Just then a flash of lightning struck the wire and he fell to the floor under the force of the shock. Rising to his feet and shaking his head wisely, he said: "It's wonderful. That was Jane right enough."

A literary family to which a seventh child had just come was at a country house, and for a time a good deal of the care of the other six children devolved upon the father, who had Spartan ideas as to the upbringing

of his sons. One morning he carried his two-year-old to the creek near his home to give him a cold plunge. The child objected lustily to this proceeding, but was firmly held and ducked, notwithstanding. At the instant of the ducking, however, a brawny hand seized the Spartan father by his shoulder and flung him back, while the angry voice of the farmer, who was his nearest neighbor, roared in his ears: "Here! None of that! I'll have the law on you for this." For some time the father endeavored to convince the farmer that he was not trying to drown the child. Even then he wasn't wholly convinced. To the very last minute he kept shaking his head skeptically and saying: "Well, I dunno about that. I dunno. You got six besides this."

Charles Scott, safety expert, delivered an address in Baltimore recently, when, by a coincidence, the entertainment feature which preceded his talk was an "impalement act" by a couple of vaudeville performers. In that connection Scott recalled the following story: "An impalement act expert of the early days used as his assistant a beautiful young woman, who posed fearlessly against a wooden background while the 'artist' outlined her figure with knives, spears, and battle-axes. At the finish of the act the girl would step smilingly from her framework of cutlery, and how to the audience. On one occasion, however, when the girl became ill, the man had to scour the town for some one to take her place, and the only one he could find with nerve enough was a girl who was homely enough to curdle milk by looking at it. When the man poised the first knife, took careful aim, and sent it hurtling toward the board,

a gruff voice in the gallery was heard to exclaim: 'Blowed if he aint missed her.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Golfer's Best.

"Golf taught in six lessons. Write for appointment.—An agony column advertisement. There are liars who lie with abandon, There are liars who lie with reserve, There are others who take up their stand on A simply unshakable nerve There are many whom fancy has beckoned Too far from the facts they possessed— And golfers are usually reckoned As good as the best.

Some lie of the drives they have smitten, And some of the putts they have missed; All feats, as recited or written, Acquire the traditional twist. They sit there in smokerooms and fairly The measure of marvels is crammed— "A party all silent" (well, rarely) But certainly damned.

But of lies that are lied *con amore* And lies of a modest class I count this particular story Uncommonly hard to surpass: Can "golf in six lessons" bamboozle The reader who knows what he's at? Why, the language they use when they foolze Takes longer than that! —Lucio in Manchester Guardian.

For the first time in its existence the *New Hampshire Gazette*, which boasts of being the oldest weekly newspaper in this country, did not appear June 18th because of the compositors' strike. Its first issue was October 7, 1736.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ransome of Berkeley have made formal announcement of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Avery Ransome, to Mr. William Grant of San Francisco. Mr. Grant is the adopted son of Miss Alice Griffith.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Madison, daughter of Mr. Frank Madison, to Mr. Wakefield Baker, son of Mrs. Edward Bosqui, was solemnized Wednesday in St. Luke's Church. Miss Caroline Madison was the maid of honor and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Doris and Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, and Miss Mariou Baker were the bride's attendants. Mr. Alfred Holmes was best man and the ushers were Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Marshall Madison, Mr. Hugh Porter, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. Frederick Beaver, and Mr. Edward Hills.

The marriage of Miss Florence Holberton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Holberton, and Mr. Franklin Slade, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Slade, was solemnized Tuesday in Trinity Episcopal Church.

The marriage of Miss Helen Bissinger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Bissinger, to Mr. Hartley Frank Hutchings, was solemnized September 1st in the Palace Hotel, Rabbi Martin Meyer officiating.

Mrs. Alfred Ford gave a luncheon Thursday in the Town and Country Club. Accepting her hospitality were Mrs. Charles Belden, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Robert Davis, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Mrs. S. K. Pittman, Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. H. M.

A. Miller, Mrs. Henry Dimond, Mrs. E. C. Wright, Mrs. John Martin, Miss Mary Coppée, and Miss Margaret Foster.

Mrs. Alexander Lilley and Miss Ethel Lilley complimented Miss Anne Dibblee at a tea Friday afternoon in San Rafael. Mrs. Albert Dibblee and Mrs. Frederick Beaver assisted in receiving the guests, who included Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Jr., Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Crawford Greene, Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. P. F. Brown, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. D. Y. Campbell, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. James Jenkins, Mrs. W. P. Horn, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Denman McNear, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. George Martin, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Charlotte Zell, Miss Adaline Kent, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, and Miss Gertrude Minton.

Mrs. Frank Fuller gave a luncheon Friday afternoon.

Mrs. James Flood gave a luncheon in Menlo Park Thursday, when she entertained Mrs. J. W. Keeney, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Atherton Macondray, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, and Miss Cora Jane Flood.

Mrs. Ralston White was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Friday by Mrs. Benjamin Upham. Bidden to meet her were Mrs. James Jenkins, Mrs. Delmar Clinton, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Charles Harigan, Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mrs. Otis Johnson, Mrs. Bruce Cornwall, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mrs. Frederick Kroll, Mrs. Charles Merrill, Mrs. Isaac Upham, Mrs. Dixwell Davenport, Mrs. Daniel Volkman, Mrs. Edward Lowe, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Miss Marie Brewer, and Miss Edith Slack.

In honor of Mrs. Edward Eberle, Mrs. J. P. Langhorne gave a bridge-tee Friday at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Lynch gave a garden party in Los Altos last week.

Miss Helen Pierce gave a dinner last week for Miss Margaret Madison and Mr. Wakefield Baker. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison chaperoned the party, which included Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Hugh Porter, Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. Frederick Beaver, and Mr. George Montgomery.

Miss Barbara Kimble entertained at a dance Saturday evening in Palo Alto in honor of Miss Ynez Macondray and Miss Edna Taylor, who will be debutantes of the winter. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Dolly Kuhn, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Margaret Ruckbee, Miss Helen Lee, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Ethel Lee, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Louise Braden, Miss Katharine Bentley, Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. De Witt Armour, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., Mr. Edward McNear, Mr. William Cranston, Mr. Frederick Johnson, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. James Fitts, Mr. Baroll McNear, Mr. Breck McAllister, Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. Thomas Williams, Mr. John Knox, Mr. Addison Keeler, Jr., Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. Tallant Tuhs, Mr. Kenneth Davis, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Jr., Ensign Atherton Macondray, Ensign Nicholas Van Bergen, and Ensign Maurice Browder.

Colonel and Mrs. Julian Bernheim gave a bridge party Saturday at the Presidio, when they entertained Colonel and Mrs. Gay Carleton, Colonel and Mrs. Herbert Shaw, Colonel and Mrs. George Cassidy, Colonel and Mrs. James Kennedy, Major and Mrs. H. Stuart, Major and Mrs. Edward Huber, Mrs. Mary Edward, and Miss Nell Carleton.

Complimenting Mme. Jean de St. Cyr, Mrs. George Howard gave a luncheon at the Town and Country Club Friday. Her guests were Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Arthur Lord, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. William Kuhn, Mrs. William McKittrick, Mrs. J. W. Keeney, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, and Mrs. George Marye.

Mrs. Charles King, Jr., wife of the commander of the U. S. S. *New Mexico*, was the guest of honor at a tea which Mrs. Arthur Maitland gave Friday.

In honor of Mr. Horace Chase, Jr., M. and Mme. Jean de St. Cyr gave a dinner in San Mateo Wednesday. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. A. H. Small, Miss Lily O'Connor, Miss Isabel Chase, and Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr.

Mme. D'Arcy Vargas was the guest of honor at a luncheon at which Mrs. Arthur Page presided last week.

Mrs. Edgar Zook gave a luncheon Wednesday in San Rafael for Mrs. Ralston White. Other guests were Mrs. Benjamin Upham, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. Christian Miller, and Mrs. Arthur Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a luncheon Sunday in honor of M. and Mme. Jean de St. Cyr. Others present were Major and Mrs. William McKittrick, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, and Mr. Robert Burroughs.

Senator James Phelan gave a lawn party Sunday at the Villa Montalvo in honor of Admiral

Edward Eberle and the officers of the Pacific fleet. Among the sixty guests were Admiral and Mrs. Eberle, Admiral and Mrs. William Bullard, General and Mrs. William Wright, General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett, General George Barnett, Admiral Alexander Halstead, and Admiral Hutchison. A Chinese costume hall will be given at the Fairmont on September 21st.

Mrs. Truxton Beale was a luncheon hostess last week in San Rafael, when she had as guests Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. R. Oge, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali, Mrs. William Wright, Mrs. Porter Ashe, and Miss Alice Oge.

Paul Elder Lectures.

Dr. David P. Barrows will lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery, Monday, September 12th, at 3:30 o'clock, on Lord Bryce's "Modern Democracies." The present condition of economic, political, and social unrest throughout the world attach unusual interest to the subject, and a statement of the views of the president of the University of California is an important and notable event. Bryce's work is the largest, clearest, and best-informed attempt that has yet been made to bring together, for judgment and political guidance, the different experiments that have been made in the art of popular self-government. He has brought to the task unequalled advantages of intellectual capacity, practical experience, and broad opportunity for observation.

Count Alfred Korzybski, the distinguished Polish scientist, whose great book, "The Meaning of Humanity," is receiving the widespread attention of thinking people, will deliver two lectures in the Paul Elder Gallery on his discovery of the natural law of human relations. Tuesday, September 13th, at 3:30 o'clock, he will deliver an "Introduction to the Science of Man." Thursday, September 15th, at the same hour, his subject will be "The Principles of the Science of Man."

The count is a Polish nobleman, by training and experience a mechanical engineer and soldier. He was twice wounded in the world war, when he directed a campaign against the Germans from the Polish lines. His lectures in San Francisco are under the direction of Paul Elder.

The Nicolas Roerich Exhibition.

Nicolas Roerich, the Russian painter whose one-man show is to open this week at the Palace of Fine Arts, is a Primitive in more senses than one. The direct descendant of the Scandinavian Ruriks who colonized northern Russia in the Viking Age, he has an atavistic love of the barbarous beauty of his country that has made him an archaeologist as well as a painter.

The archaeological passion has in fact imprinted itself on Roerich's painting. Of the three phrases of his art the earliest and most persistent is that based on research in the early history of his country. His studies took him to the most picturesque corner of Old Russia, where he unearthed the Scandinavian remains from tumuli and buried ships that inspired the paintings known as the Ancient Russia Cycle. His patient study of these prehistoric remains, coupled with an instinct for the past due to his own heritage, enabled him to reconstruct the Viking period of Russian history with accuracy and understanding.

The Roerich exhibition, which is to open September 9th and run till October 15th, is held by the San Francisco Museum of Art in the Palace of Fine Arts.

One reason men like dogs is because dogs are about the only animals that have clarity.

... Dogs know the human race pretty well; they have lived with human beings for countless centuries; they have learned all about the failings and foibles of men. And yet they are so good-natured and forgiving that they are willing to continue to associate with men on something like terms of equality. Your dog may give you a reproachful look now and then, when you are particularly asinine or unjust; but for the most part he sympathizes with you, no matter how much of a fool you have made of yourself. And he does it all so tactfully, too! He does it in such a way that you may continue to believe that he looks up to you. Charity could go no farther than this. If a dog kept a diary, and was candid as well as kind, his master would get many salutary lessons from its perusal.—*Don Marquis in the New York Sun.*

In his lecture the other day on "Main Street," Professor Powys remarked that it is a book that will not live. The reason given by the English critic is that "Main Street," like many other modern books, reflects our decadent cynicism of life in place of the passion of realities.

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The University Fine Arts Society.

The next meeting of the University Arts Society will be Tuesday afternoon, September 20th, in the Colonial Ballroom of St. Francis Hotel. Mr. Frayne Williams, formerly director of the Abbey Theatre, and of the greatest authorities on modern drama, will talk on the influence of the playwrights on modern drama and literature. His lecture will be illustrated by interpretive reading from the works of Shaw, Yeats and Lady Gregory. A special program will be played by the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Walter Oesterreicher.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Arthur Vincent and her children have arrived from Ireland and have joined Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn, San Mateo. They were accompanied to the States by Miss Ely, a cousin of Mr. Vincent, who will join his family here shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chase are spending a few days in San Francisco from their home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Evelyn Barron, and Miss Josephine Parrott will leave California for New York Monday. They are going abroad and will spend the late fall in Egypt.

Mrs. Walter Filer and Miss Lawton Filer have returned to Burlingame from Santa Barbara, where they were all summer.

Mr. Raymond Armsby is chaperoning a group of young people on a trip through the south. In the party are Miss Leonora Armsby, Miss Gertrude Murphy, Miss Eleanor Martin, and Mr. George Armsby, Jr.

Miss Marie Brewer sailed Wednesday for the Hawaiian Islands to visit for several weeks with Captain and Mrs. Everett Upson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mr. Albert Miller are visiting at El Encanto in Santa Barbara.

M. and Mme. Jean de St. Cyr will leave in October for New York, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Russell and Master John Russell returned Friday to their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have returned to San Mateo from Santa Barbara, where they enjoyed several months this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali have been visiting Mrs. Truxton Beale in San Rafael.

Miss Ruth Hobart has come down from Lake Tahoe and is visiting Miss Ellita and Miss Elizabeth Adams at their home here. Miss Hobart will leave shortly for Philadelphia.

Mrs. Spencer Eddy and Master Spencer Eddy will leave soon for England, where the latter will enter Harrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles are in New York

en route to Europe, where they will travel for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman will leave for Europe in November.

Mrs. Robert Greer has arrived from Seattle and is visiting Mrs. Charles Ellinwood.

Mrs. J. B. Murphy and Miss Virginia Murphy arrived last Thursday from Washington and they will be here for a year as guests of Mrs. Norval Nokes.

Mrs. Baldwin Wood will sail in November for Europe to be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, little Miss Nancy Scott, and Master Preston Ames have returned to their San Francisco home from Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin and their children have taken possession of the Henry T. Scott home in Burlingame, where they will be throughout the month. Miss Eleanor Martin will leave shortly for New York to resume her studies.

Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer and Miss Dorothy Meyer have gone to Washington, where the latter will enter a school. Mrs. Meyer will be away for six weeks.

Mr. Harry Miller has gone to Hilo to reside.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett have returned from Peru and have reopened their home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ernest Folger and Miss Elena Folger will sail from France on October 15th.

Mrs. Earl Shipp is en route to San Francisco from Shanghai and is due about September 15th. She is accompanied by Mrs. Charles Weller.

Mrs. Charles Belden is leaving in a few days for New York to be away several weeks.

Miss Marian Zeile is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Starr King, Jr., and the Misses Anne and Betty and Master Starr King will leave the first of the week for San Pedro. They have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Randolph King in San Mateo.

Mr. Claus Spreckels has returned to San Diego, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Miss Alice Moffitt, Master Herbert Moffitt, Jr., and Miss Eleanor Spreckels have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they have been for several weeks.

General and Mrs. William Wright and Miss Marjory Wright spent the week-end with Senator James Phelan at the Villa Montalvo.

Mrs. Berthe Welch and Mrs. Paul Fagan will leave for the Atlantic coast September 24th. They will remain to greet Mr. Eugene Lent and the Misses Ruth and Frances Lent on their return from Europe.

Mrs. James Tucker and Mrs. Alston Hayne left Wednesday for Madrono, their country place in Napa County. They will be joined by Miss Ida Bourn as soon as she is sufficiently well to make the trip.

Mr. André Lord has arrived from New York and will spend September with Mrs. Arthur Lord.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. William Hineckley Taylor, Mrs. J. W. Keeney, and Admiral Alexander Halstead left today for San Mateo to spend the week-end with M. and Mme. Jean de St. Cyr.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery left yesterday for Webber Lake to spend a fortnight.

Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Spalding have returned from a vacation trip in the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Gallagher are sailing for Shanghai on September 17th.

Miss Isabel Chase and Mr. Horace Chase, Jr., have returned from a trip through the south.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott and Miss Helen Crocker have returned from a short visit at Del Monte.

Mrs. S. L. Bee has returned from Santa Barbara, where she recently visited for several weeks.

Countess Eric Levenhaupt and her sons sailed today for Havana en route to England, where they will pass the winter.

General and Mrs. John Barrette and the Misses Lydia, Katherine, Elizabeth, and Margaret Barrette, and Miss Louisa Biddle have arrived in Honolulu, where they will make their home for the next two or three years.

Mr. Francis Loomis, Jr., is spending his furlough from Annapolis in Burlingame with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport have returned from the Russian River, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned from the mountains, where they have had a camp for several weeks.

Mrs. J. W. Keeney has returned from Montecito, where she visited Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Among those attending the State Golf Championship at Del Monte are: From Northern California—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bettens, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Crowell, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Paul T. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Costello, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hay Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. De Armond, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fitzhamon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Finley, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Hirschman, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hinchman, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Kales, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Eleiser, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Lillard, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Lion, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Larzelere, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Mahoney, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Milburn, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Prather, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Prentice, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy T. Ryone, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Rohner, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Rose, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Strassburger, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram D. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Van Pelt, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wright, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Roger D. Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse, Mr.

and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Walter, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Van Antwerp, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Yount, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruce Adams, Mr. E. Raymond Armsby, Captain Ronald Banon, Mr. Samuel Conlan, Jr., Mr. R. M. Eyre, Mr. W. Prescott Scott, Mr. Charles S. Stanton, Mr. Lewis Titus, Mr. George H. Thayer, Mr. Kenneth Monteagle, Mr. Paige Monteagle, Mr. Louis F. Monteagle, Mr. Fitzgerald Marx, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. John F. Neville, Mr. Frank Noon, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. James A. Ritchie, Mr. Charles Foley, Mr. Milton Latham, Mr. Harold Mack, Mr. Charles C. Moore, Mr. Ezra T. Simpson, Miss Edith Corey, Miss Helen Crocker, Mrs. S. H. Clark, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Will Taylor, Jr., Miss Helen D. Foster, Mrs. Dorothy Hill, and Miss Josephine Moore. From Southern California—Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boisset, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Billson, Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Bixby, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Delong, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. French, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Getzelman, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Jergins, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Linenman, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Le Blond, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts, Mr. and Mrs. R. Arthur Letts, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mellus, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Pette, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rutledge, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Fertig, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sellery, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Spinks, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Theberge, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. White, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Youngworth, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cravens, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Forsman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Picaire, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Seaver, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mather, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brooks, Mr. A. M. Andrews, Mr. George T. Cline, Mr. W. W. Campbell, Mr. D. Scott Chisholm, Dr. and Mrs. August Cameron, Dr. Paul M. Hunter, Mr. Patrick Higgins, Mr. Phil Forre, Miss Doreen Cavanaugh, Mr. Paul Lowry, Mr. Jack Nevins, Dr. H. S. Pritchett, Mr. Edward B. Tufts, Mr. Frank D. Tatum, Miss Grace Cameron, Miss Margaret Cameron, Miss Sallie Cameron, and Miss Mildred Landreth.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland are Mr. W. B. Broyles, Los Banos.

Hotel Whitcomb recent arrivals include Mr. J. A. Owens, Los Angeles; Mr. L. J. Klemmer, Wilcox; Mr. G. W. McLess, Liudsey; Mr. H. J. Klein, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Rathbone, Fresno; Mr. N. W. Parker, Elko, Nevada; Mr. A. P. Grohens, Marshall, Michigan; Major and Mrs. Hall A. Allen and family, Fort Ward, Washington; Mr. A. A. Polhemus, Los Angeles; Dr. and Mrs. Y. Molina, Mexico City; Mr. Hollis M. Wade and family, Los Angeles; Mr. James A. Barr, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Gooch, Paris, Illinois; Mr. M. M. Santos, Manila, P. I.; Mr. C. F. Earl, Reading, Pennsylvania; Mr. George S. Waterman, Fresno; Mr. Henry A. Totten and family, Los Gatos; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jackson, Sacramento; Mr. H. S. Turner, El Paso; Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Carpenter, Seattle.

Guests at the St. Francis recently include Admiral E. W. Eberle, commander of the Pacific fleet; Rear-Admiral W. H. C. Bullard, U. S. N.; Rear-Admiral A. L. Halstead, U. S. N.; Miss Sarah Padden, New York; Mr. Hoot Gibson, Los Angeles; Mr. H. C. Rice, Hershey, Pennsylvania; Mr. F. A. Petri, Flint, Michigan; Adjutant-General J. J. Borree, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Reardon, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. Raymond D. Smith, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. D. C.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Are you from Chicago?" "No, Beloit."
"How far below?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Ethel—Has that handsome life-guard taught you how to swim yet? Clara—Yes; but he doesn't know it.—*Life.*

Friend—Did you see your scenario on the screen? Writer—Yes. The director pointed it out to me last night.—*Life.*

Klaseman—I didn't see you in church last Sunday. Keen—Don't doubt it. I took up the collection.—*Boston Transcript.*

Warden—What is your last wish? Can-demned Man—I want to learn how to speak Chinese.—*Paris Le Journal Amusant.*

"Robert! Robert! Here's another car round-ing the corner. How shall I steer?" "Try to hit it, mother; try to hit it."—*Boston Trans-cript.*

"Another artist's model is writing her memoirs." "Poor stuff, I dare say." "Yes, but the illustrations are good."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Flora—Time seems to hang heavily on Dor-othy's hands. She never knows just what to do with herself. Dora—That's the worst of having naturally curly hair.—*Judge.*

Little Jacky—Look, mother! that bulldog looks like Aunt Emily. Mother—Hush, child! Don't say such things. Little Jacky—Well, mamma, the dog can't hear it.—*Boston Globe.*

"The United States has a telephone for every eight inhabitants." "Then I'm not getting a square deal." "Huh!" "More people than that are using mine."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Art Gallery Attendant—This picture is labeled "Ready for the Bath"—shouldn't it be "Ready for the Ball"? Official—Hm! Lay it aside and I'll confer with the artist.—*Boston Transcript.*

"But when you are traveling away from your little boy who reads his prayers to him?" "Oh, that's all right. We have his evening prayer on the gramophone."—*Stock-holm Strix.*

Officer (examining passports)—Where are your proofs that she's your wife? Henpeck—I haven't any; but if you can prove she's not my wife you're a made man.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

"I bear that Crimson Gulch's big gaming resort has been closed." "Yes," replied Three-Fingered Sam. "The police got busy at last!" "Twere'n't the police. Cactus Joe had a winnin' streak."—*Washington Star.*

Teacher—Don't you know that when you take something away from something, less will remain? Infant Einstein—How about the two ends of a stick? Cut 'em both off and it still has two ends left.—*Life.*

Mother—I've tried hard to make you a good child, Margaret, and yet in spite of all my efforts you are still rude and naughty. Mar-garet (deeply moved)—What a failure you are, mother.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

"Are you going to the theatre this evening, Mrs. Frisber?" "Yes. I have great con-fidence in my daughter's judgment. She has found a play she thinks it would be quite proper for me to see."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Rastus (after a visit to the doctor)—Dat doctah sure am funny. His Wife—How

come? Rastus—Made me swallow two car-tridges filled with powder, and then tell me Ah shouldn't smoke. As if Ah would.—*Car-toons Magazine.*

"Senator Snortworthy says we must save the country." "Has he any ideas about the best way to do that?" "No, but he can make a speech on the subject that will hold an audience spellbound for an hour."—*Birming-ham Age-Herald.*

Jack—Did you hear about that terrible ac-cident at the hail last night? Jill—No, what was it? Jack—Bess got too near an electric fan, and two men who were standing nearby were almost suffocated by the dust.—*Wash-ington Sun Dodger.*

Higgins—My wife induced me to quit smoking and save my cigar money. Wiggins—And have you saved much? Higgins—A hundred dollars. But my wife took it and bought herself a gold cigarette case.—*Hano-lulu Star-Bulletin.*

Attorney—And wasn't it the fact that you insisted on taking this woman out to dances that caused the trouble? Defendant—No, sir, not at all. Attorney—Well, what was it, then? Defendant—The fact that her hus-band objected.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Mr. Wayback—What! two dollars for a seat to see this "Hero of Dead Horse Gulch" show? Box-Office Man—Yes, sir, that's the price. Mr. Wayback—Well, young man. I'll say that not all the stage-robbers are operat' in the Far West.—*New York Globe.*

"I'll fine you \$10 for contempt of court." "All right, your honor. I'll pay it, but it's a lucky thing for me that you don't know what I'm thinking." "I'll just add another \$10 for that remark." "Your honor, my mind is now a perfect blank."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"You don't deny that you were exceeding the speed limit?" "No, your honor." "Have you a valid excuse to offer?" "Not a valid one, I'm afraid," replied the motorist, dreamily, "but you ought to see the girl who asked me to 'step on the gas.'"—*Dallas News.*

The Sire—Young man, I demand to know your intentions toward Nora, the cook. The Son—Oh, just kidding her a little, that's all. The Sire—All right. Flirt with her and keep her contented, but don't you dare to marry her and take her away from us.—*Boston Globe.*

"Doesn't it make you nervous to see the leading man kissing your wife?" "Sometimes it does," said the director, who was also the husband of the beauteous star, "but I'm a strong believer in art for art's sake. Rather than deprive the movie patrons of a single thrill I'd turn my back and let the fellow do it right."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Facts About Platinum.

When platinum was discovered about the middle of the eighteenth century in Colombia its price was quoted at 2 pesos, or a dollar an ounce. Millions of dollars' worth at our present valuation of \$72 an ounce were then thrown away on the gold dumps. While platinum was still considered a comparatively worthless metal it was largely used by coun-terfeiters for the base of gold-plated coins. Such coins were really worth more than three times the value of the gold bullion they were imitating. During the régime of Czar Nicho-las I, 1828 to 1845, Russia had platinum coinage of 3, 6, and 12 rouble pieces—a rouble being worth about 77 cents. Very few of these old Russian coins have escaped the melting pot, and most of the survivors are in the hands of collectors who rate them at many times their bullion value in plat-inum. Though Russia no longer coins her platinum, it is at present the white hope of Slavic finance. The Ural mines, which con-tain one of the largest known deposits of platinum, are again being worked and Russia is planning a platinum reserve for her mon-etary system. Before the war about 95 per cent. of the world's supply of platinum was furnished by Russia.

Freedom of the Press.


The independence of Benjamin Franklin is well illustrated by a characteristic anecdote for which we are indebted to Sparks. As every one knows, Franklin established and conducted a newspaper in Philadelphia. He was everything in his office, from gatherer of news to typesetter, pressman, and even dis-tributor of the paper.

Shortly after the establishment of the news-paper, Franklin found occasion to remark with some degree of freedom on the public conduct of one or two persons of high stand-ing in Philadelphia. This met with the dis-approval of some of Franklin's patrons. They told him what they thought about it and also endeavored to make him feel that many of his friends felt the same way.

Franklin listened patiently. He answered by requesting them to favor him with their company at dinner and to bring with them the other gentlemen of whom they had spoken as having expressed dissatisfaction. The night

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of the dinner came and the guests assembled. Franklin received them cordially, and listened again to their friendly reproofs of his editorial conduct. He did not reply. Then supper was announced.

When the guests seated themselves around the table they were surprised and perhaps a little displeased to see nothing before them except two puddings—made of coarse meal and popularly known as "sawdust puddings"—and a stone pitcher filled with water.

Franklin, courteous as always and most particularly kindly now, helped each of his guests to a liberal portion of pudding and plenty of clear cold water. Then he began to eat, urging all his guests to do the same.

These gentlemen were accustomed to far better fare than was before them. They taxed their politeness to the utmost, but all in vain. Their appetites refused to obey. It was not long before Franklin realized this. He rose and said:

"My friends, any one who can subsist upon sawdust pudding and water, as I can, needs no man's patronage."

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VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2321.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Brems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Alien Poll Tax.

It was a foregone conclusion that the alien poll-tax law would be nullified by the Supreme Court of the state. It was in direct violation of various treaties—and treaties take precedence of all state laws—and it was also in violation of the United States constitutional provision requiring that all persons within the jurisdiction of a state shall receive the equal protection of its laws. The constitutional provision might perhaps be open to interpretation, but the treaties, and particularly the treaty with Japan, are as clear as human language can make them in their assurance that aliens shall not be subject to any taxes whatsoever that are not imposed upon citizens of the United States. The contention that treaties do not take precedence of state laws is too childish for attention.

Here we have an example of the way in which laws are passed by an incompetent legislature and approved by an incompetent governor, to the confusion of public life and the waste of public money. The legislature knew that this law was unconstitutional, but none the less they passed it. The governor knew that it was unconstitutional, but none the less he signed it. The attorney-general knew that it was unconstitutional, but none the less he defended it. We were told that the deliberations of the Supreme Court would probably be long and anxious and that we must not expect anything like a speedy decision. Probably the matter occupied about five minutes, or just so long as was needed

to read the treaty clauses and the constitutional provision. And it need not be said that the justices of the Supreme Court were unanimous. And now all we can do is to write a *hic jacet* over another piece of legislative folly.

Pershing Versus Gompers.

Mr. Gompers doubtless believed that he could "get away with it" when he had the effrontery to claim in the presence of General Pershing that the loyalty of labor was one of the determining factors in the winning of the war. By labor Mr. Gompers means, of course, organized labor, a distinction very necessary in a country where nearly all men and most women are laborers of one kind or another, although only a very small proportion are organized. Mr. Gompers has no recognition for laborers who are unorganized, except as objects for execration and terrorism.

But was organized labor so particularly loyal during the war? There were, of course, large numbers, very large numbers, of men belonging to labor organizations whose loyalty and devotion left nothing to be desired. But when we examine the records of the labor organizations, as such, it must be said with regret that those records are not of a kind to evoke our pride or to justify the boastings of Mr. Gompers. As a matter of fact there is much in those records that is disgraceful and treasonable. Indeed we may go further and say that but for the abject demeanor of the Wilson administration toward labor there would be a large number of labor leaders at this moment in jail with Debs, whose offenses were insignificant in comparison with theirs. Debs, at the worst, was a fanatic. At least there was no taint of personal avarice about his pernicious activities. He did not embarrass and imperil his own country for the sake of money, nor boast of the thirty pieces of silver, the price of its betrayal. But there were a great many labor leaders who were more dangerous to their country than Prussian Uhlans, and who instantly coined into dollars the appeal of their countrymen and the misery of the world. Nor do we find it upon record that Mr. Gompers said a word or wrote a line to reprove the men who seized their own country by the throat in order to turn its extremity into a personal profit. He was much too busy for that, much too engrossed with wage schedules and the glorious opportunities that war had brought to his organization and his followers. Speaking on the very day of the armistice, he declared that "labor will not surrender any of the advantages it gained during the war." That was the way the armistice appealed to Mr. Gompers. It might be that the days of actual extortion were on the wane, but there should be no diminution of the "advantages" already won.

The "advantages" are obviously enough, but they were won by hamstringing the country. For example, there was a deadly need of ships, as we all of us know. That need was the opportunity of the shipyard unions, and so they demanded double pay and they *did just half as much work*. Did Mr. Gompers remonstrate? He did not. His silence gave consent and approval. There were six thousand strikes in America during the war, while in Germany there were practically none. Most of those strikes were brought because the fact of war was in their favor, and many of them were deliberate efforts to prevent prosecution of the war unless the union demands were met. The strike on the Orient Railway, for example, caused the death of many thousands of cattle, and at a time when the food scarcity was at its height. It was intended and calculated to that end. The unions were in the position of the thug who finds a man with a broken leg and proceeds to rob him. There was a strike in the Louisiana and Texas oil fields *because* the unions knew that the transports could not move without oil. There was a strike of the trainmen at Chicago *because* the unions knew that the passage of troops across the country would

be thereby impeded. We have the statement of Mr. Piez, director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, that "labor has been deliberately slack during the war. In the shipyards workmen received two dollars for the same time that a year ago brought only one dollar, while the individual output was only two-thirds of what it had been a year before." Now a coercive increase of wages may conceivably be defended, but what shall we say of workmen who deliberately agree to reduce their output by one-half to one-third, and at a time when the fate of their country, not to speak of civilization itself, was in the balance? The need of ships was so grievous that we may reasonably believe that there was never such a need since the beginning of the human race. Without ships the war seemed to be lost. The whole American army might have been beaten. It is no exaggeration to say that the fate of humanity appeared to depend on the supply of ships, and this was the time when the shipyard unions not only demanded double pay, but deliberately halved the product of their labor. Now Debs never did anything so base as that. Nor did Germany. No one ever did anything so base since the days of Judas Iscariot, and yet Mr. Gompers has the impudence, not only to sit at the same table with General Pershing, but to claim that the loyalty of organized labor was one of the factors in winning the war. And the cases cited are but a few of many.

These are hard things to say, but they have to be said. America may presently find herself once more at war, and it is well to be forearmed against the enemies within our gates. These things are said with the full recognition that organized labor in very many of its sections did its whole duty and was second to none in patriotism and devotion. But they are said with an equally full recognition that Mr. Gompers had no effective reproof for the treachery and treason of his followers, and that his salutation to the end of the war was the arrogant assurance that organized labor would surrender none of the advantages that the war had brought to it.

Compromise in Ireland.

The Irish situation is decidedly hopeful. The Sinn Fein leaders seem willing to accept the inclusion of Ireland within the empire as a basis for discussion, and unless there is an *arrière pensée* or a lack of candor somewhere, this ought to be a presage for ultimate peace. One thing at least is certain. If the present discussions should fail and Ireland should sink back into the slough of outrage and murder from which she has just emerged it would indeed seem that civilization is a failure and that modern man has lost his claim to human intelligence.

But there are still lions in the path, and formidable ones. What will Ulster do? Will she be irreconcilable? Suppose Ulster shall insist upon a separate government for herself and Sinn Fein Ireland shall refuse to assent to such a partition. Is there room for two governments in so small an island, and two governments that are literally born in mutual hatreds? If Lloyd George shall prove himself adroit enough to come to terms with the Sinn Fein and at the same time to persuade Ulster into the pact he will have put the coping-stone upon his career as a statesman. Will he be equal to the task?

There is still another danger. Amicable arrangements are good, but they lose their virtue if there is delay in putting them into effect. There would probably be no Sinn Fein today but for the postponement of the Home Rule bill at the beginning of the war. There was no reason for that postponement and it was inexcusable. It cut the ground from under the feet of Mr. Redmond and it gave color to the claim of the Irish extremists that the government had shown bad faith and that its pledges were unreliable. Any arrangement that may now be made at Inverness

of course run the gauntlet of Parliament at Westminster. Every effort will be made to whittle it away and to reduce its concessions by Ulster fanaticism. If Lloyd George shall fail to stand by his guns in letter and in spirit the last end of Ireland will be worse than the first and a new chapter of anarchy will begin. The Sinn Feiners seem at last to be showing something of the spirit of compromise, and it is much to be hoped that Ulster will not show herself to be less conciliatory than the south. It is a heavy responsibility, and one fraught with immeasurable consequences.

How About the Unemployed?

The national conference on unemployment that is about to meet at Washington will be fully as important in its way as the conference on international and Asiatic problems that will follow closely on its heels. Indeed we may regard them as closely related. The six million men and women in America who are now without work owe their misfortunes primarily to war, which the international conference is intended to prevent. A secondary cause is governmental stupidity, but this particular malady will probably be incurable for a long time to come. During the last few years we have seen a veritable mania of interference with the commerce and industry of the country. Nothing has been exempt. Trade and enterprise have been manacled and handcuffed, smothered and stifled, by regulations and restrictions until they have almost ceased to function. Federal and state governments have competed one with another in penalizing capital and in driving it out of sight. Nemesis would have come in any case. Nemesis always does come. But it has come all the more quickly for the war, which with an almost incredible folly was used as an excuse for tightening the restrictions rather than relaxing them. Now we have six million men and women without work, with a certain and speedy prospect of soup houses, bread lines, and all the other ugly and dangerous concomitants of unemployment in winter time. The number might easily be much greater. Indeed it is sure to be much greater before it is much less.

Inevitably we shall see an outpouring of emotionalism and of what we may call economic quackery. Emotionalism, and of a peculiarly nasty kind, has already broken out in Boston with its senseless parody of the slave market and its pretended sale of half-naked men. For emotionalism, as for stupidity, there is no known remedy. But surely we may hope to avoid the economic quackeries, although we may be certain that they will be vociferously demanded by embryo economists who have not yet learned that the government has no funds except those drawn from the public, and that no remedy can be found in unproductive or unnecessary labor.

There is no virtue in the establishment of new public works for the relief of unemployment. Quite the contrary. The amateur philanthropist, seeing no further than the end of his nose, supposes that all is well as soon as the needy have been set to work and are drawing public pay for that work. But it is by no means well if this implies the issue of national, state, county, and city bonds which because of their tax-free provisions absorb the capital that would otherwise be used for production and development. These securities already amount to such a total as to be a positive danger to the country. Taxes go steadily upward, while taxable property remains as it was because the capital on which it depends for its growth has either been driven underground or is otherwise and unproductively employed. What are ordinarily known as relief works lead inevitably to increased unemployment. They should be avoided except under stern necessity. If they are justifiable as charities, they are indefensible from the standpoint of the economist, and we may reasonably doubt if there can be any wise charity that violates economic law. Where can we find today any new enterprise that actually increases the production of the country, that makes it richer? And how shall we account for the fact that capital remains thus quiescent at a time when there should be every inducement for its activity? The answer is obvious. Capital has either been tempted into unproductive channels or it has been frightened out of sight. And six million men and women without work are the result.

There is no spectacular remedy for the existing situation; no cure by government fiat, no magic wand that can be waved. The government can not provide work for the workless nor order others to do so. Effects are

equal to their causes, in volume as well as in duration, and in this case the main causes are governmental interference with business and governmental extravagance. A planned and calculated policy of interference with business can not be reversed in a day, and we are fortunate indeed that the present Administration recognizes the evil and that there will be no further extensions of this particular insanity. But governmental extravagances ought to be amenable to quick and effective control. If the duties of thrift are to be urged upon the individual, they are a hundred times more applicable to the government. And there has been a veritable orgy of public extravagance everywhere, as though it were pebbles on the shore instead of dollars that were being voted and squandered in sums so immense that to the average mind they have no meaning. Take, for example, the single significant fact that thirteen persons out of every thousand of the population are now on the pay-roll of the Federal government without counting the pensioners and beneficiaries of the War Risk Insurance Act. Add to these the persons employed by states, counties, and cities, with the recognition that a large proportion of these people are directly engaged in the task of harassing and torturing the business interests of the country and discouraging the proper use of capital. When we are disposed vaguely to attribute our misfortunes to the war we may usefully remember that unemployment is actually decreasing in many of the countries of Europe, and notably in France and Germany, while America, that should be relatively immune, is sinking deeper and deeper into the mud. In point of fact we are suffering from too much government, vastly too much government, from a pest of restrictive and sometimes vindictive laws, and from incompetent lawmakers that range all the way from boards of supervisors up to Congress.

If the unemployment congress succumbs to the temptation to recommend such quack remedies as public works it will be only one more nuisance added to those we already have. But if it has the courage to recommend measures of broad statesmanship tending to the liberation of industry, commerce, and transportation it will have done pretty much all that can be done for the relief of the unemployed.

Epes Randolph's Last Message.

The *Argonaut* in its issue of September 3d printed a few lines of editorial appreciation of the life and services of Epes Randolph, president of the Southern Pacific of Mexico and the Arizona Eastern Railway. Mr. Randolph died on August 22d and it may be said truly that he died in harness. Four days before the fatal termination of his illness he wrote a letter to Congressman Carl Hayden at Washington, a letter so full of vision and vigor that no apology need be made for the following reprint of some of its salient passages:

There is an insect in certain parts of Mexico called the alacran. The female of this species gives birth once in her lifetime to a dozen or more infant alacrans, who immediately climb upon the body of the mother and subsist upon her until she is no more.

When socialism first blossomed in this country the railroads belonged, for the most part, to a few men. The demagogue politician thought it a fine scheme to imitate the hairy alacrans, jump on the Huntingtons and Hills and suck the life blood out of the railroads because these wicked fellows had dared to amass fortunes. The work was quickly done, but the doers forgot to stop when railroads no longer represented individual fortunes.

The late E. H. Harriman induced the investment of several hundred million dollars in the Southern Pacific and other Western roads, and thus gave to the people of this country the best transportation system the world has ever seen, and at the lowest rates for service. Mr. Harriman's ownership in the Southern Pacific, as shown by the company books, was 1100 shares of stock, par value \$100. His efforts caused the country to prosper as it had never prospered before, and incidentally earned modest dividends for the 34,000 owners of the company's securities, many of whom were widows and orphans. Mr. McAdoo, in one year only, put this great transportation system, which it required thirty-five years of brain and energy to create, "on the hum," and your very constituents are today crying out for relief. Why did McAdoo do this? The answer is, "For politics only," and he didn't get the job at that.

The rancher today gets all the labor he wants for 15 cents an hour and others stand by begging to work at the same rate. The railway company is forced by law to pay the same type of labor, engaged just across the fence from the farmer, 34 cents an hour. Why is this? "For politics only."

When will you lawmakers give your constituents proper relief? My guess is you will do so when the reason shall become "for politics only," and not before. In other words,

when the great mass of voters wake up and learn that railroad headquarters are located in the Capitol at Washington, and not in San Francisco, Tucson, or elsewhere, as they now believe to be the case. A governmental agency today fixes freight rates; another governmental agency fixes railroad wage rates, but no governmental agency guarantees that the holder of a railroad security shall have one dollar's interest on his investment, yet a governmental agency does provide that he shall not have more than 5 per cent.

Union labor today, to a very large extent, dominates the politics of this country. For eight years the White House doors swung open to one Samuel Gompers, a foreign-born individual of great skill in the art of creating industrial unrest. This same creature has, on occasion, stood on the public rostrum, side by side with the President of the United States and poured insidious poison into the ears of an unthinking audience. A foreign-born individual with a union-labor card in his pocket this day holds a cabinet portfolio. Can there be any reason for these things except "for politics only"?

I once spent a night on the desert and was kept awake by coyote howls uttered from a mesquite thicket. It sounded like there were a million of them. At daylight next morning I took my shotgun, went out to the thicket, and was disgusted to find there only an old female coyote with two pups. No doubt you have had like experience. Labor-union leaders are in the thicket and their howl is intimidating the American statesman. If he would inspect the thicket he would find there more howl than votes.

The people, who, by the sweat of their brows, created this country, own it and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when they will control it. The people who count are beginning to wake up. Two years ago in your very town of Phenix a brick mason received \$10 a day and was allowed by grace of the "walking delegate" to lay 700 brick only. Today he still receives his \$10, but he lays 2500 brick with no more effort than he put forth to lay the 700. Then Phenix was a "closed-shop" town; today Phenix is an "open-shop" town.

Transportation is the most important industrial institution of this country. When will the government loosen its strangle hold and let the railroads become "open shop"? The answer to that question is very much more important than the question of whether we shall have a Democratic administration or a Republican administration.

For forty-five years I have labored. The laboring man, whoever he may be and however he may labor, with head or hands, has my sincerest sympathy and utmost good-will. The labor leader who organizes his subjects and rules them with a despotism comparable only to that of the erstwhile Kaiser Bill, that he may wax fat on the proceeds of their labor (which he does), should find no lodgment in this republic. He should be sent along to join his brother, Bill Haywood, in Russia, and will be. Sam Gompers, hacked by his full eight years of prestige and power, was not able to saddle upon this country as its President the man who bore the stamp of Woodrow Wilson's approval. The hrush was heated, all right, and to a finish, but the coyotes were not there and the howl didn't register in hallots.

A few years back three Arizona citizens organized to develop 200,000 horsepower of electrical energy in the Grand Cañon and bring it to Arizona. Plans were perfected and the necessary capital (\$50,000,000) secured. The consent of the Federal government was sought, the projectors stipulating that they should be bound to sell 100,000 horsepower of this energy to land-owners for the purpose of hringing the underlying water to the surface, the price to be \$36 per horsepower per annum; also stipulating that the remaining 100,000 horsepower should be sold to mines, cities, and other industries at a price not to exceed \$76 per horsepower per annum. Permission to proceed was refused to this "for politics only."

Had this proposed development taken place Arizona would have 1,000,000 more acres of fertile land under cultivation than it now has, and other industrial enterprises would be paying one-half the amount for electrical energy that they are now paying.

Editorial Notes.

W. N. Nichols, superintendent of schools in South Evanston, Illinois, says that "examinations are merely efforts to cram a child's head full of facts and then see how many he remembers. They are forms of antiquated tyranny." The *Argonaut* makes no claim to an expert understanding of education, but it is inclined to believe that Mr. Nichols is right. Memory is a false standard by which to measure a child's educational progress, seeing that memory has a very dubious relation to intellectual development. Some idiots have almost incredibly retentive memories. A teacher ought to be able to measure a child's mental advance much more accurately than by any system of question and answer which must necessarily depend largely on a combination of memory and luck.

The Act of Congress of May 9, 1918, authorized the naturalization of aliens who had served during the war with either land or sea forces of the United States. Over two hundred Japanese have already been naturalized under the provisions of this act, but it has now been judicially determined that the law applies only to aliens eligible under the general naturalization laws of the country and therefore that it does not apply to Japanese. The decision is a satisfactory one, but at the

same time we have one more illustration of the haphazard way in which our laws are passed.

The announcement that Gustave Ador, former President of Switzerland, has been elected honorary president of the assembly of the league of nations will be received with equanimity. That very few people have ever heard of Gustave Ador, former President of Switzerland, that very few people know who is President of Switzerland at the present moment, speaks volumes for a political wisdom that we may envy but can hardly emulate. It is indeed a remarkable fact that Switzerland, occupying as she did a position of great strategic importance during the war and conducting a foreign policy demanding extraordinary discretion and courage should have come through that ordeal without obtruding the personality of any one of her statesmen. There is nothing more creditable to the little republic than the fact that not one person in ten thousand, even in Europe, knows the name of her president.

California is about to consider the problem of unemployment and to take such steps as may be demanded by a situation already bad and likely to be worse before it is better. So much for one item in Tuesday's newspapers. Another item appearing on the same day is to the effect that eight thousand oil workers have gone on strike, not because they have any material grievance, but in order to secure the recognition of their union. Presumably some of these men and very many others suffering from similar follies will presently be asking for relief from a situation "due to the war."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"We Have with Us"—

SAN FRANCISCO, September 10, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: On my walk this morning I stopped to chat with an IRISH-American policeman acquaintance. (The balancing of the hyphen was indicated by him.) After greetings, he queried:

"What do you think of the situation?"
"In the United States the situation has vastly improved within the last half-year; and in this city, since the strike ended, it is approaching normal conditions—conditions that are much easier than in the Eastern States. As for England, the opinion of Dr. Shadwell, the veteran labor editor of the London Times, as given in his review of 'The Labor Situation in Great Britain,' printed in the September Atlantic Monthly, must be accepted as authoritative. He says that 'as each successive corner is turned, the prospect improves.'"

"But what about Ireland?"
"Unhyphenated Americans don't think about Ireland any further or any differently than they think of any other part of Europe where disturbances are rife, because the disturbance, or the question, is wholly domestic and Great Britain only can settle it."

"But don't you think the Irish ought to be granted entire political independence?"

"I do not. If in a moment of folly or weakness that were granted I believe Great Britain would never cease to regret it. In my opinion the present offer of dominion government, within the empire, Ulster not to be coerced, is the best Ireland can expect or will ever get. To me this seems obvious. It would be unthinkable that Great Britain should, for any reason, sacrifice loyal Ulster. The contrast between Protestant and loyal Ulster and southern, Roman Catholic, rebellious Ireland during the great war is too sharp ever to be forgotten. Contemporary history makes it very plain. Our own Admiral Sims in his 'Victory At Sea' has shown how the Sinn Fein, while the American fleet lay in Irish waters, continually attempted to thwart the plans of the Allies—were ever plotting with the enemy, as in the Casement uprising."

"But this country has shown that it is in favor of the self-determination of small nations, and we, who are friends of Ireland, think it right that it should, because, as I have read, during the American Revolution 60 per cent. of the American army were Irish."

"You are wholly misinformed. The self-determination proposal was President Wilson's alone, but he had in mind only the congeries of nationalities comprising the enemy nations—more especially Austria. Before he departed for the peace conference the first time he was interviewed in New York by a committee of Irish hyphenates (from which committee he had expressly excluded Cohalan because he had been openly pro-German throughout the war), the spokesman of which, after the manner of a ward-heeler, impudently asked him if, at the conference, he would demand the political freedom of Ireland; to which the President replied, in effect, that Ireland was a part of an allied nation, that the Irish question was a domestic question for Great Britain to settle, that the conference would have nothing to do with it. As for the '60 per cent.' assertion, that is merely Sinn Fein propaganda which will deceive nobody who knows his history. Not 6 per cent. of the soldiers of the Revolution were Irish; and almost without exception those were Protestant descendants of Ulster immigrants driven from home by the persecutions of the Roman Catholics under the weak and wicked Stuarts. Ferguson's hackwoodsmen, who destroyed the royal army at Kings Mountain, were composed largely of descendants of Scotch and Ulster Presbyterian immigrants. There was no considerable Roman Catholic Irish immigration to the United States till after 1825, more particularly after the Potato Famine. You have been grossly deceived by Sinn Fein propaganda. Unfortunately that has been too pronounced. Too many unhyphenated Americans have been fooled by it; too many of them, for self-respect, foolishly subscribed to the \$10,000,000 fund for the pretended relief of southern Ireland. They are awakening to their folly—to the evil purpose behind that propaganda, viz: to provoke war between Great Britain and the United States; to the fact that that \$10,000,000 fund was not even intended to be used for any other purpose than propaganda, and to arm and strengthen the Sinn Fein in Ireland to carry on rebellion; that neither now nor at any time throughout the war was southern Ireland in need of any assistance, to the contrary that it was then and is now a land flowing with milk and honey."

"Well, De Valera is smart. He knew that the only way

to get money out of Americans not of Irish descent would be by rousing their sympathies for suffering Ireland."

With that he said good-by and proceeded on his heat, and I came home to cogitate upon and write out a fair report of the conversation.

EDWARD A. BELCHER.

An Open Letter to the Vice-President of the United States.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 11, 1921.

Hon. Calvin Coolidge,
Washington, D. C.—

SIR: The writer, formerly an employee of the Isthmian Canal Commission, addresses you, the presiding officer of the Senate of the United States, in order to point out:

1. That the construction of the Panama Canal was commenced by the Universal Panama Canal Company and completed by the United States, by virtue of and under the terms of a concession granted by Colombia in 1878 to Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse.

2. That precedent to the purchase of said Wyse concession in May, 1904, the United States required and secured the modification of Articles I, XV, and XXII thereof.

3. That said modifications were effected and secured by and through the instrumentality of the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty of November, 1903.

4. That on the basis of this precedent, therefore, any further modification of said Wyse concession that may be desirable must be effected and secured through the instrumentality of treaty negotiation.

5. That Article XIV of said Wyse concession provides: "In order to indemnify the grantees for the construction, maintenance, and working expenses incurred by them, they shall have during the whole period of the privilege the exclusive right to establish and collect for the passage of the canal and its ports the dues for lighthouses, navigation, anchorage, transit, repairs, pilotage, towage, storage, haulage, and moorage, according to the tariff which they may issue, and which they may modify at any time under the following express conditions: First—They shall collect these dues without any exceptional favor from all vessels in like circumstances."

6. That said Article XIV of said Wyse concession has never been modified.

7. That said Article XIV of said Wyse concession is as binding on the United States as it was on Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, the Universal Panama Canal Company, and the New Panama Canal Company of France.

8. That notwithstanding the foregoing facts of historical and well-known record, and in contempt and defiance of same, Senator Borah of Idaho has introduced a bill which seeks by political violence, and without recourse to the necessary treaty negotiation, to cancel the first express condition of said Article XIV of said Wyse concession.

9. That said bill introduced by Senator Borah is an invasion of the treaty rights of the Republic of Panama.

10. That said bill introduced by Senator Borah constitutes a usurpation of the prerogative of the President of the United States.

11. That said bill introduced by Senator Borah is, under international law, unsanctionable, and under domestic law, unconstitutional.

12. That the Senate has agreed to the consideration of and to vote on the passage of said bill introduced by Senator Borah on or about October 10, 1921.

13. That the traditions, the honor, the dignity, and the good name of the United States among the nations require the withdrawal or suppression of said bill introduced by Senator Borah at such time.

Therefore the writer, reverencing the ideals and traditions of the men and women who founded this nation, respectfully urges you, the presiding officer of the Senate of the United States, to communicate the facts herewith submitted to the honorable senators before or on October 10, 1921.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Very respectfully yours,
EDWARD THOMPSON,
Formerly of Empire, Canal Zone.

"The Divorce Laws of South Carolina."

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The Argonaut's witty remarks concerning South Carolina's non-existing divorce laws, and that "moral" state's pride therein, moves the writer to say a few words on the subject. Being a native South Carolinian, whose family's residence dates back to 1685, and trained observer, educated in many lands, perhaps those "few words" may be of interest; at least, she hopes so.

It is a fact that divorce can not be obtained within South Carolina, but it is not a fact that the state "is the most moral in the Union." One must here apologize for doubting so excellent a clergyman as the Rev. Guerry (personally known to the writer as the best of priests, entirely conscientious, a gentleman), but in this one matter he is mistaken. Putting aside the white population for a space, the negroes outrank the latter both in number and native traits—fidelity to the marriage vows not being the negro strong point—and lastly, as the Argonaut hints, mulatto statistics will speak for themselves, if one will inquire more closely into them. This is not the most savory of topics, nor will one be praised for seeming to class black and white together. Unfortunately, however, when a state of the American Union is so composed, facts must be written of as facts.

Dismissing the negro, however (as one is mostly glad to do), one turns to the white and undivorceable folk of South Carolina:

It is entirely true, as Mr. Guerry says, that they are, in outward life anyway, the "most moral in our Union." There are several reasons for this apparently joyous fact. The most cogent is that women here are so afraid of public opinion that they accept anything in the way of domestic infelicity rather than resort to the last extreme of removing themselves, say to Georgia, living there for six months, and obtaining the legal freedom to which so many of them, God knows, are so thoroughly entitled. Of course (as Arthur Train points out in his paper on "Divorce and Its Abuse," etc.) such a woman would be free only so long as she lived out of the State of South Carolina; if she dared to return to her former home (as so many of us wish to do at the last) she would be considered a bigamist, morally if not legally. One does not allude to the South Carolina lords of creation, who are often as unhappy in their marital relations as the women—all of us know that a man can have his little compensations, his "secret garden." He is not so much in need of pity as his more helpless spouse, who, finding herself neglected, deserted, betrayed—as you like—has only one road to travel, its name being Loneliness and its goal the spot where her name will be written, so ironically, as "the Beloved Wife of Thus-and-So."

No, your paper is mistaken in thinking, even in joke, that "only the pure-minded" remain in our divorceless state, or that there is some "undiscovered difference" in our inhabitants which renders them immune to the married infelicity so common today. The writer has found, in a widely traveled life of almost fifty years, that human nature is the same everywhere. Bishop Guerry may contradict the statement, but it is true nevertheless: there are resident in his

state today as many faithless husbands, and more unhappy women, than anywhere else!

Divorce would not prove an entire cure, nor the vote.

One little tale will be given. Kipling might call it "The Story of a Fool." It is the history of a woman, now middle-aged, who has every reason for obtaining a divorce, but won't, because "none of her people ever knew divorce, or scandal, and she will be tortured rather than bring opprobrium to the name." Well, she does live in daily and hourly torture, poor soul. Her betrayal was wrought "by those of her own house," and there is no remedy—not even divorce. She married at a reasonable age and was all to her husband that a good, pretty, and clever wife could be. They seemed, and were, devoted for years. By her own desire a helpless orphaned relative, a pretty and alluring girl, was brought into the family of two. Finis!

The home is a wreck within, but no outsider knows it—not even Bishop Guerry, within whose jurisdiction it lies! Husband and wife live politely, utter strangers really, under the same roof, and pretty cousin holds the reins of command, unmolested and unquestioned by the thrice-miserable wife. She knows well that even if divorce could be got, not it nor anything else would give her back her faith and peace.

Is she a lesson to us all, or a reproach?

Q. E. D.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE SELL-AND-SPEND SYSTEM.

(Saturday Evening Post.)

It was not until July 18th that Mr. Albert D. Lasker, newly appointed chairman of the Shipping Board, was ready to make his preliminary report to the President on what he and his two hundred auditors had been able to ascertain about the tangled finances of the board. Small wonder that Mr. Harding was "shocked and dismayed" by Chairman Lasker's disclosures.

"The books are in deplorable condition," Mr. Lasker told the assembled Washington correspondents. "In any commercial institution they wouldn't be called books at all. . . . Any of our great corporations would have been in receivers' hands long ago as a result of the way the books alone have been and are kept, and the operations of the fleet necessarily must be just as incompetent as the books are because it is impossible to operate any business if there isn't a figure on which remote reliance can be placed. . . . Had the books been kept with a view to cheating and deceiving Congress they could not have been kept in much different shape than they have been, and I measure the words I am using."

Mr. Lasker was at pains to explain with force and clearness a condition of affairs that affords an unparalleled illustration of one of the most vicious practices in the expenditure of public moneys. It appears that last year Congress appropriated \$100,000,000 for the use of the Shipping Board. This is one of the very few large cash items involved in the transactions of the board that either Chairman Lasker or any of his two hundred auditors can regard as really trustworthy. In addition to this amount there was on hand at the beginning of the fiscal year a balance of \$80,000,000; and the property sold amounted to \$200,000,000, all of which "went back into the enterprise," or, in plain English, was spent. Then there was another item of \$300,000,000, received from operation of vessels, making a gross expenditure of \$680,000,000, or a net of \$380,000,000. And yet the public records show an appropriation of only \$100,000,000. In other words, the outgo goes out never to return. The income comes only part way in and slips out again without the treasurer of the United States ever being officially aware of its existence. This is what Mr. Russell C. Leffingwell, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Wilson, meant when he publicly declared that "the treasury does not correctly state the receipts or expenditures of the United States." How can it while the sell-and-spend system prevails?

MILITARY DISARMAMENT.

(The World's Work.)

In the treaty of Versailles, the paragraph which immediately precedes the clauses prescribing the disarmament of Germany is this: "In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval, and air clauses that follow."

Having forced Germany to disarm, the logical thing for the conquerors to do is to voluntarily assume the virtue which they forced on the conquered. The great German menace being gone, why does the world not disarm? Whether the world will disarm—not altogether, but reasonably—depends upon the degree of international confidence. The effort to disarm will be a test of that confidence.

Before the war, the German-Austrian combination did not border a single state that had confidence in them, with the exception perhaps of Bulgaria. Russia, Roumania, Serbia, Italy, France, Belgium—all these put their main military preparations against their German-Austrian borders. No nation that lived next to the Germans trusted them.

The French, like the Germans, had a great army, highly organized and based on universal service. It is significant, however, that the Belgian forts were mainly on the German and not on the French border, that the Italians were not fearful of the French to strongly fortify their French borders, and that Spain had not thought it worth while to make an alliance with Germany, nor fortify its northern border to protect itself against France.

In other words, all of her neighbors had boundaries of confidence with France except Germany, which had no such boundaries with any one.

The most notable boundary of confidence in the world is probably the United States-Canada line. It was unfortified when Great Britain and Canada were stronger than the United States and remains so when the balance of power has changed. A similar boundary of confidence exists between Sweden and Norway.

There is, then, scattered around the world a good deal of confidence. There is also, unfortunately, a good deal of distrust and fear. As long as the fear and distrust last, armaments will last with them.

DISARMAMENT.

(Current Opinion.)

"Disarmament," says a writer in the *Petit Journal* of Paris, "is the greatest illusion of all time. As long as there are in the world passions and greed (and they are not lacking today), reduction of the means of defense of a nation will only place a premium on violence."

The French have a merciless way of challenging idealistic theories. It is a good thing to have them challenged. What an idealistic theory running wild can do is seen in Russia today and was seen in France a century and a quarter ago. Is the mis-called Disarmament Conference announced by President Harding based on an illusion? Will it fizzle out in a lot of talk or, worse still, emphasize national enmities and do more harm than good?

There are not lacking serious misgivings about the Conference, and the facts in the case, it must be admitted, warrant misgivings. According to reports in Washington

may not be justified), a majority of the President's cabinet, viewing these facts, did not agree with him that such a Conference should be called. The New York *World* shares the apprehensions that the Conference may "do more harm than good." It sees grave danger of such a result "unless Washington is willing to act at once in a spirit of genuine conciliation toward a perturbed Japan." There are five nations that will participate in the Conference (not counting China, which will participate in part of the proceedings). Two of these five will present problems for which no solution has been found and it will be almost a miracle if one is found by the Conference. The problems France will present are—Germany and Russia. Any significant reduction in military power must begin with the army of France (800,000) and that of Poland (600,000). But every one knows that it is the French army that has secured from Germany compliance with the terms of the Versailles treaty. Who is to guarantee continued compliance if that army is removed from sight? And who is to guarantee protection to Poland from Bolshevik Russia if the Polish army disappears? Those questions simply must be answered before any considerable reduction can be effected in European armies, and who can answer them?

CONCESSIONS IN RUSSIA.

(N. Bucharin, Soviet Commissar, in Die Rote Fabne.)

So long as we are at the helm of the government, we can steer to the right or to the left. When we are not at the helm, we have nothing to say about the course we take. So our motto was: Stick to the helm; make no political concessions, but as many economic concessions as are needed. Our opponents imagine that we shall first make economic concessions and, later, political concessions. But in reality we make economic concessions in order to avoid making political concessions. We can not tolerate anything resembling a coalition government, even to the extent of giving the peasants the same political rights which the workmen enjoy. Our concessions have not changed the class-character of our dictatorship in the slightest. When a government makes concessions to another class, it does not change its own class-character. A factory-owner does not become a workman because he makes concessions to his workers.

THE REAL TEST.

(Minnesota Star.)

You never realize how far we are from the spirit that will insure everlasting peace until you watch the crowd when the umpire makes a close decision in favor of the visiting team.

MR. FORD'S RAILROAD.

(Wall Street Journal.)

Professor Hoagland all but ignores the salient point in Mr. Ford's railroad experience to date. Shipper Ford is to Carrier Ford about as 50 to 1. Those who would set him up as an example for the imitation of other railroad managers would feel some embarrassment if the others should ask Mr. Ford to give each of them as much traffic, in proportion to road mileage, as he is giving his own road, or even to return to them the Ford traffic they formerly carried.

A COMPARISON.

("A Homesick Californian" in the New York Globe.)

Take the house the New Yorker lives in. Some friends of mine live on East Ninety-Fourth Street, near Fifth Avenue, not far from the palaces of Carnegie and Otto Kahn, and Central Park and Far Rockaway. Perhaps the nearness to Fifth Avenue is worth the price of two houses in Fresno, but my friends pay for four. And what kind of house do they pay for four houses for?

It is narrow, deep, dark, and dangerous. It has no electric light (fancy that in Fresno!). It has five flights of talking stairs, so that when one comes home late, after spending \$15 to see a \$2 play and eat 68 cents' worth of supper, the staircase in this noble structure sounds like a battery of seventy-fives on the Chemin des Dames.

It is like living in an elevator-shaft. Traveling from the lower subcellar, where the fortune represented in the coal pile is kept, to the top-floor bedrooms keeps you in shape for track and Marathon events. The kitchen, where they keep the cockroaches, and the dining-room, where they hold the dinner-parties for buncoed fellow-citizens, are in the next subcellar up. Climbing an unlighted and sinister stairway brings you to the drawing-rooms, dark and terrible, with ceilings eighty feet high—in January it is like warming the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

What does New York pay for these American homes? Eight hundred dollars a year? No; just four times that—thirty-two hundred! And these are fashionable residences in big demand. You are lucky if your landlord permits you to stay in them at all, for there are plenty of New Yorkers anxious always to pay more if they can only get you out. In Oakland you couldn't lease such places to Chinamen.

I know a family that spends \$6000 a year on New York. By this I mean that they give that much away each year. They get practically nothing in return. They live in one of the handsome, fashionable slums just mentioned; they have no children, no servant, no automobile, belong to no country club, have no mountain shack nor seaside bungalow; take no European trips. For luxuries they take the evening *Globe*, the Sunday *Times*, and the Saturday *Evening Post*. They are very economical or they could never afford to live in their slum. And where does the money go? Ask of the winds that blow up from the corner of Wall Street and Broadway.

THE REAL REPUBLIC.

(G. K. Chesterton in the New Westminster.)

But when I say that the Republic of the Age of Reason is now a ruin, I should rather say that at its best it is a ruin. At its worst it has collapsed into a death-trap or is rotting like a dung-hill. What is the real Republic of our day, as distinct from the ideal Republic of our fathers, but a heap of corrupt capitalism crawling with worms—with those parasites, the professional politicians? Looking again at Swinburne's bitter but not ignoble poem, "Before a Crucifix," in which he bids Christ, or the ecclesiastical image of Christ, stand out of the way of the onward march of a political idealism represented by United Italy or the French Republic, I was struck by the strange and ironic exactitude with which every taunt he flings at the degradation of the old divine ideal would now fit the degradation of his own human ideal. The time has already come when we can ask his Goddess of Liberty, as represented by the actual Liberals, "Have you filled full men's starved-out souls; have you brought freedom on the earth?" For every engine in which these old free-thinkers firmly and confidently trusted has itself become an engine of oppression, and even of class oppression. Its free Parliament has become an oligarchy. Its free press has become a monopoly. If the pure church has been corrupted in the course of two thousand years, what about the pure Republic that has rotted into a filthy plutocracy in less than one hundred years?

Gold assaying \$91 to the ton has been discovered in the Gatineau District, Quebec, about fifty miles north of Ottawa.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Fawcett, eminent British suffrage leader, is the first woman to be appointed a magistrate of a municipal court in England.

Dr. May T. Strout of Washington, D. C., has just returned from the Balkans, where she restored eyesight to 1700 men, women, and children in fifteen months.

Arthur Meighan, Premier of Canada, has promised Canadian women to help amend the British North America Act so that women can serve in the Canadian Houses of Parliament.

Miss M. Therese Bonney is the fourth woman and the eleventh American to win the coveted degree of "Docteur des Lettres de L'Université de Paris" since that doctorate was established in 1897.

William J. McCafferty of San Francisco, California, who for the past four years has been vice-consul at the American Consulate-General, Melbourne, Australia, has recently been promoted to take charge of the American Vice-Consulate at Wellington, New Zealand.

Dr. Marc Peter, Swiss Ambassador to the United States, is touring the Western states in order to visit their Swiss colonies. Prior to his appointment as Swiss minister to the United States in January, 1920, Dr. Peter was a lawyer in Geneva. He was also a member of the Swiss Parliament for eight years.

Colonel Thomas H. Birch, the American Minister in Lisbon, was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1875. In 1903 he married Helen L. Barr of Philadelphia. During the years 1893 to 1913 he was engaged in the carriage manufacturing business in Burlington. In 1912-13 he was personal aide to Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. After that he entered the diplomatic service and was appointed, September 10, 1913, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Portugal.

Arthur James Balfour was born in Scotland seventy-three years ago. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge and has been active in British politics since 1874. He has been prime minister, first lord of the treasury, and leader of the House of Commons. Since 1916 he has held the post of foreign secretary in the British cabinet. Balfour is not only a statesman; he is a scholar and has written many books on philosophical, theological, and economic subjects. Among his best-known works are: "A Defense of Philosophic Doubt," 1879; "Essays and Addresses," 1893; "The Foundations of Belief," being notes introductory to the "Study of Theology," 1885; "Reflections Suggested by the New Theory of Matter," 1904; "Speeches on Fiscal Reform," 1906; "Criticism and Beauty," 1909, and "Theism and Humanism," 1915. Mr. Balfour is a bachelor.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, British explorer, who is soon to start on an expedition to the South Pole, was born in Kilkee, 1874. He was educated at Dulwich College and later went to sea in the merchant service. He served as third lieutenant during the National Antarctic Expedition of 1901; secretary and treasurer of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, 1903-06; commander of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1907-09, which reached within ninety-seven miles of the South Pole; and also as commander of the Antarctic Expedition, 1914-15. He is honorable life governor of Melbourne, Middlesex, Poplar, and Evelina hospitals. He has been honored by the geographical societies of Scotland, Denmark, Belgium, France, America, and several other countries, and is an officer of the Legion d'Honneur. He has published several books of Antarctic exploration. An interesting feature of Sir Ernest's present expedition is the presence as cabin-boys of Boy Scouts, Patrol Leader J. W. S. Marr of Aberdeen and N. E. Mooney of the Orkney Islands, Scotland.

Miss Grace Abbott of Grand Island, Nebraska, has been appointed by President Harding as chief of the Child Labor Bureau. Her appointment will enable Miss Abbott to continue officially the work to which she has devoted many years. During the war Miss Abbott served as adviser of the War Labor Policies Board and as child labor administrator. Though an ardent trades unionist and advocate of the eight-hour day, she never has appealed for the eight-hour rule to her work of protecting children under sixteen years from child labor evils. Her slogan is "Children first." Miss Abbott served as adviser of the War Labor Policies Board during the war and also as child labor administrator. In 1919 she was named as adviser of the organization committee of the International Labor Conference, with special reference to her knowledge of conditions of women and child labor. She is a member of the Federal Employees' Union and was one of the organizers of the National Women's Trade Union League. In assuming her post Miss Abbott succeeds Miss Julia Lathrop of Chicago.

Dr. Francis Holley is head of the Bureau of Commercial Economics, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. Though it works for and with our government and those of other countries, it is not a public institution. Neither is it commercial, though numerous trade bodies work with it. In the broadest sense it is educational and, in every sense, international. It charges for nothing it does and therefore earns no money. Yet

funds for its support are not begged. It is supported says its literature, by "endowment, annuity, and voluntary subscription," but it is an open secret that Dr. Holley himself supplied the funds for founding it and most of the money needed for carrying it on. In addition to giving all of his time to the work, Dr. Holley meets all money deficits resulting therefrom. Dr. Holley is a civil engineer by profession and has been admitted to the bar. He educated himself, having gone to work as a messenger when thirteen years old. He became a builder of railroads, chiefly in Canada and the Far West, being associated for a long time with the Canadian Pacific system. At the time he was stricken blind, by strain caused by excess studying at night, often in tents with only a candle for light, he had accumulated a competency. He lost his sight in the early 'nineties. He spent the next eighteen years wandering the world in search of a cure, which he finally found, in partial form, in Pittsburgh, where a specialist in electrical treatment restored about one-third of his normal sight.

OLD FAVORITES.

Three Men of Gotham.

Seamen three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men be ye.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.—
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No; I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree.
In a bowl Care may not be.—
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No; in charmed bowl we swim.
What charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the hrim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.—
And your ballast is old wine.

—Thomas Love Peacock.

Invictus.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

—William Ernest Henley.

The World is Too Much With Us.

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune:

It moves us not.—Great God, I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—William Wordsworth.

Canadian Boat Song.

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'twixt the dark hills creeps the small clear stream.
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children would be banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

Come foreign rage, let discord burst in slaughter!
O! then, for clansmen true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

—From the Gaelic.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

Sir Algernon West Recalls Some of the Men He Has Known in the British Civil Service.

The day seems to be approaching when some sort of distinction will be conferred by the absence of a biography. Certainly there is no distinction in the mass of biographical memoirs that are now produced upon the smallest pretext or upon no pretext at all. Very few escape them, and it may be observed by the cynical that their length is often in inverse ratio to the merits of their victims.

Sir Algernon West seems to be aware of this when he tells us that biographies are now written of nearly every one with the exception of those who serve the state in the inconspicuous duties of the Civil Service. Yet it is they who actually rule the country, who supply the permanent knowledge and experience that enable cabinet officials to acquire their often unmerited reputations, and often they do this at "salaries which would be considered small for a chief clerk in a fashionable drapery establishment":

Herbert Paul, in his "History of England," well describes the position of the Civil Service in this country. He says: "The country is governed in ordinary times and for everyday purposes by these permanent members of the Civil Service, who work for both parties with equal loyalty, and in some cases with equal contempt. The principle of continuity is identical, and it is that which enables a statesman to preside at once over an office of which he knows nothing. He is taught and assisted, though of course he can not be directly controlled, by the most efficient profession ever organized since the business of government began."

It is to make good this lack of biographical appreciation that Sir Algernon West has devoted the present volume. He himself began life as a civil servant, eventually becoming private secretary to Mr. Gladstone. In his introduction he gives us a few lines of Civil Service history from the time when admission was a matter of official favor until the system was democratized by the establishment of public examinations, as in America. But if the author has added to the already formidable number of biographies he has at least tempered his offense with brevity. His 211 pages contain fifty names, most of them being grouped according to the period and the nature of their service. Indeed they can hardly be called biographies at all. They are more in the nature of anecdotal comments, drawn from the author's rich store of recollections.

The author tells us that he has selected only those men who worked, although he does not believe that there can be any cessation of work, either in this world or the next:

Burne-Jones, whom I met a few days before his death, ridiculed the idea of a man dying of overwork; quoting Mr. Gladstone, he said, "Change of labor is to a great extent the healthiest form of recreation"; unsuccessful work might kill, not successful work." That morning he had become tired of painting his big picture—now, alas! never to be finished—and rested himself by having recourse to a small one.

Take those of whom I speak and see how they have worked till the night came. We have noticed this, moreover, that, if we except a few great men of power and genius, it will be found that the world is governed by those who keep themselves in the background.

None the less the public has never been disposed to believe that excessive work is among the failings of the Civil Service, neither in England nor in any other country. Public employment in its lower levels seems to lack those incentives to industry that are associated with private enterprise, presumably because there is no element of personal profit on the part of official superiors. At the time when Sir Algernon West joined the service he tells us that many of the clerks really deserved the jokes that were leveled at their heads:

I am not sure that I did not enter the Civil Service at one of its worst periods, when many of the clerks really deserved the jokes that were leveled at their heads. Rumor gives one of them, probably unfairly, to the credit of Sir Thomas Farrer: "Why are government clerks like the fountains in Trafalgar Square? Because they play all day from 10 to 4." Or take Charles Lamb's description of his day's work at the East India House, where the clerks who presented themselves before ten were given their breakfasts:

From ten to eleven
Eats breakfast for seven.
From eleven to noon
Think I'd come too soon:
From noon till one
Think what's to be done;
From one to two
Find nothing to do.
From two to three
Think it'll be
A very great bore
To stay till four.

Punch also was severe:

"Clerk in government office, being offered a cup of coffee after lunch, declines with horror—"My dear fellow, it would keep me awake all the afternoon."

"What are your holidays?" "Oh, ah, every day from 10 to 4 and all day Sunday."

The *Quint*, a paper brought out about this time, edited by Evelyn Ashley, who was Lord Palmerston's secretary, Drummond Wolff, Lord Wharnclyffe, and others, gave "advice to a young clerk by an old one." "Avoid," it said, "the reputation of writing quickly, otherwise the longest thing will be given you to copy, and you will be left working while your colleagues go to dinner. Establish on your first arrival the reputation of coming late; if punctual at first you will find it difficult to correct so pernicious a habit. Recollect that a clerk worthy of the name obtains three leaves annually: regular leave, extra leave, sick leave, and so on. Remember how Dickens talked of the young man's office day, in which he stepped out a good deal and stepped back very little. Call your chief by his Christian name—or nickname—if shortsighted call him Buz; if lame, Hoppy is not inappropriate."

The author devotes one of his earlier sketches to Lord Hammond, son of that George Hammond who was British minister to Washington from 1791 to 1795. Lord Hammond became Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and just as it was said of Gibbon that he did not know the difference between himself and the Roman Empire, so it might be said of Hammond that he did not know the difference between himself and the Foreign Office. But upon one occasion he made a calamitous mistake. Within a few days of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war he reported to his new chief, Lord Granville, that there was not a cloud anywhere on the political horizon and that there was no pressing question to which he would have to address himself:

There were many stories told of Mr. Hammond. He laid great stress on maintaining the decorous appearance of the Foreign Office, in despite of the temptations to untidiness which were a natural result of the rather shabby labyrinthine character of the buildings in which it was housed. In the minute books kept by the different departments is recorded an ukase issued one sultry summer—"Clerks are not to walk about the passages in their shirt-sleeves"; and one of the earliest recollections of a surviving member of the staff of those days is that of the Under-Secretary vigorously pursuing a fugitive "en déshabillé," and calling upon a distant office-keeper to identify him.

Alfred Montgomery disapproved as strongly as Hammond did of slovenly dress. On a broiling day the chairman's private secretary came into the board-room in his shirt-sleeves. Montgomery, with his fascinating little stammer, called him back as he was leaving the room, saying: "Mr. —, should it be any convenience to you to come in without your trousers, pray do not let any consideration for the board prevent your doing so."

Hammond was much disgusted by the growing popularity of the moustache movement among his clerks, and it was said that he gave five shillings to the lamplighter to grow a moustache, thinking that this would abate the movement, but it had no effect.

His whole life, his powerful physique, his energies, and abounding capacity for work were absorbed in that Foreign Office, from which he was never absent. On one occasion, however, Mr. Spring Rice called and found him away. "Well, sir," said the loyal doorkeeper, "he has gone to a funeral, and it's the only day's pleasuring he has had for four years." I recollect a great occasion when Mr. Gladstone desired to send an important message to Queen Victoria. It was late in the evening, and I could not find a cypher at the Foreign Office, and was told that Mr. Hammond never parted with the one he had himself made out of a dictionary which he never let out of his sight.

On his leaving the Foreign Office for the last time he took his watch to Dent's. The man told him it was worn out and not worth repairing. "Ah," he said, "that is my case," and went sorrowfully away.

Matthew Arnold receives a chapter to himself, although a short one. In 1851 Arnold became an inspector of schools, and this placed him within the ranks of the Civil Service. On one occasion he was sent to France to make an official report upon the French system of education. Lord Granville was then president of the council:

Arnold has just written to the department complaining that the amount allowed him by the treasury for his subsistence allowance whilst abroad was insufficient, and asking that it might be raised. But, as usual on these occasions, his request was refused.

Mr. Frederick Leveson-Gower happened to be in Paris at the same time, and was dining at one of the more expensive restaurants, where he saw Arnold at a table not far off enjoying a very sumptuous and expensive repast. He of course knew nothing about his request for an increased subsistence allowance, but as he knew Arnold, although only slightly at that time, he went up and spoke to him and thought he seemed rather embarrassed. Arnold, as he wrote home afterwards, mistook Mr. Gower for his president, as at that time they were very much alike, and described his concern at seeing his chief, as he supposed, watch him consuming a very expensive dinner, and said: "What can he have thought of my request for a larger allowance if he supposed that this was the scale upon which I habitually lived in Paris? As a matter of fact, I have been living most frugally, and had determined to have one tip-top dinner the last night before I left, and it was this night on which Lord Granville must needs meet me. I felt that I was embarrassed and was in two minds whether I should tell him the whole story, or leave it alone."

This was not the only occasion when Arnold fell foul of his official superiors, as lesser men than he have done and doubtless will do again:

There was a treasury law which said that when an inspector's work at any place occupied more than one day, he must stay there and not charge his fare there and back. Arnold did this on one occasion when he was engaged more than two days at Edmonton. The treasury queried the amount. "Why did you not stop at Edmonton?" Arnold's answer was: "How could you expect me to stay at Edmonton when John Gilpin couldn't?"

He had a fine head of black hair, and Mrs. Humphry Ward told me that one day her husband found him standing outside a hairdresser's shop in Bond Street, and, being asked what he was doing, he said he was waiting for the artist who looked after "this perpetual miracle"—putting his hand to his head.

He died suddenly April 15, 1888—a happy death and after his own wish:

Spare me the whispering crowded room,
The friends who come and gape and go,
The ceremonious air of gloom,
All which makes death a hideous show.
Nor bring, to see me crave to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he can not cure a name.

"I do love bullfinches," said Matthew Arnold one day at Murthly, as we stopped to admire two chaffinches that settled on the roadway in front of us. Now Matthew Arnold was an Oxford man and a scholar, but he did not know the commonest birds, plants, or trees, and with all his learning he missed the best in life.

Perhaps Sir Henry Taylor hardly deserves the few pages that are given to him. He belonged to the Colonial Office and perhaps we may accord a certain admiration to his demand that he be allowed to live in the country and that all official papers be sent to him

there on the ground that his health would not permit of a London residence, although on his retirement he promptly made his home in London. Then, too, there is a rather slim ghost story associated with his career:

He was a vain man, and was so pleased by the scarlet robes of his D. C. L., which had been bestowed on him by the University of Oxford, that he used to wear them at his own dinner-table, whereby hangs a tale. Years after his death a resident at Bournemouth, going to her room, saw in the passage a man in a scarlet robe disappear through a door. Of course she had no explanation of this coincidence, but afterwards heard that Sir Henry had lived and died in the house she was occupying.

Another nearly forgotten worthy is Sir Ralph Lingens, who became Secretary of the Treasury in 1869 and there acquired the reputation of a ferocious economist, looking upon the chief of each spending department as an enemy against whom he had to wage incessant war:

It was told of him that one night he heard a noise in the pantry of his house, and going down he encountered a burglar and asked him most civilly what he was doing there. The man said that he had never done a job like that before, whereupon Sir Ralph said, "Will you come upstairs with me into the hall?" where he begged the intruder to take a seat while he went to summon a policeman. The man was so overcome by Sir Ralph's civility that he waited till the arrival of the constable, who took him into custody.

It is not usually known that Tom Taylor, editor of *Punch*, was at one time a civil servant, doing good work in the administration of the Public Health Act of 1850, when there was an outbreak of cholera:

Tom Taylor may be claimed as a civil servant, doing good work as Assistant Secretary in the administration of the Public Health Act of 1850, when there was an outbreak of cholera; but his fame was gained as a dramatist and as editor of *Punch*, and a prolific playwright. He told us one night at the Cosmopolitan how, coming from Clapham, where he lived, he had entered into conversation with the bus driver. "It seems to me, sir," he said—"it seems to me, sir, as Society's well-nigh at an end in Paris."

"How so?" said Taylor. "Why," he continued, "I was reading last night that they were making barricades of omnibuses, and I think to myself, when they does that, Society's well-nigh at a hend."

Sir Charles Trevelyan became Permanent Secretary of the Treasury when he was thirty years old and after doing responsible work in India. It was Sir Charles Trevelyan who successfully advocated the present system of open competition for all clerkships in the Civil Service:

Mr. Gladstone was amused at a story he told me of a difference that Sir Charles Trevelyan had with Mr. Wilson, the Financial Secretary of the Treasury. The question at dispute was to be decided by Mr. Gladstone, to whom, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the matter was referred.

On the day of the appointed meeting Mr. Wilson came and said there was no necessity for any intervention on Mr. Gladstone's part, as he had spoken severely to Sir Charles Trevelyan, who was quite determined never to give offense again. On Mr. Wilson's departure Sir Charles Trevelyan arrived and told Mr. Gladstone the same story, saying he had spoken strongly to Mr. Wilson, who, with tears in his eyes, promised to offend no more.

Another nearly forgotten celebrity is Sir George Dasent, at one time assistant editor of the *Times* and subsequently a Civil Service Commissioner. Perhaps the author included him for the sake of a couple of good stories associated with his name:

On the occasion of Lord Rosebery's marriage with Miss Hannah Rothschild he was complaining of the absurdity of a poor man giving presents to rich brides. "What I should like," he said, "would be to find something very rare and of no value." Lord Granville, who was present, said: "Have you thought of a lock of your hair, Dasent?" Now Sir George was perfectly bald.

The other story relates to Mr. Gladstone and that statesman's horror at anything that seemed like a breach of the moral law. Dasent was staying at the same house as Mr. Gladstone at the time when Disraeli was prime minister. Dasent relates:

"I met Dizzy in Bond Street the other day, and he told me that he had just been to the private view at the Royal Academy, and said that he had never seen such a wretched exhibition of incompetence; nothing but tawdry daubs without a trace of genius and even hardly of talent anywhere. He added that it was pitiable that English art should have fallen so low."

Dasent then alluded to the speech which Disraeli made the same evening at the R. A. dinner, where he said: "It is one of the few refreshments and consolations of a jaded minister, harassed by innumerable cares, and with the burdens of state weighing heavily upon his shoulders, to be able to come here and gaze around him at the resplendent specimens of British art which he sees glowing in all their beauty of form and color upon these walls."

"Rather comic, wasn't it?" added Dasent. Mr. Gladstone, glowering like a thunder-cloud, called out, "Comic! Do you call that comic? I call it devilish!"

It would be interesting to quote from some of the other chapters, and particularly from the one devoted to the history of No. 10 Downing Street, the official residence of the prime ministers. But space forbids. The reader must search for himself, and he certainly will not leave the book unfinished.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS: MEN OF MY DAY IN PUBLIC LIFE. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Algernon West, G. C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.: \$7.

A California bank has installed a device which it is believed will protect its vault from the most skilled of safe-crackers. Huge bottles of mustard gas have been placed inside the heavy steel door and so arranged that the slightest jar will break them, allowing the deadly contents to escape.

The oldest tree in the world is believed to be in Lebanon, and is now in its twenty-second century.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 10, 1921 (five days), were \$89,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$117,700,000; a decrease of \$28,000,000.

The announcement that a shipment of 30,000 pounds of Alaskan reindeer meat has been received in San Francisco calls attention (says the *Trade Record*, issued by the National City Bank of New York) to the remarkable success of our reindeer experiment in Alaska, where the value of the reindeer herds, established a few years ago, is now counted by million of dollars.

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Alaska, says the bank's statement, the natives were chiefly dependent upon the whale, walrus, and seal for their animal food, but with their rapid destruction by the white man the supply of animal food, an absolute essential in that climate, was greatly reduced, and the existence of the natives thus threatened. This condition was brought to the attention of the public in the United States in the early 'nineties by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who had been sent to Alaska by the government to establish schools among the natives, and he conceived the idea of introducing the reindeer,

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then unknown in Alaska, but proving extremely useful in Siberia and Lapland.

Personal appeals by Dr. Jackson to the public in the United States resulted in contributions of \$2146, and sixteen head of reindeer from Siberia were landed in Alaska in 1891, followed by about one hundred and fifty in later shipments during the year. Congress then made several small contributions, and by 1900 the total number of reindeer imported into Alaska from Siberia had aggregated about twelve hundred. Importation was then suspended and a colony of "reindeer masters" was brought from Lapland to instruct the Alaskans in the care of the twelve hundred animals thus supplied to them.

As a consequence of this establishment of the reindeer industry in Alaska a quarter-century ago the number of reindeer now scat-

tered through that territory is about 140,000 and their value between three and four million dollars.

So liberally are the reindeer herds now supplying the natives, their owners, with meats, milk, butter, and cheese that their owners are now able to spare large quantities for the white population of Alaska and limited quantities for shipment to the Pacific Coast cities and thence to the great trade centres of the country, so that at certain seasons of the year "reindeer steaks" may be had in the markets of the great cities as far east as the Atlantic coast.

The especial value, adds the bank statement, of this reindeer enterprise, was found in the fact that it turned into food form a natural growth formerly unutilized, and at the same time encouraged a fixed habitation and a domestication of industry on the part of a population formerly nomadic through its dependence upon the ocean's frontage for its supply of animal food. The reindeer, which thrives upon the formerly unutilized mosses and lichens of the Arctic "Tundra," which he digs from beneath the snow in winter, serves not only as a food supply, but also a draft and pack animal in transporting mails and merchandise, while his skins furnish clothing and shelter for the natives.

Several trainroads, at least, of Eastern bankers will be guests of the Associated Banks of San Francisco at intervals during the next thirty days as delegations arrive en route to or from the American Bankers' Association Convention in Los Angeles, October 3-7. Three special trains are scheduled to arrive in San Francisco on the morning of September 27th and to depart the evening of the next day for Yosemite Valley. Another train routed over the southern gateway will reach San Francisco on the return trip on the morning of October 9th, the stay-over to be approximately twenty-four hours. Other definite advices received to date announce a one-day stop-over of the Wisconsin delegation arriving on October 1st.

Entertainment here will not be of the organized sort, of which there will be variety aplenty in the convention city. Rather the visitors will be received as personal guests of local bankers. Many golf trips will be arranged for, and other entertainment will be provided to make the brief stay of the visiting bankers pleasant and refreshing just before or just after their transcontinental journey.

Russell Lowry, vice-president of the American National Bank, heads the executive committee of the Associated Banks appointed to entertain the visitors. The other members of the committee are J. B. McCargar, vice-president Crocker National Bank, in charge of arrangements for golf; R. R. Yates, vice-president First National Bank, chairman of the reception committee; W. E. Wilcox, vice-president Anglo and London Paris National Bank; H. B. Ainsworth, vice-president Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank; Stuart F. Smith, vice-president Bank of California, and W. W. Douglas, vice-president Bank of Italy.

Headquarters have been established by the committee in the Palace Hotel.

The investment field offers today many attractive bargains in preferred stocks. Many of these issues have stood the test of time, are of high-grade rank, and about as safe as any first mortgage bonds. Probably the best bargains are to be found in the railroad group.

For the conservative investor the following are, in my opinion, the most attractive: Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe (pref.), 5 per cent.; Chicago and Northwestern (non-cum.), 7 per cent.; Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago

and St. Louis, 5 per cent.; Reading (1st pref.), 4 per cent.; and the Union Pacific, 4 per cent.

For the business man the best bargains will be found in the following group: Chicago, Rock Island (pref. A), 7 per cent. and (pref. B), 6 per cent.; Pere Marquette (prior pref.), 5 per cent.; Kansas City Southern, 4 per cent.; Baltimore and Ohio, 4 per cent.; and the Colorado and Southern (1st pref.), 4 per cent.

In the above groups the intelligent investor will find a wide range of diversification combined with safety.

Unlike many of the railroads, the public utilities appear to be safely "out of the woods," and in this group some very attractive bargains are to be found, such as American Light and Traction, 6 per cent. (cum.); Commonwealth Power Railway and Light, 6 per cent. (cum.); Illinois Traction, 6 per cent. (cum.); Laclede Gas Light Company, 5 per cent. (cum.); Montana Power, 7 per cent. (cum.); and the Pacific Gas and Electric, 6 per cent. (cum.).

In the above group there is a genuine character of diversity combined with a reasonable degree of safety. The preferred dividends in many of the above issues have been earned many times over.

In the industrial preferred group the most outstanding are as follows: American Car and Foundry, 7 per cent.; American Tobacco, 7 per cent.; Baldwin Locomotive, 7 per cent.; Bethlehem Steel, 8 per cent. and 7 per cent.; International Harvester, 7 per cent.; Liggett & Myers, 7 per cent.; National Biscuit, 7 per cent.; Packard Motor, 7 per cent.; Pressed Steel Car, 7 per cent.; Railway Steel Spring, 7 per cent.; Republic Iron and Steel, 7 per cent.; Standard Oil of New Jersey, 7 per cent.; United Cigar Stores, 7 per cent., and U. S. Steel, 7 per cent.—John D. Dunlop.

Most stocks have had very good recovery from the serious break in prices last month and, while there would not seem to be any material change in the underlying situation, there has been a moderate change in stock market sentiment. How far this will crystallize into actual buying orders for stocks remains to be seen.

It is curious, however, to note the similarity of expressions that are used generally in connection with market prospects following each little two or three-day upturn which we may have in prices. This similarity not only characterizes the expressions used now, but also those used time and again following every market break we have had for the past year. Where these people make their mistake is in accepting each little wave of seasonal betterment in general or particular business as a definite intimation that our troubles are all behind us so far as profitable industrial activity is concerned. As a matter of fact statistics regarding the numbers of unemployed are increasingly hairish and at the present time it looks as if there will be no real change for the better in general business until idleness is decreasing instead of increasing.

A few years ago we were branching out at a record rate in foreign trade. Our tremendously increasing merchant marine was expected to plant our flag in every available harbor of the seven seas. We formed big new foreign banking corporations to take care of the tremendous business that we were gloating over in anticipation. To be sure there was a tremendous lot of business doing, but our manufacturers and our bankers have not been paid for it in full even yet, and what to do with vast stores we sent abroad and whose acceptance was refused on account of the upset exchanges and declining markets generally is a serious enough problem. Natu-

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rally we could not press our foreign trade efforts successfully in such circumstances and, in consequence, they have practically collapsed and several important foreign credit banks which we had organized are in process of dissolution. This all, of course, is a mere consequence of the abnormal credit conditions the world over, and it begins to look more and more as if we should be compelled in a way to "live off our fat" for some years. We are going to do a big export business in foodstuffs and some raw materials, but so far as manufactured goods are concerned they will be held down to the minimum unless our manufacturers are willing to compete on terms that they would not expect to offer in our own market.

Railroad reports for July almost invariably show a very large gain in operating income, which in most cases a year ago was written in red ink on the balance sheet. What is worrying the railroad managements, however, is the fact that gross earnings are falling behind, and in some instances the ratio of this loss is quite serious, especially when it is remembered that higher freight rates have become operative in the meantime.

Just now the Mexican difficulties are up for



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discussion in their various angles, and let us hope that the radicals do not succeed in dissuading Oregon from his evident purpose to approach these matters in a conciliatory attitude in an endeavor to bring about very soon a resumption of diplomatic relations with this country. Later on will come our own Congress again, with its various problems and the most important single event, possibly, in the history of the world for a good many years to come—the conference to consider limitation of armaments.—The Trader.

There has been a remarkable advance in the cotton market to discount the worst government report for decades past. It would seem the part of wisdom, with general trade conditions the way they are, to take in some of these profits as the cotton market advances and not attempt to make the last point.

There seems also a better sentiment in the grain trade, although nothing like the improvement that has transpired in cotton. It would not be surprising if the speculative enthusiasm in the cotton market would filter into the grain pits before long. There is no such shortage in our grain crops this year as there will be in cotton, but we are compelled to feed a great many people throughout the world who have been accustomed to feeding themselves, and this is going to eat into our

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surplus wheat very rapidly. Meanwhile, corn at least is selling under the estimated cost of production and, in consequence, farmers are using their corn as feed more and more. The general situation seems to be working around very hushhushly on most grains, and it would not be surprising if some of the wheat options later on would advance quite as sensational as the cotton market.

In the steel and iron trade there is a conflicting price movement, though the general tendency still seems downward, reduced wages, of course, making lower prices possible. The big thing now, however, would seem to be freight rates, which are so high as to obstruct trade to a considerable degree. Meanwhile, it must be confessed that we are running into the fall with very little steam on. Similar conditions apply in copper and other metals.

This year of 1921 is held by electrical men throughout the world as marking the twentieth anniversary of the long-distance transmission of electric energy at high voltage.

The story of hydro-electric development for commercial purposes began in California: Twenty-six years ago this month of September a little plant on the American River, at the town of Folsom, began transmitting electricity to light the city of Sacramento, twenty-two miles distant. This initial experiment in long-distance transmission, however, was at the modest "pressure" of 11,000 volts. Nearly six years later the Bay Counties Power Company transmitted electric power to the city of Oakland from its newly erected hydro-electric plant on the north fork of the Yuba River. This plant was named Colgate, after one of the founders, and here for the first time in all history it was found possible to successfully transmit electricity a distance of 140 miles at 60,000 volts.

Increasing popularity of United States manufactures in the tropics is a striking characteristic of world trade development in recent years. The value of our exports to the tropics (says the *Trade Record*, published by the National City Bank of New York) jumped from \$350,000,000 in the year before the war to \$1,610,000,000 in the fiscal year just ended. Exports to the tropics in the 1914-21 period increased 350 per cent., while those to the other parts of the world increased only 150 per cent. in the same period.

This big gain in our exports to the tropics, adds the bank's statement, is especially interesting in view of the fact that the bulk of the tropical imports consists of the class of goods which we especially desire to sell—manufactures. While certain sections of the tropical world want limited quantities of meats and flour and coal, fully three-fourths of their imports from the United States consist of manufactures, a large part of which they formerly drew from Europe.

That this big increase in our sales to the tropics "has come to stay" is evidenced, says the bank's statement, by a close analysis of our official trade figures of the period 1914-21. The tropical world consists, stated in very round terms, of all North America south of

the United States, all South America except Argentina and a limited area of Chile, all of Asia except China, Japan, and Siberia (and in fact a part of China is sub-tropical), all of Oceania except New Zealand and the southern part of Australia, and all of the continent of Africa. To the areas thus roughly outlined as "tropical," or at least sub-tropical, we sent in 1914 only 15 per cent. of our exports and in 1921 about 25 per cent. of the greatly increased total, while, as above indicated, the actual value of the merchandise sent to the tropics increased 350 per cent. and that to the temperate zone area was increasing but 150 per cent.

On the import side the figures are equally striking. Our total imports from the tropical world, as above roughly outlined, grew from \$620,000,000 in 1914 to \$1,637,000,000 in 1921, an increase of 160 per cent., while our imports from the other parts of the world increased less than 60 per cent. in the same period. Merchandise from the tropics formed 32 per cent. of our total imports in 1914 and 45 per cent. in 1921, while the exports sent to that area, as already indicated formed but 15 per cent. of the total in 1914 and 25 per cent. in 1921. The grand total of our trade with the tropics, including both imports from and exports to that area, showed an increase of 233 per cent. in the 1914-21 period, while that with the non-tropical world increased but 110 per cent.

J. J. Meigs, Jr., who was formerly with Blair & Co., Inc., investment brokers, has recently formed a partnership with E. G. Geary & Co., investment bankers. The firm henceforth will be known as Geary, Meigs & Co., dealers in government, municipal, rail road, and corporation bonds, with offices in the American National Bank Building.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company own and offer \$100,000 Grant County, Oregon, 6 per cent. road bonds in denominations of \$1000, due August 1, 1931. Grant County, with an area of 21,892,800 acres, is situated in the northeastern part of the state. It ranks high among Oregon counties in the diversity of industries. Stock-raising and general farming, mining, and the production of lumber are the main activities. It is the second county in the production of minerals, including gold, silver, cobalt, iron, and nickel. Building stone is also quarried. There are 8,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber within its boundaries, consisting mostly of yellow pine. The John Day Valley, sixty miles long and from two and one-half to eleven miles wide, with a rich soil, is highly productive of hay, grain, and root crops.

Blyth, Witter & Co., Bank, Huntley & Co., and Cyrus Peirce & Co. are heading a syndicate offering \$800,000 Midlands Counties Public Service Corporation 7½ per cent. general and refunding mortgage bonds at par and interest to yield 7½ per cent. The bonds are dated September 1, 1921, and mature in twenty-five years. Among the local bond houses retailing the issue, besides the syndi-



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cate members, are Geary, Meigs & Co., Hunter, Dulin & Co., and Stephens & Co. More than half the issue has been bought for Southern California distribution, Cyrus Peirce & Co. announced.

The Katherine mine, of which Charles Sutor is president, after less than two years' development work has blocked out approximately \$3,000,000 of ore. The Katherine district ore is similar to the ore of the adjacent Oatman district, where the Tom Reed mine has produced about \$10,000,000 of gold, the Gold Road mine has produced about \$9,000,000 worth of gold, and the United Eastern

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mine in less than five years has produced \$9,293,706.45 worth of gold.

Allan Pollok, manager of the Southern Pacific Company's commissary department, announces reductions in price at the company's station restaurants, ranging as high as 25 per cent. and averaging about 15 per cent. The reductions are now in effect. Some of the reductions are: Mutton chops, 60 cents to 50 cents; sirloin steak, \$1.10 to \$1; hamburg steak, 50 cents to 45 cents; bacon and eggs, 65 cents to 55 cents.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Thirteen Travellers.

There must have been thousands of people who sustained themselves during the years of war with the expectation that the end of the conflict would bring with it a restoration of the conditions into which their lives had been woven. They could not conceive of a new order of things in which they would be strangers and outcasts. They would not believe that there could be such a new order of things until it was disastrously upon them.

Mr. Hugh Walpole gives us twelve sketches of individuals and the way in which they met the new world that came into being after the armistice. Some of the stories are tragedies and some are comedies. Some represent baseness and cowardice and some portray heroisms. Some are simply pathetic, like that of poor old Absalom Jay, who followed the profession of a gentleman before the war and died of a broken heart when he found that the day of the gentleman had passed and that the old order of politeness and dinner invitations was no more. But of a quite different calibre was the Hon. Clive Torhy. When his father tells him that he is ruined, Clive goes down to the city to find a job, only to realize disconcertingly that he is of no value to any one there, and so he gallantly and with a laugh gets a job with a housepainter. Then there is Lois Drake, who did fine service at the front, but returns to civil life with the

lamentable conviction that sex should be ignored, and that men and women should stand on a base of absolute equality, a theory that leaves much to be desired when she falls in love.

And so it goes. Mr. Walpole could doubtless find material for innumerable such stories in a world from which all the old landmarks have been obliterated and where thousands of bewildered human beings are wandering about as though in an impenetrable fog. Mr. Walpole is perhaps not quite so good in the short story as in the novel, but none the less these sketches are strong in dramatic qualities and with all the virtues of portraits.

THE THIRTEEN TRAVELLERS. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Social Science.

Social science seeks for some rule or principle by which the general good may be attained in the highest degree, and this general good must apply to all classes of the community, irrespective of their ethical or material development. There must be no exploitation of one class by another.

It is evident, then, that social science is not a science at all, seeing that the goal of the general good is hardly in sight, and perhaps not even the desire to attain it on the part of governing majorities. Humanity seems to have made up its mind, for the moment, that it will not seek for the general good at the hands of autocrats nor of aristocracies, but that it will elect its rulers by popular ballot. Obviously it will elect the men that are most like itself, and it will reject even superiorities if it does not share in them. And the greater the superiorities, the greater the differences, the more emphatically will they be rejected. This is exactly what we find in the modern democracy.

This is the problem faced by Professor R. M. Maciver in "The Elements of Social Science." How shall we secure the election of an aristocracy of political wisdom. Cynicism may say that it can not be done and that we have been turning our backs upon the general good throughout the history of social organization of which he gives us so able a sketch. But the author has high hopes. He believes that we shall become collectively, electorally, wise through the establishment of equal chances that shall liberate the repressed powers of men. He believes that the public always finds its way to truth and away from shams, however slowly. It is well that there should be such faith, however, dubiously we may view it.

THE ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. By R. M. Maciver. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Broken to the Plow.

When David desired to possess the wife of Uriah, the Hittite, he found it easy—being a king—to place his rival in the forefront of the battle in the hope that the fortune of war would smooth the path of royal love. Mr. Hilmer, shipowner of San Francisco, did much the same thing when he became enamored of Helen Starratt, the pretty wife of Fred Starratt, who, when the novel opens, was an insurance clerk with a salary of \$150 a month.

Some readers will question whether the powerful story told by Mr. Charles Caldwell Dobie is a possible one in this particular year of grace and of the sanctity of the law. Mr. Hilmer goes about his work with the tenacity of an octopus. After encouraging Starratt to start in business for himself he withholds a large payment for insurance premiums in order that a check issued by Starratt may be returned by the bank and the drawer thereby involved in a criminal act. Starratt in his unhappiness gets drunk, whereupon Hilmer, through his attorney, persuades him to plead irresponsibility for the check, with the result that Starratt is committed to the lunatic asylum without even a hearing. Hilmer thus clears his path for the desired liaison with the compliant Helen.

The picture of the lunatic asylum is one of the most shocking to be found in fiction. But can it be found also in real life? If so, we have been a little too emphatic about our civilization—but that, of course, is hardly a question for the reviewer. Starratt presently escapes from the asylum and, returning to San Francisco, falls readily into criminal hands. It is hard to see what else he could do, and here again our civilization seems to be indicted. For this poor wretch's ultimate

fate—and he is wholly innocent of anything worse than folly—the reader must follow the usual course.

Mr. Dobie has not yet perfected his art, but he will assuredly do so if he works slowly and cautiously. He has literary courage, as shown by his characterization of the street-walker, Ginger, a most creditable piece of work. And he knows how to impart to his stories the element and the atmosphere of fate.

BROKEN TO THE PLOW. By Charles Caldwell Dobie. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

Brief Reviews.

"God's Anointed," by Mary Katherine Maule (The Century Company; \$1.90), is the story of the spiritual struggle in the lives of a young ascetic rector of an Anglican church and his half-pagan, skeptical wife. The story avoids sentimentalism and mock heroism.

For the reader seeking relaxation and an adventure story to boot, "Casey Ryan," by E. M. Bower (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75), should be a safe prescription. There is humor, romance, and never-ceasing adventure throughout its 200 odd pages. The scene is laid in the gold-mining West, and there is the usual search for the illusive mineral.

"Garments of Praise," by Florence Converse (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2), is a cycle of four miracle plays in which romance, dramatic situation, and a feeling for spiritual values are blended. Suitable for acting for either children or adults, these plays, like all of Miss Converse's work, make admirable reading. The four plays are: "The Blessed Birthday," a Christmas miracle play; "Thy Kingdom Come," an Easter play; "Soul's Medicine," a Witsuntide miracle of healing, and "Santa Conversazione," an All Saints miracle.

A book designed to help short-story writers in placing their copy is "Stories Editors Buy and Why," by Jean Wick (Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2). As a collection of choice short stories the book will be interesting to the general reader, but the appendix, called "Why the Editors Buy," consisting of letters from editors of all the prominent fiction magazines of the country, will be eagerly read by every writer of short stories, budding, potential, or otherwise. Booth Tarkington, Fannie Hurst, Rupert Hughes, and Stacy Aumonier are among the writers whose stories are reproduced.

New Books Received.

AN OFF-ISLANDER. By Florence Mary Bennett. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$2.
A novel.

DODO WONERS. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90.
A sequel to "Dodo."

OPERATIC SYNOPSIS. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$3.
The plots of over 140 operas.

AND THE SPHINX SPOKE. By Paul Eldridge. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.50.
Short stories.

THE CAPTIVE LION, AND OTHER POEMS. By William Henry Davies. New Haven: Yale University Press.

THE JOURNEY. By Gerald Gould. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.50.
Odes and sonnets.

MOBY DICK, OR THE WHITE WHALE. By Herman Melville. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Published in the Everyman's Library.

WAMPUM AND OLD GOLD. By Hervey Allen. New Haven: Yale University Press.
In the Yale Series of Younger Poets.

THE PEOPLE OF PALESTINE. By Elihu Grant. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50.
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OMOO: A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By Herman Melville. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Published in the Everyman's Library.

THE NEW WORLD. By G. Murray Atkin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75.
A novel.

GARMENTS OF PRAISE. By Florence Converse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
A cycle of miracle plays.

SUCCESSFUL FAMILY LIFE ON THE MODERATE INCOME. By Mary Hinman Abel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.
In Lippincott's Family Life Series.

THE WINE OF WITCHERY. By John J. Gaynor. New York: James T. White & Co.; \$1.
Verse.

POEMS. By Henry A. Beers. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.75.

TYPEE: A NARRATIVE OF THE MARQUISAN ISLANDS. By Herman Melville. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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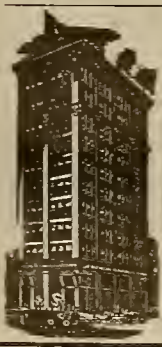
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The Tortoise.

There is always a danger in making the characters of a novel abnormal; for if they become too sublimated they are unreal and one of the primary aims of fiction is defeated, since fiction must camouflage its lack of verity and be in truth truer than fact. This is something of the fault we find with Mary Borden's "The Tortoise," a novel that has the distinct merit of not being cut to pattern. Unfortunately, in her revolution from the commonplace, Miss Borden has—in this one instance—revoluted against common sense. Her two principal characters are so abnormal as to be tantamount to monstrous. It would be going too far to say there never was a person like Helen Chudd or William Chudd. The author may have even known their exact prototypes; but strange, silent people who are abnormal looking and who act on odd understandable motives are not good material for fiction that purports to be realistic. For the atmosphere of reality that a docile novel-reader brings ready-made to a novel is instantly destroyed. It can not live in that rare atmosphere.

The treatment of "The Tortoise" otherwise is admirable. The author has a vivid figurative style that sometimes makes her scenes start up before one. The attitude, too, is admirable. Miss Borden never projects herself. Her very nature may be written into the book, but there is never the atmosphere of personal revelation. The story is told—as dramatically, as beautifully as possible, and without moralizing soliloquies.

Miss Borden's work is almost glaringly humorless—not an unfortunate state of affairs if a writer himself has humor and suppresses it for the sake of dignity. But we suspect that Miss Borden herself is without humor. It is improbable that any but a deadly serious person would represent his characters in some of the scenes and postures that occur in "The Tortoise." Unhappily, they are apt to strike a more frivolous person as ludicrous. We recommend Miss Borden to cultivate a latent sense of humor.

Mary Borden, who is a member of the well-known Chicago family of that name, is the wife of General Edward Lewis Spiers of the British army. During the war she equipped at her own expense the first mobile field hospital of the French army, for which she was decorated with the Legion of Honor—a fact that makes the introduction of hospital management in "The Tortoise" particularly interesting.

THE TORTOISE. By Mary Borden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

There has recently been a wave of interest in handwriting and its possible significations. It is asserted that many of the foremost British authors have similar "hands"—notably H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, and Sir Hall Caine, all of whom write a small, upright, round style. Of the three, Hall Caine's writing is said to be the most illegible. His English publishers have compositors who have made a special study of the Manx novelist's penmanship.

Art lovers are eagerly looking forward to the publication of "The Whistler Journal" this fall by the Lippincott Company. The new Whistler book—by those famous Whistler authorities, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell—will have the added distinction of two portraits of the authors by Whistler. That of Mrs. Pennell has never before been published.

The novel "Scaramouche," by Rafael Sabatini, is to be dramatized, according to cable arrangements between author and publisher. It is reported that a dozen prominent actors are contending for the rôles of Scaramouche and the Marquis.

A fund is being raised to turn into a permanent museum the home of the poet Keats in Hempstead. American contributions are said to be more than twice those of the British. Keats died in Rome one hundred years ago, and his fame grows apace.

General Dawes' "Journal of the Great War" may safely be considered a best seller. The first edition was exhausted a week after publication. The reprinting is ordered larger than the original edition. Like many other great men, General Dawes is very versatile. In addition to his economic, military, and

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literary achievements, he is well known in Chicago musical circles. Another of his accomplishments is knitting. Both he and his brother Rufus have "knitted sweaters for the soldiers."

The Macmillan Company have announced the new edition of the "Outline of History." It will be interesting to note Mr. Wells' corrections, additions, and further annotations. The same publishing house promises us "The Plays of Edmond Rostand" in a two-volume edition, translated into English by Henderson Daingerfield Norman; a new book by Oliver Onions, "The Tower of Oblivion," and a narrative poem by John Masefield, "King Cole," which is illustrated by the author's daughter Judith.

Herr Gurlitt, the Berlin publisher, is about to issue an edition of the Bible with 200 plates etched by the well-known artist, Jackel. The edition will be limited to a few hundred copies, varying in price from 15,000 to 75,000 marks. A wealthy American is said to have subscribed already for one copy, while the Bolshevik government will take ten. There is no clue as to the use to which they will be put.

The celebrated Fabian Society of England is now holding a fifteenth annual summer school in Surrey. Among the lecturers is an American woman—Mrs. Mary Austin. She speaks on "Social Life and the Community Theatre in America," a subject on which she is an authority of international fame. Her novels of American life generally are considered among the finest of contemporary fiction.

"The Book of Jack London," by his wife, Charmian London, herself a writer, is an intimate biography, very full in treatment, containing many of "Jack's" letters, including some remarkable love letters written to Charmian herself. It is published in two large volumes and is expected to be the "definitive" biography of this diversely interesting writer, whose works are known in Stockholm and Moscow, London and Paris, as well as in New York and San Francisco.

Welcome to Blasco Ibañez.


Spanish newspapers that have been received in the United States give entertaining accounts of the spectacular welcome which V. Blasco Ibañez received when he returned to his native Valencia after his visit to America. Twenty years before he had left the city and Spain as an exile, choosing that form of punishment for anti-monarchist agitation in preference to prison, where he had already spent some time for the same reason. Now officials of the city, province, and state welcome him and a hundred thousand people escorted him to his hotel. For a week each day was devoted to festivities celebrating one or another of those of his novels that deal more or less with Valencian life. On the last day of "Ibañez Week" the mayor hestowed upon him the coat-of-arms of Valencia. During the festal week, among many other honors, the Plaza de Cajeros was renamed Plaza Blasco Ibañez and the cornerstone was laid at the entrance to the basin of the harbor of a monument to be entitled "Mare Nostrum." The festivities of the day celebrating "The Cabin" were held around the "barraca" of an old couple whose humble little home will henceforth bear a bronze tablet commemorating the success of that novel. When the novelist in his speech to the multitude asked the sailors of Valencia to go and get his body, if he should die in a foreign country, and bring it back to his native city for burial in a seaside cemetery, the sighing and applause assured the granting of his request. Just before the gala week the city council had approved a proposal to rename the Plaza de la Reina in honor of the novelist, and the governor of the city, a military official appointed by the royal government at Madrid, had vetoed the bill on constitutional grounds which had been disputed in the council, to an accompaniment of fisticuffs. The mayor headed a delegation of protest and angrily asked the governor why they could not name their streets as they liked. "I have no grudge against Blasco Ibañez personally," said the representative of the king. "More than that, I'll go with you to the station to greet him. But three years ago you Republicans changed Prince Alfonso Street to Wilson Street, and now you want to replace the queen with another republican. Can't you fellows have a good time without insulting royalty?"

AUSTIN DOBSON.

For nearly half his life Austin Dobson devoted himself mainly to the eighteenth century, his knowledge of which, even in its byways, was various and profound. His biographical and critical studies of some of its most famous or beloved figures, Fielding, Bewick, Goldsmith, Steele, Hogarth, Walpole, are thorough, constructive, sound. His researches were wide. He wrote on no subject without adding to the fund of knowledge on it. His criticism, instinct with taste, sympathy, and fine discrimination, was utterly remote from the dithyrambic discharge of mere personal preference and bias which marks some of the superior moderns. He had the disadvantage, from their point of view, of coming to his temperate opinions only after long study and thought.

He studied art in his youth, and in his prime became almost as conversant with the art as with the letters and social life of his favorite period. Perhaps no man of the last two generations did so much to revive and make contemporary and charming for so many of us that vanished age. His best prose, and notably "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," has an ease, a grace, a fancy, an imaginative quality and a form worthy of one who within his range was an authentic poet and whom some of us often find more winning and friendly and companionable than the higher gods of the craft.

For "Vignettes in Rhyme," "Proverbs in Porcelain," "Old World Idylls," "At the Sign of the Lyre," with its delightful "Fables"—the whole body of his verse as it appears in his "Collected Poems"—have long made Austin Dobson for some of us one of those few intimate friends whom one consults at odd moments, in whom one is sure to find an exquisite and finished performance and a distraction from the "howling dervishes of song"; and especially the great company of brethren and sisters whose verse is mostly free of music. Rondeau, rondel, ballade, triolet, villanelle, the French lyric forms which he naturalized in English brought in time a wear-



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some multitude of imitators. In his hands the seemingly sophisticated meters had the look of nature, and they have it still. What is the charm, elusive but so clearly felt, that one feels as he opens the "Collected Poems"? The gaiety, the wit, the humor, the light touch, the restrained tenderness, the occasional genuine pathos, the easy, allusive scholarship, the illuminating fancy—and, disengaged from the whole, some pensive but resigned remembrance, the flow of the present into the past, old figures, hopes, and passions, the doubtful but tolerable lot of man.

Like Lamb and Matthew Arnold and Trollope and so many English men of letters, Dobson was a civil servant. Forty-five years he was in the hoard of trade, "something in the harbor line." His hours must have been easy or his extra-official industry incredible. He worked well and long:

Perchance, in this beslandered age,
The worker, mainly, wins his wage;
And Time will sweep both friends and foes,
When Finis comes!

—New York Times.

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"BELINDA" AT THE MAITLAND.

It is something of a gamble to put on "Belinda" for anything but highly sophisticated players to undertake. This piece, which is by A. A. Milne, author of the successful "Mr. Pim Passes By," was evidently selected by Mr. Maitland in order to give the patrons of the theatre an opportunity to enjoy light comedy before "Monna Vanna," so serious and poetic, would come to appeal to graver sensibilities.

And indeed "Belinda" was conceived in a merry mood, and Belinda herself is the kind of woman that successfully banishes all serious thoughts. Which, by the way, might account for the eighteen-year absence of Belinda's husband from the domestic hearth. Lighter causes than that have driven a wife or a husband away from an uncongenial partner.

However, "Belinda" was written to exploit a woman's charm, and not to show up her success in antagonizing a husband. Belinda has been an apparent widow for eighteen years, and during that time, aware that marriage is prohibited, she merrily gives herself over to the collection of proposals. It really must be rather an exhilarating method of passing time away, provided the collector is not overburdened with an egotistic pity for the victims.

One can imagine with what gossamer lightness a trained, experienced actress would make us feel the charm and resilient temperament and contagious gaiety of Belinda; how irresistibly we would laugh at the dull, settled solemnity of Baxter, at the ironic enjoyment of Devenish, if it were played by actors of polish and finesse.

For "Belinda," light and frothy though it is, has its points. There are bubbles on the froth, and a champagne effervescence to the very superficial humor. If you should read "Belinda" it would sound like the veriest nonsense. It is nonsense, in fact; the gayest, self-convicted, most unashamed nonsense; and nonsense of that kind calls for the lightest, most skillful treatment.

That Mr. Maitland wins from his players conscientious work is apparent; but it becomes rather too apparent in "Belinda," in which the acting should effervesce as lightly, as airily, as spontaneously as the bubbles on champagne.

I have often noticed that a strong, tensely dramatic piece will show mediocre players at their best. The talent or genius of the author assists them in identifying themselves

with their rôles; and they have something to take hold of.

The "Belinda" rôles, however, particularly those of Belinda herself and of Claud, the semi-ironic, should be merely *effleurés*; never grasped. Miss Lea Penman's piquant countenance and animation contribute to the agreeable impression she makes in the rôle. Still, we can see her working; and we are not blind—as we should be—to the energetic efforts put forth by Mr. John Fee. Miss Marjorie Faraday has a rather expressive face and a good voice, but not the personality of an ingénue. Mr. William Guilbert preserved an appropriate stodgy solemnity as Harold Baxter, the statistician, although it was not sufficiently lightened by a basis of humor; and Mr. Maitland had the easy rôle of a good-looking, gentlemanly Enoch Arden, highly pleased with things as he finds them at the end of the home stretch, particularly with a still pretty and enchanting wife with whom this well-treated Enoch falls in love all over again.

The audience received the play with favor, recognizing, no doubt, with considerable satisfaction that although the rose—which was Ethel Barrymore during the New York run of the piece—was absent, we at least were seeing the espalier against which it had climbed.

THE ORPHEUM.

It is the custom to photograph the bappy domesticity of peacefully married vaudeville stars nowadays. It tickles the sentimental public pleasantly under the ribs; and really, in view of the occasional exposures in the movie world, it was rather agreeable to see moving pictures of Frank Faron, his wife, and their baby boy, all encompassed in bomey affectionateness.

Frank Farron wins his audience—after the preliminary photographed winner is out of the way—by his line of well-selected funny stories and his take-off of an alcoholically garrulous female. Yes, female is the appropriate word, in this case.

Wilbur Mack, like Frank Farron, also has a personality that is successful in the projection of humor over the footlights. With his impudently ingratiating way of flirting, his quiet yet sure humor, he makes every point tell. The act is strengthened by the presence of Else Rose, an attractive, expressive and chic little actress. Stanley Dail contributes songs, and he has a tenor voice; but the young man would do well to learn how to use it.

Ralph Riggs and Katherine Witchie give a good dancing act. Riggs is an excellent dancer, and the girl is a toe specialist. The act is prettily set and costumed and has variety.

Harry Casteel and company afford us real excitement in "A Motor Sensation." In an immense, circular steel cage Harry Casteel bicycles madly round and round in a spiral path, accompanied by the terrifying roaring of his machine. To scare us a little more another performer simultaneously goes through the same performance in a miniature automobile.

Of course the performers do it at the daily risk of their lives, and like the daring performer of "The Leap of Death" they may have it demonstrated some day. But audiences like the taste of fear and perilous excitement, and men must do and dare when they find a way of doing it profitably.

"The Char-Woman" isn't much. It was written to give Sarah Padden a rôle similar to that in "The Clod." It will be remembered, however, that in "The Clod" Sarah Padden, as the toil-soddened wife of the Confederate farmer, merely expressed acquiescent drudgery. That play was a fine bit of dramatic tension, with a splendid finale. But in "The Char-Woman" Miss Padden is called on to register pathos, and she is not particularly successful at it.

She portrays the char-woman's uncouthness, her toil-stooped movements and attitudes, but the tones of the purposely unmodulated voice lack genuine pathos. The actress, in fact, speaks in a loud, rather monotonous roar. This sets the pace for the company—a poor one, by the way—who all bellow like so many bulls.

Editth Clifford, a singing comedienne, dresses beautifully, sings fairly—from the vaudeville standard—and rolls her eyes roughly while she is singing a collection of well-chosen comedy songs.

"Baby Mine" is an unremarkable bedroom farce in which Nanon Welch displays curls and a sort of literal kittenishness, and in the opening turn Anna Vivian with an assistant does fancy shooting. Anna, however, lacks a sense of humor. But so does the audience, apparently, when it isn't supposed to be appealed to, for when Anna and her young assistant disconcertingly and unexpectedly burst into "Believe me if all those endearing young charms" not a soul in the audience cracked a smile when the shootist, as he warbled "which I gaze on so fondly today" simultaneously scrutinized the target and accurately peppered all the chosen spots with small shot.

NEW YORK THEATRICALS.

The New York journals are candid in admitting that the opening of the fall theatrical season is not attended with full houses. The August business was distinctly poor, although hopes are cherished for an improvement in September. But it is significant that the popular and much-talked-of Minsky Brothers' Show, now prosperously established at the National Winter Garden, has not dared, in the face of present business conditions in stageland, to lease a Broadway house. The Minsky show has features reminiscent of Weber and Fields' once famous entertainments, and specializes in showing up the diversified, polyglot characters that come from the New York melting pot. It is so popular that it is confidently predicted that its Broadway day will come, but this is not the time for daring enterprise.

San Francisco theatre-goers, who much affect the talented Marjorie Rambeau, will be pleased to read of her success in Zoë Adkins' new play, "Daddy Gone A-Hunting." It is the story of marital unhappiness, but with a new angle; or, at least, a new atmosphere. For the author has contrived to shed a new, if a challengingly misty light upon an old theme, that of marital infidelity. It is treated with a psychic subtlety which removes the theme entirely from grossness, and those who enjoy the underplay of secret currents of emotion under a calm exterior—such as we find in the Henry James and some of the Edith Wharton novels—are reveling in a piece so entirely removed from the obvious.

Zoë Adkins, it will be remembered, is the author of "Déclassée," in which Ethel Barrymore has so long and so successfully starred.

Our local architects had the opportunity of their lives after the fire to make good in the planning of playhouses, and yet they fell down repeatedly. One of the largest of the San Francisco theatres—now used for picture plays—has a considerable number of balcony—or perhaps they call it dress circle—seats from which the stage is invisible. Another has baffling defects in its acoustics, so that one never knows—except those foxy ones who have studied the problem and know what to avoid—whether or not, when they buy seats, they will strike those arid regions to which sounds from the stage reach imperfectly.

The new million-dollar National Theatre in New York offers many novelties in its construction, one of which is that the auditorium is so laid out that no seat is actually distant from the stage. The ceiling under the balcony projection is so slanted that those seated under the balcony are no longer partially cut off as by an awning, the result being an enlarged field of vision of the stage and greater facility in bearing.

Another novelty is the arrangement of roof lights by which the entire house can be flooded with different-colored illuminations.

San Francisco is promised a new, first-class theatre. We therefore hope that the improvements in the two particulars—seat-proximity to the stage and the doing away with the blanketing awning of the balcony floor—will be considered by both the owners and the architects.

Economy is the order of the day. For while there are enough new plays in New York to keep the critics busy, there are some wary managers who will not venture their money these troublous times on unknown quantities. Hence David Belasco is reviving Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way," with Frances Starr, as before, in the title-rôle. That astute manager is also reviving "The Return of Peter Grim," with the famous Belasco star David Warfield still playing the rôle of the pensive ghost.

Another familiar piece, the most celebrated of all the Viennese operas, "The Merry Widow," is to be revived at the Knickerbocker, with Lydia Lipkowska in the title-rôle.

These three revivals will probably all make good financially, for it is almost if not quite time for a new set of theatre-goers to have arrived since the vogue of these plays, and their familiar titles will infallibly attract numbers of people who have never seen them.

MOVIE STARS' PAY.

New York managers are advocating reduction of prices for the spoken drama. But we continue to pay very high for the privilege of seeing picture plays. It seems like a dream that before the war picture plays could be seen for 5 and 10 cents. The explanation was that there were so few expenses incurred in presenting the pieces in the actual theatre.

Today, while we recognize that there are changes and greater elaboration in the actual working up of picture plays, approximately the same conditions prevail in presenting them in the theatres.

Why, then, do the entrance prices remain so high? Ask the movie stars. Not that they can be blamed. It is the producers whose

mad competition has run the salaries of the movie stars to such prodigious figures.

They, of course, put it this way, among themselves: "We don't have to pay the piper. Let the fool public pay."

And the fool public does. And what becomes of their money they may learn today by reading in the press of the gross revels contrived by those who have not the trained work behind them, the character and mentality to back them, that will enable them to bear practically unearned prosperity with level heads.

So, after all, it is up to the public. The public buttoned up its pockets against high-priced provisions, against the rates charged for clothing, and thus they themselves regulated and moderated price. And, if they wish, they can bring about the lowering of the absurdly high prices paid to movie stars—and consequently the admission prices for picture plays—whose equipment, frequently, is merely a bandsome person.

THE POWYS ART LECTURES.

At the California School of Fine Arts Professor Powys has succeeded in drawing many of the young students to his lectures. They are interested in his interpretation of the soul of great artists as seen through their works, for he speaks, not as a technician, but as a psychologist.

Nor is the lecturer without his animosities. Michael Angelo he calls a genius and a madman in one, and he deplores the lack of unity in the cyclonic masses of his church frescoes.

In his literary lectures, which are still continuing, Professor Powys has vigorously expressed his dislike for Browning's poems. He has been bearded in his den by some amazed and confounded Browning devotees, and asked for an explanation. And it is probable that the explanation demanded will be made by the intrepid Englishman in an extra lecture, at which time there will possibly be a rallying of factions; and—who knows?—perhaps there may be some lady-like heckling. It wouldn't be a bad idea, indeed, for the lecturer to invite outspoken comment. In that case I think he could be sure of an overflowing house.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The finest cork in the world comes from Spain. The province of Andalusia is particularly famous for its cork trees. Cork stoppers manufactured in Spain are exported thence to all parts of the world; likewise fine and very smooth sheets of cork, which are used for tips of cigarettes, linings of hats and helmets and to some extent (curiously enough) for the printing of visiting cards. Cork sawdust is used for making bricks, and combined with coal dust and tar, for fuel birquettes; also for packing fruit; the extent of its consumption for this last purpose may be judged by the fact that each barrel of grapes exported contains eight pounds of the material, and annually the exportation of grapes from Spain amounts to 3,000,000 barrels. Finally, the waste scraps of cork are pressed into hales, dried, and shipped to France, England, and the United States, where they are used for insulating and various other purposes.

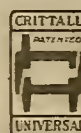
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The Columbia Theatre.

Seldom have play and players received such unanimous approval as that extended to Henry Miller and Blanche Bates in their presentation of James Forhes' fascinating comedy, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," now en route to the Columbia Theatre, where it opens an engagement commencing Monday night, September 19th.

The American people are ever loyal to national traditions. The drama, probably more than any other avenue of expression, might be utilized as an example to prove the assertion. Real American drama is as popular today as it was fifty years ago. The plays which have established records for longevity on our stage have been expressions of the American drama. The plays which are now enjoying the greatest prosperity are genuine American dramas. One of the best contributions to our national stage literature is the play of "The Famous Mrs. Fair," which is an ideal expression of wholesome drama, with sufficient comedy relief in it to justify its classification as a comedy-drama.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Maeterlinck's poetic drama, "Monna Vanna," from which the opera by the same name was taken, opens next Monday evening for a week's run at the Maitland Playhouse and a most interesting performance is promised those who enjoy worth-while plays.

The story of "Monna Vanna," written about medieval Italy, is a familiar one to those acquainted with Maeterlinck and as well to lovers of the opera, who will easily recognize the dramatic form of their story in song. Miss Lea Penman is happily cast in the title-role, while the princelings who contest for her favor will be well taken care of by Arthur Maitland and John Fee.

The strongest company ever gathered at the Maitland is finding itself and the Maeterlinck play will afford them a splendid opportunity of displaying their talents.

"Monna Vanna" opens Monday night for the general public with the first matinee on Tuesday.

The Orpheum.

The headliner at the Orpheum next week will be Francis X. Bushman, the motion-picture star, who appears in person with Miss

Beverly Bayne, with whom Mr. Bushman has appeared on the screen several times. The return of Mr. Bushman—who is known as the "king of the movies"—to the speaking stage is an achievement of the Orpheum hooking force. There have been several screen stars at the Orpheum recently, but Mr. Bushman is the first masculine star to enter the two-a-day field. Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne will present Edwin Burke's satirical comedy, "Poor Rich Man"—a piece full of comedy situations and which is considered a fitting exercise for Bushman's histrionic talents.

The Scotti Grand Opera Company.

The second transcontinental tour of the Scotti Grand Opera Company, comprised for the greater part of stars from the Metropolitan Opera House, with Antonio Scotti, haritone, long of the Metropolitan, as its general director, and with the idolized Geraldine Farrar as guest artist, is now in full swing. The company closes in Seattle Thursday of this week and arrives in San Francisco Saturday night in order that it may be thoroughly rested for the very important grand opening Monday night at the Exposition Auditorium. While the management expects that all performances in which Farrar appears will be sold out, there is also evidence that all other performances will be well attended, for Scotti will have a star cast for each and every performance.

For instance, Tuesday night, "The Barber of Seville" has Charles Hackett, leading lyric tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, who goes direct from San Francisco to the great La Scala Theatre in Milan, there under the baton of Toscanini; Angeles Ottein, whom Tetrizzini declared to be the greatest coloratura soprano at present before the public; Riccardo Stracciari, generally considered to be the world's greatest Italian operatic haritone; Leon Rothier, the great French basso; also Henrietta Wakefield, she of the wonderful contralto voice. Lesser important roles will be sung by great singers, every one a recognized artist, including Paola Ananiani, Louis d'Angelo, Giordano Paltrinieri, and Gennaro Papi, referred to as "the little Toscanini" and who is the leading conductor of Italian opera at the Metropolitan, will hold the baton at "The Barber of Seville."

Another cast selected at random is that of "Aida." The King will be sung by Louis d'Angelo, the Metropolitan's fine basso; Amneris by the popular Alice Gentle; Aida by Olga Carrara, the beautiful Florentine soprano; Radames by José Palet, who while making his first appearance in America is recognized in Spain, Italy, and other Latin-American countries as one of the greatest dramatic tenors; Amonasro by the splendidly-voiced young American haritone, Greek Evans; a Messenger by the ever reliable Metropolitan tenor, Giordano Paltrinieri; and a Priestess by Anna Roselle, the vivacious Metropolitan soprano, who was formerly at the Royal Opera, Vienna.

The dynamic conductor, Fulgenzio Guerrieri, like his colleague, Gennaro Papi, conducts without a score. Papi and Guerrieri, as well as the great Toscanini, believing with the great German conductor, Antone Seidler, "that it is better to have the score in your head than to have the head in the score."

The Auditorium will be converted into a luxurious opera house; refined young women, lovers of music, will usher ticket-holders to their seats; performances will commence at 8:15 nightly and 2:15 afternoons, and in order to avoid the inevitable annoyance to those who come early, late comers will not be permitted to take their seats until after the end of the first act. This rule will be impartially and strictly enforced.

In order to accommodate tardy ticket purchasers, Mr. Healy has increased his force of box-office men, which insures quick service. Furthermore, Sherman, Clay & Co., who at considerable expense to themselves and for no other reason than to give expeditious service to the music-loving public, have enlarged their switchboard, which now has a capacity of 5000 calls per day. A special line is run direct to a special box-office, and a suggestion is made that those who do not care to stand in line telephone in their orders to Sutter 6000. Orders for seats received by telephone or by mail will be located as near the desired location as possible, and in every instance the very best seats will be given. Telephone orders, owing to the demand for tickets, can not be held for a longer period than twenty-four hours.

San Francisco to Have Little Theatre.

The players of the Sequoia Club have organized for the purpose of opening a Little Theatre for the production of one-act plays. Only the very finest plays are to be presented. The programmes will include the works of both American and foreign playwrights. The director announces presentations from the dramatic works of James Barrie, David Pinski, John Masefield, Edmond Rostand, Maurice Maeterlinck, Holland Hudson, August Strindberg, Anton Tchekof, Susan Glasspell, Lewis Beach, Lord Dunsany, John Singe, Herman Suderman, Nicholas Evrienov, Ro-

berto Bracco, Stewart Walker, Charles Dickens, and many others.

The plays will be produced by Ruth Brenner, who has just returned from New York, where she attained success in stage decorating and in Little Theatre movements. Miss Brenner is designing settings and new costumes for each play, as they are to be given according to the period.

The club has its own beautiful theatre on Washington Street, between Polk Street and Van Ness Avenue. The capacity of the auditorium is about three hundred and fifty, and the large stage is being thoroughly equipped with modern lighting and devices for the production of any type of play.

The Sequoia Little Theatre will open in October. The opening date and programme will be announced later. The players are all experienced actors, and those attending rehearsals have remarked their ability and insight into the character portrayed.

The performances will be presented twice a week, and the programmes will be new each month.

"Willow Tree," played for a year in New York by Miss Fay Bainter, who, by the way, will shortly visit San Francisco, has been secured for the Maitland and will be produced at an early date. It is a poetical Japanese story and one that will attract much attention.

"The Sunken Bell," by Hauptmann, played so wonderfully by E. H. Sothern, and Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," in which Maude Adams played the title-role, are among the pieces already selected for the Maitland season.

The pleasing custom of tea service at the Maitland matinees, between intermissions and without charge to the patrons of the theatre, has been resumed this season. Tea is served in the lounge room.

An Ihsen play, always attractive to Maitland audiences, will follow Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna."

A French Statesman.

Physically, M. Briand resembles strangely Mr. Lloyd George: the same prominent nose, the same long hair combed back, the same active eyes, the same gripping and persuasive eloquence. As a matter of fact they are relatives, at least in so far as the Welsh and the Bretons are related, and when they are together they chat with each other like cousins. There are moments when their jokes become sharp.

"How is it," Mr. Lloyd George asked recently, "that the Bretons fought so well during the war?"

"Because," replied M. Briand with the utmost seriousness, "they continually imagined that they were fighting against the Welsh!"

One day in the Chamber of Deputies M. Maurice Barrès cried out to him, half in anger and half in admiration:

"You are a monster of flexibility" ("*Vous êtes un monstre de souplesse*").

The world needs such monsters. One can not always govern with a closed fist and a threat on the lips. The world can not be built of iron bars alone. There must be oil to ease the turning of the cogs of the immense machine; a careful and expert hand must pour it on the right spot; and an experienced and calm eye must watch over the ensemble of the factory.

M. Aristide Briand has all of that. And he has also the courage of knowing how to make enemies in order not to abandon a friend—which in politics is the most useful and rarest courage.

To some political followers who came to see him one day to declare that they approved of his theories, he replied:

"I am glad that you like my principles, but I would prefer that you like me for myself!"

M. Briand can rest assured. He is liked for himself.—Stephane Lauzanne in the North American Review.

One of the curious features of wild life in Ireland is the absence of some of the birds best known in England. The nightingale, for instance, is never found in Ireland, while the wood-warbler, the redstart, all the species of woodpecker, the wryneck, the nuthatch, and several other kinds are so rare that they are unknown to the great majority of the people. There seems to be no very obvious reason for the absence of these birds. It may, perhaps, be found in the lines of migration along which the birds travel, for most of those mentioned above are not resident in Britain all the year. But it is certainly strange that such a bird, for instance, as the common whitethroat, should thrive everywhere in Ireland, while the lesser variety is unknown, and that while the willow warbler is one of the commonest of summer birds its larger relative, the wood warbler, is found in only a few places and in very few numbers. Ireland can only boast of one bird, the hooded crow, which is not a regular visitor in the neighboring island.



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"Passion Play" at Oberammergau—1922.

Thirty performances of the famous "Passion Play" at Oberammergau will be given in its revival in 1922. The first performance will take place May 11th, and the last on November 24th, according to announcement by the committee in charge of arrangements.

The cast will not be selected until next October. It is probable, however, that Anton Lang, who played the rôle of Christus in both 1900 and 1910, will have that part. Otilie Zwink, who played Mary in 1910, has married since that time, and, as no married woman is permitted to enact that rôle, another actress must be selected.

Eighty-two men from Oberammergau were killed during the war, but they were chiefly minor actors and musicians, the leading actors in the "Passion Play" being mostly beyond the military age when the war broke out.

The last time that this beautiful play was given was in 1910, and as for a long period the performances have taken place every ten years, it should normally have been revived last year—1920. Because of conditions concurrent to the war, however, the revival was impossible.

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VANITY FAIR.

Arnold Bennett says that the great need of the age is a new dance-step, "with new figures, capable of many variations within a few clear rules." Such an order is certainly a joyous relief to some of the "needs of the age" we have grown accustomed to hearing prescribed. In fact, when any one begins a statement with "the great need of the age is—" we instinctively flinch and prepare to hear the dimensions of a new sumptuary law or—depending on which party your protagonist belongs to—the repeal of anything from home brew to labor leaders. Now, the fervor that supplies the power to make sumptuary laws is an abnormal—though a very human—trait. It is astonishing how few people are normal! And also, the fervor that combats reform is a symptom of unbalance, albeit a healthy symptom. Long may it burn. But it appears there is yet another way out. When your favorite vice is legislated against—do not attempt to have it repealed. But start a campaign for something else, dancing, for instance. Thus you not only take time by the fetlock, but you also release into circulation a lot of moral anti bodies; and the balance of the community is somehow miraculously adjusted. We feel certain that that is what Mr. Bennett is now doing. His moral support to a form of recreation held by numbers of people in this country as little short of a vice ought to go far, indeed, as a moral vaccination against feverish extremes. Mr. Bennett opines that we are on the brink of a great age. Referring to it, he says:
"As regards the spirit, the latest generation has rediscovered, or is rediscovering, the great secrets—lost since the Elizabethan age—that the chief thing in life is to feel that you are fully alive, and that life oughtn't to be a straight line, but a series of ups and downs, that continual repression is a tragic absurdity, that dullness is a social crime, that the present is quite as important as the future, and that moments of ecstasy are the finest moments and the summits of existence. "It has finally killed the Victorian age dead. I am willing to admit that the Victorian age was a great age, though it acutely exasperated me when I was young. But that it had the terrible vices of continual repression and disgusting hypocrisy can not be disputed, and to contemplate its corpse gives me genuine pleasure."
Would that we had a few Arnold Bennetts over here—where alas! the Victorian age still holds its pernicious post-mortem sway—to act as hallast to our too easily floated popular opinion.

Lady Constance Richardson is said to have electrified society by her rather original wedding dress—if one may use so commonplace a word to designate the sumptuous attire that Lady Connie is credited with having worn at her wedding to Mr. Denis Matthew of Whitehall Court. One would think, really, that by this time society would be immune to Lady Constance's or any one else's artistic achievements. However, it seems to remain obligingly sensitive on this point. Arnold Bennett has declared the Victorian age dead, but one suspects that the superannuated creature has not been exterminated from the British Isles any more than it has been over here. Certain sections of the press have made a to-do over the fact that Lady Constance did not wear white satin—that she chose to wear tan velvet. It is possible that the fair dancer wished to cause a furor. If so she knew how to do it. We give her credit for a keener knowledge of English prudery that we can boast of. Brown velvet—even though cut

rather in the fashion worn by a mediæval page—seems innocent enough in all conscience. If Lady Connie had chosen to wear scarlet gauze, now! But what a fuss over brown velvet and a skirt cut to show Lady Constance's shapely knee. One need not go to a fashionable London wedding, surely. One need not go further than Grant Avenue to see quite as astonishing a costume; and, at that, we will wager that Lady Connie's was a more æsthetic affair.

In the preface of his latest book, "Back to Methuselah," Bernard Shaw makes the characteristically Shavian remark that seems to have been so characteristically misunderstood. Mr. Shaw said: "I am doing the best I can at my age. My powers are waning; but so much the better for those who found me unheavily brilliant when I was in my prime." Commenting on this really pellucid remark, the *Living Age* says: "Fate has apparently cast Mr. Shaw for the rôle of a particularly lively masculine Cassandra. No one believed him when, some years ago, he said that his powers were superior to Shakespeare's, and no one believes him now, when he says they are failing." The prevailing attitude of the critics could be summed up in the phrase, "No one will believe him." At least that is how they express themselves. The truth is that in this as in everything else "no one will understand him." When, oh, when will the critics learn that when G. B. S. says a thing he means it? Even though he makes the mistake of saying it brilliantly, brilliantly and moral truth not being usually associated in the average mind. If Mr. Shaw is not the best judge whether or not his magnificent powers are waning, we should like to know who is.

Golf is regarded as a Scottish game in its origin and history; and this is so far justified. But the word itself, pronounced "gowf" by the native Scot, and "goff" by the gentleman player, is to be traced to a Hollandish source. The original term is *kolf*, i. e., "club"; and a primitive game seems to have been played on turf in the Netherlands long ago. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there was considerable traffic between the Scottish and Dutch ports, whence skilled workmen were brought to teach unskilled Scots.

ANNUAL MEETING.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the annual meeting of the stockholders of PRESIDIO TERRACE ASSOCIATION will be held at the office of the corporation, 318-324 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the fourth Tuesday in September, viz., September 27th, 1921, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of the election of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
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RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....\$25,005,656.60

U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....4,325,177.38

Other Bonds and Securities.....153,794.90

Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....150,000.00

Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....842,281.88

Cash and Sight Exchange.....9,990,085.45

\$40,466,996.21

LIABILITIES

Capital.....2,000,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits.....6,114,704.82

Circulation.....1,951,097.50

Letters of Credit.....881,175.06

Deposits.....29,520,018.83

\$40,466,996.21

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

George Ade said at a dinner, as he twirled the stem of his glass of sparkling sarsaparilla between thumb and finger: "Our parents taught us to lay up something for a rainy day. Now much nicer it would have been if they had only taught us to lay up something for a dry one!"

Mayor Hyland of New York City said at an Irish-American banquet: "The Irish will keep on giving England trouble until England grants them their independence. I heard of a school child the other day who said very aptly, in the course of a geography recitation: 'England is a body of land entirely surrounded by hot water.'"

A lawyer in cross-examining a witness asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day. He replied that he had been in the company of two friends. "Friends," exclaimed his tormentor. "Two thieves, I suppose you mean?" "Very likely that may be so," replied the witness dryly, "for they are both lawyers."

Sir Herbert Tree met a stranger in the wings after a performance. The man was heap and effusive, and rushed toward him with hands outstretched. Tree gazed at him dumbly. "Don't you know me," said the stranger, as if hurt. "I was introduced to you the other day at the charity bazaar." "Sorry," Tree replied. "I didn't recognize you in my make-up."

Booth Tarkington, according to Gerald Du Maurier, who knows him well, is an American patriot. Recently when he was in Italy a native spoke to him of Vesuvius. "Well, anyway," said the Italian, "I'm sure you have nothing like Vesuvius in the United States." "We've got Niagara Falls," said Tarkington, which could put the blamed thing out in just about two minutes."

A lady who had been giving a party told her maid to put away all the refreshments that were left on the tables before retiring to bed. The next day, on looking, the lady could not find the dainties and called to her maid: "Jane, what did you do with those things that I told you to put away last night?" "Sure, mum, and yez told me to put 'em away, and I did, mum, and enjoyed 'em."

Senator Kenyon, apropos of his bill for a department of social welfare, said at a dinner: "Such a department would lessen the divorce bill. From the number of last year's divorces, you'd think the schoolboy's answer must be true. In a Shakespeare lesson his teacher said to this boy: 'What custom is it that is more honored in the breach than in the observance?' The boy answered promptly: 'Marriage.'"

Senator Newberry said at a dinner in Washington: "People who accuse others often accuse themselves. It's like the case of the girl hired by this young lady came back from the butcher's, all breathless and hurried, one day. 'A man's been follerin' me,' she said. 'What?' asked her mistress, incredulously. 'A man's been follerin' me,' the hired girl repeated. 'I know he was follerin' me, because he kept lookin' around all the time to see if I was comin'.'"

Secretary of State Hughes said at a dinner, apropos of the army of political office-seekers that is infesting Washington: "Political appointments should be made carefully. The average political appointment reminds me of an anecdote: Louis XV once appointed as royal librarian a certain gay blade named Ignon. The appointment was most unsuitable, and when M. d'Argentan, Bignon's uncle, heard of it, he said, 'Excellent, my boy! At last you'll have an opportunity to learn to read.'"

Joseph C. Lincoln, author of the humorous best-seller, "Galusha the Magnificent," has a good story to tell on one of the old Cape Cod cap'ns, a few of whom are still left on their native cape. The particular old salt of Mr. Lincoln's acquaintance spent a recent winter in Florida and found in the fishing of the region a fascinating but strenuous pastime. As a skipper of the old school he scorned the modern devices for fishing, such as reels, etc. In fact he went out to fish tarpons with merely a fishing line between the big fish and his own bare hands. He hooked a tarpon and for a couple of hours there was waged a terrific battle between the fish and the stubborn old Cape Codder, whose hands were torn and blistered from the fray. When the fish was dead its weight of seventy-nine pounds gave distinct lift to the spirits of the exhausted skipper. Proudly he exhibited his seventy-nine-pound catch to the natives on his return, but he was greeted by them in an unexpected manner. They examined the fish and scorn-

fully exclaimed over it. "Not much of a haul!" was their comment. "Why a little woman, no size at all, just brought in a tarpon that tipped the scales at 100 pounds." Would he like to see a real fish? "Thunder, no!" he roared. "Show me the woman!"

A sculling match was arranged between an Englishman and an Irishman. The Englishman won with ease, and at no time was he in danger of defeat. Moreover, in a spirit of fun and bravado, he stopped two or three times in his course, hiding the Irishman in his rear to hurry up. After the race the Irishman came in for a good deal of chaff in view of the overwhelming defeat he had suffered. But he merely shrugged his shoulders. "Faith," he said, "if Oi had had the long rests that he took, Oi could have beaten him aisyly."

Senator La Follette said at a dinner in Madison: "I am glad that we have kept out of the league of nations—out of the scramble to strip Germany. Yes, I am glad we are not in the scramble which England and France are making for Germany's possessions. England and France are polite to each other in this scramble, still they remind me of little Tommy. Little Tommy and sister May were told that there were two apples on the dining-room table for them. They hurried to the dining-room. Tommy said: 'Take your choice, May.' 'No,' said May, 'you take your choice.' Each kept insisting that the other take first choice, and each kept eying the two apples, one very big and juicy, the other small and green. 'Take your choice, May.' 'No, Tommy, you take your choice.' Finally May broke the deadlock. She reached out and took the

bigger apple. But Tommy was on her like a ton of bricks. 'Put that back and take your choice!' he yelled furiously."

Mrs. Robinson, Theodore Roosevelt's sister, tells the following good one on T. R.: The White House telephone rang and Roosevelt answered it without waiting to ring for a servant. His face assumed a listening look, and then a broad smile broke over his features. "No," he said. "No, I am not Archie. I am Archie's father." A second passed and he laughed aloud, and then said: "All right, I will tell him; I won't forget." Hanging up the receiver, he turned to me half-sheepishly but very much amused. "That's a good joke on any President," he said. "You may have realized that there was a little boy on the other end of that wire, and he started the conversation by saying, 'Is that you, Archie?' and I replied, 'No, it is Archie's father.' Whereupon he answered with evident disgust: 'Well, you'll do. Be sure and tell Archie to come to supper. Now, don't forget.'"

Once while Henry Irving was rehearsing a play in which a horse was needed the horse was brought around and the following incident took place: Irving walked around the horse. "H-um, a fine animal. A very fine animal indeed. Tell me, is the animal likely to get nervous of the crowd and footlights?" "Oh, no, S'r 'Enry. 'E's been on the stage before." "Oh, indeed, an actor." "Oh, yes, S'r 'Enry. Why lars, 'e's played with Mr. Tree through the run of Richard Third except lars week that is." "Oh, quite an actor, quite an actor. Tell me, why didn't he play last week?" "Well, S'r 'Enry, as a matter of

fact, one night when Mr. Tree was on for the first time in 'is artistic career, 'e forgot 'isself and lashed out and kicked Mr. Tree." "Oh, indeed? A critic, too!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Lattice to Let.

Otis Titus used to notice, That his giddy goddess, Lotus, Didn't care so much to gad as Seek the shadows with her Otis.

Then spoke up this Otis Titus, "Let us build a lattice, Lotus, Lotus, let us have a lattice, Where no spying eye could spot us." Lotus answered: "Let us! Let us! How a lattice would delight us."

"When the moon had lit us, Lotus, In the lattice we could seat us, And the world would never notice, For the lattice would delete us.

"Clad with leaves as light as lettuce, We would have this lattice, Lotus, Where the bee would come to loot us, And the glow worm light us gratis, But no leering brute could hoot us, And no Brutus could get at us, Lotus, let us have a lattice."

"Otis, let us," answered Lotus. —G. L. Edson in New York Tribune.

Kindly Old Woman—You are a very nice little boy to give your candy to your little friend. Youthful Hard Guy—Aw, he aint no friend of mine. Kindly Old Woman—Then why did you give him the candy? Youthful Hard Guy—The flies was botherin' me.—Youngstown Telegram.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Raymond Whithy of Modesto announce the marriage of their sister, Miss Florence Whithy, to Mr. Walter William Eckley of Berkeley, August 26th. Mr. and Mrs. Eckley are at home at No. 1590 Alice Street, Oakland.

The marriage of Miss Hannah Hobart, daughter of Mrs. Charles Wheeler of Bryn Mawr and Mr. Walter Hobart of San Mateo, and Mr. Leonard Prince, son of Mrs. George Taylor of Chicago, was solemnized in the Chapel of St. James, Chicago, September 10th.

The marriage of Miss Frances Revett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Revett, and Mr. Bradley Wallace, son of Mrs. Ryland Wallace, was solemnized in Grace Cathedral, September 8th. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace will reside in Los Altos on their return from their honeymoon.

The marriage of Miss Louise Delano, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Delano of Washington,

and Colonel Sherwood Cheney, United States Army, was solemnized in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, September 10th.

The marriage of Miss Josephine Nieto, daughter of the late Mrs. Rosa Viosca de Nieto, and Mr. Farquar Laing of England was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Revilla in New Orleans on August 24th. Mr. and Mrs. Laing will reside in Farnley Grange, Northumberland, England.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale entertained at a luncheon Monday in the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. William Wright. Her guests included Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. George Howard, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Complimenting Miss Josephine Parrott, Mrs. William Crocker entertained at a luncheon last Friday in Burlingame.

Mrs. Erle Brownell gave a tea recently at the Woman's Athletic Club. Her guests were Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Hewitt Davenport, Mrs. Robert McMillan, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, Mrs. Vooberies Bishop, Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. Haldimand Young, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Robert Greer, Mrs. Alfred Spalding, Mrs. Guy Scott, and Miss Bessie Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters gave a dinner in Piedmont Thursday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham.

M. and Mme. Jean de St. Cyr gave a dinner Saturday in San Mateo, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mr. and Mrs. George Marrye, Colonel and Mrs. Sidney Cloman, Mrs. J. W. Keeney, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Admiral Alexander Halstead, General George Barnett, and Mr. Benedict Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Loomis gave a dance Saturday in the Burlingame Club in honor of Midshipman Francis Loomis, Jr. Accepting their hospitality were Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Florence Loomis, Miss Helen Hammersmith, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. Richard Sprague, Jr., Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. William Dimond, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. James Kuhn, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Gus Taylor, Jr., Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Jr., and Ensign Nicholas Van Bergen.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Younger gave a dinner Tuesday in the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William Babcock entertained at a large luncheon in Marin County on Thursday.

Complimenting Miss Laura Miller, Mrs. Charles Knox gave a luncheon last Thursday in Berkeley. Mrs. George Marrye gave a luncheon last Wednesday in honor of Mme. Marc Peter, who was a visitor from Washington.

Mrs. William Hough was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Otto Grau. Among those present were Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Edwin Sheldon, Mrs. Harold Mann, Mrs. Sidney Partridge, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Mrs. Laurence Brown, Mrs. Otis Johnson, Miss Mary Bates, and Miss Lynda Buchanan.

Miss Janice Ewer gave a luncheon last Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Katherine Stoncy.

Mrs. Hays Smith entertained at a luncheon for Mrs. Edward Stotesbury of Philadelphia and Mrs. Cromwell Brooks at the St. Francis prior to their departure for Santa Barbara.

A barbecue was held at the Lagunitas Club Saturday, and was attended, among others, by Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Deems, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Mr. John Cassell, and Mr. Blair Shuman.

In honor of Mrs. Spencer Browne, Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck gave a luncheon Tuesday in the Town and Country Club. Among her guests were Mrs. J. B. Murphy, Mrs. Barnaby Conrad, Mrs. Crittenden Van Wyck, Miss Evelyn Browne, Miss Catherine Wheeler, and Miss Pauline Wheeler.

Miss Mary Martin gave an informal dinner Monday in Burlingame, when she entertained Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Gertrude Murphy, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., Mr. Edward McNear, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. James Kuhn, Mr. George Tallant, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Jr., and Mr. Gordon Johnson.

Complimenting Mr. I. W. Hellman, Jr., Mr. Arthur Bachman, and Mr. Edward Heller, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ehrman gave a dinner-dance last week in the Palace Hotel.

In honor of Miss Rosemonde and Miss Margaret Lee, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin gave a luncheon Wednesday in San Mateo. Her guests were Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Barbara Kimble, and Miss Eleanor Spreckels.

Mrs. Henry Allen was a luncheon hostess Wednesday at the Town and Country Club in compliment to Mrs. Spencer Browne, Jr. Others present were Mrs. Spencer Browne, Mrs. Otis Burrage, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mrs. Bryant Grimwood, Mrs. J. B. Murphy, Mrs. Laurence Brown, Mrs. Barnaby Conrad, Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, Miss Miriam Rodgers, and Miss Evelyn Browne.

Complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller gave a dinner Wednesday, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters, Mr.

and Mrs. Walter Starr, Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Magee, Professor and Mrs. A. O. Lueschner, and Mr. Horace Miller.

Miss Lorna Williamson was the honor guest at a luncheon given in the St. Francis Tuesday by Miss Louise Braden. The guests included Mrs. Eugene Braden, Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mrs. Andrew Talbot, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. John Winston, Mrs. Georges Romanovsky, Mrs. Warner Bliss, Miss Jean Webster, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Marian Kergan, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Betty George, and Miss Helen Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. P. Howard, Jr., are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a daughter.

The Powys Lectures.

John Cowper Powys, author and philosopher, meets with a constantly growing attendance to his lectures, now in progress, both in San Francisco and Berkeley. Interest is manifest in all of the varied subjects, and the selection of "Edgar Lee Masters" as a topic for the Friday morning lecture at the Hotel Bellevue will be one that particularly meets with the appreciation of the devotees of this author. In the evening of the same day Powys will talk on "The Tragedy of the Negro."

To those interested in art, the lectures given by Powys at the California School of Fine Arts under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association are of particular appeal. "Spanish Art," under which general heading Powys will lecture on El Greco, Velasquez, Murillo, and Zuloaga, is to be the subject of the Tuesday lecture at 4 o'clock, September 20th.

"D'Annunzio" is the subject of the lecture to be given at Wheeler Hall Auditorium under the auspices of the Greek Theatre on Tuesday evening, September 20th.

Law School.

The San Francisco Law School, with well-arranged parlors in the Call Building, makes its thirteenth annual announcement of opening, Monday, September 12th. It is not the intention of the school to offer a course of instruction to prepare students in a brief time for admission to the bar. It is intended to furnish a thorough legal training, comprehending not only the principles of the law, but also the development of the reasoning powers of the student. The faculty of the school is composed of practicing attorneys of San Francisco who are well fitted for the work, and a thorough and careful treatment of the subjects taught is assured. A well-selected library is open to the students, and volumes are being added to it from time to time. The law library of the city in the City Hall and that of the San Francisco Bar Association are also open to students of the school.

Paul Elder Lectures.

A. L. Kroeher, professor of anthropology at the University of California, will deliver a course of eight lectures in the Paul Elder Gallery, Wednesday afternoons, at 3:30 o'clock, beginning September 21st, on "Psychoanalysis and Human Behavior." The series will form an outline of the unconscious emotional factors in human life as revealed by psychoanalysis, and their application in literature, education, character building, and the understanding of personalities. Dr. Kroeher is well known on the lecture platform and is a recognized authority on psychoanalysis. His lectures are under the direction of Paul Elder.

New York will have one theatre next season which patrons may enter, assured that no patriarchal jokes will be inflicted upon their ears. It will be a pantomime theatre, the first of its kind on Broadway. Mahel Normand, the promoter, announced the other day that she would go to Europe to study pantomime teaching methods in French and Russian ballet schools, and that the projected New York play house would first have programmes of short plays and later productions of standard modern and classic pantomimes.

One species of monkey, known as the Potos monkey, is very swift. Built somewhat like a greyhound, it can gallop at a speed of eighteen miles an hour, and outdistance a good pony.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will he found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Louis Parrott is en route to New York to see Mrs. Bert Simpson, who is arriving next week from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Anderton will sail for the United States from England October 8th.

Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee will return to New York October 1st.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and her children left yesterday for the Atlantic coast, where Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury, Jr., will enter Yale and Mr. Pillsbury will enter a preparatory school. Mrs. Pillsbury and little Miss Peggy will join Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., in Englewood, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali have returned on a visit in Montecito and Los Angeles. Mrs. George Boyd is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mer Newhall at Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. John McNear will return to San Francisco from the Russian River the first of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker will spend the winter in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell have gone to Honolulu for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cheschrough are traveling in the southern part of the state.

Miss Mary Eyre will return shortly from Monterey, where she has been spending the summer. Mrs. Charles Felton has taken a house in San Rafael and will spend the winter there.

Mrs. George Baker and Mrs. Dorothy Hartigan have returned to Burlingame from a trip through the south. Mrs. Baker is awaiting the return of Mr. and Mrs. Farmer Fuller, who recently arrived from New York from a trip around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and M. and Mme. de St. Cyr will take their departure for the latter River country next Tuesday.

Miss Barbara Kimble has postponed her trip to the Hawaiian Islands and will not sail until October 19th.

Mrs. Truxton Beale will leave shortly for Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rideout returned Thursday

from the Russian River, where they passed the summer.

Mme. Dominguez and M. Vicente Dominguez will arrive next month from London to visit Mrs. Daniel Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have returned to Burlingame, after a visit in Woodside with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eells, who have been traveling on the Continent, have gone to England, where they have joined Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson, who are making their home in that country.

Mrs. Frederick Kohl has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling at the St. Francis. With Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Kohl will leave for New York the first of the week.

Miss Isabelle Wheaton will return to Washington the last week in September to resume her studies.

Miss Alice Oge will leave shortly for Hollywood, where she will spend the winter.

Lady Edgerly-Korzybska has returned from a two months' visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Sneyd-Kynnersley and Miss Edith Sneyd-Kynnersley have returned from England and will be in San Francisco for an extended sojourn.

Miss Josephine Grant has been enjoying a brief visit in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham are leaving next week for New York. They will sail for Europe September 30th and expect to be away a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Browne, Jr., sailed today for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson and Mr. Baltzer Peterson have returned from a trip through the Canadian Rockies.

Captain and Mrs. Huntington Miner have sailed for Europe to enjoy a year of travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague will return next week from Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan and Mr. Harris Carrigan are camping in Mendocino County. They will return to San Francisco next week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Raymond have left for New York, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Gallagher sailed today for China, after a visit of several months in California.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens and Miss Josephine Ross are spending this week in Los Angeles.

Major and Mrs. Conrad Bahcock are expecting to return shortly to the United States to reside, the officer having applied to be relieved from his duties as military attaché at Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Honoré Palmer of Chicago and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Keith of Baltimore have returned to their homes, after a visit of several weeks on this Coast.

Count Jean de Limur is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker in Burlingame.

Mr. Hewitt Davenport has gone to Mexico to spend a fortnight.

Mrs. I. W. Hellman and her family will return early in October from San Leandro, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. Gordon Armsby, and Mr. Lawrence McCreery have gone to Webber Lake for a brief sojourn.

Miss Rosario Winston will shortly take her departure for the Orient to spend several months in travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Salishury Field are spending a few days in San Francisco from Santa Barbara.

Miss Mary Alice Moon of Salt Lake City is the guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Higgins.

Among those recently registered at the Hotel Oakland were Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Cadhy, Miss Georgiana Gadsby, Honolulu; Mr. M. N. Saxton, Sydney, Australia.

Hotel Whitcomb recent arrivals include Mr. G. B. Lewis, Atascadero; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Shaw, Cloverdale; Dr. and Mrs. John N. Chain, Eureka; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Sherwood, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. George B. Champlin, Red Bluff; Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Chetman, Los Angeles; Mr. Harold Hyland, Palo Alto; Mr. Alfred Holmead, Chicago; Mr. J. E. Ennis, Clyde, California; Mr. William A. Brinck, Winters; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kirschner, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. M. Scott Wise, Hilo, H. T.; Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Moriarty, Helena, Montana; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Grant, Sacramento; Mr. F. S. Wilson, Watsonville; Mr. H. W. Christy and family, Atascadero; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Bowen, Houston, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Schroeder, Los Angeles.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis include Mr. Charles S. Elms, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carey, Los Angeles; Mr. Don C. Aldridge, New York; Mrs. L. Vernon Briggs, Boston; Mr. Joseph C. Griswold, Fall City, Oregon; Mr. J. W. Staff, Chicago; Mr. E. P. Hickman, Kansas City; Mr. Fred C. Wright, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Huhn, Cincinnati; Mr. David Hill, Jr., Seattle; Mr. R. L. Van Zandt, Dallas, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Jules Aliciature, New Orleans; Mr. Ira F. Powers, Mr. Thomas Lennard, Portland; Mr. Stanley Lachman, Chattanooga, Tennessee; Mr. George D. Kenyon, Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Murray, New York; Mr. E. L. Carpenter, Minneapolis; Mr. Vaughn Knox, New York; Mr. Arthur Steinhart, Berlin, Germany; Dr. J. P. McDonald, Scranton, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. James Boyle, New York.

Whitcomb Bridge-Tea.

Hotel Whitcomb will give another of its bridge-teas on September 20th at 2:30 in the Sun Lounge. Devotees of bridge and those who would enjoy learning the fascinating game are cordially invited to attend. An experienced bridge player will be present to explain the intricacies of the game to novices. Tea service will be given after the playing. There is no admission or cover charge. Reservations are being made now.

The Romans are credited with introducing cabbage into England, and the soldiers of Cromwell carried it to Scotland and made it popular there, as they did also in Ireland, according to tradition.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Donkey.

When fish flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was horn;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

—G. K. Chesterton.

A Dead Harvest.

Along the graceless grass of town
They rake the rows of red and brown,—
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay
Delicate, touched with gold and grey,
Raked long ago and far away.

A narrow silence in the park
Between the lights a narrow dark.
One street rolls on the north; and one,
Muffled, upon the south doth run;
Amid the mist the work is done.

A futile crop! for it the fire
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.
So go the town's lives on the breeze,
Even as the sheddings of the trees;
Bosom nor harn is filled with these.

—Alice Meynell.

The Conquest of the Air.

With a thunder-driven heart
And the shimmer of new wings,
I, a worm that was upstart,
King of kings!

I have heard the singing stars,
I have watched the sunset die,
As I hurst the lucent hars
Of the sky.

Lo, the argosies of Spain,
As they plowed the naked hrine,
Found no heaven-girded main
Like to mine.

Soaring from the clinging sod,
First and foremost of my race,
I have met the host of God
Face to face:

Met the tempest and the gale
Where the white moon-riven cloud
Wrapped the splendor of my sail
In a shroud.

Where the ghost of winter fled
Swift I followed with the snow,
Like a silver arrow sped
From a bow.

I have trailed the summer south
Like a flash of harnished gold,
When she fled the hungry mouth
Of the cold.

I have dogged the ranging sun
Till the world became a scroll;
All the oceans, one by one,
Were my goal.

Other winged men may come,
Pierce the heavens, chart the sky,
Sound an echo to my drum
Ere I die.

I alone have seen the earth,
Age-old fetters swept aside,
In the glory of new birth—
Defied!

—Harold T. Pulsifer in "Mothers of Men."

Vilna, in Russia, is probably the only place in the world where geese are shod. The geese are made to walk first through tar and afterward through sand. Each goose is thus provided with a durable pair of hoots, and is enabled to make the long journey to the goose fair at Warsaw without getting sore feet or requiring the services of a chiropodist.

An adult sea lion has been known to eat forty-four salmon in a day.



THE GLAD TIDINGS! Another Bridge Tea

The Hotel Whitcomb announces the Fall Bridge Tea on Tuesday, September 20th, in the picturesque Sun Lounge. Come with three friends and enjoy the fascinating game and the afternoon's surprise.

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The Roerich Exhibit.

The exhibition of Nicolas Roerich's paintings which opened last Friday at the Palace of Fine Arts is one of unusual interest. San Franciscans are generally prone to think of primitive or impressionistic art in the terms of the Annex at the P. P. I. E. That gathering of—for the most part—ill drawn and worse painted pictures has left a bad taste in our mouths where anarchistic art is concerned. However, there are primitives and primitives. And Mr. Roerich, though a primitive and an impressionist, is neither a cubist nor a futurist. His paintings are marvels of beautiful color, and the severity and simplicity of his drawing and composition have the same fascination that these qualities have in the work of Puvis de Chavannes. A particularly interesting feature of Mr. Roerich's work and a distinct phase of his art is stage-setting design. He has created exquisite settings for several of Maeterlinck's plays. Among other notable stage settings are his designs for the Peer Gynt Suite. Some of these are on exhibit at the Fine Arts. Fascinating as they are in the painted design, the spectator should imagine them in three dimensions on the stage in order to enjoy their full charm.

Once while traveling on his yacht, with equipment especially designed for his experiments, the Prince of Monaco said he found a type of deep-sea crab which lived on the bottom and was unable to swim.

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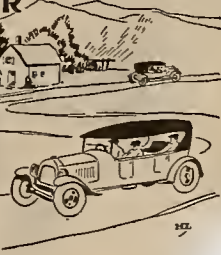
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

First Little Girl—What's your last name, Annie? Second Little Girl—Don't know yet; I aint married.—Columbio (S. C.) Stote.

North—I certainly held some wonderful

poker hands last night. West—Win much? North—No; we were playing cribbage.—Life.

"The new cook says she wants to be treated as one of the family." "Good. Then we can tell her what we think of her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Most peculiar kid, this oldest hoy of mine; absolutely no sense of humor." "Say, bring him out to the country club. We need caddies like that."—Judge.

"Did you ever see a movie star without some kind of silly affectation?" "Only one." "Man, woman, or child?" "Neither. A dog."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Can you refer me to any one for whom you have worked before?" "Well, mum, I cooked for you a couple of days last winter."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Lay down, pup. Lay down. That's a good doggie. Lay down, I tell you." "Mister, you'll have to say, 'Lie down,' he's a Boston terrier."—Nashville Tennessean.

"He is accused of using money in his political campaign." "Nonsense," answered Senator Sorghum, scornfully; "he didn't use money; he just wasted it."—Washington Star.

Mrs. B (hearing a clash and jangle from the kitchen)—Goodness! What was that noise? Mrs. D—Oh, that's Mary. Promptly at 8 she stops work and then she drops everything.—Boston Globe.

"She comes of a good old family, I believe?" "Yes, very! An ancestor of hers was beheaded in the Tower during the reign of the fourth Edward!" "How perfectly lovely!"—Detroit Journal.

"You say your husband has disappeared?" "Yes! Yes! I can not locate him any place!" "Well, a man answering his descrip-

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tion boarded an early train this morning, and—" "Boarded an early train, you say?" "Yes, ma'am." "Then it was not my husband."—Judge.

"Just before Badmun was sent to prison he bought a set of hooks, to be paid for in installments." "What did he do that for?" "He said it would make the time seem shorter."—Chicago Tribune.

Skeptic—If you have such an infallible remedy for baldness, why don't you use it? Subtle Barber (very bald)—Ah, sir, I sacrifice my appearance to bring 'ome to clients the 'error of 'airlessness.—Punch.

"How was the barbecue?" "Very enjoyable, I believe." "Yes." "The master of ceremonies pointed mysteriously to a nearby thicket and forty men were injured in the rush."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Willie (crying)—Mamma—hoo-hoo! Joe hit me with a great big brick! Boo-hoo! Mamma—And what did you do to him, dear? Willie—I hit him gently with that same little brick he threw at me.—Toledo Blade.

"What did you do with that man you caught dealing from the bottom of the deck?" "We paid his transportation to Gravel Forks. That crowd over there is so crooked that they need comin' up with."—Washington Star.

First Doctor—What makes you think the patient will die if we don't perform the operation? Second Doctor—That isn't the point. This is a new disease, and if he should live without the operation it would establish a precedent.—Life.

Lady—Well, what do you want? Tramp—Laddy, believe me, I'm no ordinary heggar. I was at the front.—Lady (with interest)—Really.—Tramp—Yes, ma'am; but I couldn't make anybody hear, so I came round to the back.—Punch.

The Favorite Uncle (meeting with a very cool reception)—I say, young lady, you evidently don't love me as you used to. The Young Lady—To tell you the truth, the Prince of Wales has absolutely spoiled me for other men.—London Opinion.

"I'll have to leave your service, sir," said the chauffeur to the trust magnate. "I'm sorry to hear that, John. Why?" "Every time I drive you out, sir, I hear people say: 'There goes the scoundrel,' and I don't know which of us they mean."—Philadelphia Times.

"You discharged your office hoy?" "Yes," said Dr. Duhwaite. "He never did anything but stand around and look wise." "I guess you've seen the last of him." "I don't know about that. He may turn up here some day as an efficiency expert."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Have you any employees who really take an interest in your business?" "One," said Mr. Duhwaite. "He's in a responsible position, I presume?" "No, he's my office hoy. That youngster is so smart and industrious I feel like apologizing to him every time he catches me with my feet propped on my desk and nothing on my mind but a game of golf."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Deaf and Dumb Beggar (at unexpectedly receiving sixpence)—Oh, thankee, sir! Be-

nevolent Posser—Eb? What does this mean, sir? You can talk. Deaf and Dumb Beggar (in confusion)—Y-e-s, sir. Ye see, sir, I'm only mindin' this corner for the poor dun and deaf man wot belongs here. Benevolent Posser (quickly)—Where is he? Deaf and Dumb Beggar (in worse confusion)—He gone to th' park t' hear the music.—London Tit-Bits.

Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Bulgarians.

A play by Mr. Bernard Shaw entitled "Heroes"—evidently "Arms and the Man"—has given profound offense to Bulgarian students who witnessed a performance at the Schönbrunn Castle Theatre in Vienna. The manager, who had been informed in advance of the hostile intentions of the Bulgarian members of the audience, made a speech before the play began, explaining that neither the author nor the theatre intended to offend the Bulgarians, and suggesting that the audience might regard Bulgaria in the play as an indefinite locality, like Shakespeare's Ilyria.

The first act was not over, however, before an infuriated Bulgarian sprang up, shouting "Disgrace! We can not endure this scandal!" and began an impassioned address to the audience. The police removed a number of persons, but there were similar interruptions during the second act, and even some scuffles between the Bulgarians and the Viennese, who have always been fond of Mr. Shaw's plays and evidently wanted to see them.

The play was later withdrawn from the stage, and it is not likely to be given again. Not only did the Bulgarian students threaten to break up every performance by violence, but the Bulgarian legation made diplomatic representations.

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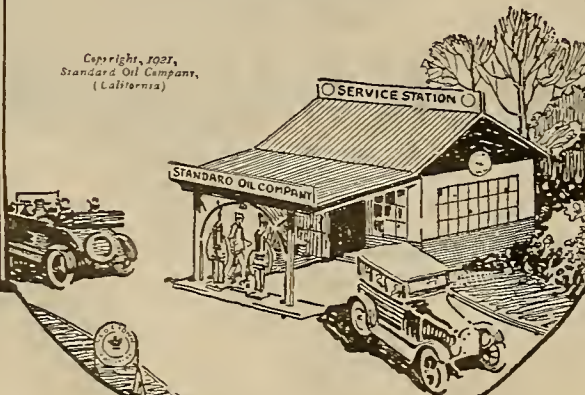
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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2322. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1921. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Fifth Year

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Legion—Asset or Liability.

When we are told that President Harding was guilty of bad politics in resisting the soldiers' bonus we venture strongly to dissent. As a matter of fact the President was not doing politics at all, and that is the best of all politics. He was speaking as an honest man who is indifferent to personal results, and that, too, is the best of all politics. One day we shall awake to the patent fact that the electorate at large are inexpressibly sick of the bucket of worms known as politicians and their politics, and that they will welcome any chance to exterminate them. It is the conviction of the *Argonaut* that every time the President does bad politics he is applauded by the nation.

But the President is evidently impenitent, for he has "done it again." Speaking to a meeting of war veterans at Atlantic City, he said that the wounded or disabled soldier would receive all the help that he could give to him, "but I am not so much concerned with those who came out of the war unimpaired. They have the compensation of supreme service and experience."

This is exactly what ought to be said, what ought to have been said some time ago. It is being said privately by large numbers of Legion men who are gravely disquieted by the fact that their organization is being steered into a position that is far from admirable, and that is widely at variance from the honorable ambitions with which it was launched. The men

who went into the army were summoned to the performance of an enviable duty, and they did that duty finely. But it was a duty that all red-blooded men covet for themselves. It was a duty that brought its equal benefaction to those who rendered it and to those for whom it was rendered. They were peculiarly fortunate that their age and health permitted them thus to serve a world cause, their own nation, and themselves. Those who were wounded or disabled are in the nation's debt to such an extent as their individual needs may demand. But those who came home uninjured have received their compensation. The account ought to be closed. Morally it is closed.

Large numbers of Legion men, as has been said, are seriously concerned at the situation into which their organization has been forced. It is far from being what they foresaw when they were told that the Legion would provide a model of good citizenship and Americanism that would arouse the whole people to a new sense of their responsibilities and obligations, that it would end the day of minority rule that has resulted from the inertia of majorities, that it would remedy wrongs, redress grievances, and inaugurate a cleaner and better public life. Has it done any of these things? Has it even tried to do any of them? Some individuals have tried, without a doubt. We have seen such efforts here in California, but it must be admitted regretfully that the Legion as a whole has been a disappointment to its own better elements and to the people at large. If it has not actually forgotten its early ideals, it has allowed them to sink into the background. The man in the street is beginning to associate the name of the Legion with demands for incalculable sums of money, with protests when those sums are denied or delayed, and even with suggested threats of political vengeance in the event of disappointment. We believed that we had a political asset of enormous value in the Legion. We believe it still. But it is useless to evade the fact that the Legion is beginning to disguise itself as a liability, and one of a most formidable kind.

The Legion promised to help in the work of good government. It is now in a fair way to hinder by the solicitations and remonstrances that it is directing toward Congress. It is beginning to find a place with those selfish organizations known as blocs that are among the most dangerous political symptoms of the day. There are agricultural blocs, labor-union blocs, tariff blocs, and many others, all of them intent on securing some advantage for themselves at the cost of the nation as a whole and in complete contempt of national interests. They pursue their ends by persistence, by combinations among themselves, by coercion, and in a dozen other ways, most of them illegitimate. The moral strength of Congress is not great, and it is easier to surrender to these interests than to resist them. But the result is misgovernment of the crudest kind, domination by selfish minorities, the nullification of the democratic principle, and grievous injustice to the masses of the people who are not organized nor truly represented, and who are hardly aware of what is on foot to their detriment until it has been stealthily accomplished. The Legion by its demands for money is being pushed into this unsavory company. It will soon be recognized at Washington as one of those "special interests" with whom the demand and the threat go hand in hand, and who are unconcerned with anything whatsoever except the voting of money into their own pockets.

The character of the individual members of the Legion has not changed since those days when they consecrated themselves in France to a new war against those insidious political evils to which distance had perhaps given a truer perspective. The men are the same now as they were then. But organizations have a certain tendency to be swayed by the will of a few, to succumb to the resolute intelligence of small minorities,

to the spell of eloquence and personal magnetism. They are easily led into courses wholly foreign to the preponderating character of their members. It has been so with the Legion. As an organization it has assumed characteristics that are not the characteristics of its members, that most of its members would disavow.

The nation can not afford to pay the bonus that has been demanded, but there is something else that it can still less afford. It can not afford to surrender the hopes that were inspired by the Legion, inspired by some millions of young men who had acquired a new vision, a new wisdom, and who were resolved to throw the whole weight of their splendid and new-born energies into the work of establishing a political righteousness that is, after all, the only wealth that any nation can truly possess.

A German Secret.

The recent meeting in New York under the auspices of Columbia University of three thousand American chemists may serve as a reminder that the production of dyestuffs is a matter of import to the whole nation and that it has a real relation, not only to the economic independence of America, but to the gravest issues of peace and war. And here we may usefully remember that if the nations of the world ever come actually to grips with the practical problems of disarmament it will not be only with ships and guns that they must deal. The chemist is today the most important of all munition makers. From him come the secrets of the poison gases, and if there is to be no limitation of armaments here we shall not have much cause for congratulation. It was the German chemist who discovered the secret of manufacturing nitrogen products from the nitrogen of the air and so gave to his country an inexhaustible supply of explosives. Without that secret Germany could never have waged her war. Without that secret she could never have swallowed the dye trade of the world. All other countries were compelled to buy and import their nitrates from foreign countries, notably from Chile. Germany was independent. She drew her nitrates from the air. And having thus a practical monopoly of so many chemical products—and they included some indispensable drugs—she was able to make threats of the most formidable kind. The German ambassador, for example, cabled to his government that four million workmen in America were dependent on German chemical products. It was substantially true.

But it will be true no longer in view of the fact that American chemists have discovered the German secret, and that we are no longer dependent upon Chile or upon any other country for our supply of nitrates. We can make our own explosives and we can make our own dyes without danger of any possible interruption of the supply as a result of war, and what that means to our policies on the Pacific Ocean need not be outlined. It is a momentous discovery.

But the American chemist must be protected. There are many details of manufacture to be perfected, and the new industries can not find their feet as they should do if they must fight their way against importations from Germany with her vast mechanisms and her low wages. The *Argonaut* is not among those who clamor for import duties in order that inferior products of home manufacture may supersede superior products of foreign industry, nor that undue profits may accrue to individuals. But this is not a case of protection as that word is usually understood. It is a question of national defense. Germany was able to fill her war chest largely as a result of her chemical monopoly. She was able to place the whole world under tribute. She was able to make herself almost invincible in war. She was fully entitled to do these things, but she can do no more—at least not in the old way. But if as a nation we are to reap the full fruits of this great chemist

discovery it ought to be freed in its early stages from the embarrassments of competition. We ought to accede to the moderate resolution passed by the American Chemical Society that "we urge upon Congress the necessity of including in the permanent tariff bill a selective embargo for a limited period against importations of synthetic organic chemicals; and we express the confident hope that, in view of the important bearing of such action on economic development and on national defense, our representatives, regardless of political affiliations, will support this legislation."

Judge Landis as Labor Arbitrator.

When the building trades unions of Chicago agreed to accept Judge Landis as arbitrator in their dispute with the builders they thought they had made a wise choice. For had not Judge Landis done all sorts of eccentric things to prove that he was a genuine, simon-pure friend of the people? Almost the last item on his record was an act of extraordinary leniency to a bank clerk charged with robbing his employers. Moreover, Judge Landis was a national authority on baseball and had barely escaped impeachment for accepting high remuneration as an umpire while in receipt of a relatively beggarly salary as a judge. What more could one wish for in a labor arbitrator?

But Judge Landis has proved a sad disappointment. His award is against the labor unions upon nearly every count. Eighteen crafts, skilled and unskilled, must accept a reduction of wages of from 10 to 33 per cent. Moreover, the unions are warned that they must discontinue various practices intended to diminish production. There must be no regulation of the speed with which a man works, and there must be no wasteful prohibitions demanding the employment of half a dozen men on a one-man job.

Now the question of wages is wholly distinct from that of the diminution of production. There will always be sympathy for the man who wants more wages. We all want more wages. If the present scale can not be continued—and of course it can not—it is not because employers want undue profits nor because of any disposition to grind down the workman to the level of his actual necessities. Wages are not fixed by individuals. They are fixed by economic law, and the basis of that law is the total wealth that a nation produces. When wages reach a certain point they must either be reduced or production must cease. But there is no disposition to blame the workman for trying to sell his labor in the highest market. We are all doing the same thing with our respective commodities. We all drive hard bargains. It may be necessary to resist the demand for high wages. It is necessary now. But we all recognize the universal disposition to get all that we can, and beyond a certain irritation where the demands are unreasonable there is no resentment against workmen who try to keep their wages as high as possible. We all do it in one form or another.

But the limitation of production is quite another matter. So is the insistence that several men shall be employed to do a job that one man can do much better. So is the campaign, often successful, against new machinery such as the house-painting machine. In all of these restrictions we find, not a concession to human nature, but an affront to human nature. To work well and quickly is an instinct with all decent human beings. It is the mainspring of human evolution. The man who deliberately curtails his efforts below his normal capacity has degraded himself. So has the man who does work inferior to his best. If we were less blinded by an insensate avarice we should see how shameful these things are, shameful in the individual and much more shameful when they become the avowed policies of organizations. No organization can maintain itself in defiance of the moral law, and the moral law is very definitely involved here. Any man who takes pay for the performance of work, whether it be that of a hod-carrier or of a bank president, has pledged himself by implication to do that work as well and as quickly as he can. If he fail in that obligation he is a thief. And this is so axiomatic that argument is superfluous.

Judge Landis gives the labor unions who invited his arbitration some salutary advice. He knows that they will destroy themselves by their policy of limiting production, that they will alienate public sympathy that is usually tolerant to the man who wants more money, but that always repudiates dishonesty and immorality. There must be some derelicts among us who believe that labor unionism can be destroyed, but they are few and far

between. But labor unionism can destroy itself, and of all the ways in which it can do this the speediest and the most effective is the limitation of production.

Economy or Disaster.

Amid the more sensational interests of conferences, treaties, and wars we are likely to overlook what may be called the central feature of the Harding policies, a feature, it may be said, of more emergent national importance than any other that is now engaging the attention of the President. Unless it shall be possible to reduce the costs of government, to stem the flood of wasteful expenditures that are now becoming the regular order of the day, we shall find ourselves confronted with a crisis that may easily become a catastrophe.

President Harding is addressing himself to his task with skill and tenacity. If he receives the support that he deserves from Congress and the nation all may yet be well. But if his plans are frustrated, if he is worsted by those who find it profitable to clamor for grants and subsidies, then we shall have to face the radical question as to the proper functions of government. And the results may be of a more radical nature than we wish to contemplate.

It is commonly said that American taxes are much lower than European. It may be gravely doubted if this is true. As a matter of fact we do not know to what extent we are taxed. The average citizen has no idea of the amounts that are drawn from his pocket by indirect taxation. He applauds the ruinous imposts upon corporations, upon capital, and upon wealth in ignorance that he himself pays most of those imposts. If it were possible to measure the cost in taxes of the city, county, state, and Federal governments the results would be staggering. Compared with the costs of government ten years ago they become menacing.

Nearly a million and a half of people are now employed by the Federal government, and a very large number of these are used for inquisitorial purposes that are unnecessary and mischievous. They include civil servants of all sorts, many of them beyond the jurisdiction of the civil service commission. Add to these the number of city, county, and state officials, and the result is almost unbelievable. Only recently we have been compelled to realize the extent to which state expenditures have grown, and we may doubt if there has been any real effort to curtail them. The city tax rate tells its own story of swollen expenditures. Then we must consider the pension roll, which gives partial or entire support to many thousands, and to this must be added the beneficiaries of war risk insurance. During the present fiscal year we are to spend some \$468,000,000 through the Veterans' Bureau in war risk insurance, rehabilitation, vocational training, and medical and hospital relief. Not until 1913 did the total expenditure of the government in one peace year exceed one billion dollars. In other words we are to spend in veterans' relief during the present fiscal year about double of the total cost of the Federal government in 1910. And the bonus still impends. States and municipalities are hurrying to the same end. If we were to order a mass meeting of all the officials and employees of San Francisco the result might startle some of us out of our equanimities.

An example of the mental obscurities that plague our lawgivers is to be found in the recent demand of Senator Capper for a law to prevent the investment of capital in tax-free securities. It does not occur to Senator Capper that the proper remedy is to stop the issue of tax-free securities. Capital being diverted by high taxes to these tax-free securities is necessarily withdrawn from productive enterprises. Unemployment is the direct consequence. Then comes another demand for a fresh folly to cure the follies already committed. The nation, the states, the counties, and the cities must plunge forthwith into a mighty programme of public work construction in order to employ the unemployed. And when we ask how all this is to be paid for we are told that there must be new issues of bonds. And so we go around the vicious circle, forever making new blunders to compensate for the old ones.

The remedy is of course clear enough, but that does not necessarily mean that we have enough political intelligence to adopt it. The remedy is to stop the growth of paternalism, to discourage the conviction that it is the duty of the government to supervise the life of the individual, to regulate his morals, to restrain his appetite, to hamper his activities, and to come to his financial relief at times of stress. We must renounce

the theory that rich men are bad men and must be punished. We must go back to the fundamentals of government and to a realization that government is not, and never can be, an earthly providence, and that its chief function in domestic matters is to protect the citizen in such of his relations where he can not protect himself. It may be that we have reached the crest of the pernicious paternalism under which we have been suffering. At least it is now possible to sound a warning note without the charge of reactionary tendencies. Representative Knight of Ohio sounded such a note when he said in Congress:

To make war with the destroying weapon of taxation upon all great property possessions because some of them have been accumulated dishonestly and used offensively and unwisely would be as unsound as it would be to assume that because a man had his pockets picked once all men are pickpockets. The possession of property is in itself no more a sign of depravity than is its absence a sure mark of virtue, and any effort to imbue the public mind with any such false idea is injurious and pernicious.

Even more unsound is the theory that high taxation is a good thing. Those who know anything of economics must realize that exactly the reverse of this proposition is true. Taxation saps the resources of a nation and does not create anything that adds to its happiness or wealth. It breeds and sustains governmental activities, with their attendant train of officers and officials, which add nothing of value to the public welfare. Taxes create no great enterprises which add to the wealth of a country nor to the happiness and well-being of its people. But they do call into existence bureaus, boards, and commissions, with their attendant shoals of useless officials. They promote, not the welfare of the people, not wealth nor happiness, but pap suckers and hangers-on who are leeches upon the body politic, reaping of the people's substance where they have not sown. Through such a system nations die, and the highways of history are strewn thickly with the bleaching bones of dead nations that have disregarded this fundamental fact. Yet notwithstanding this plain teaching of history, we are disregarding the lesson and with accelerating steps are treading the same road that has so often led to doom.

The war is not responsible for this false and fatal idea in government. Long before the war there was a nation-wide propaganda for high taxation. It sought to impress the masses with the idea that the rich were not carrying their share of the tax burden, and such is human nature that, in the vain delusion that the rich would be punished while they would escape, they authorized these new burdens of taxation. They did not understand that they were going to be hoist by their own petard. But such was the case—and always will be when a people adopt high taxation as a method of punishment.

If under the inspiration of the President these ideas shall presently prevail we may be able to find our way out of the bog of squalid extravagance into which we have stumbled. But if not—!

Willing to Work?

This imitation slave market in Boston is a bad business, a repulsive business. One wonders why it is that we are so prolific in crazy creatures always ready and eager for spectacular hysterics that would seem exaggerated if they were found in a lunacy report. To strip men naked to the waist and to offer them for public sale degrades its victims and it degrades its spectators. It is a permanent corruption to all who share in it. To what a pass are we brought that in our mania for prohibition there is no prohibition for such a scandal as this. Small wonder that there should be no "buyers" for these "slaves." Who would wish to employ any man who had so far lost his self-respect as to expose himself half naked and for sale?

For those who are unemployed through no fault of their own there can hardly be too much sympathy nor too ready an aid. But a knowledge of human nature leads to the unwilling conviction that these are not so numerous as has been represented. How many of the six million persons supposed now to be out of work are actually unemployable? How many have made reservations as to the sort of work and the amount of pay that they will accept? How many have actually helped to produce the present condition by wanton strikes that have paralyzed industry? For example, how many men are there in San Francisco who are now out of work because they joined in the building strike after agreeing to abide by the award of the arbitrators whom they helped to select, and who thereby plunged the city into the housing miseries from which it has not yet escaped? We have passed through a veritable orgy of strikes during the last few years, and these, joined with the penalizing of capital, have contributed no small quota to the volume of unemployment. It must, of course, be relieved, but its causes are so obvious that sympathy must be substantially tempered.

The New York Tribune has just made an investigation into the extent of compulsory unemployment, and

with some suggestive results. A *Tribune* reporter set out in search of a job, first of what he called a "blue flannel shirt" job, and then of a "white collar" job. His plan of campaign was a simple one. He went to the places where large numbers of men are employed and asked right and left for what he wanted. Three jobs with good pay were offered to him in the course of six hours, and this in a city from which some of the most melancholy reports have emanated. The second day he devoted to what he called the "white collar" jobs, but he found that this was by no means so easy. The laborer need make no particular showing in the way of raiment, nor is he asked for credentials, letters of reference, nor whether he smokes cigarettes or beats his wife. The employer is satisfied with a question or so as to capacity and a rapid glance of appraisal. But the man who wants the "white collar" job must submit to a scrutiny that allows nothing to escape. He must give details of his career and of his previous states of servitude, he must produce letters of recommendation, he must fill up application forms, and he must prove that he is entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless moral life. And if there is any responsibility attaching to the position he will probably have to furnish a bond. And when he has done all these things satisfactorily he will probably find that his pay will be less than that of the laborer.

None the less the *Tribune* reporter managed to secure two "white collar" jobs in the course of eight hours, with the offer of a third that seemed good, but that was on a commission basis. But the pay was only about \$18 a week, which was considerably less than he had been offered on the previous day for his work as a laborer. By way of summary the *Tribune* reporter tells us that "there are jobs of many descriptions still to be had in New York for the man who will hunt for them instead of bemoaning his unemployment from some seat of lassitude in the public parks."

War and the Great Mosque.

The sympathies of the average American are not strongly enlisted upon either side in the struggle between the Greeks and the Turks. Turkey has an unsavory reputation acquired during centuries of cruelty toward her Christian peoples, and, moreover, she was an ally of Germany. But then Greece, so far as her recent political record is concerned, is not so very much better. In the vigorous but inelegant language of Holy Writ she has just returned to her vomit in the shape of King Constantine, who also was pro-German and a very contemptible sort of person into the bargain. To the casual observer it seems a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other.

But the intelligent student of affairs will not look upon it in quite that way. If Turkey wins the war, then Constantinople remains in her possession. But if Greece is the victor, King Constantine will be crowned as the Emperor of Byzantium, and Greece will be stirred to her depths by what she regards as the fulfillment of ancient prophecy. The great church of St. Sophia is in Constantinople, but it is now a Mohammedan mosque. In sanctity it is second only to Jerusalem. St. Sophia once more in Christian hands will mightily stir the heart of the Greek faith throughout eastern Europe. Such an event would be regarded as almost worth the cost of the great war. We may wonder at such a sentiment as this, vastly more powerful than even the love of money, but it has to be reckoned with.

And here lie the foundations for a very pretty quarrel. For France is on the side of the Turks, and Great Britain is on the side of the Greeks, and both France and Great Britain are actuated by what, for want of a better term, may be called religious motives. Turkey, for financial and other reasons, has always been more or less under the thumb of France. Constantinople in the continued possession of Turkey will practically be under the control of France, who will then be virtually the custodian of St. Sophia. Now France has recently gone a long way to reconcile herself with the Vatican. She has sent an ambassador to Rome and she has received a nuncio from Rome. It is true that the French Senate has refused to ratify these proceedings and the French people have still to be heard from in the matter, but in the meantime the exchange of representatives has been effected, perhaps illegally. Now just as a Turkish control of St. Sophia means a French control, so a French control means a Vatican control. Already the Vatican has filed its claim to St. Sophia which, so it is hoped, would give it a certain dominance over the

great Greek world throughout the East. Also it would serve as a balance to the British occupation of Jerusalem. The same facts explain the sympathy felt by Great Britain for the cause of Greece. Great Britain does not wish to see an extension of the Vatican influence throughout eastern Europe, and for this reason she is willing to swallow some of her resentments against King Constantine.

The same facts will serve as a clue to many of the rather mysterious sympathies and antipathies that are apparent in European policies. They explain the championship of Poland by France and the relative lukewarmness of Great Britain in the same cause. They explain the hostility between Protestant Prussia and Catholic Bavaria. Here in America we may find it a little hard to believe that there can be any causes for national hates except territorial and economic greeds, but the whole of history shows us that religion is far more powerful than these as a factor in international affairs. As a matter of fact we are now seeing something like a religious alignment in Europe, and it will be found to unlock a good many doors.

Editorial Notes.

The authorities certainly did not cover themselves with glory in the matter of the convict Gardner. If so resourceful a criminal should again fall into their hands perhaps they will see to it that something more substantial than a few strands of wire is interposed between him and liberty. There might also be some discouragement in such cases of the daily grist of childish stories and assurances of certain and immediate capture served out to an amused and somewhat indignant public. The spectacle of a desperate criminal behind a wire fence and duly supplied with wire cutters seems to suggest the propriety of silence rather than loquacity.

Russia, we are often told by our near-Bolshevists, has a right to any form of government that she wishes and it is evident that she wishes to have a Communist government, seeing that a few hundred or thousand Bolshevik officials could not possibly dominate a great nation against its will. Whether a nation actually has a right to any form of government that it pleases is a highly disputable point and likely to become more so as the quackery of self-determination fades into the background. But that a great nation can easily be dominated against its will by a few determined men may almost be said to be proved by daily observation. Here, for example, is a report of a crime clipped almost at random from a New York newspaper: "Forty Robbed of \$5000 in Crap Game Hold-Up. Five Masked and Armed Men Get \$1500 in Cash and Strip Victims of Valuables as Scores Look On." Here we have four men against forty, without counting the scores who looked on. Raise these figures to national dimensions and we have something like the situation in Russia.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Alien Poll Tax Law.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 15, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The importance of the State Supreme Court decision bearing on the alien poll tax law, which was enacted upon the initiative petition carried by a vote of 648,483 to 222,086, is a check upon thoughtless legislation by the people at large and its scope is greater than expected. This decision establishes the fact that public vote can not annul fundamental laws. It destroys the right of the people to override municipal charters by popular vote, the proper proceeding being first to amend such charters; until this is accomplished the charter provisions remain in force. What effect this decision has on taxation is a matter of conjecture. I simply call your attention to this matter, hoping that through your columns it may be publicly and openly discussed. Very respectfully, LEMICE TERRIEUX, JR.

Disarmament.

NAVAL WAR COLLEGE.

NEWPORT, R. I., September 14, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your editorial comment upon the "Disarmament Conference" was admirable. Disarmament is futile for the same reason that all nostrums are futile: it ignores the deep-seated causes and attempts to treat external and extraneous manifestations of a disease. The problem is not a material one, but a moral one, and we will begin to see an end of war when individuals are willing to face facts and to sacrifice to that end. Mere mechanical remedies are futile. But those of your paragraphs which dealt with our navy are particularly to be commended because an intelligent appreciation of the real, and not of the apparent, problems is a *rara avis* in any non-technical magazine. To find such a journal quoting Ardant du Picq is a red-letter day in our military history. This sounds extravagant, but such is my judgment in a field that is my specialty. The factors which you stressed as being lacking and necessary to a proper navy—shore establishments, a balanced fleet, public support, and a high morale—tell about the whole tale. Personally I believe that the personnel factor needs emphasizing also, and I think that I can add to your explanation of public indifference a corollary explanation of why our fleet is not balanced, but is lacking in necessary and vital types: Mr. Joseph Daniels when Secretary of the Navy, although a pacifist, was a politician, and when a big navy was de-

manded he concentrated upon battleships to the exclusion of other types because they, more than any other type, represented to an indifferent and unthinking public a powerful navy. They made a more dramatic appeal; they were better "copy"; they had greater "news value." It sounded as though we had a powerful navy because, loosely, navies are measured in capital ships—the auxiliary types in proper proportion being, of course, assumed; in reality it was only an expensive and a weak one. For the same reason he opposed adequate personnel, because men cost money and do not show in the tables of strength. *Morale* also is not measured in tonnage or in calibres or in any tangible way.

Mahan says: "Men fight; not ships." Laur says: "A fleet can not be improvised." The American public ought to be made familiar with these vital truths.

I consider your paper an *Argonaut* in more senses than one. J. M. SCAMMELL.

Grandiose Projects.

OAKLAND, September 10, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I am taking the liberty of enclosing a copy of the *Key System News*, containing comment upon the proposed bridge and tunnel across the bay, which may be of interest to you. Recently the *Argonaut* had a very timely and convincing editorial on this subject showing the absurdity, if not the absolute futility, of the whole "B-B" project, with which I agree. Memory will readily recall various other grandiose and fantastic projects which so far have failed to materialize, having to do with this locality, such as the bridge across the Golden Gate; the Union Terminal on Goat Island (sponsored by Admiral Jayne, and most sensibly so); the Alameda Naval Base; the wonderful system of docks and piers along the west Oakland water-front which was to attract and capture the deep-sea steamship lines and maritime traffic of the Orient, to the possible (?) disadvantage of San Francisco; the bridge, or tunnel, between Oakland and Alameda to supersede the present communication, still hanging fire for, lo, these many years past; all very nice, no doubt, but still in prospective. London and Paris enjoy regular and safe air passenger service. Can not San Francisco and Oakland solve their transportation problem, measurably at least, in this way, over a much less distance and in much less time than at present? E. S. CLAUSSEN.

An Open Letter to the Secretary of State.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 18, 1921.
Hon. Charles Evans Hughes,
Washington, D. C.—
SIR: 1. In November, 1901, John Hay, at that time Secretary of State, negotiated a treaty with Great Britain known as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.
2. Section 1 of Article III of said Hay-Pauncefote treaty provides: "The Canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise."
3. In November, 1903, said John Hay negotiated a treaty with the Republic of Panama known as the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty.
4. Article XVIII of said Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty provides: "The Canal, when constructed, and the entrances thereto shall be neutral in perpetuity, and shall be opened upon the terms provided for by Section 1 of Article III of, and in conformity with all the stipulations of, the treaty entered into by the governments of the United States and Great Britain on November 18, 1901."
5. The Canal referred to in both said treaties is the Panama Canal, constructed by the United States and opened in 1913.
6. Analysis of the wording of Article XVIII of said Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty clearly demonstrates that Panama shares equality with the United States in any interpretation of Section 1, Article III, of said Hay-Pauncefote treaty.
7. Notwithstanding this demonstrated and well-known fact, Senator Borah of Idaho has introduced a bill which arbitrarily seeks to place an *ex parte* interpretation of said Section 1, Article III, of said Hay-Pauncefote treaty upon the statute books of the United States, ignoring entirely the equality of interpretation right conferred upon the Republic of Panama by the said Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty.
8. The bill introduced by Senator Borah therefore constitutes an invasion of the treaty rights of the Republic of Panama and an invasion of the United States executive field by the legislative power.
9. For these two reasons, therefore, the bill introduced by Senator Borah is unconstitutional.
The writer, therefore, respectfully requests that you will transmit these facts to the presiding officer of the Senate in order that the honorable senators may be reminded of them at the time of the consideration of, and the vote upon, said bill introduced by Senator Borah scheduled for October 10, 1921.

The Administration has issued an invitation to certain of the nations to participate in a conference aiming at curtailment of war preparations. The world would brand the United States a nation of hypocrites if the Senate should pass at this time such an unjust and provocative bill as the one introduced by Senator Borah of Idaho.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Very respectfully yours,
EDWARD THOMPSON,
Formerly of Empire, Canal Zone.

In Switzerland they are learning to treat men out of work as if they were suffering from a disease. It is found that a man out of work is likely to get the habit. When a man begins to dodge and avoid employment or shirk his normal tasks he is infected with the germ of sloth. He has an ailment or disease that threatens to become chronic. So the authorities step in, much as a doctor would. They diagnose the case, study the symptoms, and endeavor to place the man in some employment where his capacities can be of service to himself and his fellows. The germ of laziness is stunted with an axe and the patient is given a treatment in industry and thrift. A paternal government is not to be highly commended, but a country which could provide that all citizens should work—and at tasks to which they were best fitted—would never have to worry much about its future. Why not vaccinate against idleness?

The Congress has twice censured the President of the United States—Jackson in 1834 and Tyler in 1843.

Unvaccinated persons are not permitted to enter in Norway.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE TARIFF CAN WAIT.

(New York Tribune.)

We have now an emergency tariff, passed to protect those classes of domestic producers who had suffered most from post-war adjustments and who feared the effect of increased importations. That measure was admittedly a stop-gap, and justifiable as such. But the task of fixing rates which are to outlast the present dislocation of markets and exchanges would represent a leap in the dark.

Our economic position has been vastly altered by the war. We have become largely an exporting and creditor nation. We do not know what sort of tariff we may need five years hence, or even three years hence. Premature revision all along the line might be disastrous, economically and politically. The country is not clamoring for a new permanent tariff, but for relief from ill-adjusted internal taxation. The Fordney revision can wait.

THE ERZBERGER MURDER.

(Sozialistische Korrespondenz.)

Let there be no mistake. The truth is out. Every German worker knows today unmistakably that the hangman handiwork of the world war are the greatest scoundrels in the history of Germany, and that they are planning systematically to kill off those who are left among the leaders of the parties which wish to build up Germany. They are next. Make no mistake. The consequences of the Erzberger murder will be catastrophic for Germany.

THE TERRORS OF PEACE.

(Columbia (S. C.) Record.)

We don't know whether the experts are right or not about the ruinous results of another war, but we don't believe we could survive another armistice.

CLASS LEGISLATION.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

During the four and a half months just ended practically every constructive act passed by Congress was in the interest of the farmers. Here is a list of the more important bills passed:

1. The Emergency Tariff, exclusively designed to protect against foreign competition in farm products.
2. The Export Trade Bill, authorizing the government to loan up to \$1,000,000,000 to aid in financing the export of farm products.
3. The bill to control the packing industry of the country.
4. A bill known as the Grain Exchange Law, instituting a similar control to that over the packers to boards of trade and other grain marketing agencies.
5. A law increasing the capital of the Federal Land Banks by \$45,000,000.
6. The Townsend Bill, appropriating \$75,000,000 for good roads.

This is a pretty good record for the passage of legislation designed to help one class of citizens.

PAY AS YOU GO.

(Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.)

If the world will resolve not to have another war until the recent one is paid for everlasting peace will be assured.

WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

(New York Times.)

Not enough of importance has been ascribed to the fact, vouched for by Mr. Marconi, that "V" is the letter which the Martians are telegraphing or radiating or etherizing to us in frequent repetition and at regular intervals. Their choice of this signal can hardly be accidental, and it is unsafe to assume that what for us is "V" is or may be, for the Martians, something quite different.

Of course, it is highly improbable that their alphabet is the same as ours; but if they are advanced as far beyond us as by the very hypothesis of their existence they must be, and as the size of their canals proves they are, then they have been observing us and our doings for many years, and not only could but would be able to adjust their hail to our comprehension.

The "V," therefore, probably has significance in a terrestrial rather than in a Martian sense, and the Martians know what it means to us. It stands for "Volstead," among other things, and may be the beginning of a warning against prohibition—or of an exhortation to keep it up. The letter is the initial of "votes" and "voting," too, and may have some preceptual bearing on our mayoralty election.

That the message is addressed to us is beyond question. Are we not the most important and interesting of nations and peoples—just the ones with whom the inhabitants of a sister planet would want to get into communication first?

THE CHEER-UP MAN.

(New York Times.)

Postmaster-General Hays is more than the advance agent of prosperity. He is prosperity itself. He radiates it whenever he speaks. Professor Phelps once praised Dickens as the writer who "cheers us all up." But Will Hays is the public man who does it. He is in politics the two Cheeryhills Brothers rolled into one. Pessimists can not live in the light of his engaging smile. He perceives business revival from afar, and runs to meet it with a glad hand. If he can't see the sun rising as rapidly as it ought in the east, he bids us look westward, where the land is bright.

People may be amused at Mr. Hays' hoysish manner and his catchy phrases, but, after all, they admit that they can stand pretty large doses of optimism just at present. And many a business man must feel that Mr. Hays' merry heart doeth good like medicine. A jolly and hopeful man in public life has at present a beautiful foil in the number of prophets of gloom who have taken the floor. And, when all is said, the Postmaster-General has the root of the matter in him. He is still hetting on the United States.

THE WRONG WAY.

(Weekly Review.)

It is reported that the governments participating in the coming Conference on Limitation of Armament at Washington are preparing to send with their delegates large staffs of assistants and specialists, together with masses of documentary and other material. We are inclined to view such a procedure with grave misgivings as likely to imperil the success of the conference. To achieve in any degree the high purpose for which the meeting is summoned it must be regarded, not as a peace congress whose task is to arrange the settlement of a mass of specific territorial and other questions arising out of war, but as a gathering of the ablest representatives of the great powers bent upon arriving at an agreement on certain general principles. The presence of imposing retinues of historical and economic experts, statisticians, and geographers will give a wrong setting to the conference and tend to defeat

its principal object. We should like tactfully to suggest to our prospective guests the desirability of limiting their delegations to modest dimensions. The conference is analogous to a sitting of the Supreme Court in a case involving fundamental principles of law and equity, rather than to a complex and troublesome litigation in which opposing lawyers flock into court followed by their clerks hearing hundreds of law books and masses of exhibits.

IN PRAISE OF DANTE.

(New York Times.)

Dante was the fullest expression of the life and learning of his time. By molding the science codified by Albertus Magnus and the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas into a new and intensely human theosophy, he made religion understandable and popular, if not the interpretation of the churchmen. The abyss which then divided the popular from the academic mind was not so fathomless as it is today. Imagination was the bridge. On the one hand, remember the woman of Verona, who, seeing Dante pass by, said to her companion: "Behold the man who has been in hell and returns when he pleases, and here above gives news of those down there." Remember, on the other hand, the lectures in the vulgar tongue delivered in Florence by Boccaccio and in Bologna by Benvenuto da Imola in Latin explaining it all, and then the early translations and commentaries of the "Commedia," also in Latin.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Garden Song.

Here in this sequester'd close
Bloom the hyacinth and rose,
Here beside the modest stock
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock;
Here, without a pang, one sees
Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race
In this quiet resting-place;
Peach and apricot and fig
Here will ripen and grow big;
Here is store and overplus,—
More had not Alcinoüs!

Here, in alleys cool and green,
Far ahead the thrush is seen;
Here along the southern wall
Keeps the bee his festival;
All is quiet else—afar
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long;
Here be spaces meet for song;
Grant, O garden-god, that I,
Now that none profane is nigh,—
Now that mood and moment please,—
Find the fair Pierides!

—Henry Austin Dobson.

From the Hymn of Empedocles.

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
To have advanced true friends, and hear down baffling foes;

That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And while we dream on this
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

Not much, I know, you prize
What pleasures may be had,
Who look on life with eyes
Estranged, like mine, and sad;
And yet the village churl feels the truth more than you:

Who's loth to leave this life
Which to him little yields:
His hard-task'd sunburnt wife,
His often-labor'd fields;
The hours with whom he talked, the country spots he knew.

But thou, because thou hear'st
Men scoff at Heaven and Fate;
Because the gods thou fear'st
Fail to make blest thy state,
Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys that are.

I say, Fear not! life still
Leaves human effort scope.
But, since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope.
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.
—Matthew Arnold.

Romance.

I will make you hrooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me,
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Beethoven was a bad tenant. During the thirty-five years he spent in Vienna he lived in twenty-eight different houses. Where he was living just 100 years ago the most diligent of antiquarians are unable to determine. The longest he ever lived in one place was from 1810 to 1815. The explanation of this protracted stay is easy. Baron Pasquali, his landlord, understood him and appreciated him. Beethoven, enraged because some little thing went wrong, would move out, but the baron always refused to show a "To Let" sign, saying in his affable way: "Ah, he'll come back." And the creator of nine symphonies did, until Pasquali died.

It is estimated that automobiles and automobiling cost the people of this country \$600,000,000 annually.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mirja Hussein is the new Persian Minister to the United States.

William Phyesey, the official wine-taster for the British government, receives a salary of \$7500 a year.

Jim Murphy is the American winner of the Grand Prix in the French automobile speed race over the circuit at Le Mans.

Captain William A. Moffett, U. S. N., has been appointed by President Harding to be chief of the Navy Department's Bureau of Aeronautics.

Brigadier-General Harry Hill Bandholtz commands the United States troops sent into the West Virginia mountain regions to quell the Mingo disturbances.

Lord Ronaldnay is the official representative of the King of England on the expedition to scale Mount Everest. Colonel Howard Bury commands the expedition.

Gar Wood, winner of the gold cup in the speed-boat regatta at Detroit, is the owner and driver of *Miss America I*, in which he has won five consecutive gold cups.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, recently assisted at the laying of the cornerstone of the library at Louvain, a building to replace the famous structure destroyed by the Germans.

Queen Alexandrine of Denmark is the first sovereign of her sex to visit Iceland. She was presented with the Icelandic national costume by the women of the arctic Danish colony.

Miss Meta Hannay of Washington, D. C., is the first woman to take the examination of the State Department for a diplomatic post. She is reported to have passed with flying colors.

The Rev. Paul Dwight Moody is the new president of Middlebury College, Vermont. Dr. Moody, who is the son of Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, served overseas as senior chaplain of the A. E. F.

Lieutenant A. H. Wann, British commander of the ZR-2, is one of the five survivors of that terrible catastrophe. Norman O. Walker was the only American of those on board the ZR-2 who escaped with his life.

Mr. Cyrus E. Woods of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, has been appointed United States Ambassador to Spain. Mr. Woods has resigned as secretary of state for Pennsylvania in order to accept the portfolio to Spain.

Frank Courtney, winner of the British Air Derby of 1920, has been selected to make his first flight in Britain's secretly built *Helicopter*, an airplane which rises perpendicularly and immediately changes from vertical to horizontal flight.

Dr. L. S. Rowe is the director of the Pan-American Union. It is in the Pan-American Building at Washington that the Disarmament Conference will probably be held. Mr. Basil Miles has been appointed to provide lodgings and office quarters for the foreign delegates who will gather in Washington, November 11th.

Rear-Admiral Nathan C. Twining, late chief of staff of the Pacific fleet, has been appointed naval attaché at London, a post that has been vacant since the assignment of Vice-Admiral A. B. Niblack some months ago to command American naval forces in European waters.

Miss Beatrice Hastings holds the biggest job in the advertising business occupied by a woman and she is known throughout the country as one of the leaders in the ad fraternity. Her efforts enable her to earn \$25,000 a year.

Señorita Concha Espina, a Spanish writer, has just received the award of the Spanish Academy of Arts and Letters. She is the first woman to receive the award—which is valued at 5000 pesetas—winning it on her novel, "La Espingie Maragata."

Cardinal Lucon, the French war hero who remained in Rheims throughout the war when all but 2500 of its inhabitants had fled, recently celebrated a pontifical mass in honor of the return of the statue of Joan of Arc which was removed from Rheims during a terrific bombardment of the city.

The Croix de Guerre was bestowed on Commander John G. Emery of the American Legion during the celebration attending the unveiling of a tablet on the birthplace of Marshal Foch at Tarbes. Tarbes has the additional distinction of having been selected by Dumas for the birthplace of his hero, d'Artagnan. Incidentally, Colonel Emery was decorated as commander of the Legion of Honor.

Mme. Brigade is the first woman to occupy an administrative official position in Belgium. She has been a suffrage leader for years, working long before that movement was generally recognized. She has been elected to the position of head of the school board in her commune. Her home life is a contradiction to the prophecies of anti-suffragists. Of her large family, two sons served throughout the war and her several daughters are being raised to take an active part in community affairs. Surrounded by their children, she and her husband are leaders in molding the local political thought.

MY BROTHER, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson Writes of the Human Side of Her Brother's Character.

It would be impossible to read Mrs. Robinson's book without becoming thoroughly acquainted with her subject; and, as the old French proverb has it, "to understand is to love," it would be practically impossible to turn from "My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt," without an affectionate regard for the great American colonel. Clearly, not a book for his enemies! So spontaneously does Mrs. Robinson write of the naive qualities of what Henry James would call her great kinsman that it would be a hardened deceiver indeed who could doubt the sincerity of these annals. These remarks are not made in a spirit of "damning with faint praise." They are made to disarm any who may come to the book with an attitude of expecting a sister to be partial. Mrs. Robinson is not partial. Perhaps she had no need to be—facts speaking for themselves, but the impartial reader is nowhere annoyed by a prejudiced bias.

Mrs. Robinson has wisely set out to give to the public some of the personal phases of Theodore Roosevelt so that strictly speaking the book is not a biography. Such a book would have been largely superfluous in part. She does, however, trace her impressions of her brother throughout his life. A considerable portion of the memoir is appropriately given over to their childhood. It is this picture of the delicate small boy, struggling bravely for his very life in the grip of asthma, that immediately enlists the reader's sympathy:

Theodore Roosevelt, whose name later became the synonym of virile health and vigor, was a fragile, patient sufferer in those early days of the nursery in Twentieth Street. I can see him now struggling with the effort to breathe—for his enemy was that terrible trouble, asthma—but always ready to give the turbulent "little ones" the drink of water, book, or plaything which they vociferously demanded, or equally ready to weave for us long stories of animal life—stories closely resembling the jungle stories of Kipling—for Mowgli had his precursor in the brain of the little boy of seven or eight, whose knowledge of natural history even at that early age was strangely accurate, and whose imagination gave to the creatures of forest and field impersonations as vivid as those which Rudyard Kipling has made immortal for all time.

Probably there never was a genius whose tastes and talents asserted themselves so consistently throughout his life. His instinct to write, his love of knowledge and of nature, were deep veins that had their origins veritably in his infancy:

It was in the nursery that he wrote, at the age of seven, the famous essay on "The Forgoing Ant." He had read in Wood's "Natural History" many descriptions of various species of ant, and in one instance on turning the page the author continued: "The forgoing ant has such and such characteristics." The young naturalist, thinking that this particular ant was unique, and being specially interested in its forgoing character, decided to write a thesis on "The Forgoing Ant," to the reading of which essay he called in conclave "the grown people."

Genius may be considered as the result of a happy set of coincidences. Certainly, Roosevelt owed a great deal of his greatness to the first Theodore Roosevelt, his father—not merely by way of inheritance. Mrs. Robinson tells of the origin of Theodore's magnificent health:

"Theodore, you have the mind, but you have not the body, and without the help of the body the mind can not go as far as it should. You must make your body. It is hard drudgery to make one's body, but I know you will do it." The little boy looked up, throwing back his head in characteristic fashion; then with a flash of those white teeth which later in life became so well known that when he was a police commissioner the story ran that any recreant policeman would faint if he suddenly came face to face with a set of false teeth in a shop-window—he said, "I'll make my body."

An interesting picture of him at about this time is the following:

He was a slender, overgrown boy at the time, and wore his hair long in true German student fashion, and adopted a would-be philosopher type of look, effectively enhanced by trousers that were outgrown, and coat sleeves so short that they gave him a "Smike"-like appearance. His contributions to the immortal literary club were either serious and very accurate from a natural-historical standpoint, or else they showed, as comparatively few of his later writings have shown, the delightful quality of humor which, through his whole busy life, lightened for him every load and criticism.

But in the few years between his German student days and his entrance to Harvard he had changed from a slender, overgrown boy to a husky young athlete. His sister received letters descriptive of his college activities and sports, of which wrestling was a favorite. These letters as well as earlier and later ones give the outsider as nothing else could the dominant note of sweetness and unselfishness that must have characterized all his personal relations:

A letter dated February 5, 1877, shows the Boston of those days in a very pleasant light. He begins: "Little Pussie: I have had a very pleasant time this week as, in fact, I have every week. It was cram week for 'Conic Sections,' but, by using most of my days for study, I had two evenings, besides Saturday, free. On Wednesday evening, Harry Jackson gave a large sleighing party; this was great fun, for there were forty girls and fellows and two matrons in two huge sleighs. We sang songs for a great part of the time for we soon left Boston and were dragged by our eight horses rapidly through a great many of the pretty little towns which form the suburbs of Boston. One of the girls looked quite like Edith only not nearly as pretty as her ladyship. We came home from our sleigh ride about 9 and then danced until after 12. I led the German with Harry Jackson's cousin, Miss Andrews. After the party, Bob Bacon, Arthur Hooper, myself,

and some others came out in a small sleigh to Cambridge, making night hideous with our songs. On Saturday I went with Minot Weld to an assembly (a juvenile one I mean) at Brookline. This was a very swell affair, there being about sixty couples in the room. I enjoyed myself very much indeed. . . . I came home today in time for my Sunday-school class; I am beginning to get very much interested in my scholars, especially in one who is a very orderly and bright little fellow—two qualities which I have not usually found combined. Thank Father for his dear letter. Your loving brother, Ted."

The above letter shows how normal a life the young man was leading, how simply and naturally he was responding to the friendly hospitality of his new Boston friends.

Two other letters—records of his college life—speak for themselves:

On March 27 of his first year at college he writes again in his usual sweet way to his younger sister: "Little Pet Pussie: 95 per cent. will help my average. I want to get you again awfully! You cunning, pretty, little, foolish Puss. My easy chair would just hold myself and Pussie." Again on April 15: "Little Pussie: Having given Mothering an account of my doings up to yesterday, I have reserved the more frivolous part for little pet Pussie. Yesterday, in the afternoon, Minot Weld drove me over to his house and at 6 o'clock we sallied forth in festive attire to a matinee 'German' at Dorchester which broke up before 11 o'clock. This was quite a swell affair, there being about 100 couples. . . . I spent last night with the Welds and walked back over here to Forest Hill with Minot in the afternoon, collecting a dozen snakes and salamanders on the way." Still the natural historian, even although on pleasure bent; so snakes and salamanders hold their own in spite of "swell matinee Germans."

It was in the middle of his college career that he added politics and economics to the other life-long interests of science and literature:

"Some of the studies are extremely interesting, however, especially Political Economy and Metaphysics. These are both rather hard, requiring a good deal of work, but they are even more interesting than my Natural History courses; and all the more so from the fact that I radically disagree on many points with the men whose books we are reading, (Mill and Ferrier). One of my zoological courses is rather dry, but the other I like very much, though it necessitates ten or twelve hours' work a week. My German is not very interesting, but I expect that my Italian will be when I get further on. For exercise, I have had to rely on walking, but today I have regularly begun sparring. I practice a good deal with the rifle, walking to and from the range, which is nearly three miles off; my scores have been fair, although not very good. Funnily enough, I have enjoyed quite a burst of popularity since I came back, having been elected into several different clubs. My own friends have, as usual, been perfect trumps, and I have been asked to spend Sundays with at least a half-dozen of them, but I have to come back to Cambridge Sunday morning on account of Sunday-school, which makes it more difficult to pay visits. I indulged in a luxury the other day in buying 'The Library of British Poets,' and I delight in my purchase very much, but I have been so busy that I have hardly had time to read it yet. I shall really have to have a new bookcase for I have nowhere to put my books. . . . Your loving son, T. Jr."

His sister reports that his first class day was not especially notable. "He was regarded more as an all-round good sport, a fellow of high ideals from which he never swerved." But his development was apparent in his junior year and "in June, 1880, he graduated with honors, a happy, successful Harvard alumnus."

He had renounced the idea of a life devoted to science and soon after graduation announced his intention to enter politics:

Many were the criticisms of his friends and acquaintances at the thought of his taking up city or state politics from a serious standpoint. At that time, even more than now, "politics" was considered as something far removed from the life of any one brought up to other spheres than that of mud-slinging and corruption. All "politics" was more or less regarded as inextricably intertwined with the above. Theodore Roosevelt, however, realized from the very beginning of his life that "armchair" criticism was ineffectual, and, because ineffectual, undesirable.

Mrs. Robinson has rightly chosen to lay as little stress as possible on her brother's political development, which every well-informed person is already acquainted with. But naturally her book abounds in anecdotes bearing on his political activities. Roosevelt sounded the characteristic all-American note from the very beginning of his career. Mrs. Robinson relates the story of his lecture on "Americanism" before the members of "The 19th Century Club," shortly after his election to the New York State Assembly in 1882. The brilliant editor who had been chosen to reply to him saw fit to make fun of "isms" of all sorts:

The clever editor sat down amidst interested applause, and "the Young Reformer" stepped once more forward to the edge of the platform. He leaned far over from the platform, so earnest, so eager was he, and this is what he said: "I believe I am allowed ten minutes in which to refute arguments of my opponent. I do not need ten minutes—I do not need five minutes—I hardly need one minute—I shall ask you one question, and as you answer that question, you will decide who has won this argument—myself or the gentleman on the other side of this platform. My question is as follows: If it is true that all isms are fads, I would ask you, Fellow-Citizens, what about Patriotism?" The audience rose to its feet; even "The 19th Century Club" could not but acknowledge that patriotism was a valuable attribute for American citizens to possess.

A story that shows his good-natured humor is told of him when he was police commissioner. The German brewer societies were parading as a protest against his enforcement of the law:

They were parading to show their disapproval of him, but at the last moment, as a wonderful piece of sarcasm, they decided to invite him to review the parade, hardly thinking that he would accept the invitation. Needless to say, he did accept it, and leaning over from the platform where he had been invited to sit, he saw the mass of marching men carrying banners with "Down with Teddy," and various other more unpleasant expletives. One company, as it passed the review, ing stand, called out: "Wo ist Teddy?" "Hier bin ich," called out the police commissioner, leaning over the railing and flashing his white teeth good-humoredly at the protesting

crowd, who, unable to resist the sunshine of his personality, suddenly turned and, putting aside the disapproving banners, cheered him to the echo.

Mrs. Robinson has much to say of his devotion to his Rough Riders and of their devotion to him. It follows him to the White House. But one of T. R.'s favorite Rough Rider anecdotes was staged when he was governor of New York. Mrs. Robinson writes:

We were in the midst of a specially merry argument when the door-bell rang and the butler left the dining-room to answer the bell. In a few moments he returned with a somewhat puzzled expression on his face, and leaning over my brother's chair, he said in a stage whisper: "There is a—there is a—gentleman in the hall, sir—he says, sir, that his name, sir, is—Mr. 'Happy Jack' of Arizona." "Why," said my brother, leaping to his feet, "I didn't know that 'Happy Jack' was in New York," and he hurriedly left the room to welcome his precious Rough Rider. In a few moments he came back literally drenched with laughter, and burst out: "You know, there has been a great deal in the newspapers about the trouble that I have had with importunate office-seekers, who have forced themselves, in a very disagreeable way, into the executive mansion at Albany. Dear old 'Happy Jack' read, way out in Arizona, about the annoyance I was having with these people, and he just packed his kit and came all the way from Arizona to offer to be 'bouncer-out' of the executive mansion! Wasn't that fine of 'Happy Jack'!"

We are all familiar with the immense vitality that was synonymous with the name of Theodore Roosevelt. Mrs. Robinson gives many illustrations of his abounding strength and endurance. A typical example was the month's vacation he took after several years of ceaseless work in which he did nothing but write a life of Oliver Cromwell. His activities were sometimes more wearing on others than on himself. His sister, for example, sometimes was the victim; as on the occasion during the St. Louis Exposition, when after he had taken her about all day on a "perpetual jog-trot," and kept her up all night to improve her knowledge of United States history by hearing him dictate his review of William Rhodes' "History of the United States." That done, at 5 a. m., he began on the Irish question, which he had been asked by Peter Dunne to review.

Not only was his physical strength indefatigable; he was unwavering in any pursuit, great or small. An instance was his engagement to tramp through England with Sir Edward Grey:

Before he left America to plunge into the African jungle, he wrote to Lord Bryce in England to the effect that on his return, practically a year and a quarter from the date on which he wrote, he would like some one versed in the bird-songs of England to walk with him for a day at least to acquaint him with the notes of the British feathered singers.

Lord Bryce happened to meet Sir Edward Grey, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and laughingly mentioned the desire on the part of President Roosevelt to make this somewhat premature engagement, and expressed uncertainty as to whom he could choose for the President's companion. Sir Edward immediately offered himself, saying that the knowledge of bird song and lore happened to be one of his assets, but even Sir Edward felt that the experiences with the mighty creatures of the jungle, the excitement of the political furor aroused by a certain speech of Theodore Roosevelt's in Cairo, and the triumphal procession through other parts of Europe might, perhaps, have effaced from his memory his desire for a walk in English woodlands. But not at all. Sir Edward Grey himself told me, not long ago, that on the 1st of May, 1910, several weeks before he was expected in England, there came a note reminding the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs that the ex-President of the United States wished to be his companion for twenty-four hours at least of remote enchantment "far from the madding crowd," and so when the time came they started together and tramped through the New Forest, and later over lush meadows inundated by spring rains.

But one could go an *ad infinitum* with characteristic anecdotes drawn from Mrs. Robinson's memoir of her brother. It is sad to remember that the twilight of his joyous, vigorous life was saddened by the treatment accorded his attempt to lead a regiment to France. Mrs. Robinson explains that the authorities failed to realize that what he lacked in the technique of modern warfare he would have made up with *morale*—a fact we do not doubt after reading this intimate narrative that is so imbued with his great personality. In February, 1918, when he was taken sick and thought dying he sent for Mrs. Robinson and gave her what he expected to be his dying message: "I am so glad that it is not one of my boys who is dying here, for they can die for their country."

However, he rallied from that serious illness and lived eleven months longer—long enough to see the war through. Of her last conversation with him Mrs. Robinson records the following that may well serve as Theodore Roosevelt's epitaph:

Alluding to his birthday so lately passed, he said: "Well, anyway, no matter what comes, I have kept the promise that I made to myself when I was twenty-one." "What promise, Theodore?" I asked him. "You made many promises to yourself, and I am sure have kept them all." "I promised myself," he said, bringing his right fist down with emphasis on the arm of the chair, "that I would work up to the hilt until I was sixty, and I have done it."

MY BROTHER, THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.

Only four statues of women, with the exception of royal effigies, are to be found in England. They are Sister Dora, in Walsall; Florence Nightingale, in Waterloo Place, London; Sarah Siddons on Paddington Green, and Nurse Cavell in St. Martin's Place, London.

Photography is eighty-two years old, the secret of the first pictures, those of Daguerre, having been disclosed in 1839.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 17, 1921, were \$147,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$200,000,000; a decrease of \$52,900,000.

The nation has made commendable progress in its deflation campaign and the average American citizen is adopting his pre-war manner of thinking and doing business. This means much, as retrenchment after a long era of lavish spending calls for heroic sacrifices from a large portion of the population. Confidence is returning in most lines of business. The iron industry—our great barome-

ments will offer new loans in the United States as soon as our banking houses are willing to float them. Various domestic corporations—including railroads, public utilities, and industrial companies—borrowed last month about \$108,000,000 through the sale of bonds, notes, and stocks. This was slightly under the total for the same month last year and the average cost to the borrower showed very little change. The indications are that other large loans will be offered before long by railroads and public utility companies. The amount asked for will be governed largely by the attitude of the investing public, which is showing an increased demand for safe securities available at prices which yield an investment return of 7 to 8 per cent. Revival in bond buying has helped settlement of debts, reflecting easier money conditions and increased optimism. The various Liberty Bond issues have shown increased firmness during the past few weeks. The Liberty Loan campaign brought nearly twenty million new people into the bond market—an extraordinary response, prompted, of course, by the world war emergency and the systematic house to house canvasses. Statistics show that these bonds are still largely held by the original subscribers, the restoration of whose confidence is the best security in the world is involved in the forward movement in the price of Liberty Bonds.

The railroads, again under private management, are now making some headway. From records of the Interstate Commerce Commission it appears that the net operating income of 192 Class 1 railroads last July was \$68,451,000, as compared with a deficit of \$11,452,000 in July, 1920. The gain in net results was mainly due to reductions in operating expenses. The relief recommended for the railroads by President Harding and his advisers would call for a payment to the roads of about \$450,000,000 in obligations growing out of twenty-six months under Federal control. The importance of keeping up the physical condition of the railroads and putting them in position to operate at low cost is obvious, and the expenditure of this large amount of money would undoubtedly stimulate all lines of business, besides directly benefiting all users of transportation.

Slowly but surely the people are recovering from the excesses of the war period. There are signs of a better understanding between employers and employed, the inevitable reduction in wages being agreed upon in many cases without disturbance. The deflation of wages is always attended with some hardship, but the movement in this instance has been orderly and with honest efforts by employers to deal justly with the wage-earning classes. Economies in production have not, as yet, all been passed on to consumers, and a great irregularity still exists in the relative prices of various commodities. These inequalities are being leveled out gradually, however, and there are excellent grounds for believing that whatever wrongs still exist will be righted. There has seldom been a time when speculation by the public has been at such a low ebb and the indications are that the nation will close the year in a much safer financial and industrial position than that disclosed at the end of 1920. The country is in an exceptionally strong credit position, as compared with a year ago, when the credit tension was so serious as to cause some alarm. It has the strongest gold reserve in the world and a reserve ratio that insures adequate response to legitimate demands for credit.

The feeling of cautious optimism expressed a month ago has strengthened during the past four weeks into a firmer undertone of confidence and satisfaction in the progress of

affairs in the principal countries of Europe as well as in the United States (says the Oakland Bank of Savings in their September monthly letter). Even in Russia, where famine and chaos still reign, experienced observers report a fundamental improvement in conditions. In Central Russia on both sides of the Volga lies a district of about 250,000 square miles which owing to long-continued drought has suffered almost total crop failure. Here famine is most acute, while in the adjoining region the inhabitants are barely self-supporting on meagre rations. In the large cities conditions are even worse, for here in addition to hunger the weight of Soviet tyranny and cruelty has fallen most heavily and the picture of abject terror and hopeless misery is too pitiful for words.

The country districts have been comparatively free from imprisonment, torture, and wholesale executions, but lack of rainfall, lack of transportation, and lack of incentive have reduced agricultural products to their present slender proportions. Under the Soviet régime famine was inevitable. Peasants declined to sell their products for worthless paper, Soviet agents seized the hoarded grain, and the incentive to produce being lost, farmers cut down the cultivated areas to meet the bare necessities. In all the most fertile portions of Russia the peasants have been so persistently robbed of their substance—they are in such extremity of poverty—that an occasional recurrence of these famine conditions will be almost unpreventable under the present Bolshevik rule, and until a strong central representative government is established. The cry for help from the famine-stricken districts met immediate and powerful response. Mr. Hoover, representing the American Relief Administration, the Supreme Council, International Red Cross, and many bodies in various countries will give the gigantic problem their energetic attention, but with their very best endeavors it is estimated that before the winter is over 5,000,000 will have died of starvation and disease. There is no sadder picture in the world's history than the suffering of an honest, industrious, home-loving people through this tragic experiment in radical socialism. But as the greatest progress of humanity seems proverbially to grow out of greatest adversity, so out of all this awful tragedy there comes a gleam of light, the dim dawn of a new Russia.

The present methods of taxation threaten to drain the resources on which the entire business structure of the United States depends, and while we hear many predictions that taxation will decrease, we must face the fact that for many years to come the requirements of our debts, including the amounts loaned to our allies, as well as the high rates at which government expenditures have been fixed, will call for a taxation of from four to five billion dollars per year.

To continue to raise this amount by excess profits taxes and heavy income taxes means the complete elimination, in our opinion, of the resources of the investors upon whom this country and its enterprises have been dependent during all these years, to furnish such new capital as commercial and financial developments required. Before the war there was an army of about 400,000 investors, small and large, who could be counted upon to absorb a varying amount of securities, running into the hundreds of millions. This army has now completely disappeared and many of these same investors, owing to the increased cost of living, with the heavy income taxes, are practically consuming a percentage of their capital to meet living expenses.

The fact that enterprise is handicapped by a heavy profits tax makes for ultra-conserva-

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tism on the part of the speculative investor, who must pay out a large percentage of his profits, if any are made, but must stand 100 per cent. of his loss if his judgment is at fault.

The wealth of this country has been built up by savings out of profits in business. There are no such savings today. One of the pessimistic influences in the present situation is that, whereas in former periods of booms in business, the merchant who made a large profit, while spending liberally, was enabled to put generous sums back into his business to provide for the reaction that was certain to come, we now have a situation where, due to the last three years of business boom, profits have been large; yet merchants have



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had to pay out in either income taxes or excess profits taxes, practically all that they have earned over their living expenses, and when the losses due to the readjustment of values are registered, many will have suffered material reductions in their resources, which would ordinarily be relied upon to meet these losses.

All this must change, or business will reach an impasse.

There is only one way to escape this, and that is through a tax on sales, in which every citizen of the United States, as well as any foreigner who may live within our shores, will pay equally toward the expenses of the government and have his stake in the country.

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ter of trade—is evidencing a stronger tone. The textile industry shows marked revival, almost approaching a boom. Larger building operations point to a general trades revival, and these will gain impetus as wage reductions more nearly accord with declines in other commodity values (says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in their September monthly financial letter).

It would seem that general price declines have been at least checked for the present, as Bradstreet's index number registered the third consecutive monthly advance on September 1st. While the fall in merchandise prices has been 46 per cent. from the maximum, the

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loans of national banks throughout the country at the opening of this month were only about 14 per cent. below the maximum. This disparity is suggestive and follows the usual course; for it generally happens that prices fall faster than bank credit declines, just as they usually advance faster than bank loans expand. At the lower price level which now prevails, however, it requires much less credit to finance the usual volume of day to day business. Furthermore, business generally is being conducted more conservatively; for, while the so-called "buyers' strike" is not the factor that it was a few months ago, consumers everywhere are pursuing a cautious policy in the effort to secure whatever benefits will accrue from declining merchandise markets.

It is rumored that several foreign govern-

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A small tax, say 1 per cent. on sales, while it would produce in the aggregate an amount large enough to make it unnecessary to keep the excess profits tax in force, might be large enough even to reduce the surtax on income and would bear so lightly upon the individual that its existence would be scarcely perceptible.

It would be, in effect, a flat percentage of 1 per cent. against volumes of business, to be paid monthly by every corporation, partnership, association, or individual in business.

In the case of banks, brokers, jobbers, or commission men the percentage should apply on "gross income" before payment of operating expenses, rather than against gross volume of business handled.

The turnover in the United States for the year 1919 is estimated by a competent financial authority at between 1400 and 1500

That is, a tax of 1 per cent. on sales of 500 billions of dollars would produce a revenue of five billions of dollars a year.—*The Bache Review.*

Next to government bonds the most promising issues in the investment group today are the public utility issues. Bonds of this type are again coming to the front, after an interval of depression brought about by abnormal war conditions. In short, the public utility companies have turned the corner and are rapidly recovering lost ground.

In pre-war days many utility bonds returned from 4 per cent. to 4½ per cent., while today many sound issues are selling at a figure to net 6 per cent. to 8 per cent. and better.

The following represent, in my opinion, the best bargains: American Public Service Co. Coll. notes Series C 8 per cent. 1941; American Telegraph & Telephone Coll. 4s 1929, the conv. 4½s 1933 and the Coll. 5s 1946; Buffalo General Electric 1st 5s 1939; Brooklyn Edison Gen. 5s 1949; Cal. Gas & Elec. Unif. and Ref. 5s 1937; Columbia Gas & Electric 1st 5s 1927; Dayton Power & Light 1st 5s 1941; Detroit Edison 1st 5s 1933 and 1st Ref. 5s & 6s 1940; Georgia Ry. & Elec. 1st 5s 1932; Great Western Power 1st 5s 1946; Kings County E. L. & Power 1st 5s 1937; Laclede Gas Ref. & Ext. 5s 1934 and the Coll. & Rfg. 7 per cent. 1929; Los Angeles Gas & Electric 1st Ref. 5s 1939; New York Telephone Co. 1st 4½s 1939 and deb. 6s 1949; Niagara Falls Power Co. 1st 5s 1932; Pacific Gas & Elec. 1st Ref. 5s 1942; Philadelphia Co. 1st Coll. T. 5s 1949; Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. 1st 5s 1941; So. Cal. Edison Gen. 5s 1939 and the Gen. Ref. 6s 1944; Western Union Tel. Coll. 5s 1938.

In the above group the conservative investor will find a wide diversification to select from, together with yields ranging from 6 per cent. to 8 per cent.—*John D. Dunlop.*

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company own and offer \$390,000 Port of Portland, Oregon, five-year 6 per cent. gold bonds in denominations of \$1000 and \$500, due July 1, 1926. Price, 101.50 and interest, to yield 5.65 per cent. Income tax exempt.

The Port of Portland is a municipal corporation created by act of the legislature of the State of Oregon in 1891. The corporate limits of the Port of Portland include all that part of Multnomah County lying west of the east boundary line of Range 2 East of Willamette Meridian, comprising about 90 per cent. of Multnomah County. The City of Portland is entirely within the port.

These bonds are payable from a general *ad valorem* tax on all the property within the City of Portland and about 143 square miles adjoining.

George H. Burr & Co. are offering \$275,000 Silver Lake Irrigation District (Lake County, Oregon) serial 6 per cent. coupon gold bonds, due serially 1925 to 1948. Price to yield 7¼ per cent. and free from Federal income tax. This district has a gross area of 8979 acres, of which 7848 acres are irrigable. The estimated value of real property with water is \$850,000 and total bonds authorized is \$300,000, with total bonds outstanding (this issue) \$275,000.

P. H. Carukin & Co. are offering as an investment stock in the American Acceptance Corporation, a New York finance corporation, to net better than 10 per cent. This is the first public offering of securities in this corporation and affords the opportunity of acquiring a founder's interest in a commercial "banking" business.

The American Acceptance Corporation finances manufacturers and wholesalers in good standing with Bradstreet and Dun. Loans are obtained from the corporation by pledging as collateral well rated accounts receivable on a 75 per cent. basis and trade acceptances. Loans are also made on merchandise stored in bonded warehouse on a 50 per cent. basis.

The corporation's work is basically constructive and aids the worthy manufacturer and wholesaler to obtain a larger turnover of his own capital.

Mr. Charles Sintro, president of the Katherine Gold Mining Company, has just received a telegram from Superintendent Dimnick, stating ore below the 400-foot level, in which the winz is being sunk to the 700-foot level, pans over \$300 per ton, also that crosscuts have been extended on the 400-foot level east, showing ten to twelve feet of good commercial ore. Work is also being started on the vein on the 300-foot level west of the shaft.

This report is very important, as it blocks out considerable additional tonnage of commercial ore and proves conclusively that rich values continue at depth, adding very materially to the value of the property.

About twenty dealers in unlisted stocks met last week in the offices of Aftergood & Co. and organized the San Francisco Curb Stock Exchange. A board of governors and officers were elected as follows: H. F. Hobson, president; C. W. Gordon, vice-president;

J. B. Dudley, secretary, and Waldo F. Costel, attorney. Board of Governors—H. F. Hobson, G. E. Wilson, E. L. Lorden, C. W. Gordon, and Colonel J. B. Dudley. The new organization expects to equip a board room in the neighborhood of California and Montgomery Streets, and to deal in stocks not traded in on the other local exchanges.

What is the sphere of the Railroad Labor Board? It was created by Congress as a quasi-judicial body to act as mediator if disputes between railroads and workers over wages and working conditions threatened to interrupt traffic. It was armed with no authority to enforce its decisions. Yet slowly but surely the way of the board has veered from the path contemplated by Congress and is leading into new fields. To its function as a mediation body the board has added, in the Pennsylvania shophmen's case, administrative powers, and it is there that the Pennsylvania balked. Not content with trying to adjust disputes between carriers and employees, the Labor Board assumed to tell the railroads what to do. It orders Pennsylvania to consult with organized labor leaders to agree upon a new method of election. It even prescribes the form of ballot. It designates that the names of two labor organizations be printed on the ballots and destroys the secret ballot, the bedrock upon which our democracy is founded, by ordering that the tickets be signed.

What will be its next step in its self-constituted rôle as dictator of railroads? It smacks of the days when the railroads were first taken under government control and muddled in a mess that still grips them. The public begins to wonder if the Labor Board expects to take up where the old Railroad Administration—the McAdoo régime—left off, and gradually usurp all the privileges of ownership, with none of its responsibilities.

It is only a step to extend the activities of the Railroad Labor Board to any other line of business.

Just such political meddling and interference with private business in the United States is largely responsible for business hesitancy and uncertainty today.

Couple the growing activities of the Labor Board with those of the Federal Trade Commission and we have a combination that is enough to discourage industrial expansion.—*Industrial News Bureau.*

Mining work is being speeded up at Katherine, the new gold district located in Union Pass, about thirty-five miles from Kingman, where the results attained in the Katherine and Gold Chain mines, after a brief period of development, have convinced mining men of its ore tonnage possibilities. The ore conditions in the two properties before mentioned have, so to speak, stabilized the mining industry there and made certain the development of numerous main and cross veins that "prospect" well at surface and nominal depth.

The new district is situated in the River range, and extends from northeast to southwest along the main vein system to and across the Colorado River into Nevada—a distance of approximately seven miles. In the north end of the district an east-west boring vein forty-six feet wide and carrying average gold values of approximately \$17 a ton is being developed at a depth of 100 feet in the Gold Chain workings. About three miles to the south along the course of the main vein system \$2,163,472 worth of ore has been blocked out in the Katherine mine. Two miles beyond the Katherine mine, on the Nevada side of the Colorado River, an ore body sixteen feet wide—the continuation of the Katherine vein—is being developed on the Nevada-Katherine property. On the Prince property, adjoining the Nevada-Katherine, an east-west vein carries gold values as high as \$150 a ton.

To the north of and adjoining the Katherine mine, at the Katherine Extension property, a cross-cut is being driven to the extension of the Katherine vein at a depth of 250 feet. The work was started the current week upon the arrival here from San Francisco of Charles N. Miller, who dominates Katherine Extension affairs. The cross-cut is being driven by two shifts of miners and will probably pick up the extension of the vein in proximity to the shaft, as its northeast strike through the Katherine Extension territory has been determined by an underground survey of the Katherine workings. Mining men are watching with interest the development at this point, as it is generally conceded that the Katherine Extension will be the third mine in the district to come in.—*William P. De Wolf.*

E. H. Rollins & Sons have just purchased and are offering to the public a new issue of \$75,000 Huntington Park Union High School District 6 per cent. bonds, due September 1, 1922, to 1941. This school district, situated near the city of Los Angeles, has a present population of 21,000 and a total assessed valuation of over \$16,700,000, while its entire bonded debt, including this present issue, is less than 2½ per cent. of the valuation.



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The Samovar Girl.

To the Occidental mind the idea of the utter hopelessness of the life in Russia is abhorrent. Life does not seem worth while with ever impending death and disaster lurking on every side. But knowing the Slavic temperament, one feels less poignant distress for the unfortunate inhabitant of Russia. To the Slav, life, war, government, and even love must be made difficult before he can enjoy them. He insists upon life's being a puzzle. He examines its hidden cause and exults over finding sinister motives for his very creation. The Slav's happiness is gauged by the amount of trouble he has. Once he is convinced that the purpose of life is to make him miserable, he is content.

Frederick Moore has a keen insight into the Slavic mind. In his romance, "The Samovar Girl," he delights in analyzing every motive of his characters. In fact one would expect from the analytical method to have a novel more realistic and less adventurous. Last minute rescues from almost impossible situations occur with abnormal frequency. But one might expect almost anything to happen in bleak Siberia in the last throes of the revolution with changing government.

The book is very readable and the action rapid. The people have a Meredithian habit of speaking in epigrams. Mr. Moore assumes a universal viewpoint and invites his readers

to a minute inspection of the workings of his characters' minds. Little of the plot is held back as a surprise. The reader shares in secrets of both factions. Rather a novel effect is produced by the method. Russians, Cossacks, and Mongols contribute to the color of the romance.

The plot centres about the Samovar Girl and the American officer, who after twenty years returns to Siberia to the valley of despair where he was born in exile—hence on his errand of revenge. He quickly reacts to the Russian viewpoint. The old Slavic superstition has it that the devil comes to the unsuspecting in a wolf's coat—the officer is after all a Russian in an American coat. Once a Slav always a Slav.

THE SAMOVAR GIRL. By Frederick Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

Laramie Holds the Range.

Many readers nowadays open the covers of a Western novel with a certain degree of hesitation, fearing they will be entertained by a series of improbable adventures lived through by equally impossible men and women. In the West there is a hountiful store of interesting situations—from the cattle range to the gold mines—around which a story can be woven. Mediocre writers have taken advantage of this fact and have used the Western story as an "open sesame" to the doors of the publisher.

This is not true of "Laramie Holds the Range." There is no lack of adventure, but the situations never strain the reader's credulity. This Western story has the additional value of gripping one's attention, not alone for the sake of the adventure, but because one has become interested in the fortunes of the people. They have personalities and attract the reader's sympathy. Throughout the novel they do not act and talk inconsistently with the characteristics originally ascribed to them. There are times, however, when Mr. Spearman represents his women as reaching to stirring episodes with a poise and clearheadedness not at all compatible with the tense circumstances.

The author has a droll manner of description, although the writing is without humor. He tells his story naturally, simply, and the plot seems to evolve by itself. The title, "Laramie Holds the Range," strikes the keynote of the plot. It is the old, old story of the cattlemen's justified hatred of rustlers and their ruthless warfare against them. At times the story shows a tendency to become plotty, but just in time the threads are gathered up and are woven into a recalcitrant strand.

Admirers of "Whispering Smith" and "Nan of Music Mountains" will welcome this new novel of Frank H. Spearman.

LARAMIE HOLDS THE RANGE. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Brief Reviews.

"Peggy Ware," by M. W. Howard (Los Angeles: The J. F. Rowney Press; \$2.50), is a romance of the mountain regions of Alabama. It is a typical story of the old Southern tradition of gentle folks and devoted family blacks. The love theme is a pretty one and the local color convincingly rendered.

"And the Sphinx Spoke," by Paul Eldridge (The Stratford Company; \$1.50), is a group of fifteen very short tales of a somewhat Poesque nature, and eighteen very brief fables, entitled "Pastels." Mr. Eldridge's writing has the pessimism of Baudelaire, the austerity of Anatole France, and the horridness of Poe without having the saving graces of any of those writers.

"The Children's Garland of Verse," gathered by Grace Rhys (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3), will be a delight to children with an artistic—the illustrations are delectable—and literary bent; and even the unregenerate are calculated to be converted by its charms. The selections have been carefully made from the simple Elizabethan folk songs to the always beloved verses of Stevenson and Eugene Field. The lovely illustrations in color are by Charles Robinson.

"Opera Synopsis," by J. Walker McSpadden (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$3), would make a useful addition to the library of music-lovers. To opera-goers, this book is invaluable for quick reference before hearing the opera. The material is alphabetically arranged, proceeding by composers rather than by operas, thus grouping for the reader's con-

venience, the works of each man as a whole. Among these 450-odd plots are found only operas which have displayed evidence of longevity. The author makes no attempt at stating a musical opinion. His business is to give a biographical sketch, stripped of all frills, of the composer, and a story telling argument of the plot, with cast of characters. The volume has the added value of an appended index and a series of full-page illustrations.

"The New World," by G. Murray Atkin (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75), is a triangular love story staged during the great war. It is a character study rather than a story of action and the author is primarily concerned with the effect of her situation on the hero's mind and temperament rather than in the story *per se*. The hook is unusually well done for a first novel.

"Successful Family Life on the Moderate Income," by Mary Hinman Ahel (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2), is an analytical study of home economics and home-making. Some chapter headings from this latest addition to the Family Life Series indicate the broad survey Mrs. Ahel has made in her chosen field—"The Financial Partnership," "The Housewife's Contribution," "Community Help in Recreation and Education," "The Family Budget," "The Standard of Living." Mrs. Ahel attempts to answer the question, "What is success and how are the great number of families living on the average income in this country to win it?"

New Books Received.

MY BROTHER, THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A personal memoir of Roosevelt.

OH, SHOOT! By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3.

Confessions of an agitated sportsman.

THE EMPTY SACK. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

A novel.

THE OBSTACLE RACE. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A novel.

HEART AND SOUL. By Maveric Post. New York: The Century Company; \$3.

An analysis of some of life's problems.

GIBBETED GODS. By Lillian Barrett. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90.

A novel.

BEN THORPE. By Arthur Crabb. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

A novel.

THE OUTER CIRCLES. By Thomas Burke. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Rambles in remote London.

LIFE OF VENIZOS. By S. B. Chester. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$6.

GOLD. By Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A play in four acts.

DANGEROUS AGES. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A novel.

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QUIET INTERIOR. By E. B. C. Jones. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A novel.

GOLD SHOO. By Newton Fuesle. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A novel.

BABETTE BOMBERLING'S BRIDEGROOMS. By Alice Berend. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A novel.

THE GREAT WAY. By Horace Fish. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

A novel.

MAVIS OF GREEN HILL. By Faith Baldwin. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.90.

A novel.

A letter written to WILL IRWIN, Author of "The Next War"

Dear Bill:

If the people really know what your book tells - facts and not theories - no statesman would be able to doublecross the world at Washington on November 11.

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An Off-Islander.

"An Off-Islander," by Florence Mary Bennett, comes to the reader as a happy surprise, for it possesses nothing of that oppressive Puritanical element which characterizes most New England novels. The story is realistic to a detailed degree. Very little is suggested or left to the imagination of the reader. Indubitably Florence Mary Bennett is fond of her ancestral home, this island town of Nantucket, or Wesquo, and delights in painting accurate pictures of the familiar scenes and people.

There is none of that hopeless sordidness in this novel which one finds in the New England stories of Edith Wharton and Mary Wilkins Freeman. Although the heroine was brought up in obscure poverty, she was free from frugality. The educated people of Wesquo are like the educated people of anywhere else, and not precise, overlearned high-brows; nor are the Wesquo uneducated people characterized by a rustic point of view and bad grammar, which has so long been attributed to them.

It is unfortunate that Miss Bennett is so given to petty detail. Minor characters are introduced with a thoroughness wholly out of proportion to their importance in the novel. After their introduction they drop out of the story, only to recrudescence by the most casual reference. The author recounts the history

of the Spanish hell before it descended to the humble status of the 9 o'clock curfew of Wesquo. This history, like the description of the heroine's gowns and the pattern of her tea set, is interesting in itself, but its intrinsic value in the story does not justify the telling.

The story is a study of the mental struggles and spiritual growth of Amy Leighton Biglow, for whom the author claims a sparkling wit—a wit nowhere apparent in her conversation, unless we except an occasional sarcastic remark addressed to her husband and her jealous women friends.

Throughout the book there is an underlying activist philosophy culminating in the heroine's finding in the end that doing real things, even though homely, is living and far more worth while than shamming with ideals and enterprises. It is gratifying to find an author dealing with the people of New England as human beings and not as New Englanders.

AN OFF-ISLANDER. By Florence Mary Bennett. Boston: The Stratford Publishing Company.

Psychology.

The author of this little handbook on the psychology of everyday life is perhaps well advised to devote his first chapter to definitions of psychology and to a defense of its study. But why does he reject the definition of psychology as "the science of the mind" because there are some who deny that the

mind is something which exists for itself? No one denies that the mind does exist and therefore that it can be studied. On the other hand, to define psychology as "the science which studies the behavior of living organisms" seems sadly defective and etymologically indefensible. The man who studies the behavior of a snail is surely not a psychologist. Nor do we find that the defense of the study is on much firmer ground. There is only one way in which the mind can be studied, and that is by introspection, and in this case we shall all study it differently and with different results. Moreover, we may ask with what implement we shall study the mind unless it be with the mind itself. And how can the mind look inward upon itself?

But let us not be hypercritical. The mind can, of course, study sensations, and it can study also its own states or conditions, although it can not study itself. If it could do this it would know its own source and perhaps also its destiny. Modern psychology is a study of mental experiences, but not of *that which experiences*, and so here we have a quite admirable survey of such phenomena as tastes, sounds, colors, play, mirth, appetites, and instincts. In conclusion we have a chapter on "Spiritistic Phenomena" in which the author shows the usual tendency to ignore all those phenomena that seem to be inconsistent with his theory. But it is a sign of the times that there should be such a chapter at all.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE. By James Dreyer, M. A., B. Sc., D. Phil. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" has proved such a success at the Théâtre Française in Paris that his "Peer Gynt" is to be translated and produced at the Odéon.

After three years of indefatigable labor (says the *Literary Review*), Cardinal Gasquet has succeeded in reorganizing and classifying the archives of the Vatican. The documents are arranged according to centuries. Those of England were attended to personally by Gasquet, who was born in London. The venerable cardinal—he is seventy-five years old—will devote the rest of his life to the monumental Vulgate edition he is planning to bring out.

Letters show signs of settlement rather than of collapse in accordance with readers' sentiments (says Shane Leslie in the *Literary Review*). The heights of relativity, post-war philosophy, diplomatic revelations, and futurist poetry, which were expected, have been brought steadily to earth. The stage of scandalous autobiography has been passed. Nobody buys the mighty tomes of Repington and Mrs. Asquith, preferring to read the literary lynching which they both receive in the "Mills of Fashion" at the hands of "The Gentleman with a Duster." The authorship of this anonymous work, it is understood, has been denied by Mr. Begbie, Mr. Pemberton Billing, and Mr. Lloyd George's secretaries.

In response to the widespread desire for a "living memorial" to Theodore Roosevelt, the Roosevelt Memorial Association has established the Bureau of Roosevelt Research and Information. The object of this bureau is to gather all available biographical data concerning Colonel Roosevelt, and by means of publications and lectures to spread the knowledge of his character and career. A prominent publishing house announces a uniform edition of Colonel Roosevelt's works.

Another Theodore Roosevelt biography is announced for autumn, "Roosevelt: The Happy Warrior," written by one of his Harvard classmates, Bradley Gilman, of Boston. A friend of forty years' standing, Mr. Gilman writes *con amore*, and his biography is replete with illuminating stories and anecdotes.

It may come as a surprise to many of General Dawes' admirers to find his ubiquitous name as a composer in the last Victor catalogue of a Melody in A major played by Kreisler. But those who know the director of the budget intimately or have read his "Journal of the Great War" are already aware of his rare gifts as a musician. Music was a constant source of relaxation to him during the tremendous strain of his war service. Both as a composer and as a musician, he is one of the most distinguished amateurs in the country.

Two prize-winning books of the year are Miss Romer Wilson's "The Death of Society" and "Dansons la Trompeuse," by M. Raymond Echolier. The former book was given the Hawthornden Prize for a work of imaginative literature by an English author not over forty-one. M. Echolier's book received the Lady Northcliffe Prize, which is awarded



by English and French committees for the best work of fiction published in France during the year. The London *Mercury* points out—apropos of the merit of prize-giving—that the Polignac Prize, the predecessor in England of the Hawthornden Prize, was awarded to four authors who have since been recognized as masters of their craft—John Masfield, James Stephens, Ralph Hodgson, and Walter de la Mare.

John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley are said to have used more than fifty dictionaries and works of reference in their compilation of "A Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English." The book is an abridgment of the seven-volume work, "Slang and Its Analogies."

"The Whistler Journal," by Elizabeth R. and Joseph Pennell, to be published this fall by the J. B. Lippincott Company, will contain unpublished documents in the Whistler vs. Ruskin trial, including Whistler's and Ruskin's proofs, with other comments, and Burne Jones' estimate of Whistler's art. The papers themselves have been added to the Whistler collection in the Library of Congress. The Pennells received them from Whistler's and Ruskin's lawyers.

Bernard M. Baruch, hard-headed Wall Street operator, famous dollar-a-year man of the Wilson administration, finds his most refreshing recreation in the collection of romantic fiction. It would seem to be impossible for him to read all the works of romance he has gathered and still take care of his diversified business and political interests—yet those close to him say that each volume gets far more than a passing glance. It seems odd that another great Wall Street man (but of an earlier day) should have had the same fancy. But it is well known that the late William C. Whitney had a standing order for every novel printed in English to be delivered to him as soon as published. Great numbers filled his country homes at Westbury and Aiken, and many others littered great tables in the Fifth Avenue home at Fifty-Seventh Street, now turned to business.

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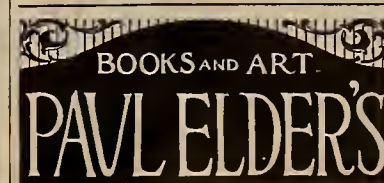
Along in the 'nineties, there came to California a tall, distinguished-looking young man, the proud descendant of a royal family of old Poland, who was destined to be known as one of the pioneers of "Pacific Service."

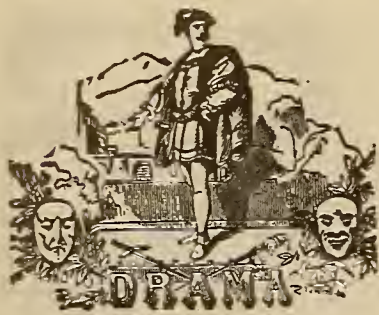
Prince André Poniatowski had a genius for organization and promotion. The decline in mining operations in Amador County, when hydraulic mining was stopped by law, gave him the opportunity to buy the extensive water systems which had supplied the mines and utilize them for hydro-electric development. Thus was brought into service, in 1902, the important Electra power plant which is now a part of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's system of twenty-five hydro-electric plants.

It feeds the long transmission line that runs through Stockton to the new out-door substation at Newark and there diverges with a branch to Oakland and another around the peninsula side of the bay to San Francisco.

The Electra plant for many years enjoyed the distinction of holding first place in the electric world as a producing station operated by mountain water power, but is now surpassed by others of this Company's plants which later numbers of this series will describe.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY





GRAND OPERA.

Opera impresarios always keep a trump card or so up their sleeve. Hence "La Tosca," although a powerful drawing card and highly efficacious in contributing toward the brilliancy of a first night, will be outclassed as a drawing attraction by several other of the operas scheduled.

Nevertheless, an excellent performance and an audience numbering five thousand, many of them in evening dress, conjoined to make the opening night a very brilliant occasion. The experience gained in the season of the Chicago Grand Opera Company was helpful to the managers of the present season. Everything went smoothly in respect to seating the audience, and the delay in beginning the performance was advisable for the first night. Probably the other performances will begin on time.

Except for the angle made by the huge lateral draperies which cut off undesirable seat space and make extra room for the large number of dressing-rooms required, the Auditorium looked much as it did during the engagement of the Chicago singers. The doing away with the flimsy box structures, however, is a decided improvement.

Monday was Geraldine Farrar's night. Here in San Francisco we have heard this singer in concert and seen her in picture plays. But Monday night was our first acquaintance with her as an opera singer.

The soprano makes a highly effective entrance as Floria Tosca, her sumptuous, varicolored costume and the mass of flowers she carries conveying appropriate suggestion of La Tosca's richly Latin and exuberant joy in life and love. To this suggestion Geraldine

Farrar's appearance, and personality, and her conception and expression of Floria's character amply contributed. Although there was a dimming of Miss Farrar's beauty, due, possibly, to the cold from which she was suffering, or possibly to the mortification caused by journalistic publicity over her private affairs, which, possibly, has made her worry herself thin, still she looked very handsome in the series of magnificent costumes she wore; especially in that splendid shimmer of silver worn in the second act.

More than any singer I have seen in the part did she fit into one's innate conception of what Floria was. Not, I may add, the Floria of the American adaptations of Sardou's play, in which the popular Roman singer was depicted, in the church scene, of jealous accusation as a silly, superficial being uttering foolish banalities. Whereas, in this scene, Floria is an enchanting woman, hewitching in her sudden changes of mood, and even in her doubts and primitively outspoken jealousy.

It is to be hoped that Sardou never suffered over the way the American adapters hatched her plays. It is largely to them that the French author is indebted for the term "Sardoudledom" that was coined as a reproach to his plays, for they skillfully abstracted from them their polish, their finesse, and their atmosphere; whether of history, or of the social world in a great lady's salon.

Sardou's plays seem to have disappeared from the stage with the advent of psychology in the drama. But they make a good appearance in opera librettos, and no doubt eventually the picture-play men will assimilate some of the most striking pictorial ones.

In the arid atmosphere of a cruel and corrupt court the love of Floria for Cavaradossi provides the necessary sympathetic interest, and Geraldine Farrar's depiction of Floria's sufferings contrasted so tellingly with her gaiety and bappy love in the first act that it is upon them the sympathies are largely centered.

Mario Chamlee, however, as Mario Cavaradossi, was also a dramatically sympathetic figure, the tenor acting with fire, force, and sincerity.

Antonio Scotti is well known for the polished cruelty of his Scarpia, and this favorite artist presents a splendidly dramatic impersonation of the patrician scoundrel who figures as chief of police and proposes to enjoy all the emoluments of his office.

Louis D'Angelo, Angelo Bada, and Paolo

Ananian, three of the remaining principals, did good work, the latter offering a thoroughly consistent and traditional example of huffo comedy.

I specify the histrionic element of the performance because of the careful endeavor that Mr. Scotti always makes to lift a performance out of stereotype, this true artist always succeeding in vitalizing the general effect by force of a happy mingling of energy and artistry.

Musically the performance was very fine, although Geraldine Farrar's histrionic efforts outshone her vocalism, the cold from which she was suffering putting an edge on her otherwise clear tones. But she sang with great expression and sympathy and gave the exquisite pathos of the "Vissi d'arte" with such feeling as to arouse the most spontaneous tribute of the evening.

Mario Chamlee, whose friends are insisting on his candidacy for the mantle of Caruso, sang the rôle of Cavaradossi in a tenor voice of force, of silver fire, of luscious sweetness. Chamlee is a man of action, for his voice has developed and improved since we heard him last; and as his voice bears some resemblance to that of Caruso, he may yet be throned in the empty niche.

Scotti's reliable artistry never fails him, and while his fine voice no longer has the velvety roundness of youth, it is a fine, sonorous instrument.

The chorus is very good, vocally; large and well endowed, it will probably go a little more smoothly with better acquaintance with such unhackneyed surroundings.

The audience sat in the seat of judgment and refused to go off the handle until the singers had proved themselves. Then it was generous in its applause, calling with a group of the principals Gennaro Papi, the principal conductor of the organization, to the stage that they might testify their appreciation of his magnetic and compelling mastery of his resources.

Many of the women in the body of the house, one might say, played an important part in making the occasion brilliant. There were beauties in beautiful costumes, and new styles were in evidence, for lace mantillas and Spanish combs made their wearers picturesque. The skirts were longer, and there were even pointed tags of train heavily encrusted with heads and embroidery trailing along the floor.

The women were prodigal in unveiling their billows or their bones, as might be, many of them having achieved that remarkable non-chalance that pretty women can convey as they sit in an opera house with white hacks and naked shoulders dazzlingly defined, looking like so many Venuses rising from the bathtub.

"BARBER OF SEVILLE."

It really looks as if San Francisco does not realize what a consummate artist Riccardo Stracciari is; and this in spite of the recital or two that he gave a couple of years ago. Also that the records of his songs are of unimpeachable beauty and artistry.

Many opera lovers who stayed away from "The Barber of Seville" performance under the impression that it was going to be an off night are probably regretting their oversight; that is, unless they will be able to repair it on the Friday night of September 30th, when the opera will be repeated. But Tuesday night's performance was the sparkling re-vivification of an opera that as grand opera is almost unique. From the exquisitely played overture, with its delicate flow, largely pianissimo, of the Mozartian music that never degenerates into the rum-ti-tum of old-time overtures, to the end of the gay, tripping, jesting, dancing, frolicking, chattering, laughing web of merry intrigue and Latin vivacity, the piece seemed one spontaneous outflow of joy and merriment.

But behind all this sparkling gaiety was the supreme artistry that takes "The Barber of Seville," with its many brilliant vocal flights, as a challenge. And the group of artists who appeared in the opera on Tuesday night formed a cast that could scarcely be excelled.

Stracciari's Figaro, that merry, unscrupulous rogue, with his finger in every pie, was full of masterly touches, both vocal and histrionic. His delivery of the "Largo al factotum" has elements of wonder in it, so rapid, brilliant, changeful, and supple is the vocal play of his fine, characteristically Italian haritone. Charles Hackett, the tenor, shared honors with the haritone, the two singing and playing opposite each other with such admirable concord that the delighted audience finally accepted the pair, during the numerous recalls, as indivisible.

Charles Hackett could not be better placed than in the rôle of Almaviva. Tall, handsome in his picturesque black and white costume, the actor was an impersonation of the graceful lover of romance. Yet he revealed a spirit of genuine comedy, while his love lyrics were sung by his voice of compelling beauty with an Italian ardor that is not generally native to the American singers, and which was most beautifully shaded into the

tenderness more natural to the Anglo-Saxon.

Angeles Ottein, the Spanish soprano, who is not yet as well known to the American public as she is in Europe, is sure to create a sensation in New York, where she has not yet had her première. She has a very lovely voice, somewhat like Galli-Curci's in quality. Not very voluminous, it yet flows as freely as a spring brook. To her vocalization is an easy art, but no such brilliant cadenzas and floriture as this mistress of coloratura can compass are attained without continual hard work.

Ottein, in spite of her plump build, is only twenty-two years of age. Considering her youth, it is not very surprising that the little Spaniard was in a huge state of scare preceding her first appearance here on Tuesday night. But true artist that she is, inspiration flowed to her aid as she faced her public.

Her acting was full of vivacity and charm. Her dark eyes sparkled, she put the utmost gaiety and mischievousness into her impersonation of Rosina. Her coquetry was irresistible, and no one would ever have dreamed, as they saw her tripping, dancing, jesting, coqueting, and frolicking through her rôle, of the amount of bucking up the young thing had to go through before she came out and radiated the flavor of success.

For Ottein's associates believe that wide fame awaits the young singer, and in San Francisco are probably being offered the opportunity of giving the first impetus to the renown of a future great diva.

In spite of her unguessed-at stage fright Ottein sang throughout the opera most brilliantly. During the bird-like trills and cadenzas of "The Carnival of Venice"—the number she chose for the music-lesson scene—she scaled the dizziest heights with apparent equanimity. Indeed, the singer altogether sang five high Fs with clarity and ease.

There was some admirable huffo playing and singing by Paolo Ananian—the excellent sacristan of "La Tosca"—and Giovanni Martino, who succeeded in making their auditors laugh by injecting the juice of real humor in their work.

One regrets, during the recitatives of this

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nerry opera, how much we lose that Italian rearers gain of the give and take, of the humorous dialogue, even although it is the fun of a past time. But it is real fun and conveyed in masterly style.

The opera was most handsomely staged, the home of Dr. Basilio giving out a palatial suggestion, with its imposing entrance, its row of arched windows, and its stately colonnaded gallery.

Italian admirers of Riccardo Stracciari seized the occasion to present the baritone with a wreath and a gold medallion, on which was inscribed "To Riccardo Stracciari, the poet of song." But one finds cause for regret that Stracciari must feel a wound in his heart when he thinks of San Francisco, which has twice failed adequately to appreciate, when he was here, that we were having a consummate artist offering us the rich fruits of his art; an art which, in his case, is most at home in the opera house because of his infinite resource, both vocal and histrionic.

"THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR."

To the average human being there is nothing so interesting as family relations, except the bond between lovers. We never fully know our friends until we have seen them in those normal human relations sustained by husband and wife, parents and children. And no social compliment paid us is so great as that which bids us to carry our affection and friendship into the heart of our friend's family life.

In "The Famous Mrs. Fair" James Forbes, the author, has taken us into the closest intimacy of family relationships. He prepares the way for the inevitable storms of life by showing us the Fairs during preliminary acts in the happy hours of the wife and mother's return from war work in Europe. Here he is laying the wires, as it were; not too interestingly, however, for neither the first nor second acts bite very deeply into our receptivities, and we rather wonder if this apparently light and trivial comedy is going to amount to very much.

It is not really until the last two acts that we begin to see the point. For by this time it is beginning to be apparent that the pre-occupation of the wife and mother, first with her war work in Europe, second with her lecture tour in America, are leaving her hus-

band and daughter a prey to outside and decidedly adverse influences.

In the last two acts the influences rapidly develop to the point of calamity, and the apparently superficial comedy becomes a painful reflection of life's complications.

The thread of interest, not sufficiently taut during the first half of the play, becomes tense during the two more serious acts, and we leave off with a conviction that the author has driven home a few much-needed truths.

Mr. Miller has brought with him a group of, to us, unknown players to serve as a background to himself and Blanche Bates in the two leading rôles. However, although we palpably have not the New York cast, the players are satisfactory.

And Henry Miller and Blanche Bates, who play the rôles of the two parents of grown children, render their characters with the easy, assured art of tried and tested veterans. Blanche Bates' characteristic quick, alert temperament suits the rôle of this mature woman who, true American that she is, loves her home people deeply, but loves more the change, adventure, excitement that carries her away from the routine of home duties.

Mr. Miller endowed Jeffrey Fair with a simple vesture of naturalness blended with a pleasantly elusive touch of humor. The actor, indeed, made the likable Jeff the most simply human of all the characters in the play. Jeff trips, but he has the best of reasons. In a rather delightful talk—or half-talk—between the father and son Jeff says in brief but pointed explanation, as extenuation for his flirtation with a rather catfish Dulcinia, "Lonely," and that covers the ground.

Blanche Bates was rather more conventional in her treatment of her rôle, but she, too, made the wife most likable, and her fault of preoccupation and neglect comprehensible. Indeed, all America saw, when the war was over, and learned that many an efficient war worker came back only to find that, with her great and appreciated task swept away, life was a horrible void.

No doubt there were many marital separations as a result. In this case one threatens, and worse. And the threat of worse, which involves the fate of the neglected young daughter, gives the strong motive to the play.

The author has taken due heed of the necessity of making the mother affectionate and lovable. Indeed, it is the atmosphere of appreciation in which she walked abroad, so different from the matter-of-course and sometimes unexpressed family affection which ceases to be stimulating, which made the popular and admired exwar worker so oblivious of her home responsibilities.

The author cleverly gets in a lot of suggestions, incidentally conveyed, to the truth of which we find ourselves tacitly subscribing:

That happily married people are often lonely; that the returned young soldiers some-

times came back with an acquirement of wisdom much greater than that of the returned war workers; due, we may infer, to the fact that the soldiers were facing death, while the war workers were often off on a hard-working but exciting adventure jaunt.

We also have it conveyed to us that innocence as in Sylvia's case—can sometimes wear the outward appearance of toughness; that a siren is always about ready to annex an insufficiently appreciated husband; that fathers and mothers take too much for granted in the social diversions of their growing or grown-up children; that socially elect war workers can return from abroad believing themselves to be democratic, and find they are not when one's son wishes to marry a stenographer; that a stenographer as a relation will pan out well when trouble comes; that wives are much quicker in recrimination than in self-accusation; that a brother will sometimes be more discerningly solicitous for a young sister than a mother; and a lot more. Indeed, there is a lot that is simply human in the play, and I can't quite place my finger on the lack which caused the interest to be rather slack in the first two acts. They were, however, agreeable and agreeably played, even when the two chief players were absent.

Marjorie Williams, with her delicate blonde coloring, made an appropriate ingénue in appearance, and is a very dependable actress. Both she and Marie Louise Walker, however—the latter also a careful, conscientious player—overstress their too dragging inflection to the point of actual exaggeration. Miss Williams, however, in the scene of Sylvia's return, made an excellent contrast, in her sharpness and hardness, to the guileless home girl of the earlier acts; who was, by the way, rather simpler and more old-fashioned than modern life allows girls to be nowadays.

Bert Leigh made an agreeable impression as the discerning son and brother of the household, and the stenographer bride belongs to the group of actresses who represented Mrs. Fair's returned war worker associates; a group of players who may be bracketed under the head of "also-rans."

These be troublous times in the theatrical world, and we are again indebted to Henry Miller, San Francisco's constant friend, for bringing to us a sufficiently good and entertaining play and company to make us believe that we are not entirely off the theatrical map. For we are with many of the Eastern producers, who are grimly closing their pockets against the exorbitant railway rates and refusing to send their attractions away from New York.

I wonder, by the way, if it costs more to bring pretty girls out here than plain ones. For there certainly is an astonishing paucity of beauty in the Miller company; out of nine or ten actresses in the cast there being only one who has any actual claims to prettiness; and perhaps it is only fair to add that this is

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Marjorie Williams, Blanche Bates' pleasant looks having gracefully settled down into those of frankly acknowledged maturity.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Recasting of Grand Opera Roles.

On account of the sudden illness of Léon Rother, which detained him in Chicago, some alterations will be made in the casts of the forthcoming operas. In "La Navarraise," October 2d, Mr. Rother's part will be taken by Louis d'Angelo, and d'Angelo's by Paolo Ananian. Angelo Bada will replace Rother Friday as Basilio in "The Barber of Seville." Tuesday night in "Rigoletto," Joseph Hislop, instead of Chamlee, will sing the rôle of the Duke, and on the same occasion Itali Ricci will replace Léon Rother.

In "L'Oracolo," October 2d, José Palet, the well-known Spanish dramatic tenor, will appear as Win-San-Luy instead of Hislop, and Myrtle Schaff will be Hoo-Chee, while Hislop, in "La Bohème," will undertake the rôle of Rodolfo.

The oldest English-made clock known is in the tower of the palace at Hampton Court, where it was placed in 1551. It was so complete it showed the motions of several of the planets, in addition to measuring the time. Part of the original mechanism is still in place.

At Vicksburg, Mississippi, it was once the practice to fire cannon every morning and evening, with a view to purifying the atmosphere.

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VANITY FAIR.

The *iber alles* sentiment, unpopular though it has become, is one that nevertheless dominates the human heart. It can't be downed. Witness the recent outburst of attempts to wrest the world championship in every known sport and some hitherto uncontested ones. We will soon, if report be true, have a woman's shot championship—now that shooting is becoming a popular feminine sport. It seems that it has been hanned in England for years, due to an Alexandrian decree. But armament will out. Our experts and diplomats who are to attend the Washington conference might do well to hear in mind that competition can not be limited. War, we take it, is primitive man's sport. Sport, as we understand the term today, is the finest product of civilization. It is a paradox—a good-natured contest. No—Mr. Shaw's supermen may succeed in making war sportsmanlike, but we fear that is the best that can be done with it; so long as the ambition to triumph remains a human trait.

Speaking of sports—it is a curious fact that the championships are getting "mixed up." The American golf title is held by a Britisher; the British heavyweight ring title is held by a Frenchman—our friend Georges; the British tennis title is also in the hands of England's ancient Gallic enemy; and America, of course, holds several world titles. We wonder what this peculiar commutation of titles portends. If a sufficiently thorough interchange could be accomplished (by secret diplomacy, suggests our familiar devil) might it not solve the tiresome war problem forever? We should all be so busy trying to retrieve lost titles that there would be no interest left over for other conquests. However, the outcome might be to go to war to settle the claim. We shall leave the disposal of war to the supermen, after all.

Alice in the Madhouse.

One of the urgent needs of the times, it seems, is a madhouse wherein we may confine all creators of fiction who believe in fancy. Whimsical and tender as their conceits may be, delighting old and young, these folk are nevertheless confirmed paranoiacs and should be incarcerated lest their delusions work harm to the practical world. For this reversal of literary reward a grateful public should thank the psychoanalysts, who are solemnly certain that the origin of no human thought or impulse is hidden to them. Take Alice of Wonderland, for instance. They would cast that

sprightly child into the limbo of lunacy, and it is a good thing for Lewis Carroll that he is gone to that undiscovered hourne whence the Cheshire cat materialized, grinning amiably. Kind-hearted persons might send him huns and comfits, but laughable, lovable Lewis would he grimly held as a madman.

Do you remember, as of course you do, that time when Alice grew above the trees of Wonderland? Tall, and tall, and taller until her puzzled head swayed giddily on its yards and yards of neck? And then how she became so surprisingly small that she was almost afraid there wasn't going to be any Alice left for adventuring? You ought to hear the psychoanalysts, in their superior sort of way, discussing this phenomenon.

"Yes, the poor girl was surely mad," said one of them, a certain André Tridon. "Lewis Carroll projected his own strange fancies into this character of a little girl and pictured a fine paranoiac. Children should not read this book. It is an escape from reality, and we must all live so as to meet reality and deal with it. All neurotics love literature of this type, and their number should not be increased by letting the young read such books."

So the truth is out at last. The majority of us are hopelessly neurotic, though we never suspected it and were serenely happy until the ghastly fact was disclosed. . . . The thought is saddening, yet it is illuminated by a jocular axiom which by its philosophical acceptance of such a condition resigns the troubled mind to repose. Gee, but it's great to be crazy!—Portland Oregonian.

Germany has 1,400,000 disabled soldiers.

ANNUAL MEETING.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the annual meeting of the stockholders of PRESIDIO TERRACE ASSOCIATION will be held at the office of the corporation, 318-324 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the fourth Tuesday in September, viz., September 27th, 1921, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of the election of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An irate fan, who had watched the home am go down to defeat, stopped the umpire as he was leaving the park. "Where's your dog?" he demanded. "Dog?" ejaculated his mps. "I have no dog." "Well, you're the st blind man I ever saw who didn't have a og," returned the disgruntled one.

Hearing a faint rustle in the dark hallway low, the elder sister, supposing the young an had gone, leaned over the balustrade and alled out: "Well, Bessie, have you landed im?" There was a deep, sepulchral silence or some moments. It was broken by the esitating, constrained voice of the young an: "She has!"

An Irishman in a museum was gazing with interest at a copy of the "Winged Victory." What may yez call that?" he asked an at- andant. "That is a statue of Victory, sir," as the reply. "Victory, is it," said Pat, sur- ying the armless and headless figure with eater interest than ever; "begorra, thin, I'd ee to see the other fellow."

Dr. George E. Vincent, head of the Rocke- ller Foundation's general education board, as discussing a banking scandal. "The nker has now gone off to South America," e said, "gone off, it is announced, to re- perate from an attack of influenza." Dr. ncent laughed grimly. "I've heard of that nd of influenza before," he said. "It comes om cold feet, due to exposure."

A Southern family had a coal-black cook med Sarah, and when her husband was lled in an accident Sarah appeared on the y of the funeral dressed in a sable outfit cept in one respect. "Why, Sarah," said r mistress, "what made you get white oves?" Sarah drew herself up and said in es of dignity, "Don't you s'pose I wants n niggahs to see dat I'se got on gloves?"

Bill, the Boy Battler of Bermondsey, got in e way of one of those little two-seaters own in this country as Fords. His thirteen ne caught the full impact of the tiny car, d Bill took the count. When he came ound he looked for the cause of the trouble. "ot did that?" he asked. "My car," said the ner. "Your wot?" said Bill, with deep dis- gt. "Lumme! Fancy me—me—bein' knocked a wiv a roller skate!"

A Scottish minister who was indefatigable ooking up his folk one day called upon a rishioner. "Richard," he said, "I hae na m ye at the kirk for some time, and wad le to know the reason." "Weel, sir," an- ered Richard, "I hae three decided objec- ns to goin'. Firstly, I dinna believe in ing whaur ye does a' the talkin'; secondly, I dinna believe in si' muckle singin'; an' irdly, an' in conclusion, 'twas there I got n wife."

Augh—waugh—gr-r!" It was the baby, he had made similar remarks steady for last hour. Mr. Newpop's hair—what was e of it—stood on end. "Gnow ahwb womd- g, gour-r-r," remarked the baby, lustily, hile the people living across the way rose n their beds and closed their windows os- atiously. Mr. Newpop ground his teeth. "I think," he murmured, wearily, "that I uld live to become the father of a train ouncer!"

ow he earned a shilling tip was amusingly e by Sir Thomas Lipton at a concert given y the firm's choral society a few weeks back. en I was crossing over from America last y," he said, "I was preparing to sit down a deck chair when a parson came up. k here, steward," he said, "I want a deck br put in that corner spot." I got a deck r and placed it there, when he said, e's a hob for you.' Being Scotch," con- eluded Sir Thomas, "I took it."

ublisher George Doran of New York was aking about Conan Doyle's rampant belief n spiritualism. "Doyle's friends poke fun at hi," he said, "but he takes it all in good e. At a dinner in Golder's Green, the nwich Village of London, Doyle's host sa to him one evening: 'How will you e: your roast beef, Sir Arthur? Underdone or —' But here the hostess interrupted: 'I takes no Sherlock Holmes,' she said, 'to e how he'll have his beef. He'll have it n tium,' of course."

s Little Harry came in the back door he saying to himself, "Well, I got the best im that time." His mother happened to n the kitchen. "Harry, have you and the hbor boy been fighting again?" she asked. ry was quick to reply: "Not this time. Y know when he was over here last week made a kite and you made me let him ta it home with him. Yesterday we made

a birdhouse and he got to take it home. So today we dug holes and he didn't take them home with him."

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was talking at a dinner upon doughboy pluck. "A dough- boy," he said, "got shot in the hand near Château Thierry. The surgeon who treated the wound, thinking to put some embrocation on it, said to an orderly: 'Run into the next room and fetch me that phial on the shelf.' 'No ye don't, doc,' said the doughboy, firmly, as he lit a fresh cigarette. 'If this hand's got to come off, I insist on your usin' a knife or a hatchet.'"

A schoolteacher was relating some of her experience in different schools throughout the country: "I taught school among my own people in the Tennessee mountains for several years after I graduated from college. Funny things happened. Hearing a boy say, 'I aint gwine thar,' I said to him: 'That's no way to speak. Listen: I am not going there; you are not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there. Do you get the idea?' 'Yessum, I gits it all right. They aint nobody gwine.'"

Henry Ford said at a dinner in Dearborn: "The American farmer is the most receptive man in the world if you approach him with practical ideas—tractors, say. If you approach him with idea of no value, he's apt to be sar- castic. 'Friend,' said a college professor to a farmer one summer day, 'what are you feed- ing those hogs?' 'Corn,' said the farmer. 'Are

you feeding the corn, friend, wet or dry?' 'Dry.' 'Friend, friend, don't you know that if you wet the corn the hogs will digest it in half the time?' The farmer laughed. 'Look here,' he said, 'how much do you think a hog's time is worth?'"

Estes Snedecor, president of the Interna- tional Association of Rotary Clubs, said at a luncheon in New York: "I would not admit a misogynist to our great organization. Woman is the home builder, not the home destroyer, and any man who takes the latter view of her is a fool. No fool is worthy to be a Rotarian. I was talking to one of these fool misogynists the other day. 'There goes young Kail,' I said. 'He's got \$40,000 a year, and yet he won't have anything to do with women.' 'That,' said the fool misogynist, 'is why he has \$40,000 a year.'"

Frank Kipp was showing a stranger from San Francisco around Los Angeles in a high- powered car, and when pointing out the Au- ditorium, Frank said: "That's our big audi- torium and Joe Grieb built the whole thing in six months." "That's nothing," said the stranger from San Francisco, "we built a bigger one in three months." Then Frank drove him out and they passed the beautiful water tower next to General Otto Falk's house. The stranger said, "What's that?" "I don't know," said Frank. "That wasn't there the day before yesterday."

Special smoking compartments for women are to be provided on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE MERRY MUSE.

IL

If she didn't have her hair bobbed,
If she didn't daub with paint,
If she had her dresses made to reach
To where the dresses aint,
If she didn't have that baby voice,
And spoke just as she should;
Don't you think she'd be as popular?
I hardly think she would.

—Georgia Cricket.

Antitoxins.

When psychoanalysis vexes
The feminine novelist's heart
And she thinks the discussion of sex is
The ultimate triumph of Art,
I return to the simple romances
Of ante-Victorian Jane,
Or I find a new charm in the fancies
Of "Cranford" again.

When the decadent Georgian poet
Composes unmusical tosh,
And importunes the public—to show it
The linen he sends to the wash,
I reflect that, unmoved by the ages,
The mighty are still in their seats,
And take comfort once more from the pages
Of Cowper or Keats.

If the twentieth-century flapper
My sense of what's fitting annoys
With the garments that weirdly enwrap her,
Her glances and dances and "boys,"
From her manners and modes (which are shady)
I get some relief when I dine
With a really delightful old lady
Of seventy-nine.

—Punch.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Finlay McIntyre of Piedmont announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen McIntyre, to Mr. Edgington H. Detrick, son of Mr. Edgington Detrick of Berkeley.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Somerset of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Hope Somerset, to Mr. Donald Walsh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Walsh. The news was told at a tea given by Mrs. Jack Okell last Friday in Piedmont in honor of Mrs. Donald Bradford and Miss Lorna Williamson. Among the guests were Mrs. Arthur Selby, Mrs. Dudley Dexter, Mrs. Edmund Stillman, Mrs. Edward von Adelung, Mrs. Warner Bliss, Mrs. Harry Magee, Mrs. John Winston, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Marjorie Spring, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Mary Kennedy, and Miss Elizabeth Magee.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Sloss, daughter of Judge and Mrs. M. C. Sloss, and Dr. Ralph H. Kuhns of Seattle was solemnized September 14th in the Ross Valley home of the bride's parents, Dr. Martin Meyer officiating. Mrs. H. I. Weil was the matron of honor. Mr. Richard Kuhns was his brother's best man and the ushers were Mr. Frank Sloss, Mr. Richard Sloss, Mr. Leon Sloss, Mr. Milton Esherg, Mr. John Lilienthal, Mr. E. P. Lilienthal, and Mr. M. F. Weil.

Mrs. Crawford Clarke entertained at a tea last Friday in honor of her eightieth birthday. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Stuart Baldwin, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. A. N. Buchanan, Mrs. Lawrence Brown, Mrs. James Hall, Mrs. W. S. Franklin, Mrs. William Ireland, and Miss Lynda Buchanan. Some of those to accept Mrs. Clarke's hospitality included Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Walter Treat, Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Frank Dray, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Charles Judson, Mrs. F. C. McCreary, Mrs. William Warren, Mrs. Arthur Sharp, Mrs. William Shotwell, Mrs. James Tyson, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. William Weir, and Mrs. Roy Somers.

Mrs. John Casserly gave a reception Sunday in San Mateo in honor of Captain Festyn Davies of England.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall gave a dinner-dance last Saturday in Burlingame in honor of Miss Edna Taylor. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss

Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Leonora Armsby, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Ruth Whitley, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Audrey Willett, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Geraldine Grace, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. George Newhall, Jr., Mr. Kenneth Pope, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. Dean Dillman, Mr. Edward Malthus, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Raymond Armshy, Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. André Lord, Mr. Breck McAllister, Mr. Jack Boyden, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. George Tallant, Mr. Donald Clappett, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Frederick Johnson, Mr. Kenneth Rulofson, Mr. Marshall Fisher, Mr. Heher Tilden, Mr. Edward McNear, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Edward Griffin, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Tallant Tuhs, Mr. Cuyler Lee, Jr., Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Elliott McAllister, Jr., Mr. William Dimond, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Arthur Perry, Mr. Paul Clappett, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Burhank Somers, Mr. Calvin Tilden, and Mr. Thomas Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Salem Pohlman were the guests of honor at a dinner-dance at which Mr. and Mrs. Ward Dawson entertained in Piedmont last Saturday. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wayhur, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breck, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fennon, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Gilchrist, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Okell, Mr. and Mrs. Loren Hillman, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Vera Lewis, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Alice Pratt, Mr. John Knox, Mr. Cameron Wylie, Mr. Andrew Talbot, Mr. Thomas Dinsmore, Mr. Donald Lewis, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. Herbert Tietzen, Mr. Hyland Himman, Mr. Randolph Flood, Mr. Earl Breck, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Porter Senon, and Mr. Welby Dinsmore.

Mrs. Alanson Weeks and Miss Carol Klink gave a tea Tuesday at the former's home in honor of Miss Louise Porter, who has recently returned from New York.

Miss Florence Martin gave a luncheon Tuesday in Ross Valley in compliment to Miss Amanda McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard complimented Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee at a dinner Tuesday.

Mrs. William Babcock gave a luncheon Thursday, when she had as guests Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. William Wright, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. George Martin, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. William Horn, Mrs. Arthur Foster, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Vincent Neale, Mrs. Alfred Duhois, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Anne Pentz, and Miss Margaret Foster.

M. and Mme. Jean de St. Cyr gave a dinner Thursday in San Mateo, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tohin, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. George Marye, Mr. Robert Burroughs, and Mr. Hays Smith.

Mrs. Frank Stringham was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week in Berkeley by Mrs. Duncan McDuffie.

Mrs. Willis Walker gave a bridge-tea last Thursday in honor of Miss Harriet Walker.

Mrs. Clarence Smith gave a luncheon Wednesday for Mrs. Charles Okell and Mrs. Louis James. The guests were Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. James Tyson, Mrs. Watson Fennimore, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, Mrs. George Dillman, and Miss Louise Prescott.

Complimenting Miss Lorna Williamson, Mrs. Andrew Talbot gave a luncheon at the Town and Country Club Tuesday. Her guests were Mrs. Denman McNear, Mrs. P. F. Brown, Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. Jack Okell, Mrs. Harry Magee, Mrs. Guy Gilchrist, Mrs. Henry Olthoff, Mrs. Robert Wayhur, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Helen Rodolph, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Betsy Dibblee, Miss Dorthea Williamson, Miss Lucy Cooke, and Miss Charlotte Ziel.

Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Thursday in San Mateo.

Mrs. Herbert Gould was the guest of honor at a tea at which Mrs. Alden Ames entertained Thursday.

Mrs. George Cassidy gave a bridge-tea at the Presidio last Saturday in honor of Mrs. Arnett Matthews, wife of Major Matthews, who has recently arrived from Camp Lewis to make her home at that post.

In honor of Miss Betty and Miss Evelyn Salisbury, Mrs. Walker Salisbury gave a dancing party Saturday last in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart gave a dinner last Wednesday, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, and Colonel and Mrs. Guy Edie.

Mrs. George Tyson gave a luncheon recently in Alameda, when she had as guests Mrs. J. R. Clark, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, Mrs. James Tyson, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Edgar Jones, Mrs. Watson Fennimore, Mrs. Clarence Smith, and Mrs. J. O. Harron.

Dr. James Eaves gave a dinner Wednesday in honor of Miss Lorna Williamson and Mr. Andrew Talbot.

Mrs. George Pope gave a luncheon Thursday in Burlingame.

guest at a tea at which Miss Jennie Stone entertained Thursday in the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt gave a dinner Monday in Piedmont in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham.

Mrs. Reginald Jenkins was hostess at a luncheon Monday in the Town and Country Club, when she entertained among others Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. George Bowles, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. Platt Kent, Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Miss Katharine Donohoe, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Elvira Mejia, and Miss Rosario Winston.

Mrs. Andrew Talbot gave a luncheon Thursday, when she entertained Mrs. Swift Train, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Lulu Webster, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Betty George, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Sophia Brownell, Miss Louise Braden, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Jean Webster, Miss Betty Schmiedell, and Miss Amanda McNear.

On Thursday, September 15th, the Players Club celebrated the opening of the season and its annual "Club Night" with a programme in which talented members of the company displayed their ability to act, sing, and dance. Among those who contributed to the programme are Misses Myers, Benfield, and Edson, and Messrs. Hanley, Kent, and Pracht. La Estrellita danced and sang, Emelie Melville addressed the capacity audience, and Clay Greene served as a programme chairman. At the conclusion of the entertainment all present adjourned to the greenroom, where an informal reception was held.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a son at Lyons, France.

The Death of Miss Susanne McEwen.

Miss Susanne S. McEwen, president of the Doctors' Daughters, passed away at the Children's Hospital, Wednesday, September 14th. She was the daughter of the late William and Julia McEwen, a native of San Francisco. She succeeded to the presidency of the Doctors' Daughters upon the death of her sister, Mrs. Edward Horton, twenty-five years ago. Through her efforts and untiring work the interests of this organization have become permanent in San Francisco. No deserving child to her sympathy was ever unheeded. Her loss to the members of the Doctors' Daughters and to many individuals will be keenly felt.

Arequipa Anniversary.

The Arequipa Sanatorium at Manor, Marin County, will celebrate its tenth anniversary Saturday, September 24th. The board of managers will keep open house between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock and invite all friends and supporters of the institution to visit the sanatorium, which has just completed ten years of service to the public health.

Arequipa Sanatorium was founded in September, 1911, by a group of philanthropic people of this community to provide a place where wage-earning women with early tuberculosis might be cared for at a rate within their means. Seven hundred sick girls and young mothers have been cared for and the majority restored to health and economic usefulness after an average stay of six months. Such a work should be freed from financial stress and advance to enlarged usefulness and the development of medical research in the treatment of this tragic disease. The board of managers seek to perpetuate this splendid philanthropy through an endowment fund of \$50,000.

"Allocation," said the word monger, "is a word that is being given considerable prominence. It became popular during the war in connection with ships and loans. The 'allocation' of shipping and the 'allocation' of loans came to be current phrases. Not long ago the Senate called on the President for information as to how he had 'allocated' certain funds. In a recent newspaper story about an operative benefit in one of the big cities the newspapers said that 'the allocation of hoxes is to be based on the size and date of the contribution.' 'Allocation' is so closely allied to 'allot', 'assign', and 'apportion' that the shipping and treasury authorities might just as well have said the 'allotment' of ships and the 'apportionment' of funds or loans. But words come into fashion and writers and speakers fall into or 'fall for' the prevailing mode in words, as some persons do for the prevailing colors in socks or neckties and the prevailing styles in haircuts. In the 'olden times'—that is, when grandfather was in business—'allocation' had somewhat of a run as a financial word and one could often hear and see the phrase 'allocation of the shares of the company.'—*Washington Star*.

The Passion Play is to be revived at Oherammergau in 1922, when it is planned to give thirty performances. Eighty-two men, formerly actors in the play, were killed during the world war.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Daniel Murphy and Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown took their departure Tuesday for New York. On Mrs. Murphy's return the latter part of October she will be accompanied by Mme. Dominguez and M. Vicente Dominguez, who will be her guests for several months.

Mrs. Scott Brooke and her children have returned from New York, where they visited during the summer.

Mrs. Jerome Politzer is visiting friends in Paris. She will shortly join Mr. Politzer in Vienna.

Miss Anne Peters will return next week from the Peters ranch near Stockton, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Peters. She will go to Burlingame the last of the week to visit Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith.

Mrs. George Page will leave soon for Hollywood to visit Mrs. Donald Armstrong. On her return he will take a house in San Rafael for the winter.

Major and Mrs. Charles Norris and Mrs. Charles Hartigan are in Hollywood for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Athearn Folger and Mr. James Folger have arrived in New York, where they will be for a few days. Mrs. Folger will then go to the Maine coast, where she will be the guest of Mrs. George Dearborn, and Mr. Folger will resume his studies at Yale.

Mrs. George Shreve and Miss Agnes Shreve and Mrs. Walter Treat have gone to New York for a several weeks' sojourn.

Miss Sara Cunningham left Wednesday for New York to be away six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have returned to their apartments at the St. Francis from Woodside, where they passed the summer.

Miss Genevieve King will leave shortly for the East to be away several months. She will divide her sojourn between New York and Washington.

Mrs. Ernest Folger and Miss Elena Folger have sailed for the United States and on their arrival they will come West immediately to join Mr. Folger and Miss Betty, who preceded them home several weeks.

Mrs. Selby Hayne and Mrs. Alvah Kaime will leave early in October for Europe to be absent until Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling have returned to the St. Francis Hotel from Woodside, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have returned to town for the winter.

Mrs. Richard Sprague will leave shortly for New York and she will sail October 5th for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Perkins, Miss Margaret

and Miss Helen Perkins have returned from Palo Alto, where they had a house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams and Miss Audrey Williams have moved over from Berkeley to the Williams home on Octavia Street, which they will occupy this winter. Miss Audrey will be a debutante.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali will return soon to Italy, after a several weeks' visit in California.

Miss Vida Dodge has arrived from New York and she is at the Fairmont.

Miss Hildreth Meiere is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Bowers. She will leave for New York in October.

Countess Marguerite de Mailly-Chalon and her little son will leave Monday for New York. They will sail for France October 2d and they expect to be abroad a year.

Mr. Edgar Peikotto has returned from New York, where he has been for several weeks.

Mrs. Elysse Hopkins has decided to remain abroad until next year and she expects to be in Desauville throughout the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan recently visited in Ross Valley with Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mein are enjoying a trip through the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard in Menlo Park over the week-end.

Mrs. Frederick McNear has gone to New York for a short sojourn.

Miss Pauline Wheeler has returned from a visit in Belvedere.

Miss Mary Gorgas is visiting Surgeon and Mrs. John Neilson in Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart in this city.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan and Miss Biddy O'Sullivan have recently been visiting at Heath End, in Checkered, Oxon, England, with Sir Edward and Lady Busk.

Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee and their little daughter returned from Montecito Monday and they are visiting Mrs. J. W. Keeney. They will leave for New York, October 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand C. Peterson have returned to Belvedere, after a trip to the Canadian Rockies and the Pacific Northwest.

Mrs. Andrew M. Lawrence and her daughter, Miss Edna Lawrence, left last Saturday for New York, where they will spend the balance of September, returning here October 15th.

Hotel Oakland recent arrivals include Mr. W. B. Roberts and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Proyer, Boston, Massachusetts.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Nathan, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. Matt Samoville, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Maze, Modesto; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Brammer, Madera; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Finucane, Houston, Texas; Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Draper, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. George Kingsbury, Watsonville; Dr. C. L. Brown, Westwood; Dr. Henry Pond and family, Napa; Mr. F. D. Fleming, Los Angeles; Mr. J. Richard Malaby, Palo Alto; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Butler, Santa Ana; Mr. C. H. Jones, Chicago; Dr. C. F. English, Stockton; Mr. E. H. Scott, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Harris, returned from New York; Mr. R. R. Young and family, Waterloo, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Case, Los Angeles; Mr. W. A. Clarke, Sydney, Australia; Mr. H. S. Sergeant, Melbourne, Australia; Mr. and Mrs. J. Jones, Lodi.

Included among those recently registered at the Hotel St. Francis are Mr. Eugene Meyer, Jr., New York; Mr. M. H. Hartman, Buffalo, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Pittsford, Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hardecastle, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. B. Singer, Chicago; Mr. J. R. Updyke, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Lowe, Los Angeles; Mrs. Damon Runyon, New York; Mr. F. M. Manson, Reno; Mr. J. M. McGee, Oroville; Mr. and Mrs. Hal Thompson, Dallas, Texas; Colonel and Mrs. T. A. Baldwin and two children, Los Angeles; Dr. J. F. Dwyer, New York; Mr. Harry Herman, Oklahoma; Mr. A. F. Osterloh, Los Angeles; Geraldine Farrar, Mr. S. D. Farrar, Mr. C. J. Foley, Mr. S. Blair, members of Scotti Grand Opera Company; Mr. and Mrs. Thadd Scott, Houston, Texas.

Ruth Chatterton.

For two special performances at the Columbia Theatre—on Tuesday afternoon, September 27th, and Friday afternoon, September 30th—Ruth Chatterton will treat San Francisco theatre-goers to a first production on any stage of "Into the Sunlight." It will be Miss Chatterton's initial production as a manageress, with a cast of players that can seldom be assembled in one play.

Ruth Chatterton is well remembered as the star of "Come Out of the Kitchen," "A Marriage of Convenience," "The Merry Month of May," and more lately of "Mary Rose." "Into the Sunlight" is by the well-known authors Salisbury Field and Felton Elkins; and Miss Chatterton's associate players will include Henry Miller and Blanche Bates, stars of "The Famous Mrs. Fair"; Tom Neshit, the leading man of Barrie's "Mary Rose," and Boyd Irwin, one of the foremost players of the Australian stage.

It is planned to present the new play in New York just as soon as Miss Chatterton's tour in "Mary Rose" is brought to a close in the East in the not far distant future.

The United States holds Polish government 5 per cent. notes for \$100,000,000. Part of this is for \$71,920,000 worth of goods of the A. E. F. sold to Poland and the rest is for supplies yet to be furnished.

The ancients used mint to scent their baths and as smelling salts for fainting people.

The Polynesians and the Malays always sit down when speaking to a superior.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

On Monday night Henry Miller and Blanche Bates will open the second week of their engagement in James Forbes' American comedy, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," at the Columbia Theatre.

That the dramatic season should have been opened with these distinguished stars reflects credit on the management of the Columbia Theatre, for it is directly in keeping with their policy to provide San Francisco with the very best in the way of dramatic fare. And it is an acknowledged fact that "The Famous Mrs. Fair" not only provides these stars with the best opportunities for the display of their art that they have ever had, but it is, at the same time, undoubtedly one of the best comedies by an American author.

Naturally the two stars command the foremost attention, but no small degree of the success of the piece is due to the work of the very competent supporting company that Mr. Miller has selected. The same care has been given to the casting of the minor rôles as has been given to that of the pivotal characters.

All records for attendance are being broken at the Columbia. Mr. Miller's seasons have always been noteworthy for the response awakened in local theatre-goers. Always giving unsparingly of his best, in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" he has outdone himself, and it is gratifying that local playgoers are responding so well to a production that reflects the best in dramatic art.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Ishen's play, "Ghosts," which has been referred to by many critics as the masterpiece of that author, a play in which the clever members of the Maitland company will have full scope, is to be produced at the Maitland Playhouse commencing next Monday night and for the remainder of the week.

In this play Ishen has discussed and diagnosed the diseases of modern society, and when it was first written "Ghosts" provoked a storm of censure as well as approval.

Ishen has always been one of the favorite authors with the Maitland audiences, and the determination of Director Maitland to give "Ghosts" was caused by many requests. Such actors as Mr. Maitland and John Fee, with the capable assistance of Miss Lea Penman and Marjorie Faraday, will go far in making next week's performances interesting.

The Orpheum.

With a one-act satirical playlet entitled "Poor Rich Man," Francis X. Bushman and Miss Beverly Bayne, favorites of the motion-picture screen, are now making their vaudeville debut at the Orpheum Theatre. This is regarded as one of the Orpheum's most interesting attractions for the season. The act remains all next week.

The wide popularity this couple enjoys from its numerous screen successes has made each week on its Orpheum tour seem like a "homecoming." The movies may popularize an actor or actress, but it rests with the speaking stage, notably vaudeville and its audiences, to show a screen favorite how popular he or she really is. Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne have made

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records for attendance in almost every Orpheum house in which they have appeared.

"The Honeymoon," by Arnold Bennett, whose "Milestones" and "The Great Adventure" were given last season at the Maitland Playhouse, will follow "Ghosts" at the Maitland. It is an interesting comedy of the high class that Director Arthur Maitland demands in his productions.

"What Every Woman Knows" and the Augustus Thomas comedy, "As a Man Thinks," are among the plays promised for the Maitland Playhouse in the near future.

Among some of the tribes in the Arctic region a man who wishes a divorce leaves home in anger and does not return for several days. The wife takes the hint and departs.

German parents sometimes change the name of their baby if it is seriously ill.

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bag, and caddy's outfit all to match, and she simply couldn't resist the temptation."—*Judge*.

Tom—What's the difference between hetting and bluffing? *Jock*—A good deal.—*Mass. Tech. Vao Dao*.

Dod (sternly)—Where were you last night? Son—Oh, just riding around with some of the boys. Dad—Well, tell 'em not to leave their hairpins in the car.—*Texas Scouter*.

Prospective Mistress—You say you have no references. How is that? Applicant—Well, you see, mum, I've always stayed in one place till the people died.—*London Passing Show*.

The Model—It's funny that every actress thinks she's under thirty. The Smock—Not as funny as that every woman under thirty thinks she's an actress.—*Iowa Frivol*.

Better Half—Don't you adore that necktie I gave you for your birthday? Other Half—No other eyes than mine shall feast themselves on its loveliness.—*New York University News*.

"Mabel told me that this is her first year out." "Why, she's been out four seasons." "Well, I suppose she counts four seasons to the year."—*Toronto Telegram*.

"Arrested for wearing a one-piece bathing suit?" "Yes." "Shocking! What excuse did the young woman have for exposing her person like that?" "Oh! You should have seen her excuse."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

In the olden days girls used to stay at home because "they had nothing to wear." But look at 'em now.—*New Haven Register*.

"You sold me a car about two weeks ago." "So I did," replied the automobile salesman. "How do you like it?" "That's just the point. I want you to tell me everything you said

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about that car all over again. I'm getting discouraged."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"The doctor has ordered her to the seashore. Now they're having a consultation." "Of doctors?" "Of dressmakers."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

He—I think the world of you. She—The world isn't so very hard to get around, nowadays.—*Yale Record*.

She—And what do you call this club? He—That's a mashie. She—And this one? He—Oh, that's a spoon. She—Ahem—sounds like an interesting game. Won't you give me a lesson?—*Judge*.

"How do you like prohibition, Bill?" "An even break. In the old days I felt better at night and now I feel better in the morning."—*New York Sun*.

"I didn't know that Reggie stuttered so badly." "He doesn't stutter at all, but he promised his wife he would cut out swearing, and it leaves his conversation full of holes."—*Judge*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2323.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 1, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son, in Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Immigration Law.

The present immigration law founded upon some senseless system of percentage must be amended. A rule that admits large numbers of undesirable people because there are large numbers of undesirable people already here, and that excludes desirable people because there are very few of their kind now in the country, belongs to the domain of comic opera and not of practical business. For this is exactly what the present law is doing. Large numbers of people from Asia Minor whom we do not particularly want are now among us, and therefore it seems that we must admit large numbers more, presumably by way of remedy. On the other hand we have very few Australians, who are among the best people on earth, and so we ordain that no more of them shall come. In this way we guarantee that bad immigrants shall increase much more rapidly than good ones, a procedure that doubtless commends itself to the congressional mind, leniently characterized as peculiar, but that will hardly find favor from more normal intelligences. Last week we witnessed the detention of a wealthy Australian who was practically a resident of California and the owner of extensive properties in California. An Armenian intent on peddling rugs at back doors would presumably have been admitted. Surely our legislators can foresee the obvious results of their actions. But then again, perhaps not.

The new law is not only absurd; it is also cruel. What are we to say to the admission of parents and the exclusion and deportation of their children on the ridic-

ulous ground that the parents happen to come on the right side of the ordained quota and the children on the wrong side? This has been done over and over again, and it is abominable. Representative Siegel cites sixty-seven cases of "needless cruelty," and President Harding expresses himself as gravely perturbed by these examples of stupid administration. The law must either be amended or it must be interpreted in some other way. If the prohibition law can be changed by more or less anonymous fiat every Tuesday and Friday it should be possible to modify the immigration law in the direction of humanity and good sense.

War in the Oil Fields.

The causes of the war—the word is used advisedly—between the oil producers and their men becomes unimportant in comparison with the way in which that war is being waged. The quarrel has little or nothing to do with wages or with hours of work. These questions have been more or less satisfactorily arranged. But a much larger question remains unsettled. The men demand that the government shall be made a party to all agreements between them and the producers. The producers on their part maintain that this is a step toward the nationalization of the oil fields, that the agreement against union intimidation made with the President's mediation commission has been constantly violated, and that government participation implies decreased efficiency. They have issued a statement asserting "the right and the obligation of each employer and of his employees to agree on their relations without government control."

The question may as well be faced in its nudity. If the government is to be made a party to agreements in the oil fields, then the government may be made a party to agreements in all other fields. Where shall we draw the line? The participation of the government means eventual dictatorship by the government, and this in its turn leads inevitably to government control and government ownership. If this is what we want, well and good. But do we want it? It means pure, unadulterated socialism. It means government control over all other oil fields, over all other industries. To suppose that it will be confined to the great activities of public utility is childish. There will be, can be, no limitations at all. If the government may interfere between the oil producer and his workman it may interfere between the corner grocer and his clerk. And it will. Already we have seen the results of governmental control of the railroads. It was the source of unnumbered ills that are still with us, the parent of unemployment and of industrial paralysis. Those who furtively engineered the control of the railroads were in no way actuated by a desire to lubricate the progress of the war. They cared nothing about the war. They cared about nothing but socialism. The war was their opportunity to start a vast socialist experiment and they are ceaselessly on the watch to repeat it. They want to repeat it in the oil fields. Once more, if we want to cut the painter that ties us to ancient and tested usages, if we are willing to establish a new procedure that will grow and grow until it devours us, we can surrender to the demands of the oil workers. But at least let us know what we are doing. Let us realize that this is not a local labor quarrel at which we can afford to look with our usual dreadful apathies. It is an axe laid at the root of American government as we have always known it. It is not a strike. It is revolution.

It is revolution in its purpose and it is revolution in its method. Already it has produced something like paralysis in the state government. We do not know why the governor sent his secretary to the seat of war unless it was to make a gesture that should excuse his inactivity. The secretary seems to have suggested to the strikers that one single feature of their campaign

—the stopping of automobiles on the high roads—was illegal, and the practice was discontinued. But is there nothing else illegal? Is it not illegal that a body of strikers should completely take over the government of a whole district, that they should "occupy" that district in the military sense of the word and administer it in all its relations and in their own interests, and to the peril of those whom they may suppose to be hostile to those interests? Is it not illegal to invest with police powers a body of strikers avowedly intent only upon their own sectional purposes, an action involving abdication by the regularly constituted authorities? If this may be done in the oil fields why may it not be done in San Francisco or anywhere else? What is to prevent the swearing in as deputies of strikers everywhere, *en masse*? What is to prevent the swearing in of any one, of an I. W. W. mob, of a Red mob, of any other mob that happens to be numerous enough to bring a cowardly officialism to its knees. Supposing that we are governed by democratic mechanisms—if indeed any one does suppose such a thing—we suddenly discover that public police powers can be transferred overnight to a thousand or so men who openly announce that they will decide who shall and who shall not use the high roads, to an armed mob intent on nothing but the enforcement of strike rules, while the constituted authorities of the state are smirking and bowing at the most impudent usurpation of official authority that we have yet witnessed. We are unversed in the technicalities of the law, but if this thing is legal, if a body of strikers may at any moment *become the government*, then we are nearer to the abyss than we supposed. We may be pushed over the edge at almost any instant. In point of fact these oil field strikers have declared and established a soviet. There is no other name for it. It is indistinguishable from the soviets of Russia. Loudly proclaiming that we are immune from the revolutionary mania prevalent elsewhere, we find it flourishing in our midst while the regular authorities of the state are blinking stupidly at the portent or trying to guess at the number of votes involved.

There is nothing to be done about it unless public opinion can be persuaded to assert itself. The public is so used to being kicked from pillar to post, so used to being deprived of houses, food, clothing, and all the other necessities of life at the bidding of employers and employed that it seems hardly able to form or to assert its opinion. Doubtless it will one day arouse itself under some sudden shock, sharp enough to bring realization. But it may then be too late.

"Political Offenders."

The status of the political offender and the legal definition of a political offense were much in need of the elucidation recently supplied by Attorney-General Daugherty in his speech before the American Bar Association at Cincinnati. Whatever we may think of the offense committed by Mr. Debs and others of his ilk in trying to embarrass the government in its war against Germany, it was not a political offense in the legal sense of that term. It must not be classed among those actions for which extradition may not be asked by one country of another. Says Mr. Daugherty:

In this country there is now being disseminated an extensive propaganda to dignify the crimes committed by many persons who are now in prison for disloyal conduct or for obstructing or hindering the government in prosecuting the war with Germany, and, by means of such propaganda, to create a public sentiment, not only to have such criminals freed, but to have this general doctrine recognized, to enable criminals and those in sympathy with them to continue such opposition to law and order with impunity. * * *

Under international law, the reason for the doctrine [of non-extradition for political offenses] was the different standards of two or more sovereignties as to civil, political, or religious concepts. That reason does not exist under the municipal law of a political state or sovereignty in this country.

Now there is no difference between the stand-

this country and any other so far as they relate to the acts committed by Mr. Debs. Such acts are condemned by the whole of civilization. It might be proper to release such men on the ground of mercy, and such a proposal is eminently debatable. But they ought not be released on the ground that their crimes were in any way essentially different from those other crimes that no one condones. And certainly they ought not to be released without some sort of assurance that they will not repeat their offenses nor so long as they and their misguided followers persist in proclaiming that those offenses are actually virtues and will be practiced whenever opportunity may offer.

The Problem of the Pacific.

The article by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge to be found in another column will be read with the attention deserved alike by its significance and by the distinction of its author. Sir Cyprian Bridge is known all over the world as a seaman and a naval strategist. That he is also a student of world affairs, a careful and comprehensive observer, need hardly be indicated.

The Pacific states, says Sir Cyprian Bridge, are no longer the background of the American continent. They are no longer an appanage. They have become the western frontier of the white civilization of the world. They mark the boundary line between East and West, and immediately upon either side of that line are grouped the preponderant masses of the world's population. It is a line that has moved from the Eastern to the Western states, and this momentous shifting of the centre of gravity has come almost unnoticed. Perhaps it is still unacknowledged by those yet wedded to the old order of things, to the old valuations, and to what may be called the old geographical loyalties. None the less it is indisputable that the attention of the whole world is now directed toward the political fate of the Pacific Ocean just as it was once directed toward the political fate of the Atlantic. The immediate future, so far as the Pacific Ocean is concerned, is charged with destiny. It has become a world vortex.

It is to the larger issues of what we may frankly call the coming conflict—a pacific conflict, we may hope—that Sir Cyprian Bridge directs our attention. He has nothing to say about Yap, or Manchuria, or Korea, or Siberia, or the open door in China, or immigration. These are but the chips that show the strength and the direction of the rival currents. All these problems might be settled tomorrow and still there would be nothing settled, if that paradox may be allowed. Asia would still be nursing her brooding resentments, and her subtle ambitions would be no less aggressive. Actually it is not with "problems" that the coming conference will have to deal. There is only one problem, and it is the problem of the coming conflict between the two halves of the human race, the white and the colored. It will be in the Pacific.

Asia may be said roughly to comprise about one thousand millions of colored people, as against some five hundred millions of white people. If it be argued that Asia is divided by racial and religious differences and antagonisms that detract from her power, the point may be readily conceded. But so is the white world, and to a very much greater extent, to the extent of fanatical and fratricidal hates and wars. Moreover, Asia is rapidly composing her differences and moving fast toward consolidation, while the white world seems to be ever more tormented and riven by her hostilities. If we were to give to Asia one tithe of the attention that we bestow upon the trivialities of domestic politics we should be shocked out of our equanimities by the sight of a movement alike so stealthy and so colossal. We should be preparing for our duties as warden of the gate.

This is the movement discerned by Sir Cyprian Bridge and by many other observers as acute although less distinguished, and who have not hesitated to tell us that in comparison with this there is nothing in the field of human affairs that is so pregnant with destiny. Sir Cyprian Bridge tells us that this consolidation of Asia can not be very distant. Events are moving with extraordinary rapidity. Suppose, he says, that an invitation is given to Japan to head this movement. Can she refuse? Of course she would not and could not refuse. She has already laid claim to the leadership of Asia. It is the keynote of all her policies. They are to be understood in no other way. By making a gesture of hostility toward America she invites Asia to witness her capacity and her prowess, and to acknowledge her

supremacy and her leadership. How long shall we confuse the shadow with the substance, the *problems* of the Pacific with the *problem* of the Pacific?

Sir Cyprian Bridge ventures even to outline what may be called the plan of campaign of the Asiatic races against the white if that campaign should ever be allowed to come to a head. They will move, he says, westward across Europe, and the reply must be an attack upon their rear, an attack launched and directed from the Pacific States of America, which would thus become the vanguard of Western civilization. But there is one question to which he does not address himself except indirectly. What about Russia? Is Russia "East" or "West," white or Asiatic? Upon which side would she throw her weight? What would she become with a restoration of her sanity? Perhaps we are a little too ready to suppose that a reconstituted Russia would at once fall upon our necks and beg to be pardoned. She might have awkward things to say about self-determination and the resulting partition and ruin of her empire. Having been insultingly told for a hundred years that she is actually Asiatic she may decide to become so.

It is not difficult to read the moral of these reflections thus inadequately summarized. The moral is an "intimate understanding and hearty coöperation between the English-speaking peoples," an understanding and a coöperation that would make of those peoples the leaders of the white world. If such a consolidation of sympathies could be attained it would give instant pause to the pan-Asiatic movement so far as its aggressive designs are concerned. It would be the most certain guarantee against a war that would not close until the mastery of the human race had been determined. If the coming conference shall create those intangible lines of sympathy and understanding it will have gone a long way to solve the problem of the Pacific.

Holding the Purse Strings.

There is now a general demand for governmental economy, and well there may be if we are to avoid some sort of financial debacle. But there are only nebulous ideas as to how that economy can be effected or the nature of the authority that can draw the purse strings. Even so respectable a body as the committee in charge of the programme for the forthcoming convention of the American Bankers' Association in Los Angeles seems to be as vague as the rest of us. General Dawes, says the committee, has made a good start, but he "has not the backing of definite laws to help him in the objects he hopes to attain. His preliminary budget has no legal standing and it represents largely the exertion of moral pressure on the executive departments with a view to making some saving in the appropriations already granted them by Congress." The committee goes on to suggest that the director of the budget ought to have "legal backing to enforce those economies which * * * seem necessary in the running of the government." In other words we ought to create some sort of financial autocrat, oblivious of the fact that a financial autocrat is likely also to be all other sorts of an autocrat, and we seem to have had our fill of autocrats just for the present. Nor is Congress at all likely to smile on any suggestion that it renounce its financial authority.

The committee of the American Bankers' Association is evidently unaware that the President already possesses exactly those powers that it would confer upon General Dawes. The cabinet officers who are at the head of the various executive departments and who are entrusted with the spending of the public money are no more than the personal agents of the President. They are responsible only to him, and he can compel them to do his will. The President is practically a financial autocrat. We do not need another.

But the presidential autocracy is nominal rather than actual. The activities of the government are now so vast that it would be physically and mentally impossible for the President to give to the various departments that intimate direction that the Constitution contemplated. For this reason we find that the departments have assumed a sort of pseudo independence. They act autonomously. But the President can bring them under his hand whenever he wishes to do so or finds it possible to do so.

The director of the budget, created by Congress, can have no autocratic power because he himself is no more than the personal representative of the autocratic financial power of the President. He is supposed to do

those things for the President that the President has no time to do for himself. But legally it is the President himself who does those things. The President is responsible for them just as General Dawes himself is responsible to the President, and only to the President. Certainly we do not want two Presidents.

General Dawes makes his recommendations to the President and the President has full power to compel the heads of departments to follow his guidance. But it need not be said that he has not been arbitrary in the matter. He has tried to secure voluntary agreement rather than implicit obedience, and this, of course, is the best way to secure the desired results.

It is true that the budget system has already secured great savings. That it has not done even more than this is not the fault of the system nor of the President nor of the departments. It is due to the people themselves and to the clamorous nature of their demands for gigantic expenditures in aid of their sectional interests. It is not possible to make great savings in the normal agencies of the government. The cost of collecting the revenue, for example, is not susceptible to economy. Nor can there be any large saving in the maintenance of the Federal judiciary, nor in the administration of the pension laws nor of the public lands. The great increases in the cost of government have come in the War and Navy Departments, in the Department of Agriculture, and the Public Health Service. Another fruitful cause of extravagance is in "uplift" services, such as the Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor. But even these increases become insignificant in comparison with some of the newer forms of expenditure. Federal appropriations for road building, for example, have increased enormously. The demand in the bill now before Congress is for \$100,000,000 for the present year. The Veterans' Bureau is to spend \$467,000,000 during the same period, and the fixed charges on the national debt have grown to over one billion dollars, a sum greater than the total cost of government before the year 1917. Congress made large reductions in the appropriations for the army, and Secretary Weeks has done still more along the same line. An attempt has been made to reduce the cost of the Shipping Board, but it is evident that there will still be a deficit. The appropriations for the navy also have been reduced, but we do not here find the whole-hearted effort at voluntary reductions that are so apparent in the War Department. Reductions elsewhere are of minor importance, although their sum is fairly large.

It is obvious that if any real economies are to be made they must be in the larger expenditures. But these larger expenditures have the greater organized popular support. The classes that complain most loudly of increased cost are the very ones that make the increases necessary. The farmers, for example, do not like high cost of government, but they forced Congress to grant an additional credit of one billion dollars in the interests of agriculture. The automobilists cry out about high taxes, but they are agreed that one hundred million dollars for public roads is an inadequate sum.

It is easy to say that Congress should not be swayed by these considerations, but that is folly. Congress and the executive departments, being representative of the whole people, are earnestly anxious to do what the majority of the voters want them to do. Our scheme of government furnishes the people with the machinery for indicating their wishes, and public officials have therefore the right to assume that the voters alone are worthy of consideration. Some 30 per cent. of the citizens entitled to vote in national elections refrain from doing so.

The reorganization of the government will achieve some real economies, but all those economies will be lost if we continue to spend money recklessly on agricultural subsidies, automobile roads, and uplift.

Watching the Courts.

The club women who are just now engaged in "watching the administration of justice" in various law courts of San Francisco doubtless believe that they are doing a useful and a necessary work. Perhaps they are. It may be true, as their action would imply, that only by their critical supervision of these legal proceedings can a miscarriage of justice be prevented. The *Argonaut* is not of that opinion, and this is said with full awareness of the many and grievous legal scandals that have come to light at such unpleasantly close intervals during the last few years. If these women believe that they can advance the cause of

justice by their daily attendance in court, by all means let them continue it. But at least they should understand what their course implies, no matter how ingenious the veils. It implies the impotence or the venality of the courts, an impotence or a venality carried so far as to endanger the doing of justice. And it may be said furthermore and by way of emphasis that if such a course as this were followed in almost any other country of civilization, the offenders would probably find themselves in jail before sunset for contempt of court.

But there is a wider aspect of the question. Whose fault is it if any of the courts lie under the suspicion of undue influence or of venality? The judges are chosen by popular election. The credentials of the candidates, their records and their characters, are open for inspection. There is every opportunity to find the best men and every facility to elect them. The decent elements of the community are vastly more numerous than the indecent. They can choose whom they please, and elect whom they please, from the mayor downward. Once more, then, whose fault is it if we have bad judges and bad supervisors and a bad mayor? It is the fault of the decent elements of the community, of that very class, ethically speaking, from which these club women come. They are arraigning, not the courts, but their own class. It is their own class that imperils the good name of the city by its apathy and its acquiescence. Wherever there is a citizen who voted for a bad man, who failed to promote the candidacy of a good man and to vote for him, or who voted carelessly, there we must impute the guilt of bad government. We can not quite afford to "point with pride" to our activities in supervising the work of incapable or venal officials so long as those officials owe their existence to our own toleration and negligence. Such supervision may now be a duty, but it is a duty to be done with a humble and contrite heart.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Party of the Third Part.
STATE OF KANSAS
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

TOPEKA, September 19, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have just had the pleasure of reading your review of "The Party of the Third Part" and am writing to express my appreciation of it.

The manner in which you have condensed the philosophy of the situation into two columns and clarified it with your own language is admirable, and I am glad for the fine and intelligent interest you are taking in this subject.

With best wishes, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
H. J. ALLEN.

The Alien Poll Tax.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 20, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your "none the less" editorial in the last number anent the poll-tax decision is a gem. It is one of the best articles showing that the old spirit of the *Argonaut* still exists. May you favor your readers with more of the kind.

I would today suggest that you should attempt something similar on the abuses of power of the prohibition officials. Yesterday the *Chronicle* came out with a most conspicuous heading, "Home Wine-Makers Not Required to Have Permit." Today's *Chronicle* has a two-column article with the title, "Making of Beer and Wine for Home Consumption Is Now Forbidden." The confusion arising from all this in the public mind is most deplorable. Do the enforcement agents know their own mind?

It would also be interesting to give your readers an epitome of the dissenting opinion of the Federal Supreme Court justices in the Eighteenth Amendment decision. Also your opinion of the contention of Federal Judge Henry S. Priest of Missouri that the validity of the prohibition amendment is still open to revision by the United States Supreme Court and that a review of the original decision "seems to be expressly invited by Justice McReynolds."

Yours respectfully,
LEMICE TERRIEX, JR.

M. Ernest Daudet, who has died at the age of eighty-four, was the elder brother of Alphonse Daudet and may be identified with Jacques in the story "Le Petit Chose." A prolific journalist, he was for three years (1873-6) editor of the *Journal Officiel*, of which his brother Alphonse was dramatic critic. He was the author of over thirty novels and was one of the best known of modern French historians, his greatest work, the "History of the Emigration," gaining him the Grand Prix Gobert in 1905.

A good handwriting story is told about Thomas Carlyle. An Edinburgh compositor whose lot it was to have to set work after work of the sage finally couldn't stand it any longer and migrated to London. There on the first "copy" with which he had to deal he read in the well-known script: "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches by Thomas Carlyle." "This fellow," he cried in despair, "has followed me to London!"

The official report of the great earthquake which occurred in the Chinese province of Kansu last December shows 200,000 people, beside a large number of animals, were buried by falling hills. All houses within an area of seventy-five square miles were destroyed.

A REAL "PACIFIC" OCEAN.

By Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G. C. B.

Every one who has seen the city of San Francisco will admit its claim to be considered "The Queen of the North Pacific." The beauty of its site; the grandeur of its harbor; the invigorating salubrity of its climate; its stately buildings, both public and private; all combine to give the city a character which may be justly described as regal. More than that, it has a background of history both interesting and romantic. If sympathetically looked at it has as much romance as the history of early settlement in Virginia and in New England. The trials, experiences, and achievements of the "Forty-niners" are not unworthy of being placed by the side of those of the first settlers in Virginia and of the Pilgrim Fathers. The 'Forty-niners certainly went in search of material wealth; the quest was not irreconcilable with the process of tobacco-planting, or, indeed, of whaling. To reach what is now the great and wealthy State of California required, in 1849, more time, and in the majority of cases imposed on the emigrant heavier and more protracted hardships, than did a voyage across the North Atlantic in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. It is difficult in these days of transcontinental railways and Pullman cars to form anything like an accurate notion of a journey "across the plains" seventy years ago. A "prairie schooner"—as the wagon of those days was called—could travel little, if at all, faster than three miles an hour.

Many of the newcomers made the passage by sea—almost always in sailing vessels, as steamers were few. From an Atlantic port to the Golden Gate a common length of voyage was five or six months. Even for passengers who crossed the Central American Isthmus the voyage from Panama in a sailing vessel was usually a long one. I myself was nearly two months in making it. Whilst trying to get out of the Gulf we took forty-two days to make a thousand miles. It was this condition which induced Admiral M. F. Maury, the great marine physical-geographer, to say, in the days of sailing ships, that the construction of a transisthmian canal would not shorten the voyage from the Atlantic to California. The vessels of the day were, according to modern ideas, small. A full-rigged ship of seven or eight hundred tons was considered large. The command of such a ship, by nautical convention, entitled the captain to wear a tall black hat in port. The clippers were then few and mostly of later date. It was in 1854 that the *Lightning* of Boston made her celebrated passage from Melbourne to Liverpool, during which she ran some two thousand five hundred miles in one week. There was no cold storage afloat and preserved meats and vegetable were, if not quite, yet nearly unknown. Salt beef and salt pork on alternate days formed the staple food for both crew and passengers, who were also most uncomfortably crowded in narrow quarters.

The victualing on shore was not much better. I met men who had given a dollar for a single potato and thought themselves lucky when they could get one at that price. They told me stories of sufferings from a disease which they called "land scurvy," brought on by the impossibility of including vegetable food in their dietary.

I first visited San Francisco in 1855. There were still many 'Forty-niners in the place. Amongst them was the celebrated Captain Sumter. Unfortunately I did not meet him, but some of my brother officers did. Although the city had been almost wiped off the map by the great fire of 1851, it had grown again to stately dimensions, the population being, I believe, about sixty thousand. It had fine streets—Montgomery Street would have compared favorably with important thoroughfares in more Eastern places. There were large hotels, several theatres, and not a few banks, insurance offices, etc. There was a street called Tremont Street in which I know that there were banks, for I dealt with one. It seemed to be the Wall Street or Lombard Street of the San Francisco of the day. The principal shipping used to be berthed alongside the Vallejo Street wharf at the shore extremity of the street of the same name. I saw berthed there the celebrated American clipper *Flying Cloud*, then believed to be the fastest ship in the world. Foreign men-of-war used to lie off Sausalito City. The "city" suggested much jocular comment on the size of the place. It contained exactly seven houses. I can speak with precision because I counted the houses myself. I saw it again nearly fifty years later, when it had grown into a populous and pleasant place.

The horse-omnibus when I first knew San Francisco was still the chief public vehicle. The main line of omnibus route was from the Plaza to the Mission, the buildings of which latter were on the extreme edge of the city. The Presidio, the white walls of which in the glorious Californian sunlight were plainly visible from the anchorage off Sausalito, was entirely isolated with much open space around it. Communication with Sacramento was maintained exclusively by steamer, there being two competing—energetically competing—lines, each of which made daily trips to and fro between the two cities.

Even in those days, in spite of what must have been

the immense difficulties of the situation, there were some admirably "run" hotels in San Francisco. I have a very agreeable recollection of visits to two of them.

The theatres were excellent—of good size, well ventilated, and with comfortable seating arrangements. I had the interesting experience of seeing the then celebrated—or notorious—Lola Montez on the stage. She acted, danced, and made a speech.

I was again in San Francisco a year later. In the meantime there had been called into existence the famous "Second Vigilance Committee." It had just terminated its admirable and patriotic work when I arrived. Its existence and its action furnished conspicuous proof of two things, viz., the determination of the best classes of the city's population to form a respectable and law-abiding community and the ability of those classes to achieve that which they had set out to do. They worked not for their own time only; the effect of their work is to be seen at the present day. There is no one who does not feel proud of being a citizen of California and of its great seaport city—the "Warden of Two Continents."

When I was last in San Francisco, during the present century, the city and the state had, as they say, "grown out of all knowledge." The material progress of both had been extraordinary. Are not the figures written in the economic chronicles of the country? In everything else the progress, still going on, had been more extraordinary. In the intellectual, spiritual, moral sphere California—and above all the neighborhood of "the Golden Gate"—may claim to stand, not so much on a level with, as in advance of much older places. Its universities and other learned institutions can bear comparison with any in the world—Old or New. In view of its youth and the conditions of its origin the contributions of California to literature, art, and science have been astonishing. I have no wish to enlarge on this aspect of a profoundly interesting and important matter; and, to speak honestly, I must confess that I am not qualified to enlarge on it. My presumption in writing this paper—presumption which is fully admitted and in extenuation of which only good intentions can be pleaded—is based on the hope that those who may read it will try to realize the not very distant future.

Can one who has been permitted to see the early and vigorous—and, all the same, the difficult—beginnings of California and also her magnificent prime—a retrospect which covers more than two generations—be fairly charged with impertinence if he makes bold to invite Californians to contemplate the situation in which they and the people of their neighbor states are now placed? It may look like what schoolboys call "cheek"—in plain language, impudence—for one who is not a citizen of any of those states, not even a citizen of the great republic of which they constitute an important portion, to proffer the invitation. It is, however, nothing of the sort. The act of proffering it has been prompted by nothing but admiration and sincere regard. As such it is hoped that it will be accepted.

The states of the Pacific Slope are no longer the rearward section of a mighty country fronting on the Atlantic Ocean. They are now themselves the Pacific front of that country. Largely, indeed chiefly, owing to their own efforts and development the sceptre has passed from the Atlantic to a wider ocean. Not long ago an English writer, Professor J. L. Myers of Oxford, said—referring to the effects of maritime discovery and the colonization of the Americas—that "the Atlantic is no outland sea, but like the Mediterranean and the old Ægean, an intercontinental gulf." As to the Pacific Ocean, he went on to remark: "Is not after all, what seemed to be an outer sea, itself really landlocked like its prototypes? Have not the eastern and western halves of our Mercator's projection served their turn long enough as coast-lands of the Atlantic? Ought they not now, in fact, to be transposed, to be inward facing shores of the Pacific world?" Just count the populations of the lands which border the sides of the Pacific and see how the resulting hundreds of millions outnumber the populations bordering the Atlantic. This is the condition of things when the world has before it the possibility, the probability—some might think the certainty—of the greatest movement which it has known for more than a thousand years. It does seem as if Asia was going—sooner or later—to move, not against any particular European country, or even against Europe as a whole, but against "the West"—viz., Europe and the Americas.

In face of the Orient the Americas—Northern, Central, and Southern—are part of Europe. The leading and directing sections of their populations, their languages, religions, laws, political institutions, art, literature, all deduce their origin from Europe. All stand in marked contra-distinction to the Orient. The important English-speaking communities "under the Southern Cross" also in all essentials are equally the offspring of Europe. Will any one venture to maintain that Asia, from Scanderoon to Yokohama, is not showing signs of restiveness under what—for, say, a century and a half, i. e., a mere trifling fraction of its long history—has been Occidental predominance, supervision, or direction? It is true that Asia has been taught how to show the restiveness by Occidental instructors. The intellectual acuteness which has always distinguished the leading Asiatic nations has enabled many individuals amongst them to pick up hints very

quickly; so that such cantankerousness and insolence as are to be found in the West soon have imitators. Other characteristics, at first sight more excusable than cantankerousness or insolence, also play their part in "stoking up" Oriental restiveness. We live in an age more prolific than any yet known of people who believe, or anyhow say, that they have been born to put the world to rights. Some of these people are, perhaps, mere vulgar self-seekers; but we may take it as pretty certain that most of them are simply the dupes of their own vanity and self-conceit. It was said a long time ago that there were three things which every conceited man thought that he could do as well as anybody else. These were: (1) to preach a sermon; (2) to edit a newspaper; (3) to drive a gig. There are, it must be stated, two things which he thinks he can do even better than anybody else, viz., poke the fire and reconstruct the universe. It is the effect of the vanity and self-conceit with which we of the West will have to reckon. We have got enough and to spare of them at home, so we ought to know them when we see them.

That self-appointed reconstructors of the universe are exhibiting themselves in many parts of Asia is plain to all who can see. What is yet distant—though it can not be very distant—is the moment when anything like combined movement in that continent will occur. Suppose an invitation is given to Japan to head and coordinate the movement. Would Japan refuse? Would she be able to refuse?

If we accept the possibility of the occurrence, should we not devise plans to prevent it? The plans need not be belligerent. Demeanor often prevents hostile action. Many a fortified place has been spared assault when the intending assailant had seen the determined attitude of the garrison. "Disarmament" conferences may do much; let us hope that they will. Anyhow, they do honor to the sentiments and also to the intelligence of those who propose them. Their most direct effect will probably be the reduction of the terrible weight of taxation which is pressing so heavily on the nations. If there is to be a conflict—if it be only a conflict of what is called "cultures"—between Asia as a whole and the West, solidarity of the West will go a great way towards insuring that it will not be a conflict of physical violence. It is here that the attitude and action of the states of the Pacific Slope become of immense importance to the tranquility of the world. Their strategic position, both moral and material, is in the highest degree favorable. Advance of Asia against Europe and the West would naturally take a westerly direction. Its impelling force would be in its rear, i. e., in eastern Asia, continental or insular. Moving west it would grow in force and volume like a snowball. The way to frustrate it would be to make it turn right round. This it would have to do if it became nervous about its rear, that being the focus of efficiency and impulse. It is in these conditions that the states of the Pacific Slope, no longer merely the backward fringe of the great American republic, become the front, become indeed the vanguard, of Western civilization. Even in their most glowing conceptions the 'Forty-niners could hardly have dreamed of this. What they could, and no doubt did, dream of was that their successors in California and her neighbor states would rise to any situation which the future might have in store for them.

Intimate understanding and hearty coöperation between the English-speaking peoples—in North America, Northwestern Europe, and the South Seas—might be the first step in establishing the solidarity of the West which it must adopt if it is to guard the civilization of which it is the heir and beneficiary. What would be aimed at would be, not merely the stability of the English-speaking peoples, but also the good of every Western nation, whether its seat be in Europe or in the Americas. If the whole of "Pacific" America from Alaska to *Tierra del Fuego* were to engage in sincere coöperation the vast Pacific Ocean—instead of being, as it seems likely to become, full of menace to Western tranquillity—would be its guard and buckler, would indeed become a real "pacific" tract of water.

The concern of Latin America in probable Asiatic movements is greater and more immediate than is generally perceived. There has been of late a marked increase of sympathy and friendliness between the Latin American countries and the great country to which they owe their origin. Not for a hundred years has there been anything like this sympathy and friendliness. There is surely something ennobling in the attitude when the peoples of daughter states turn with affectionate recognition to that nation of cavaliers to which they owe all that is best in their own "culture." The daughter states can do much to save the European civilization of the historic Peninsular nation. Asia has had its eye on Latin America. This can be learned by any one who will read that most interesting book, "South of Panama," by the American professor, Edward Alsworth Ross. He tells us how the South American "Pacific Slope" is being permeated by Asia. Asiatic immigrants arrive there by thousands yearly. A great Japanese statesman told Professor Ross that "South America, the northern part, will furnish ample room for our surplus." His view, apparently, was that, most probably, by the close of this century South America will be the home of twenty or thirty millions of Orientals and descendants of Orientals. Was it for his that Cortez and Pizarro lived and conquered?

Was it for this that the 'Forty-niners "crossed the plains"?

It would be stupid as well as unpatriotic to under-rate the beneficent intention and expected beneficent effect of "disarmament" conferences. They can not, however, be expected to do everything. When the conferences shall have ended they will not have abolished navies; the most they will have done will be to effect the reduction of navies. Naval expenditure will, most likely, be largely diminished. At present a great part—in reality the larger part—of that expenditure is waste. It is worse than waste. It is the viciously prolific parent of false conceptions of naval strategy and naval tactics. The "dreadnought policy" was a heresy. It is a well-established historical fact that heresies breed super-heresies. The "super-dreadnought" craze was a case in point. It sought to exalt the defensive over the offensive. It is extraordinary that it should have been imitated in America, the land of originality. An early result of adherence to it is that a ship may now cost about forty millions of dollars, and yet be virtually as restricted in movement as the triremes of Salamis. In the late war the principal theatre of operations for fleets of dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts was in the confined space of the North Sea. Yet, even whilst so near home, they gave little satisfaction. What sort of satisfaction are ships of the type likely to give in the vast spaces of the Pacific Ocean?

So gross are the defects of the type directly you contemplate employing it over a wide range of sea that you have to supplement it with other costly arrangements. You have to provide a considerable number of fortified bases. Every fortified base imposes on a fleet additional work. The communications of the base as well as those of the fleet itself must be kept open; and it is certain that some of the bases will be rarely, perhaps not at all, used by your fleet. You do not construct docks and store depots for nothing, and you do not maintain a garrison without expenditure of money. The money may be included in the budget of a different government department, but it will all the same be essential naval expenditures and will come out of the pockets of the taxpayers. Fixed telegraph stations in these days of wireless telegraphy are as out of date as the alarm fires that announced the coming of the Armada, as the "beacon that blazed upon the roof of Edgumbe's lofty hall." The moral is: Have as few fixed bases as possible away from the ultimate base, which is in the home country.

The fleet—if its ships are of reasonable size—ought to, and easily may, carry about with it its own floating docks, its own fuel carriers, its own storeships, its own aircraft carriers, etc. You must defend the communications of the fleet and, in doing so, you at the same time defend the auxiliaries on the support of which the ships of the fleet will have to rely. If a fixed base is in the wrong place—which will depend, not on your wishes, but upon the action of the enemy—you will either never visit it for supplies, in which case the money spent on it will have been thrown away; or you will have to put yourself to great inconvenience by going out of your way to visit it. The story might be considerably expanded, if this were an essay on naval strategy. Let one homely illustration be given. Every intelligent housewife when furnishing her home would rather have a movable wardrobe than a fixed "hanging cupboard," which latter must be left where it is, however inconvenient the situation. So women may give us a valuable lesson in naval strategy as regards bases.

If some "disarmament" conference were to result in a decision to put "super-dreadnoughts" on the scrap heap, and "write off" their gigantic cost, whilst replacing them with suitable and much less costly vessels, navies would become very much less expensive and very much more efficient. Considering what this would mean as regards the relations of Asia with the West we may, perhaps, see that there is a way in which the vast ocean separating America from Asia may be made really "pacific."

The ancient Egyptians' year, from which ours is derived, had a perfectly natural beginning. It always commenced on the day when Sirius and the sun rose together. The temples of Egypt were really observatories, built to face this or that star as it rose. They were more or less elaborate, but all had as their fundamental plan a long, narrow passage down which the star's rays came, and a dark chamber at the far end, where the priest made the observation and where the image was kept. The Egyptians discovered that the year had an extra quarter of a day in it. They did it by noting that on some years Sirius and the sun rose almost together, while on others there was an appreciable difference in time, and that these changes repeated themselves every five years. They found the length of the year to be within eleven minutes of its true value, which was a remarkable thing to do with the primitive appliances they had at hand.

In the sixteenth century it was customary to put on one side of the blades of table knives the musical notes of the benediction or grace before meat, and on the other side the grace after meat.

In all the world there were only 778 telephones in use forty-three years ago. There were 12,000,000 in the United States alone in 1919.

OLD FAVORITES.

Old Song.

'Tis a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing:
Sighing, O sighing!

When such a time cometh
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire;
O, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
While the wind sings—
O, dearly sings!

I never look out
Nor attend to the blast;
For all to be seen
Is the leaves falling fast:
Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth,
Like a cricket, sit I,
Reading of summer
And chivalry—
Gallant chivalry!

Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 'twas glad some, but often
Foolish, forsooth:
But glad some, glad some!

Or, to get merry,
We sing some old rhyme
That made the wood ring again
In summer time—
Sweet summer time!

Then go we smoking,
Silent and snug:
Naught passes between us,
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes!

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily!

And ere to bed
Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying together!

Thus, then, live I
Till 'mid all the gloom,
By Heaven! the hold sun
Is with me in the room
Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part,
Swallows soaring between;
The spring is alive,
And the meadows are green!

I jump up like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again!

—Edward FitzGerald.

To Helen.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nixean harks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home,
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land!

—Edgar Allan Poe.

On a Certain Lady at Court.

I know a thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent and attend!)

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour;
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good-humour
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

—Alexander Pope.

A Landscape in Berkshire.

Above yon sombre swell of land
Thou see'st the dawn's grave orange hue,
With one pale streak like yellow sand,
And over that a vein of blue.

The air is cold above the woods;
All silent is the earth and sky,
Except with his own lonely moods
The blackbird holds a colloquy.

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,
Like hope that gilds a good man's brow;
And now ascends the nostril-stream
Of stalwart horses come to plough.

Ye rigid Ploughmen, hear in mind
Your labour is for future hours:
Advance—spare not—nor look behind—
Plough deep and straight with all your powers.

—Richard Henry Horne.

ERIK DORN.

Mr. Ben Hecht Writes a Novel from the Sensational Standpoint of the City Reporter.

We seem to remember Mr. Ben Hecht as what is inelegantly known as a columnist on a Chicago newspaper. Perhaps he has been also a reporter, and it is hard to see how any one can be a reporter in a big city without acquiring a certain cynicism, not only toward events, but toward the great public whose appetite for news regulates the bill of fare offered for its daily consumption by a great newspaper. For a newspaper, as the word implies, is a purveyor of news, and the commonplaces of life, such as virtue and good citizenship, have no news value. The newspaper, so far from being a reflection of the world, is usually no more than a reflection of its abnormalities and excesses. And for this reason the reporter occupies a peculiar position. Dealing only with the abnormalities and the excesses, these become for him the commonplace, and he looks upon the whole world through the murky atmosphere of the city room. Now it may be that Mr. Ben Hecht has never been a reporter. But he writes as though from that viewpoint.

His hero, and a very sorry hero he is, is Erik Dorn, an editor with an incredible habit of thought and speech. Dorn is happily married to a beautiful woman whose love for her husband is a sort of bewitchment, but none the less he allows himself to be drawn into a dangerous friendship with Rachel Laskin, a Russian girl who is earning her livelihood as a poster artist. This is how Dorn talks upon one of their frequent saunterings on his way home from the office. It all seems innocent enough, but then we know how such things end:

He glanced at her and caught an eager smile in her eyes. She was some one to whom he could talk at random. This pleased him; or perhaps it was the sense of flattery that pleased him. He wondered if she was intelligent. They had met several times, usually by accident. He had found himself able to talk at length to her and had come away feeling an intimacy between them.

"Look at the windows," he continued. "Corsets, stockings, lingerie. Shop windows remind me of neighbor's bathrooms before breakfast. There's something odiously impersonal about them. See, all the way down the street—silks, garments, ruffles, laces. A saturnalia of masks. It's the only art we've developed in America—overdressing. Clothes are peculiarly American—a sort of underhanded female revenge against the degenerate Puritanism of the nation. I've seen them even at revival meetings clothed in the seven tailored sins and denouncing the devil with their bustles. Only they don't wear bustles any more. But what's an anachronism between friends? Why don't you paint pictures of real Americans?—men hunting for bargains in chastity and triumphantly marrying a waistline. If that means anything."

He paused, and wondered vaguely what he was talking about. Vivid eyes and dark lips, a face that belonged elsewhere. He was feeding its poignancy words. And she admired him. Why? He was saying nothing. There was a sexlessness about her that inspired vulgarity.

Rachel, we perceive, is decidedly dangerous. The artistically sexless and the soulful are apt to be. It is an old story for the city room. And Rachel is such a delightful contrast with the conventional people, the suburbanites, whom Dorn sometimes meets in his wife's drawing-room. Dorn talks to these people about the war. He tells them that war appeals to women because war means the killing of men and therefore gratifies the sex hatred that is always to be found in the feminine subconsciousness. Moreover, war shows the valor of man and is therefore a justification for feminine submission:

Dorn continued, "And it gives them a sense of generalities. Women live crowded between the narrow horizons of sex. They don't share in life. It's very sad, isn't it, Miss Williams?" Miss Williams removed her sash gently from the hands of the elderly youth and pouted. She was always indignant when men addressed her seriously. It gave her an uncomfortable feeling that they were making fun of her.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. The elderly youth nodded his head enthusiastically and whispered close to her ear, "Exactly."

"The things that are an entirety to women," pursued Dorn, "milk bottles, babies, cleaning days, hello and good-by kisses, are merely gestures to their husbands. So in a war they find themselves able to share what is known as the larger horizon of the male. One way is through sacrifice. They sacrifice their sons, lovers, husbands, uncles, and fathers with a high, firm spirit, announcing to the press that they are only sorry their supply of relatives is limited. The sacrificing brings them in contact with the world in which their males live. That's the theory of it."

Dorn's wife has a dawning suspicion of the silent and artistic Rachel. Women, and particularly wives, have a sixth sense in such matters. Going to bed that night, Dorn tells his wife that her friends are stupid, which is undeniably true:

They seemed to have nothing to argue about. Anna loosened her hair. The sight of it rolling in glistening bronzes and reds from her head invariably gave her a desire to cover Erik's face in it. With his face buried in the disordered masses of her hair she would feel an exquisite fullness of love.

"You don't think Rachel stupid, do you?"

Dorn felt a relief at the sound of her name. His thought was full of her, but he had been afraid to talk.

"Miss Laskin," he replied, concealing his eagerness for the topic with a drawl, "is partially insane."

"Yes, you like insane people, though. I can always tell when you like people. You never pay any attention to them then, but sort of come hanging around me—as if you were apologizing to yourself for liking them, and doing penance. Or you call them names."

"Miss Laskin," Dorn answered, delighted to protract the conversation, "is a vivid sort of imbecile suffering from vacu-

ous complexities. An hour alone in a room with her would drive even a philosopher to madness. She's one of the kind of people given to inappropriate silences. She reminds me of an emotion undergoing a major operation. Good Lord, Anna, don't tell me you're jealous of her."

It was immaterial whether he denounced or upheld Rachel. To talk of her even with indignation was a delight.

The author gives us a glance at the newspaper and of its tiresome menu that the public is supposed to like, but whether it does is quite another matter. There is the man who has murdered with an axe the women he loves and then cut his own throat. And so it goes for column after column:

In the next column the exploits of three young men armed with guns. Entering a bank, the three young men shot and killed Henry J. Sloane, cashier; held half a dozen other names at bay, loaded their pockets with money, and escaped in a black automobile. The police are, fortunately, combing the city for the three young men and the black automobile. Thank God for the police moving cautiously through the streets with a large, a magnificent comb that will soon pick the three young men, their three guns, and their symbolical black automobile out of the city.

Next, the daily report of excitements in Europe. The Austrian army has been annihilated. A part of the German army, seemingly the most important part, has also been annihilated. Day by day the armies of the Allies continue to devour, obliterate, grind into dust the armies of the Kaiser. Bulletin—black type demanding quick eye—twenty thousand unsuspecting Prussians walking across a bridge on the Meuse were blown up and completely annihilated. This occurred on a Monday. In the teeth of these persistent and vigorous annihilations, the Huns still continue their atrocities. Shame! In Liège, on a Tuesday, the blood-dripping Huns added another horror to their list of revolting crimes. Three citizens of Liège were executed. They died like heroes. There are other items on this general subject, including a message from the Pope.

Alongside the war, as if in a next room, a woman has shot her lover on learning he was a married man. "Beauty Slays Soul-Mate; Shoots Self." . . . Annihilation on a smaller but more interesting scale, this.

A street-car has crashed into a brewery wagon and at the bottom of the column a taxi has run over a golden-haired little girl at play.

But why has Raymond S. Cotton, wealthy clubman and financier and prominent in north-shore circles, disappeared? Society circles are agog. Sometimes society circles are merely disturbed. But they are always active. Society circles are always running around waving lorgnettes and exclaiming, "Dear me, and what do you think of this? I am all agog." The police are combing the city for a woman in black last seen with the prominent Mr. Cotton in a notorious café. But a man is to be hanged in the County Jail. "The doomed man ate a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs and seemed in good spirits." Fancy that!

"Flames destroy warehouse, Two Firemen Hurt." This, in small, apologetic type like a footnote on a timetable. Inconsiderate firemen who take up important space on a crowded day!

Apology ceases. Here is something that requires no apology. It is extremely important. Wilbur Jennings, prominent architect, has defied the world and departed for a Love Bungalow in Minnesota with another man's wife. A picture of Wilbur in flowing how tie and set jaws defying the world. Also of his innamorata in a ball gown, eyes lowered to a rose drooping from her hand. Various wives and chubby-faced children, and the innamorata's Siberian hound "Jasper." What he said. What she said. What they said. Opinions of three ministers, roused on the telephone by inquiring reporters. The three divines are unanimous. But Wilbur's tie remains defiant.

Arm in arm with Wilbur, his tie and his troubles, his epigrams and his Love Bungalow, sits an epidemic of clairvoyants. There is an epidemic of clairvoyants in the city. Five widows have been swindled. The police are combing the city for . . . a prominent professor of sociology on the faculty of the local university interrupts. The prominent professor has been captured in a leading Loop hotel, whither he had gone to divert himself with a suitcase, a handbook on sex hygiene, and an admiring co-ed.

Dorn has a competitor for the love of Rachel in the person of the young attorney, Hazlitt, who is a model of all the proprieties and never by any chance likely to stray among the minorities. And this gives the author a chance to show us the inside of a courtroom. Pauline Pollard is being tried for murder and Hazlitt is defending her. Hazlitt presumably has no sympathy with the Pauline Pollards who murder their lovers when they refuse to marry them, but then a man must do his duty and an attorney must win his cases whenever he can:

Hazlitt's concluding remarks to the jury on the subject of dishonored womanhood and the merciless bestiality of certain male types had been more than a legal oration. He had expressed himself in it and had spent two full days in admiration of the echoes of his bombast. . . . "Men who follow the vile dictates of their lower natures, who sow the whirlwind and expect to reap the roses thereby; cynical, soulless men who take a woman as one takes a glove, to wear, admire, and discard; depraved men who prowl like demons at the heels of virtue, fawning their ways into the pure heart of innocence and glutting their beastly hungers upon the finest fruits of life—the beauty and sacrifice of a maiden's first love—are such creatures men or fiends, gentlemen of the jury?" And then . . . "spurred, taunted by the sneers of one of these vipers, her pleadings answered with laughter and blows of a fist, the soul of Pauline Pollard grew suddenly dark. Where had been sanity, innocence, and love, now came insanity. Her girl's mind—like sweet bells jangled out of tune—brought no longer the high message of reason into her heart. We sitting here in this sunny courtroom, gentlemen, can think and reason. But Pauline Pollard, struggling in the embrace of a leering savage, listening to his fiendish mockeries of her virtue—the virtue he had stolen from her—ah, the soul and brain of Pauline Pollard vanished in a darkness. The law is the law, gentlemen. There is no one respects it more than I. If this girl killed a man coldly and with reason functioning in her mind, she is guilty. Hang her, gentlemen of the jury! But, gentlemen, the law under which we live, you and I and all of us, also says, and says wisely, that a mind not responsible for its acts, a soul whose balance has been destroyed by the shrieking voices of mania, shall not be held guilty. . . ."

The jury that had listened with ill-concealed envy to the recital of the amorous interne's promiscuous exploits, listened to Hazlitt and experienced suddenly a fine rage against the deceased. Out of the young attorney's florid utterings a question fired itself into the minds of the jurors. The deceased had done what they desired to do, but dared not. This grinning, unscrupulous fiend of a hospital interne had blithely taken what he desired and blithely discarded what he did not

desire. The twelve good men and true hethought them of their wives whom they did not desire and yet kept. And of the young women and the things of flesh and spirit they desired with every life-heat in them and yet did not take. Was this terrible denial which, for reasons beyond their incomplete brains, they imposed upon themselves a meaningless, profitless business? The bland interne was dead and unfortunately beyond their punishment. Yet the fact that he had lived at all called for a protest—some definitely framed expression which would throw a halo about their own submission to women they did not desire, and their own denial to women they did desire. The law, whose arrangements of words are omniscient, provided such a halo.

Dorn eventually falls helplessly in love with the beguiling Rachel and determines to leave his wife, and, moreover, to tell her so. Perhaps it is his news sense for the unusual that prompts him to this course, preferring it to the more customary method of simple and unannounced abandonment. But it is a painful scene:

"Do you love me enough to make me happy, Anna?"

"I would give my life for you."

He was deplorably calm—too calm. His eyes were looking at books on shelves, at chairs, at pictures on the walls, as if everything was of identical importance.

"I know, but that isn't it."

"What then, Erik?"

He couldn't say it. Particularly with his father smiling—an irritating old man who would never die. Should he fall at her feet and whimper? He couldn't. Her face was his, her eyes his. It wasn't leaving Anna. Himself, though. Yes, he was confronting himself. Seven years of selves. All wonderful. Everything he had said and done for seven years lived in Anna. So he must kill seven years of himself with a phrase. No. Yet he was talking on. It soothed him, untightened the agony in him.

"Listen, Anna. I can't tell you, but I must. My words circle away from me. They run away from what I want to tell you. Anna . . . I must go away—leave you."

Tears in his eyes, over his face. His voice, warm, blurring with tears. He choked, paused.

"Erik. . . ."

A white sound. Something bursting.

"If I stay, I'll go mad."

"No . . . no . . . Erik."

Still white sounds, only whiter. Blank sounds, caused by speechlessness. Sounds of speechlessness.

"I may come back, if you'll take me back some time. . . ."

A man was always an imbecile. Imbecility is a trademark. But there were no sounds now. His eyes tried to turn away from her. A face had ceased to live and give forth sounds. He remained looking at it. A cold, emptied face, like a picture frame with a picture recently torn out of it.

"Anna, for God's sake, hate me. Hate me. Loathe me the rest of your life. I've lied and lied to you—nothing but lies. . . . No, that's not true. Think of me as vile when I go away. . . . Otherwise . . ."

Tears blurred out of him.

. . . "otherwise I'll die thinking of you. Don't look at me that way. Yell at me. . . . You've known it. I can't help it: . . . It's something. I can't help it."

Behind this voice he thought: "It's not me alone. Nights of love . . . kisses . . . Jimmie . . . seven years . . . Little things. Oh, God, little things. We're all leaving her—pulling ourselves out of her."

"Where are you going, my son?"

Could he lie now? Yes, anything that made it easier.

"Nowhere. Anywhere. I must go. Otherwise I'll choke to death. Take care of her. There's money. All hers. I'll write later about it. Anna . . . don't please."

The thing was a hotch. Wrong, all wrong. But that didn't matter. His coat and hat mattered more than phrases. Looking for a coat and hat when he should be winding up the scene properly. These were preposterous banalities that distinguished life, unedited, from melodrama. Where was his hat? His hat . . . hat . . . Life, Fate, Tragedy had mislaid his insufferable hat. Ah . . . on the floor.

She was standing staring at him. Would she die on her feet? Quick, before the shriek. It was coming . . . a madness that would frighten him forever if he heard it. What a scoundrel he was. Why deny it? But in a few years he would be dead and no longer a scoundrel, and all this so much forgotten dust.

So much by way of taste of an unusual book, not so very unusual for its narrative, but unusual in the manner of its telling. Dorn leaves the daily newspaper and joins the staff of a weekly periodical and he and Rachel drift apart. Poor little Rachel, with her unwholesome Slav soul. There can be nothing for her but the descent into the vortex. No upward gravitation for Rachel. But Dorn goes to Germany for his weekly periodical in order to describe the situation and of course there are other tender adventures there as well as other adventures that are not tender, such as an abortive revolution and a murder or two. Eventually he returns to his wife like a prodigal, but there is no prodigal's welcome for Dorn. He has presumed too far, and the lady has not only secured her divorce, but is about to marry again. Serves him right, but naturally he had not expected such infidelity. Men never do.

Mr. Hecht has not written a great novel, but he may do so one day. But he will have to let a little sunshine into the city room, which, after all, is not the world.

ERIK DORN. By Ben Hecht. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Excavation at Knossos, Psætos, and other sites in Crete has not merely established the existence of a people whose form of civilization was the earliest in Europe, but has shown much about their daily life, games, amusements; their art, religion, writing—though hardly yet their language; their physical characteristics, dress, and the houses they lived in. A huge palace, as big as Buckingham Palace, has been unearthed at Knossos. It has a drainage system that an eminent Italian archaeologist has described as "absolutely English," and that certainly anticipates the hydraulic engineering of the nineteenth century. The men of science engaged in the work estimate the age of their discoveries at 4000 years.

For the first time within memory wolves have appeared in various parts of the Bouches-du-Rhône Department of France.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 24, 1921, were \$136,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$155,000,000; a decrease of \$18,700,000.

The weekly statement of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco showed a decrease of \$3,700,000 in gold held by the bank for the week ending September 21st as compared with the preceding week and during the week there was an increase of \$592,000 in the total gold reserves.

According to the official statement the total reserves of all description this week are

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\$236,236,000 as compared with \$235,737,000 for the preceding week, and \$145,894,000 for the corresponding week of last year. The total resources are given as \$412,674,000, which is \$6,701,000 less than for the preceding week. At the same time last year the total was \$441,260,000.

Preferred stocks that seem to be assured of the continuance of their dividends are among the most desirable investments for purchase at the present time, for, as money rates gradually sink lower and lower, this class of securities will become attractive on a lower and lower yield basis. In other words, prices of

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fixed-yield investments will rise as the income sought by investors decreases, and this decrease will be in direct proportion to the decline in money rates and commodity prices.

Herewith is presented a list of nine industrial preferred stocks, representing a wide diversification of industries: Allis-Chalmers, American Car and Foundry, American Woolen, Endicott Johnson, National Biscuit, National Lead, Studebaker Corporation, U. S. Steel, F. W. Woolworth. Five of these stocks have dividend records extending back for periods from sixteen to twenty-three years and their management and finances are such as to entitle them to a high-grade rating. Two of the others may be rated as good, and the remaining two as fairly good. In the case of the high-grade issues there is no question as to the maintenance of dividends for several

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years to come, and the less seasoned stocks appear to be so situated that the outlook is favorable to continued dividend payments. As a business man's investment the group—yielding close to 7 per cent. in the average—is attractive.

Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company has \$16,500,000 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock outstanding, and there is no funded debt. The concern manufactures electrical equipment and a great variety of machinery. Greater efficiency in plant arrangement has been brought about in recent years and the company is generally on the up-grade. Operations this year have been satisfactory and the outlook appears to be good. The preferred stock has earned dividend requirements more than twice over for eight years.

American Car and Foundry preferred is a high-grade industrial investment. There is \$30,000,000 of this issue outstanding, upon which dividends have been regularly paid since organization of the company in 1899. The company has no funded debt, and it has not failed to earn its preferred dividend at any time in the past ten years, although earnings on the common dropped to three-fourths of 1 per cent. in 1915. A big cash reserve has been a feature of its balance sheet for many years.

The American Woolen Company also has no funded debt; so that its \$40,000,000 cumulative preferred stock rests directly on earnings of all the plants. The preferred dividend was not earned in 1913, but it has been covered, with this one exception, in every year of the past ten. In 1920, despite the demoralizing break in the woolen market, a balance of 11.56 per cent. was shown for the preferred stock. The company is now operating at full capacity.

The Endicott Johnson Corporation is also free from funded debt. It was organized in March, 1919, to take over the old copartnership. There is only \$14,550,000 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock outstanding, on which dividend requirements have been covered nearly four times over since organization. The company produces shoes at popular prices and has always been run on a conservative margin of profits; so that recently business came its way when other plants were idle. Operations this year have been very satisfactory.

National Biscuit preferred has paid its regular dividend for fully twenty-three years, and it has earned the amount needed more than twice over in every year of the past ten. There is no funded debt, and only \$24,804,500 preferred stock outstanding. This stock is one of the gilt-edge industrial investments.

National Lead Company has no funded debt outstanding, except bonds of subsidiary companies totaling \$8,595,000. There is \$24,367,000 of the preferred outstanding. Dividends have been paid regularly for sixteen years, and for the past three years preferred requirements have been earned more than two and one-half times over. As building activities revive, this company's earnings should expand. Already there has been notable improvement in its white lead business.

Studebaker Corporation has made the best showing of any of the motor concerns whose stocks are listed on the exchange. There is no funded debt, and only \$9,800,000 of an authorized issue of \$15,000,000 preferred stock outstanding. The preferred stock is, therefore, well protected as to dividend requirements and there seems to be no question as to the maintenance of payments even during the worst period of competition that may be ahead of the industry.

The Steel Corporation has a total funded debt of nearly \$543,000,000 ahead of the \$360,281,100 preferred stock, but in only one year of the past ten—1914—has the company failed to earn requirements for the preferred, and in that year 6 1/2 per cent. was earned. Preferred dividends have been paid regularly since 1901, and for the past ten years the stock has shown an average earning power of more than 30 per cent. annually. Steel unfilled tonnage has now gotten down to a level which should be close to the turning point—which many good judges are predicting within the next few weeks. At any rate, Steel preferred will continue dividend payments through the current depression.

F. W. Woolworth Company has a funded debt of only \$1,524,500—all in the shape of real estate mortgages—and there is only \$12,000,000 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock outstanding. There has been no year in the company's history when dividends for the preferred stock have been earned less than five times over. In fact, earnings on this stock have averaged fully 60 per cent. annually since organization of the company in 1912.

The banking power of California is now greater than it ever was in its history. The assets of our banks, national and state, aggregate more than two billion, four hundred million dollars. This tremendous sum is not an expression of inflation. It involves none of the false values, either of over-extended credit or of currency. The aggregate assets of our banks, expressed in terms of money, is the capacity of these institutions to meet the

economic needs of the people of this state.

Our banks are sound and safe; they have passed the crisis of post-war readjustment; they have absorbed losses, and notably they have accommodated themselves to new economic values. They are ready to meet the new demands of progressive enterprises. They are at the command of our legitimate productive industries. They are playing their part ably and with great vision.

As a whole, they have resisted the temptation of over-expansion. Individually they have been, except in negligible instances, in harmony with our law. They are in intimate and sympathetic touch with those of our people that require credit. They are in earnest cooperation with those whose thrift means so much to the development of our great natural advantages.

Economically, the state has passed successfully through the fire of the world war. Financially and economically, California presents a brilliant condition, colored neither by optimism nor by hope, but by substantial fact. The state is prosperous, progressive, and on the high road to new wealth, widely distributed and soundly administered.

In segregating the assets of the national and state banks for purposes of comparison we find that in the state banks there are assets aggregating one billion, four hundred and ninety-six million, and in national banks nine hundred and twelve million, showing that in our total banking power the state banks represent 62 per cent. of the whole and the national banks 38 per cent.

In the state banks there is an aggregate of eight hundred and eighty-six millions of dollars in loans, and in the national banks five hundred and nine million dollars, disclosing that in loans state banks have granted 63 per cent. of the whole and the national banks 37 per cent. In the state banks there is a magnificent aggregate of one billion, two hundred and eighty millions of deposits and in the national banks five hundred and eighty-three million dollars, disclosing a relationship of deposit liability of 69 per cent. in the state banks, and 31 per cent. in the national banks.

In analyzing these very significant items it must be borne in mind that the banks operating under the laws of California are distinctly a savings bank system. They are enlarging very rapidly their capacity in commercial banking and now possess something over three hundred and twenty millions in commercial deposits. They are in their savings departments contributing measurably to commercial operations in their capacity to invest in bankers' acceptances and commercial paper of a grade and character fixed by the statutes. There is notably a tendency, recently and very definitely expressed, on the part of national banks in California to enter the state system, and we shall have a growing and wider expression of commercial activities in our state banks. For the moment, however, the savings banks of California maintain dominance in relation to the commercial banks in the state system. There are in the savings banks of California an immense aggregate of more than nine hundred and twelve millions of deposits, constituting the funds that shall in wisdom be distributed to promote the natural development of California.

We have before us a splendid prospect and our savings banks in a most material way are to develop that prospect into a reality; in the realization of our hydro-electric power, greater than that of any other state in the Union; in the subjection of our land to irrigation; in reclamation; in public utilities; in the building of school houses; of roads, and in housing, our savings banks are called upon to play a part which calls for every element of their enterprise and their resources in bringing to our state the substantial rewards of its natural advantages. Incidental to these wonderful enterprises, our savings banks are contributing very seriously to the seasonal and occasional needs of commerce through the agency of short-time credit instruments.—John S. Dodge, Superintendent of Banks.

Recently the writer pointed out to readers of this column the relative positions of the railroad and industrial securities. Since then the position of railroad groups has become more pronounced than ever. The railroads and the industrials met at the crossroads and the result of their meeting was inevitable; the railroads, as predicted, had the right-of-way. From now on the railroad securities will gradually return to their premier position and will again lead the field of standard securities.

A review of recent average prices shows an unmistakably wide margin in favor of the railroads. For the week ending September 24th twenty average industrials stood at 64.80 against 74.80 for twenty average railroads.

Summing up briefly the position of the railroads, the best that can be said is that they have turned the corner. As a matter of fact quite a number of the bigger roads are doing better than they have done during the past three years. Some of the more favorable roads are showing marked increases in net earnings over the preceding two years, and with the best months ahead of the carriers

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many will show net returns far in excess of the 5 1/2 per cent. guarantee. Roads like the Atchison, Union Pacific, Illinois Central, New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, and Lehigh Valley appear to be the most promising. Among the junior roads the following appear to be in the most favorable position: Chicago Rock Island, Missouri Pacific, Colorado and Southern, Kansas City Southern, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Pere Marquette, C. C. C. and St. Louis, and the Erie. During recent months nearly all the leading railroad bonds have been in good demand, more particularly the issues of the semi-investment type. Taken as a whole, standard bond prices are grad-



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ually creeping up to their pre-war level. At present prices the average yield shows a return of 5.80 against 6.01 a year ago.

Unquestionably all indications clearly show that we have entered a period of accumulation, and with lower interest rates in sight, bond prices will move into much higher levels, and it is more than likely that the demand for high-grade issues will continue until well on in the fall. The investor's best index is almost invariably the movement of bond prices. Coming events cast their shadows before them.—John D. Dunlop.

Gains thus far made in industrial activity are real, and there is steady progress toward better business (says the National Bank of

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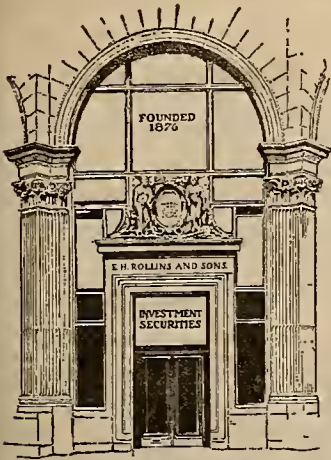
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Commerce in New York). With the exception of cotton, the crops are reasonably good, and their movement is being reflected in an improved banking position as farmers' obligations are liquidated. Cotton mills, the wool manufacture, and the hoot and shoe industry are all holding their improvement of recent months. Although the steel industry is operating at about one-third of capacity, production of both pig iron and steel made fair gains in August. Orders are small, but they

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have come from widely diversified sources, both geographically and as to consuming industries. Many other industries report slight betterment, and building activity is being remarkably well maintained throughout the country.

There is no justification for any world-wide rise in prices at this time. Producers of raw materials from the farmer to the metal mine operator have taken their losses. Those classes of labor which have accepted wage reductions in keeping with the changed eco-

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conomic situation have likewise taken their losses while other large classes of labor have done so indirectly as a result of unemployment. The conclusion is clear. Retail prices can not go up without promptly curtailing buying. They must be reduced until they are in line with raw materials.

Because of uncertainty as to what the consumer can and will buy, retailers generally are ordering with great caution, while many wholesalers in turn are refraining from placing advance orders. The adoption, at any stage from manufacturer to consumer, of a policy directed toward generally higher prices to the consumer will not only curtail buying, but will result in slowing down the gratifying progress already made. Domestic conditions do not entirely govern. There are international conditions to be reckoned with. The only far-sighted policy is the expansion of sales on a narrow margin of profit.

Periods of genuine, as contrasted with artificial prosperity, are never characterized by rapidly rising prices. Approximate price stabilization is their prerequisite. This follows inevitably from the fact that the first principle of sound business of any sort is operation on the basis of non-speculative profits. The country is yet struggling to recover from the ill effects of excessive speculation.

The United States sells more raw materials in the international market than any other single country. Hence, the purchasing power of a large part of the American consuming public is directly determined by prices of raw materials in that market. In so far as the purchasing power of American labor depends on the exportation of manufactured goods, it is likewise determined by the international market, since American goods produced at costs above those prevailing in other countries can not be sold abroad.

Large classes of labor have taken their losses by severe wage cuts. Among those which have accepted them have been many skilled crafts which have seen that in the long run wages on the new basis will have a purchasing power equivalent to that when wages were higher.

Certain classes of labor contrast unfavorably, however, with labor as a whole. The time is not far distant when not only that uncertain group known as the "general public," but those sections of it consisting of other classes of workers and farmers will have come to a realization that labor pays its own wages, which are ultimately measured, not in money, but in goods.

Since the low levels of last month there has been a violent uplift in the prices of almost all stocks, a move somewhat similar to that which took place during the early part of September last year following a worse break in August than had heretofore been suffered. It will be remembered that after the September recovery a year ago the succeeding months of the year saw increasingly disastrous breaks. These were due to the serious money situation, the necessity for paying taxes, the desire to record losses against income-tax requirements, and general disappointment over the business situation and prospects.

This year we do not have the same serious money difficulties as we had a year ago, or at least not to the same extent, but there remains a very unsatisfactory business situation, and as yet very close and well-qualified observers fail to see any particular silver lining to the cloud of depression. This is due to the larger world conditions which call for such a readjustment as will possibly require years to bring about. There will also be this year at least a certain amount of selling due to tax requirements and the recording of losses.

Much optimism is being engendered by a survey of railway earnings reports which show in the main very large increases in net earnings. These gains in net earnings are made in the face of very serious losses in gross earnings, and in the circumstances we fail to see where any enthusiasm may properly rise from this situation.

As the necessary readjustments are made that will help bring us "back to normal" we will look for a reflection in the stock market, and certainly it is to be hoped that Congress will not delay very long the next time it has a chance to pass satisfactory tax, tariff, and railway relief legislation. A big professional element has recently covered its shorts and a considerable proportion of it has turned to the bull side, and, naturally, those who return from their vacations may swell the number of optimists, but it would seem, however, that much of the recent buying for long account at any rate has been with the idea of reselling to those who come back from their rest periods flushed with health and hope. It may be very unwise now to follow the buying side too far.

Style was all-important a while ago, when people were throwing money around more or less recklessly, but today, writes the editor of *Forbes*, "the vast majority of families are more interested in securing right prices than in the very latest notion in styles." When the shoe people were recently urged to overcome dullness in their line of business by thinking

up and pushing novel styles, they were badly advised, in the opinion of this authority. Today, "unless the price is a factor, the style will not pull money" out of the customers' pockets, and "all manufacturers and merchants who cater to the millions instead of the millionaires should open their eyes, if they have not already done so, to the transformation which has overtaken the mental attitude of the public in this respect." The writer proceeds:

"Unfortunately, the public had it dinned into their ears when profiteering was rife that low-priced goods were not worth buying, and that in order to get quality and style, high prices had to be paid. The effect was that the public became chary of buying low-priced merchandise since they were assured by the sellers that it was no good; and then the day came when most people couldn't afford to pay the extortionate prices asked for goods of quality and style. Therefore, when we are assured by advertisements that we can obtain the right quality and the right style at lower prices, we have an uneasy feeling that the advertiser may not be thoroughly truthful. If we felt certain that the goods were of the right material and possessed the right wearing qualities, we would buy more readily. Sellers having widely promulgated distrust of low-priced goods, they are now experiencing difficulty in convincing us that an attractive price doesn't necessarily mean an unattractive price."

"If producers of the goods used by the masses would concentrate mainly on substantial quality at attractive prices, they would do better than by spending a lot of money and a lot of printers' ink in harping upon style. When we were 'flush' to the point of intoxication we went after style and didn't give a hang about the price. Now that we have sobered up, we are less concerned about style than we are about quality and price. Standardization, stimulated by the necessities of war, should not be relegated to the back-ground, since it means tremendous economy in production. There is more money in making Fords than in making Rolls-Royces. Get prices low enough and give us decent quality, and those of us who are ordinary consumers will step up and buy. A Parisian label in a garment isn't what most of us are looking for. We want something that will stand wear."

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Compilation of the final returns from the mineral producers of California for 1920 has now been completed by the statistical division of the State Mining Bureau, under the direction of Fletcher Hamilton, state mineralogist. The total value amounted to the sum of \$242,099,677 worth of crude materials. There were fifty different mineral substances, exclusive of a segregation of the various stones grouped under gems; and all of the fifty-eight counties of the state contributed to the list.

As compared with the 1919 output the notable features of 1920 are the continued increase in petroleum valuation, the decreases in the metals group, and increases in the structural and "industrial" groups. The net result was an increase of \$46,269,665 over the grand total value of the year 1919, of which increase petroleum accounted for more than 75 per cent.

The metals group was the only one as a whole showing a net decrease, being due mainly to gold, copper, and quicksilver. Notable increases were registered by silver and lead.

An interesting feature of the returns is the status shown by the structural materials group. The total value for this group jumped from \$16,796,784 to \$29,723,405, due mainly to cement, "miscellaneous stone" (crushed rock, sand, and gravel), brick and tile, and magnesite, in the order named. This indicates a renewal of building and construction activity, which had been curtailed during the war period.

The "industrial" group showed an increase in total value from \$2,041,981 to \$3,567,760. The more important items were diatomaceous earth, harytes, lithia, and talc. In the salines group there were important increases made by horax and soda, but which were nearly counterbalanced by a decrease of almost a million dollars by potash.

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where of the earth. Previous to 1916 the total annual value of her output was surpassed by but four other states, they being the great coal and iron producers of east of the Mississippi River. In 1916 and 1917, because of their enormous increases in copper output, Montana and Arizona passed California in total value of those years, and Arizona for 1918. Of one item, at least, horax, California still remains the sole producer; and for many years was also the sole domestic source of chromite and magnesite. We produce at least 75 per cent. of the quicksilver of the United States. For some years we

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Mrs. Farrell.

"Mrs. Farrell" has a double interest for the novel-reader of today in addition to its intrinsic merits. It shows us an early and unfamiliar phase of Howells' work and it pulls us up short with a reminder of what a novel used to be. For even those of us who read the novels of the elder generations—perhaps even prefer them—have got in the way of thinking that the present strata of fiction writers have really put novel-writing in the literary gazetteer. We may confer the term of greatness on some of the novelists of the past, but weren't they for the most part greater than their novels? It is their personality—their style—rarely their technique, that we revel in. The craft of novel-writing has certainly been developed in the twentieth century. A tenth-rate writer of today would not commit the literary crimes that were constantly perpetrated by the Victorians. An author is, for instance, no longer an imaginary omniscient deity, ubiquitous and invisible, not merely content with observing all of his characters whenever he pleases, but, moreover, reading their minds, for the benefit of the more limited perceptions of his readers. Howells was not, however, guilty of the sin we have been describing. He was far too conscious an artist to have been so. But "Mrs. Farrell," while it has the freshness of

an untapped vitality, has not the sure touch that experience, whether individual or collective, brings. It was necessary several times, in order to keep the plot in solution, to exaggerate the peculiar relation between the Damon and Pythias friends, about whose friendship the plot circulates. Nowadays, the fact that a man had outstripped his friend, and that by accident and not his own ambitions, would scarcely be considered sufficient groundwork for a plot—let alone for a tragic dénouement. We can not help feeling, if we take it seriously, that Gilbert was rather a cad to hold his friend's advancement against him. And, by the same token, we are at a loss to appreciate the great nobility of Easton, who is able to forgive his friend for forgiving him. Are we getting more thickskinned than our immediate forbears, literary and otherwise, or are we merely getting to rate things at a rational value? We like to think the latter. And we like books that have our modern evaluations.

But it would be unfair to "Mrs. Farrell" to dismiss her at that. She, herself, is a fascinating creature—a sort of humanized Becky Sharp, minus some of her sharpness, but sharp enough for all that. If the men were a bit mauve-tinted, Mrs. Farrell is real flesh and blood and her own reactions are up to date. The story, aside from its non-first-class theme, is decidedly up to date. Or, rather, the treatment of the story is up to date. The story somehow can not be separated from its sentimental and on the whole improbable theme.

An interesting feature of this posthumous novel—which, by the way, was published during Howells' life in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title of "Private Theatricals"—is the introduction by Mildred Howells. An interesting light is there thrown over the possible origin of "Mrs. Farrell" in her father's first impressions of the stern New England character that forms so happy a background to the passionate brief romance of Easton and to Mrs. Farrell's worldly tastes and personality.

MRS. FARRELL. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

Ernest Renan.

The writings of Ernest Renan, even when apparently most abstract and erudite, are to a great extent an outgrowth of his everyday experience. Experience, as Renan himself expressed it, is gained as much from books and other people's experience as from one's own individual life. Accordingly Lewis Freeman Mott emphasizes the events, books, travels, friends—especially Sœur Henriette—meditations, and little incidents that made up the life of the "little conscientious Breton who one day fled in fear from Saint Surplice because he believed he had found that perhaps a part of what his masters had taught him was not wholly true."

It is only natural that many false statements should be made about a man so widely discussed and criticized as the writer of "The Life of Christ." Although the purpose of the biographer is not to defend Renan or even propagate any of his ideas, yet the author takes occasion to remove a few false impressions. For instance, Renan's friends spoke of him as though he were irresolute and without will power. Much of his apparent vacillating was the result of his unselfish desire to spare the feeling of his mother and sister. When the irrevocable step was taken—that of abandoning all thought of an ecclesiastical career—as is so often the case—his mother was not so overwhelmed with grief as his sensitive soul had feared. And further, Professor Mott disproves the contention that Renan began to find fault with Germany only after the Franco-Prussian war by quoting from his philological writings prior to 1870 in which he points out the demoralizing influence at work in German scholarship.

The biography of a man who achieved everything he set out to achieve must, of necessity, be filled with interesting material. Throughout the book there are scattered excerpts from his histories and philosophic dramas. Entire chapters are devoted to descriptions of and comments on his more important books, and especially on the "Origin of Christianity" and "History of the People of Israel."

The author of this long, though very readable, biography is professor of English in the city of New York.

ERNEST RENAN. By Lewis Freeman Mott. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$4.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Sir Harry Johnston, writing in the October *Yale Review*, states his belief that Dickens invented none of his more famous characters. Sir Harry, who is defending the use of real characters in novels, says that such obviously factitious persons as Florence Dombey are the real flaws in Dickens' work—that they are to be regretted as "blurring the dream."

The introduction to William Dean Howells' hitherto unpublished novel, "Mrs. Farrell," is by the famous author's daughter, Miss Mildred Howells, who throws many interesting sidelights on life at the period when the story

was written. The introduction is of especial interest, however, when it touches upon Mr. Howells himself as she remembers him. Miss Howells says, "His minute study of Easton's emotions as a lover makes one feel the sympathetic interest of a writer who was young enough to go fully into them, and form a temptation to quote from a letter written in his later middle age, in which he says, 'I do not think I can ever write of mating and marriage again.'"

As eminent a critic as Jean Richepin of the French Academy believes we are now coming into a new era of literature—an era that will be dominated by the historical novel. The war, the almost sickening realism of many contemporary novels, are both perhaps causes. In America we can see the truth of Mr. Richepin's prophecy by the tremendous sales of such books as "Scaramouche," a novel based on the French Revolution, by Rafael Sabatini, and "Torchlight," by Leonie Aminoff, as well as the popularity of lesser novels with historical settings.

An American author has just received unusual recognition from the French. The Ville de Paris (the Municipal Council) struck a medal in honor of Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd, formerly of New York City and Brooklyn, for her reconstruction work and for her books on France, the latest of which is "Up the Seine to the Battlefields." Added to this, Mrs. Dodd was asked to sign her name in the City of Paris "Livre d'Or" (the "Golden Book"), an honor received by few American women.

Of interest to the book world is the election of John Bassett Moore to be one of the eleven judges of the League of Nations' International Court of Justice, which is to hold its first sitting soon at The Hague. Dr. Moore's "Principles of American Diplomacy" (Harpers) should be read at this time as an index of America's attitude toward many of the questions which will be presented before the International Court.

Royalty is certainly coming into its own in the world of letters. Queen Alexandra is now the subject of an interesting looking biography by W. R. H. Trowbridge, published by the Appletons. Nor is royalty content with the rôle of subject matter. Princess Louise of Belgium, who lays nothing but misfortune to her royal origin, is both author and subject of "My Own Affairs." Margot Asquith's daughter, Princess Bibesco, follows her illustrious mother's example and contributes "I Have Only Myself to Blame." Nor is royalty

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monopolizing the aristocratic rights of the matter. "Letters to Isabel" comes from the pen of Lord Shaw of Dumfries, who has written intimately of the men with whom he worked, Gladstone, Morley, Asher, Balfour, and Carnegie. Lady Norah Bentinck, a kinswoman of Count Godard Bentinck, in whose castle at Amerongen the ex-Kaiser stayed for eighteen months, gives an intimate account of the deposed Hohenzollern in "The Ex-Kaiser in Exile." The diplomat, Lord Frederick Hamilton, in "Here, There, and Everywhere," has written a charming collection of recollections of all the capitals of the world. The pomp of power would seem to be moving in common consent when one reads the subtitle of "The Battle of the Piave," issued by the Supreme Command of the Royal Italian Army. This awe-inspiring title rounds out and completes this gallery of royal writers.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

To Let.

Whether it is a sign of greatness or of weakness to be easily caricatured, Galsworthy has progressed notably—in one direction or the other—from that particular quality. It is improbable that Max Beerbohm would have written his bird-tragedy in "The Christmas Garland" in burlesque of Galsworthy's style if he had never read any other of Mr. Galsworthy's novels than "To Let." Its very title indicates the spiritual change its author has experienced—in common with most British subjects since the war. Gone are the dignified, sculptural passages, too—passages one weakly enjoyed for sheer beauty of prose in spite of their sad lack of humor. Now Mr. Galsworthy, with all the rest of the world, has become flippant. The recent cosmic jolt has even jarred awake a sympathetic sense of humor that was there, latent, after all. His much related characters are no longer revealed in their sober ec-

centricity as of yore. Some of them are still eccentric, but Mr. Galsworthy has joined the rest of the world in an amused toleration of their idiosyncrasies. Still there is the beloved Galsworthian note of sensitive sympathy. His humor, now that it is discovered, is of as rare a quality as his prose and his insight into human nature.

The theme, too, is an anarchistic one. John Galsworthy marches with the times. "To Let" is a moral or spiritual sequel to the "Man of Property." Soames Forsyte is another man of property who discovers to his chagrin that the concrete sense of property is dying out of the world. Perhaps we should not say "dying," for we leave Soames confident that "fresh forms would rise based on an instinct older than the fever of change—the instinct of home."

"To Let" is the finest novel Galsworthy has produced. It is less morbid, more satirical, and more vital than any of his previous books. It has, in fact, what Arnold Bennett would call a first-class theme.

To Let. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

Daughter of the Sun.

"Daughter of the Sun" is the latest book from the pen of the author with the fatalistic pseudonym—Quién Sabe. Perhaps the publisher is employing litotes when he says Quién Sabe is not a literary man. He certainly is not. His exaggerated descriptions lose force. The reader, instead of being impressed with the semi-barbaric splendor the author means to portray, is keenly aware of the ludicrous. The hero, on entering the apartment of the señorita, has the unfortunate experience of having his eye caught and held by a thin column of crystal, like a ten-inch needle. The scene is laid in modern Mexico among sur-

vivors of the Aztec race. Hidden treasure, mysterious people, and American adventurers make the story almost Stocktonian, but without humor. The author is said to have lived through adventures almost as strange as those related in this story.

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN. By Quién Sabe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

The Empty Sack.

"The Empty Sack" is typically Basil King. In his own peculiar way he has tried to help groping mankind answer the big economic questions of the day. He asks, Was not the slave better off than the average employee today? For the slave was provided for after his period of usefulness to society. And he answers the query quite to his own satisfaction.

The story centres about two families in different walks of life. Their lives cease to be parallel. They converge into one. Each household possesses dogs. Nuances of mental state of the people are portrayed through the eyes—more aptly—through the sixth sense of these dogs. These dumb creatures gather their knowledge from the conflicting auras of the supposedly superior human beings. The author introduces his spirit beings with the same unconcernedness with which he treats the commonplace physical facts of life.

This dramatic story has been built around the ideas embodied in two quotations. The first is a variant on something said by Benjamin Franklin, "It is hard to make an empty sack stand upright." This is supposed to be the finest bit of free verse composed in the eighteenth century. The second quotation—from the New Testament—is, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." Business efficiency had tried to make the empty sack stand upright. And it would not stand. The old man had been discharged when his period of usefulness was at an end. Like the empty sack, he collapsed. The case of his son was analogous to that of the ox. He was surrounded by money in the bank and his mother and sisters were hungry. Complications of a very serious nature result. The situations acquire an awful aspect. Despairing humanity cries out against the futility of life. To them it seems that not only is virtue not rewarded here below; it may be said that it is punished. It is baseness that is rewarded; for it are all the profits. It seems there is no solution to the problems. Then the author brings in his Basil King philosophy—and the reader is content that the story has ended happily.

THE EMPTY SACK. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

Briefer Reviews.

Francis Rolt-Wheeler's "The Book of Cowboys" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$2) is full of feuds, massacres, Indian fighting, Western gun-play, and the wildness of the open range. It is a book written for older boys, but any who need a clearer perception of the development of the West and its importance to the country at large would do well to read it.

"Looking at Pictures," by S. C. Kaines Smith (George H. Doran Company; \$1.75), is a guide for the uninitiate in art matters. Mr. Smith outlines the schools of painting and devotes a chapter each to the Renaissance, realism in art, the science of aesthetics, criticism, and the development of taste. Mr. Smith is a well-known English critic and art lecturer.

"Face to Face with Great Musicians," by Charles D. Isaacson (D. Appleton & Co.; \$2), is a book for the music lover and student. The "Second Group," which has just appeared, is a further series of sketches of great composers, pianists, singers, and violinists told in an interesting and informing way. Mr. Isaacson interprets the art and personality of Wagner, Cesar Franck, Rubinstein, Grieg, Gounod, Tschalkowsky, and many others.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company have brought out a number of children's books, including two very attractive books for very young children—"Betty Barker," by Janet Thomas Van Osdel, and "The Silver Bear," by Edna A. Brown (each \$1.50). Both are gotten up with decorative covers and colored illustrations in the style beloved of kiddies. A book for somewhat older girls is "Adèle Doring at Boarding School" (\$1.75), the third volume in this series of Grace May North.

"The People of Palestine," by Elihu Grant (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50), presents an interesting picture of present-day Oriental life. To any who may think that Palestine belongs to ancient history this book with its vivid description of desert nomads, peasant villages, and modern life in biblical cities will come as a revelation. The author has received praise from the villagers themselves, as well as from other authorities, on the accuracy of his descriptions.

"Oh, Shoot!" by Rex Beach (Harper & Brothers; \$3), is the record of bear hunting in Alaska, cougar trapping in Colorado, Indian trailing in Lower California, and fishing



off the coast of Mexico. Mr. Beach will probably recruit a lot of new admirers among devotees of hunting who read the book for its own sake. It is done in the refreshing Beach breezy style and contains a great deal of information on the hunting resources of the countries named.

New Books Received.

THE BATTLE OF THE PIAVE. Issued by the Supreme Command of the Italian army. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$4.
A report of the battle of the Piave.

A DEFENSE OF PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT. By Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$5.
An essay on the foundations of belief.

THREE SOLDIERS. By John Dos Passos. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.
A novel.

FAR TO SEEK. By Maud Diver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.
A novel.

THE HEROIC BALLADS OF RUSSIA. By L. A. Magnus. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.
A study of Russian ballads of the Pre-Tartaric (or heroic) period.

WITHIN THE ATOM. By John Mills. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company; \$2.
A popular view of electrons and quanta.

HAITI. By J. Dryden Kuser. Boston: Richard G. Badger; \$3.
The dawn of progress in Haiti.

THE OTHER SUSAN. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.
A novel.

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN. By Quién Sabe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.
A novel.

FACE TO FACE WITH GREAT MUSICIANS. By Charles D. Isaacson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.
Second group.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. By John Jay Chapman. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.50.
Second and enlarged edition.

QUILL'S WINDOW. By George Barr McSutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
A novel.

THE TRIGGER OF CONSCIENCE. By Robert Ott Chipperfield. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$1.90.
A mystery story.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN. By Ralph Bergengren. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.25.
Essays.

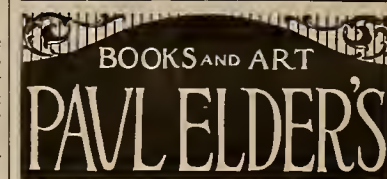
THE BOOK OF COWBOYS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$2.

THE CRUISE OF THE KAWA. By Walter E. Traprock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.
Wanderings in the South Seas.

WHAT SHALL I THINK OF JAPAN. By George Gleason. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.
An attempt to throw light on the Japanese problem.

PRINCE CINDERELLA. By Grace Alexander. Indianapolis: The Bohls-Merrill Company; \$1.75.
A mystery romance.

THE WASTED GENERATION. By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.
A novel.




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"La Navarraise" is a war play, but the locale is the Pyrenees and the time more than a century and a half ago, when the Carlists waged a civil war in Spain in order to restore the Salic law of succession, and thus win a throne for the displaced Carlos.

The opera begins with a military retreat to the sound of crackling musketry, and the explosions of shot and shell. The entire opera, which is only one act in length, serves merely as a setting for the passionate figure of Anita, "La Navarraise," the type of woman who loves to madness, and can only go mad or die when her love is denied. Anita, indeed, does both when her lover, wounded to death, accuses her with his last breath.

Alice Gentile made her first appearance of the week in the rôle, presenting an impressively dramatic figure with her pallor set off by midnight hair and a costume of unrelieved black. This San Francisco favorite was in splendid voice, and the dramatic quality of her singing went hand in hand with the passionate intensity of her acting.

Miss Gentile, however, did not make the mistake of overdrawing her capital too soon, and in the final scene reached an intensity of emotional power, both in song and acting, that left her audience fairly breathless.

"La Navarraise" is full of those facile beauties in which Massenet excels, and which prevented him from being really great. The music is very enjoyable, the military atmosphere well sustained, and the orchestration delightfully exciting. Morgan Kingston has a fine, robust tenor, and in the love duet between the pair of reunited lovers proved himself well equal to the demands of a scene in which he had, as a co-singer, a woman who sang with a passion that was fairly electrifying.

It is pleasant to be able to chronicle that the audience hailed the fair singer with the enraptured applause and curtain calls that were her due, and showered her with beautiful flowers that gave her a characteristic Californian welcome.

"L'Oracolo" we saw here during the first Scotti opera season. Its Chinese atmosphere is picturesquely indicated by costumes and setting, to the fidelity of which no community can better attest than ours. The moment, however, that the singing begins we are in the atmosphere of Italian opera presented with the singers in Chinese costume. And the next moment, caught in the tremendous dramatic impetus of the piece, we pass the performance in a curious state of dual consciousness, which causes the performers to be by turns Chinese and Italian.

For of course it is obviously impossible to make operatic singers, with their gesticulatory vivacity and vocal outpourings, really appear to be those mysteriously sealed-up Asiatics in the Chinese quarter who so strictly keep their secrets of life and personality.

But viewed from the standpoints of operatic convention the performance offered by the Scotti company is most excellent; splendidly sung and powerfully acted.

The performance centres around Scotti, who, as the wily Chim-Fang, must be closely observed because of the details of a remarkably fine impersonation. But the singers throughout the cast felt and responded to the challenge of a piece departing so radically from the traditional line adhered to even in many of the newer operas. Probably Italo Picchi's is the next most exotic and arresting characterization, the two lovers, sung by Anna Roselle and Mario Chamlee, being composed of purely Italian material. All of the remaining members in the cast, Henriette Wakefield, Louis d'Angelo, Giordano Paltrinella, and even little Ada Quintina, who showed great intelligence in the rôle of the

child, were carefully outlined figures in an admirably designed histrionic pattern, and their vocalization throughout was on a par with the acting.

"LA BOHEME."

That was an exceptionally strong hill that they gave Tuesday night, and the increased attendance showed the public's awareness of the fact. "L'Oracolo," except for their springing another fine tenor—José Palet—upon us from their marvelous assortment of singers and putting girlish, sweet-voiced young Myrtle Schaaf in the rôle of the nurse, had the same cast as before. Again the audience enjoyed the unclassically and un-Orientally lovely music, and were thrilled by the subtle intrigue of the two wily opponents, the priest and the kidnapper. Italo Picchi's voice has beauty and a thrilling quality to it that stirs the emotions and lends authority to the singer's striking impersonation of the Oracle, and Scotti's Chim-Fang is unforgettable.

And then followed "La Bohème," with another aggregation of superb voices. Joseph Hislop and Queena Mario were the two leading figures in a representation that lifted the opera from the rut of operatic convention into which it has been slipping, and revived for us its fresh and original charm.

Queena Mario is a dear little Mimi; the true Mimi of the opera. Young, fresh, smiling yet pensive, alluring yet virginal, this Mimi has that distinctive individuality to it which, even amidst the artificialities of opera, lends her more than a touch of nature. Queena Mario's voice, also, with its youthful tone, its delicately applied shadings, its tenderness and warmth, matches the individuality of her personality, as does her acting.

It seems odd that those two characters in Italian opera, Rodolfo and Mimi, were interpreted to our charmed sympathies so freshly and feelingly by the daughter of an American farmer and a Scottish photographer, although it goes without saying that Joseph Hislop, the Rodolfo of the cast, could only have been a complete artist in his first profession.

The young Scotchman, in his black garments with the voluminous trousers, the long-tailed coat, and the high, pointed collar, looked like—or was it my fancy?—well, at any rate, he suggested that famous youthful portrait of Bobby Burns.

His Rodolfo was the poet-student, the littérateur, the dreamer, the idealist, the lyric lover. His voice is beautiful in tone, and suffused with delicious warmth and fervor; a voice of rare and wistful charm. Between them the two singers contrived, in the death scene, to make their hearers weep; something, on the whole, rather rare in opera.

Anna Roselle, with the trained versatility of the artist, undertook, in Musetta, a rôle to which I should judge she is not temperamentally adapted, yet in which she displayed full vocal and histrionic ability. And a soprano with much freshness and beauty of tone.

Mario Laurenti's conception of Marcello depicted the lover of Musetta as less gay and frolicsome than we are accustomed to consider him. The young baritone, however, presented a handsome and picturesque Marcello, and sang in a voice of notable richness of tone and emotional warmth.

Louis d'Angelo's Schaunard and Giovanni Martino's Colline were characterized by the same exuberant youthfulness as the other impersonations, and many of us felt as if, in reviving the true spirit of Murger's famous romance, the group of singers had revived for us something—perhaps the spirit of careless, joy-loving youth—that can frolic on an empty stomach and make love even while eviction looms—that had seemed to evaporate from Puccini's music and even from the brilliant Giacosa-Illaca libretto. For I can distinctly remember being bored dimly when listening to a performance of this opera in which one of the most illustrious of the vocally great sang—but not played—the rôle of Mimi.

THE FOUR-DOLLAR MATINEE.

Yes, that's what everybody called it: "the four-dollar matinee." And yet, if you please, capricious San Francisco, that has just turned down a magnificent "Rigoletto" performance by an all-star cast, simply besieged the Columbia Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, and, utterly untrifled by the high price it paid for the meal, ate up the play and players with every appearance of having an excellent appetite.

"Into the Sunlight" is by near-local authors, the two collaborators, Saulshury Field and Felton Elkins, being Californians; by residence, anyway.

Mr. Field is the author of a neat and amusing comedy called "Wedding Bells," which was played with success by an Eastern company at the Curran a year or so ago.

Therefore "Into the Sunlight" is not the work of tyros, although there are indications here and there—for instance, in the early part of the second act—of a slackening of the plot-and-action tension; brief uncertainties, which

will, no doubt, be tautened up with a brisk continuance of dialogue and action by Friday afternoon.

The theme is the familiar one of a restless American wife, sovereign of destiny in every respect save one; a husband to her taste. The authors, however, have injected some novelty into their treatment. The wife doesn't flirt, and hasn't a single illicit wooer to hless herself with.

Of course he comes, eventually, and with him the great question, answered at first affirmatively quite as a matter of course by Marion, the wife. The question is, "Shall I abandon this kind, good, amiable, but utterly maddening hore for the lover who is my other self?"

The answer is a rapturous "Yes!" And then conscience speaks. The husband's sole dignity of character lies in the affectionateness and unselfishness of his good heart. With his very act of unselfish renunciation he wins hers, for she lacks the hardness of heart necessary to wound so yielding and gentle an adversary.

The play starts off in fine shape, and Ruth Chatterton is an absorbing figure, from the moment Marion Boyden enters, clad in the velvet and satin of a millionairess's morning negligée, to her first exit, followed by prolonged applause.

Marion is a near-neurotic; a woman suffering from the familiar American disease of filling a duty-less life with a multiplicity of sensations. Ruth Chatterton admirably sustained the characterization of a woman who, with exquisite tact, instinctively tries to ward off gracefully every responsibility that faces her. She is developing into an artist who loves the most delicate touches—mere brushings of feature and pose with the expression to be conveyed; and the audience enjoyed the negligent grace with which Marion gracefully manipulated her attentive myrmidons, and guided the bark of her destiny "into the sunlight" of California, while contriving to leave her unappreciated partner out of the California picnic.

This love of delicacy, of faint gray shadings, on Miss Chatterton's part is, however, better suited to the intimacy of a small theatre, when it comes to vocal inflections, and I doubt not that people in the further reaches of the theatre must have suffered from ear-strain when the soft, pretty voice was uttering its dove-like murmurings.

The second act, that in which the two who are made for each other first meet, shows a falling off of certainty of handling and a slackening in action and dialogue, in spite of the presence of the Carters, a jolly married pair whose worldliness of life and outlook has not impaired their affection for each other. The two rôles were played by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller, and served to inject a plentiful element of very light comedy into the piece. The first meeting between the two new-horn lovers is handled in rather a transcendental manner, happily relieved by the merry advent of the twittering Carters. There is a lack of substance to this act, the perception of which the plentiful by-play over the drinks, the ride, and the new arrival does not perceptibly lessen.

The third act shows up much stronger, the preliminary nonsense over the fortune-telling at the card-table, with its suggested undermeanings, serving as a contrast to the love scene which swiftly follows. To this follows the douche of cold reality with the advent of the husband, their pity, remorse, and renunciation.

The play, with its superficial atmosphere of social worldliness, of unthinking prosperity, and with its underplay of marital problems and of romantic love, will probably go in New York if they don't make the mistake of putting it on during the still continuing existence of the theatrical slump. It furnishes a congenial vehicle for Ruth Chatterton, who looks as pretty as a pink; or, rather, as a tea-rose. A white rose at first, indeed, until intimations of the revivifying effect of Californian sunlight and a vacation from the society of an unappreciated spouse warmed the pale rose into the glow of health and youthful beauty.

Besides the valuable support of Blanche Bates and Henry Miller, Miss Chatterton has that of Boyd Irwin and Tom Nesbitt. Mr. Nesbitt, who was the soldier-son and the young husband in "Mary Rose," is an actor of poise and good taste. But to the slightly trying abruptness of his mode of speech he added the equally trying act of instinctively and inevitably sinking his voice to match the soft murmurings of Miss Chatterton's love utterances; and again a feeling heart could not but sympathize with the owners of strained ears in the upper circles of a packed house.

The play has four able characterizations, one of the best being that of the unappreciated husband, played by Boyd Irwin. Charles—who, poor chap, was never called Charles—was excellently represented by Mr. Irwin, who made him gentle, simple, slightly fatuous, and unassertively but truly dignified during the moment of unselfish renunciation. Misses Hall, O'Doherty, and Ballenger, and

Mr. Elmer Brown did satisfactory work in minor rôles.

The audience, which spread a love feast for the delectation of the two veteran comedians and the young star, went away talking husily about the marital problem: "What would you have done?" "There's divorce—" "I know a disenchanted wife who made her husband perfectly happy by divorcing him because he married an adoring cow woman," etc. "Well, but you couldn't have her go back on him in a play," etc. It's a good thing for a play that people go off discussing its problems. I'd like to see it after the authors have bucked up the second act a little. Perhaps the love affair needs a little more of the human touch. But it looks as if Ruth Chatterton is provided with a piece smart enough externally and feeling enough below the surface—not to mention the challenge of the problem—to carry well in New York.

AT THE MAITLAND.

The terrible final scene of "Ghosts" always leaves such an ineffaceable impression on the memory that those who have seen this play with which Ihsen stirred up the conscience—and consequently the wrathful antagonism—of a smugly hypocritical people—as it was then—art apt to forget that one may derive much discriminating appreciation from observing the masterly way in which the Norwegian seer posited his case.

All Ihsenites should see "Ghosts," partially antiquated though it has become, because it is the highest thing in Ihsen's output. One doesn't go to see "Ghosts" to enjoy it. Enjoyment is scarcely applicable to such a terrifying indictment. Or at least the emotions that are roused are not enjoyable, but certainly from the intellect the play can not but wring admiration. And since emotion is the object of drama, certainly there is emotion enough and to spare.

The Maitland people have something to take hold of in this play, and that always stimulates players to do their best.

"Monna Vanna," the play of last week, was a strong card that the young manager prudently kept up his sleeve, on account of the unusually big attractions of the week. And in spite of them the Maitland had good support.

With the three people, Lea Penman, John Fee, and Arthur Maitland, the cast had a

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ood start. To be sure Miss Penman's voice does not blend lovingly with the poetic music of Maeterlinck's drama, but the charming leading lady's beauty and Diana-like proportions made her physically constituted for the part.

John Fee has features that lend themselves to a mediæval costume, and Mr. Maitland made a handsome Prinziville. Altogether, the representation was an interesting one, and could hear repetition some time.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

LEONCAVALLO'S "ZAZA."

When we look at a beautiful painting and see perhaps one object which we do not care for, do we condemn the entire picture? Should we not look at it in its entirety, see the art in it, and then render thanks to God that the artist has been endowed with the power to afford us such pleasure?

Let us try and look at last week's rendition of Leoncavallo's "Zaza" in the same way. I say "try," for unfortunately I have heard many remarks derogatory of what I may term a great production. "I could not enjoy this opera, for Miss Farrar was so common in the first act." This was a frequent criticism. And it is upon this criticism (superficial in the extreme) that I wish to dwell. True, I said, but how about the last three acts? Let us even grant musically that it is not of the best although beautifully conducted under Mr. Papi's baton, but again I reiterate how about the last three acts? Did you ever see a more intelligent portrayal of the transformation of a woman when love touches her?

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Conscience, duty, self-sacrifice—all are born, and how subtly, how very carefully is this brought forth, through the rare dramatic art of Miss Farrar. A finer piece of acting does not often confront us. The third act, which takes place in the drawing-room with the child, is one long to be remembered. Here the latent qualities of a most ordinary woman are brought to light through the appeal of a child. Could there be a more pathetic scene? And Miss Farrar makes us realize the depths of those conflicting emotions in a way that brought tears to the eyes. Our deepest sympathy is awakened. No less great is her acting in the fourth act. She rises to the occasion at every moment, and when at the end her lover has deserted her, and she looks once more at the humdrum existence confronting her, the unsympathetic surroundings, she shows an imagination, a conception of life, deep in thought and understanding.

Therefore let us try to forget a perhaps crude means resorted to in the first act—crude because the rôle demands it. But rather let us be grateful to those especial few who during those two weeks have been able to help us see our dreams become more real. That is, let us render deep thanks to the opera company, and especially to Miss Farrar.

JEANNETTE BRANDENSTEIN.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Honeymoon," a charming comedy by Arnold Bennett, whose "Milestones" has been one of the successes of the stage, will be offered this coming week at the Maitland Playhouse. Those who are acquainted with "The Honeymoon" speak enthusiastically of its charm and say that in the hands of the capable professionals of the Maitland company it should prove one of the big attractions at the Stockton Street house this season.

The Maitland Playhouse comedies this year have proved exceptionally interesting to the audiences and the Bennett play should be no exception.

Ihsen's masterpiece, "Ghosts," will close Saturday evening at the Maitland.

The Columbia Theatre.

Henry Miller and Blanche Bates will on Monday night, October 3d, enter upon the third week of their engagement in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" at the Columbia Theatre. It is doubtful if in their entire careers these two popular stars have ever had a better vehicle than James Forbes has furnished them in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," a play which, while clever and entertaining from beginning to end, is also a faithful portrayal of a well-bred and cultured American family confronted with a serious problem.

Mr. Miller and Miss Bates are surrounded by a company of far more than average ability, which includes, among others, Mar-

jory Williams, Marie Louise Walker, Bert Leigh, Lynn Starling, Edna Arcger Crawford, Norma Havey, Kathryn Meredith, and others. This play will not be seen in any other city in this vicinity.

The Orpheum.

Carlyle Blackwell, movie star, is scheduled to appear in person at the Orpheum week after next. For his return to the speaking stage Mr. Blackwell is presenting a playlet by Mark Swan, entitled "Eight, Six, and Four," in which he is supported by Miss Irene Purcell, Earle House, and Mac M. Barnes. Although Blackwell has been identified with the movies for several years, he was, for more than six years previous, a conspicuous figure in such Broadway successes as "Brown of Harvard" and "The Right of Way" and appeared two years in a metropolitan stock company. Blackwell is the second masculine star of the screen to enter vaudeville this season. Francis X. Bushman was the first.

The Scotti Grand Opera.

When the curtain rises at the Exposition Auditorium this afternoon on the Scotti Grand Opera Company's performance of "Zaza" a capacity audience will hear Miss Geraldine Farrar in the name part, one of her famous rôles, and in which she scored such a tremendous success at the performance last week. Singing with Miss Farrar will be Alice Gentle in the part of the hithulous mother, Morgan Kingston as Milio Dufresne, Riccardo Stracciari as Cascart, Greek Evans as Bussy, Angelo Bada as Malardot, Paolo Ananian as Latigron, Mario Laurenti as Michelin, and little Ada Quintina as the child Toto. Conductor Papi will wield the baton.

This evening Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" will be sung. This opera has not been heard in San Francisco in a great many years, and with Olga Carrara, the remarkable Florentine soprano, singing the rôle of Manon, Antonio Scotti as Lescaut, José Palet as Des Grieux, and Louis d'Angelo as Geronte, music lovers are sure of a wonderful performance. Others in the cast will be Angelo Bada, Giordano Paltrinieri, Francesco Cerri, Myrtle Schaaf, Luigi Neri, Paolo Ananian. Gennaro Papi will conduct.

Tomorrow afternoon San Franciscans will again have an opportunity to hear Massenet's one-act thriller, "La Navarraise," with Alice Gentle singing Anita, a girl of Navarre, Morgan Kingston that of Aarquil, and Louis d'Angelo will be cast as Garrido. Following "La Navarraise" Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" will be sung, with Anna Roselle as Nedda, José Palet as Canio, Riccardo Stracciari as Tonio, Angelo Bada as Beppe, and Mario Laurenti as Silvio. Fulgenio Guerrieri will conduct both operas.

A mammoth gala performance will be given on Sunday evening, with all of the singers participating with the exception of Miss Far-



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The gala performance will open with Act I from "The Barber of Seville," with Fausto Cavallini, Paolo Ananian, Angeles Ottein, Riccardo Stracciari, Louis d'Angelo, and Gennaro Papi conductor; following this will be the Mad Scene from "Lucia," with Angeles Ottein and Giovanni Martino, with Fulgenzio Guerrieri conducting; the entire performance of "The Secret of Suzanne" will then be given, with Antonio Scotti, Queena Mario, Giordano Paltrinieri, and Gennaro Papi conducting; then will follow the third act from Puccini's "La Bohème," with Joseph Hislop, Queena Mario, Mario Laurenti, Anna Roselle, Luigi Neri, with Fulgenzio Guerrieri wielding the baton; and last will come the Triumphant Scene from "Aida," with Olga Carrara, Alice Gentle, Louis d'Angelo, José Palet, Italo Picchi, and Greek Evans in the cast. The conductor will be Guerrieri.

Arthur Maitland is devoting considerable thought to the stage setting for "The Willow Tree," the play of Japanese life by Fay Bainter, that is to be presented for the first time in San Francisco. "The Willow Tree" has a year's run in New York.

"What Every Woman Knows," most delightful of all the Barrie plays, is promised at the Maitland Playhouse within several weeks. It will be the first Barrie play of the season.

Marjorie Faraday of the Maitland forces, who has not been in the cast for several weeks, will be seen again when Oscar Wilde's comedy, "An Ideal Husband," is given.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is with mingled feelings of sentimental regret and a peculiar sort of excitement that we read of the passing of historic English estates from their ancient family owners to—we presume—our old foe the profiteer. It is sad to think of one more link broken with the past. We Americans, Chesterton says, are worshippers of the past—as it is a common human trait to admire that which one hasn't. G. K. goes further and says that America is far more of a national museum than is England. At least it is quite possible that there were more sentimental tears dropped on this side of the Atlantic over the probable sale of Welbeck Abbey and the actual disposal of Devonshire House, for instance, than on English soil. Devonshire House was among the first of the great historic houses to go to the outsider, when in 1919 the Duke of Devonshire established a precedent that has been followed by so many other English peers—the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Westminster, among others.

And recently the Duke of Portland presented the case to his tenants on the occasion of the coming of age of his younger son, Lord Francis Cavendish Bentinck.

"It is no use whatever blinking the fact," he said, "however disagreeable it may be, and it is of no use deceiving one's self or the country, that if the present high rate of taxation continues, and if the present scale of death duties is maintained, there must be, and there inevitably will be, a wholesale closing down of the larger country houses—if not now, at all events, when the present generation passes away. The huddens on land are now so excessive that many landed proprietors can not maintain their old family residences in a habitable state."

It is impossible to read this without recalling the Conservative's prophetic speech in G. Lowes Dickinson's "A Modern Symposium," where he praises the good, old wholesome life of tenants and villagers and the salutary influence of allegiance to an aristocratic house, all of which, he regrets, is passing.

But there is another side to the medal. Much as we dislike change and resent the fall of tradition, it is usually conceded that change is necessary in order to progress. We can't both advance and stand still. A writer in the Manchester Guardian points out that proud as England is of her "native sons" she had to admit the superiority, in physical and mental alertness and fitness, both of the British colonial soldiers and of the American doughboys to the home-reared Britisher. Nor can this inferiority be accounted for by living conditions. Sport is practically universal in England; and there can be small doubt that a large percentage of the Americans, at least, were office workers or factory workers—men who do not lead a particularly out-of-door life. As for the colonists, they should be rugged enough, of course, but coming from the same stock as the native Britisher, there seems but one reason for their superiority—their freer, wilder life. So perhaps it is not an unalloyed evil that the greater part of England, Scotland, and Ireland is to change hands, with a necessary accompaniment of many other changes. Families who live for many generations in one environment may gain in the manner described by Dickinson, but undoubtedly they lose the suppleness and resistance that are evolved to combat a life of change and flux.

We do regret the necessity of the historic estates being in the possession of the proletariat. If we had our way we should give them back tomorrow. So it is just as well we have nothing to say in the matter.

England, it would seem, is much less under the blight of the Sunday-school type of reformer than we are. A London cable informs the American public that 20,000 cigars, specially made for fashionable women, are now on the way here from Cuba, according to a West End blunder.

"Many women are failing to find satisfaction in cigarettes and are turning to pipes and cigars," he said. "Women's cigars are made of the finest Havana leaf. Many smoke them publicly in the restaurants, but they are small and few people would distinguish them from cigarettes. Yet each will last half an hour, although women smoke much more rapidly than men."

It is amusing to reflect that the cigarette, which still causes such a commotion here in the officious breast of the reformer, is actually considered passé—even venerable—in England and on the Continent. Pipes, too, have had their day and now it is the cigar. It is unfortunate that drinking has never been taboo in even select circles. Think of the unctuous, righteous satisfaction the glooms are denied—not being able to point to alcohol as the last step towards feminine perdition.

However, as we learn below, England is not quite free from the demon reformer. One wonders if the Eskimaux and Java-ites are also cursed? But in England it takes a form never dreamt of over here. Here we do not question the right of the movie to do any-

thing it pleases. There is a pleasant myth, to be sure, that a censor exists, but the evidence is not even circumstantial. In England, it appears, censors are relegated to their proper place as mentors of the cinema. The following is a cable copyrighted by the Marshall Syndicate:

"London, September 3.—While the whole British public is busily discussing such frank matters as eugenics and the divorce courts of London are full of sensational cases, the new film censorship boards here are devoting much thought to the subject of 'Is kissing in a motion-picture film destructive of the public morals?'"

"Most of the women think it isn't. They think it is rather nice in films—and perhaps elsewhere. But there is a National Women Citizens' Association here which evidently thinks the future world should be without two-lip delight. I shouldn't be surprised if, presently, we should hear that these good ladies had been quietly locked up in some abandoned spot by sister women who, left manless and therefore largely unskissed though they hunger, refused to be deprived of such counterfeit delights as they may gather from the witnessing of motion-picture osculation.

"It is harmful to the little children!" Mrs. Van Gruisen, from Birkenhead, proclaimed the other day.

"Well, me thinks I can hear the hopeless maiden ladies cry, 'Then let them stay at home. We've got to get something out of life! You must not deprive us of our cinema show sentimental thrills!'"

"Lady Rhondra, more than likely, will take this matter up ere long. She is so energetic, so sensible, so useful, and—notwithstanding these great virtues—so charming and so sympathetic. The Six Point Group, of which she is the president, at her bequest has begun training women to be jurors. It is a very interesting idea and one that men were never public-spirited enough to even dream of."

Charles M. Schwab, noted steel man and famous internationally for his keenness in all things commercial, takes his greatest pleasure in the almost childlike pastime of assembling chessmen. Sets of all sorts of material, each with an interesting bit of history, have been gathered by him. Many are valued in the thousands, some merely in scant dollars. But each set gives joy to its possessor and furnishes anecdotes galore for those fortunate enough to be shown them by the owner. Much of Mr. Schwab's wonderful patience and diplomacy have been devoted to acquiring chess sets that were family heirlooms and others that formed the basis of ancestral worship by their owners. One of the strange features of this hobby of the steel master is the fact that he does not play chess for diversion at all, but is an ardent devotee of whist.

The first umbrella ever made in England was of oilskin on a strong wooden frame, and was so heavy that it took two persons to carry it in comfort.

In Egypt less than 2 per cent. of the women can read and write.

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the Argonaut, published weekly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1921.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. J. Milliken, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Argonaut and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher Alfred Holman
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2. That the owners are: The Argonaut Publishing Company, Alfred Holman, sole owner.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

Wm. J. MILLIKEN.
(Signature of Business Manager.)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1921.

(Seal)
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A customer entered the small-town barber shop. "How soon can you cut my hair?" he asked of the proprietor, who was seated in an easy chair, perusing the pages of a novel. "Bill," said the barber, addressing his errand boy, "run over and tell the editor if he's done titin' the paper I'd like my scissors."

Miss Jane Addams, the famous progressive, is talking about the modern girl's materialism. "I once remarked to a very modern girl," she said, "that in choosing a husband she should never judge by appearances, which are often very deceptive. 'Right you are,' the modern girl agreed, as she fixed a cigarette in her amber cigarette tube; 'the worst-looking men often have the most money.'"

A certain Irish member of Parliament, popular and a bachelor, had been very polite to the daughter of the house where he was sitting. When the time came for him to go, the too-anxious mamma called him in for a serious talk. "I'm sure I don't know what you want," she went on; "I've reported all around that you are to marry Letitia." "Just say that she refused me," quietly advised the parliamentarian.

Rudyard Kipling, during his stay in Wiltshire one summer, met little Dorothy Drew, the stone's granddaughter, and took her in the grounds and told her stories. After a while Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling was tired of the child, called her, and said: "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling?" "Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the small celebrity, "but he has been wearying me."

Marcus Clark, the author of "His Natural Life," the greatest book ever written south of the equator, related to a friend that he had discovered a French novel that he considered a work of genius. He translated it to English, and when a Melbourne firm bought it out, publisher and translator were founded at discovering that he had merely translated a French translation of one of George Eliot's works.

It was a debt case and the attorney for the defendant had made an impassioned plea for his client. "Like Shylock of 'The Merchant of Venice,' this grasping creditor demands his pound of flesh," he shouted. Attorney for the plaintiff arose at once. "Who was this merchant of Ennis?" he demanded. "A little of this County merchant should not be regarded as an authority in deciding a lawsuit." The case dismissed," gasped the judge.

Mayor Hylan at a dinner was defending New York. "New York," he said, "is a big city, so she's easy to hit, and everybody sees a shy at her. A Chicago man came here one evening and said to his wife: 'That wutler of ours—he's no wutler. He's a book. He's wanted in New York.' 'My goodness,' said the man's wife, 'haven't they hit enough crooks in New York? What on earth do they want any more for?'"

President Meiklejohn of Amherst said in a recent address: "These modern efficiency experts who would revolutionize all things remind me of the shorthand teacher. 'Young lies and gentlemen,' said the shorthand teacher in an address to a new class, 'we are glad that it took Gray, the famous English poet, seven years to write that magnificent poem, 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.' Now, if Gray had been an adept in shorthand, he could have written that magnificent piece in seven, yes, in six minutes. We have students in this college who have done it in even less time.'"

Weary Willie slouched into the pawnshop. "How much will you give me for this overcoat?" he asked, producing a faded but neatly mended garment. Isaac looked at it critically. "Four dollars," he said. "Why," said Weary Willie, "that coat's worth ten dollars if it's worth a penny!" "I wouldn't give you ten dollars for two like that," sniffed Isaac. "Four dollars or nothing." "Are you sure that's all it's worth?" asked Weary Willie. "Four dollars," repeated Isaac. "Well, here's yer four dollars," said Weary Willie. His overcoat was hangin' outside yer shop, and I was wonderin' how much it was really worth."

Secretary Lawson Purdy of the Charity Organization Society said at a dinner in New York: "Professional beggars are a self-righteous crew. What I mean is that they regard their trade the same as you and I regard nest work. One winter afternoon I came across a beggar woman I knew of old. She was sitting in a bitter wind on a corner, and the little children in calico rags shivered at

her side. 'You—Jane,' I said reproachfully. 'You—begging! And those three little ones! They aren't really yours at all!' 'Well, dammit-all,' said the beggar woman testily. 'I wouldn't have to beg so hard if they were really mine, for then I wouldn't be forking out a dollar a day to hire them.'"

An elderly man was persuaded by one of his sons to go with him to a boxing exhibition. The son paid for two two-dollar seats. "Now, dad," said the son joyfully, "you'll see more excitement for your \$2 than you've ever seen in your life before." The old man grunted. "I've got my doubts about that," he said gloomily. "Two dollars was all I paid for my marriage license."

Sir Henry Roscoe, in a privately printed book of lectures, says that once when he and the German scientist Bunsen were traveling together in England, they met a lady who mistook Bunsen for his cousin, the Chevalier Bunsen. "Have you finished your book, 'God in History,' yet?" she asked him. "No, madame," he replied; "I regret that my untimely death has prevented my doing so."

When the late Lord Cairns was lord chancellor he was an ex-officio visitor of lunatic asylums. He went down one Wednesday, when the peers do not sit, to Hanwell, knocked at the door, and asked to be admitted. "Can't let you in," said the janitor; "days for visitors Tuesdays and Fridays." "But I have a right to go inside," said his lordship; "I insist on doing so." "Read the regulations," and the janitor pointed to them. "Do

you know who I am?" asked Lord Cairns. "Don't know, and don't care," said the menial. "I am entitled to admission at any and every hour; I am lord chancellor of England!" "Ah! ah!" laughed the janitor, as he shut the entrance gates in the noble lord's face, "we've got four of 'em inside already."

When a certain Archbishop of Canterbury was Bishop of London he was one day examining theological students on the matter of parish calls, and offered himself as an object lesson for such a call. He went into the next room and lay down on a sofa, with his face to the wall, and a young Irishman, whose lot it was, entering directly after, walked up to him, laid his hand on Dr. Temple's shoulder, and said: "Ah, Frederick, Frederick!—the drink again!"

A well-known Scotch "meenister" took up golf, and, despite great practice, could not succeed in passing the tyro stage. His simple exclamations of "Tut, tut," "Oh, dear, now," "Well, well," and the like were plain evidences of a perturbed spirit. One day, when the perspiration flowed freely from his lofty brow and his honest countenance shone with a lustre and radiance which, alas! was not due to calmness of soul, but rather the heat of the sun and his laborious efforts to move the obstinate gutta-percha from its station on the tee, he was tempted to indulge in strong language. "Dear, dear, but I'll have to gie it up. I'll have to gie it up!" he said at last, with a despairing look at the ball. "Give up the game, Mr. D——!" exclaimed his friend, who had been a witness to his attempts. "Na,

na, the meenistry," answered the other, with a sigh.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Signs of Age.

Our Nation must be getting old—
Tis frowning on the dance;
It censors raiment overbold
Whenever it gets a chance.
'Twould frame a Sunday closing law
For everything that's sold.
It did not feel so stern before—
It must be getting old.

It craves siestas, tea and toast,
And oil to rub its spine.
It scorns the things it loved the most—
Bright lights and sparkling wine.
Cool Virtue's name is now extolled—
Fair Folly's dirge is sung.
This Nation must be getting old—
Though Europe calls us young.

America! the youthful land!
That was so gay, forsooth—
Perchance you need a monkey's gland
That will renew your youth!
To say good-by to youth so fair
Is tragedy that's drear.
They're waxing younger Over There—
Why wither Over Here?
—Mabel Houghton Collyer in Judge.

For the guidance of commercial aviators Great Britain is planning to establish twenty meteorological stations that will supply hourly weather reports.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Audrey Williams, to Mr. Evan C. Evans, Jr., son of Mr. Evan C. Evans of San Rafael.

Mrs. Guy Scott announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Agnes Scott, to Mr. Daniel Bartlett Searcy, son of Judge and Mrs. Searcy of Griffin, Georgia. The marriage will be solemnized October 27th in Washington, D. C., at the home of Mrs. Scott and the late Colonel Scott.

The marriage of Miss Josephine Parrott, daughter of Mrs. John Parrott of San Mateo, and Major Laurence Redington, United States Army, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John H. Redington of Santa Barbara, was solemnized September 21st at the residence of Mrs. Trumbull in Washington, D. C., Rev. Father Campbell officiating.

The marriage of Miss Alice Pratt, daughter of Mrs. Henry A. Pratt of Piedmont, and Lieutenant Francis Ballantyne Connell, United States Navy, was solemnized September 21st in St. Martin's Church, Rev. W. R. H. Hodgkins officiating. Mrs. Salem Pohlman was the matron of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Lora Pratt, Miss Virginia Crane, Miss Elizabeth Moore, and Miss Roberta Berry. The best man was Lieutenant-Commander Alexander Hepler, and the ushers were Lieutenant Richards, Lieutenant Irvine, Lieutenant Grant, and Lieutenant Rodenbaugh.

Mrs. Edward Pringle was a luncheon hostess Monday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Frances Pringle, who will be a debutante. Her guests included Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Margaret and Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Eleanor

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Spreckels, Miss Katharine and Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Edna Taylor, and Miss Lawton Filer. Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson entertained a dinner party last Saturday in honor of Miss Mary Martin. Others to accept their hospitality were Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Katharine and Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Rosemonde and Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Marjory Wright, Mr. George Newhall, Jr., Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Gordon Johnston, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, and Mr. Tallant Tubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin were dinner hosts last Saturday in Burlingame in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee. Bidden to meet the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Will Taylor, Jr., Miss Marion Zeile, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Henry Scott, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. George Garritt, and Mr. George Leib.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton entertained at a luncheon Sunday in the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner last Saturday preceding the Pope ball.

Mr. Harry Hunt gave a dinner last Wednesday at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mrs. Selby Hayne, who has left for the Atlantic coast en route to Europe. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. Richard Schwerin, and Mr. Archibald Johnson.

Miss Julia Adams gave a tea last week as a farewell before her departure for the East. The Misses Elizabeth and Ellita Adams received with her, the guests having been Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Lillian Hopkins, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Mr. André Lord gave a luncheon last Saturday at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mr. Noel Sullivan gave a dinner Friday in honor of Mr. John Powys.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton gave a luncheon last Monday. Some of those present were Mrs. Harry Williar, Mrs. Alfred Spalding, Mrs. Vooberies Bishop, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Robert Greer, and Mrs. Robert McMillan.

Mrs. William Younger was a luncheon hostess Tuesday. Her guests included Mrs. Georges de Latour, Miss Frances Jolliffe, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Celia O'Connor, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mrs. Alfred Spalding gave a luncheon Thursday for Mrs. Robert Greer and Mrs. Robert McMillan. Others present were Mrs. Frank Grace, Miss Ferdinand Stevenson, Mrs. Thomas Williams, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Silas Palmer, and Mrs. Harry Williar.

Mrs. Grant Selfridge entertained at luncheon at the Francisco Club Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lillenthal entertained at dinner in honor of Mr. Antonio Scotti in the Palace on Thursday.

Mrs. Harry Williams was a luncheon hostess Saturday in honor of Miss Audrey Williams. Others present were Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Walter Ratcliff, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Henry Swift, Miss Adelaide Sutro, Miss Betty Gayley, Miss Alyse Allen, Miss Eleanor Allen, Miss Grace Greet, Miss Clara Van Ness, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Avery Ransome, Miss Betsy Roberts, Miss Eleanor Stillman, Miss Marian Allard, Miss Beth Gregory, Miss Jean Webster, Miss Emmy Lon Cox, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Lucy Anderson, Miss Ruth Langdon, Miss Elizabeth Sutton, Miss Cecilia Van Bokkelen, and Miss Virginia Brnroughs.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood entertained at a dinner party last Friday, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Walter Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. Selby Hayne, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Mrs. Lillian B. Everts and Miss Florine Brown gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Claremont Country Club for Mrs. Prentiss Hale. Among the guests were Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. Edward Corbet, Mrs. Wallace Alexander, Mrs. John B. Moon, Mrs. Thomas Potter, Mrs. Harry Miller, Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mrs. Louis Henes, Mrs. Giles Easton, Mrs. Charles Hubbard, Mrs. M. R. Jones, Mrs. J. R. Burnham, Mrs. George Hammer, Miss Annie Miller, and Mrs. Frank Brown.

In honor of Mrs. William Babcock, Miss Anne Pentz gave a luncheon Wednesday in San Rafael. Her guests included Mrs. Eugene Plunkett, Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mrs. W. P. Horn, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. George Beardsley, and Mrs. Seward McNear.

Miss Mary Eyre gave a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club. Miss Anne Dibblee was the guest of honor and bidden to meet her were Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Cecily Casserly, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Betty Schmiedell, and Miss Amanda McNear.

In honor of Miss Queena Mario, Mrs. O. C. Stine was a luncheon hostess Thursday in the Town and Country Club. Her guests were Mrs. Norman Livermore, Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mrs. Frank Fuller, and Mrs. Stanley Stillman.

Miss Amanda McNear was the honor guest at a luncheon at which Miss Florence Martin entertained last week in San Rafael. Others present were Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Donald McKee, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Ethel Lilley, and Miss Charlotte Ziel.

In honor of Miss Doris Rodolph, Mrs. Fitzgerald Marx gave a bridge-tee in Piedmont Wednesday. Accepting her hospitality were Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mrs. Edward Fennon, Mrs. Frank Moller, Mrs. Edward von Adelung, Mrs. Jack Okell, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Avery Ransome, Miss Audrey Williams, Miss Eleanor Fitzgerald, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Jean Searles,

Miss Marion Kergan, Miss Flora Edwards, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Jean Webster, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Janice Ewer, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Caroline Rodolph, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Ruth Langdon, Miss Margaret Buckhee, and Miss Janice Kergan.

Mrs. George Marye gave a luncheon Tuesday at the St. Francis for Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton gave an informal dinner Wednesday in honor of Miss Lorna Williamson, and Mr. Andrew Talbot.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering gave a dinner last week for Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis. Bidden to meet them were Colonel and Mrs. Robert Noble, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart, Mrs. Erle Brownell, and Mr. Knox Maddox.

Miss Alyse Allen gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Woman's Athletic Club and entertained Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Helen Head, Miss Charlotte Ziel, and Miss Audrey Williams.

Complimenting Mrs. Erle Brownell, Mrs. Ernest Mott gave a luncheon last week at her Vallejo Street home. Her guests were Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood, Mrs. Robert Greer, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. A. E. Graupner, Mrs. Edward Rainey, Mrs. William Pierce, Miss Mabel Pierce, and Miss Leona Stone.

Mme. de Mailly was the guest of honor at a luncheon at which Mrs. Langley Porter entertained last week. Others present were Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mrs. John H. Philip, Mrs. Harry Hill, Mrs. Edwin Sheldon, Mrs. William Klink, Miss Gladys Quarre, and Miss Louise Porter.

Complimenting Miss Edith Kynnersley, Miss Pauline Wheeler gave a tea Thursday afternoon. Her guests included Mrs. Warren Hunt, Mrs. Felix Smith, Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan, Mrs. Milo Robbins, Miss Sara Wright, Miss Ola Willett, and Miss Mary Gorgas.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch gave a luncheon Saturday in Burlingame, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Helen Crocker, and Mr. Gordon Armsby.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy gave a bridge-tee Thursday in San Rafael.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner last Friday at her Broadway home.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was hostess at an *al fresco* luncheon Tuesday in Menlo Park, her guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee, Mrs. J. W. Keeney, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr.

A tea was given last Thursday by Mrs. Charles Frederick Michaels in honor of her daughter, Miss Mary Louise Michaels, who leaves for the East to enter Bryn Mawr University. Miss Michaels is a recent graduate of the University of California and a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority.

The Players Club.

Ten years ago the Players Club started its career doing the best available plays by the finest contemporary authors. Long before the little theatres were popular throughout the United States the Players Club had produced such plays as Stephen Phillips' "Herod," Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene," Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," Bernard Shaw's "Candida," "Fanny's First Play," and "The Philanderers," and many other of the finest plays of this type. Over a period of nine years the Players Club has produced nothing but the best available plays, doing them in a worthy and painstaking manner.

Director Reginald Travers announces that on Friday evening, October 7th, the Players Club will open the tenth season of its existence with an unusually strong bill of plays which include Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," in which Pearl King Tanner will be seen in the title-role, supported by an excellent cast of Players Club members; Sutro's delightful comedy, "The Bracelet," with Mildred Martin Levy, Kathleen Rucker, and Frederick McNulty in the leading parts, and "La Pompadour," a translation from the French, in which Mahel Gump, William Hanley, Dorothy Woodworth, and Frederick Smith will be seen.

Original music has been composed for these plays by George Edwards, who will have charge of the orchestra. Lenore Cochrone Hart with a beautiful voice will be a feature of the musical numbers in "Sister Beatrice."

In November Gilbert and Sullivan's seldom done but delightful comic opera, "The Yeoman of the Guard," will be produced with an especially selected group of singers. The following list of singers will have prominent rôles: Easton Kent, Nelson McGee, Len Barnes, Emanuel Rosenthal, Ben Purrington, Carl Kroenke, Albert Meyer, Joe Sturgis, Miriam Elkus, Lenore Cochrone Hart, Mrs. Ward Dwight, Alice McComb, Ruth Bates, and Virginia Rucker.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles Mills is visiting Bishop and Mrs. V. F. Nichols at their home here. She will return this month to Boston.

Major and Mrs. Laurence Redington have concluded their brief wedding trip and are in Washington for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes have arrived in New York, where they will pass a month.

Mrs. Erie Brownell and Miss Sophia Brownell left for New York last Sunday. Miss Brownell will enter one of the Eastern seminaries.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have returned from Santa Barbara and they are at their home on Steiner Street.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper and Miss Jane Cooper are en route to New York, after having passed the summer in California.

Mrs. Warren Matthews left Sunday for New York, accompanied by Miss Meta Breckenfeld.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark have arrived in New York from France, where they have been seven months.

Mr. Augustus Spreckels, Mrs. Spencer Eddy, and her son are en route to New York, after a brief visit in California. Mrs. Eddy and Master Eddy will join Mr. Eddy in England in November.

Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee and Miss Mary Lee left California for New York today.

Miss Flora Doyle and Miss Helen Marrye left Tuesday for New York, where the latter will enter school.

Miss Bessie Bowie has returned to New York from the Maine coast, where she spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour have returned to Rutherford to be away until November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre will return to San Francisco for the winter early next month.

Mrs. Norris Davis has returned to Montecito, after a short visit in this city.

Mrs. Joseph Sefton has returned to San Diego, after a visit in this city with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles will arrive next week in England. They sailed on the *Aquitania*.

Mrs. Raymond Baker has gone on a trip to Canada, accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Colard, Jr., who have recently been her guests at Aquette Lake in the Adirondacks.

Mrs. R. R. Livingstone will take her departure for the Orient October 1st.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis Deane have returned from trip to Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle and Miss Frances Pringle have taken a house in Burlingame for six months. In December they will come to this city to occupy their home on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling will close their country home and come to town October 1st.

Miss Margaret Scheld has been visiting from Sacramento with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson at Burlingame.

Commodore James Bull, accompanied by Mrs. Herbert Newhall and her children, has arrived from Brookline, Massachusetts, and joined Mrs. Bull at the Sherman house on Jackson Street, which they are occupying this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Tower have returned to their Los Angeles home, after a visit in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Brunn have left for New York to enjoy a month's visit.

Miss Julia Adams is en route to New York, where she will resume her studies.

Mrs. Francis Loomis, accompanied by Miss Florence Loomis, Miss Margery Davis, and Midship-

man Francis Loomis, Jr., left during the week for the Atlantic coast. The two girls will enter Farmington and Midshipman Loomis will return to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Mr. André Lord has left for New York, after a visit with Mrs. Arthur Lord in California.

Mrs. Selby Hayne and Mrs. Alvah Kaime are en route to New York. They will sail for Europe early in October.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale will leave early this month for Washington to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore and Miss Mary Bernice Moore are in New York, where Miss Moore will enter boarding school.

Commander and Mrs. W. A. Hodgman, who arrived last week from the Orient, have gone to Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have returned from a trip through the south.

Mr. Van Dyke Johns will arrive next week from the Hawaiian Islands to visit for a month with Mr. and Mrs. H. V. D. Johns.

Mrs. Frederick Tillman and Miss Agnes Mangels are visiting in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Cyril McNear returned the first of the week from China and he is with Mr. and Mrs. John McNear at their home here. He will leave in a few days for the McNear country place on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Michel Weill have arrived from France and they are at their apartment on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Valentine have moved to town for the winter and they have taken a house on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Henry Scott has returned to New York from England, where she has been spending the summer.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Mrs. Walter Perkins will leave in a day or two for New York, from which port the latter will sail for Chile to join Mr. Perkins. Mrs. Baldwin will remain in the Eastern metropolis for several weeks.

Mrs. Loren Van Horne will leave Friday for Merced, after a visit of several weeks in Santa Barbara with Mrs. Sherman Stow.

Mrs. Lansing Tevis has arrived in New York for a brief visit with relatives. Mr. Tevis will join her there in three weeks.

Mrs. Charles Hartigan has returned to Washington, after a visit in California with Major and Mrs. Charles Norris.

Mrs. Wallace I. Perry and Miss Elizabeth Perry left last Monday for the East to be gone six weeks or two months.

Included among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis are Mrs. Hal Compton Bangs, Chicago; Mr. Hazen J. Titus, Seattle; Mr. C. L. Etnier, Chicago; Mr. J. M. Meyers, Mr. Leonard Vogel, New York; Mr. A. W. Witzel, Los Angeles; Colonel Douglas McCaskey, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Lloyd Woodruff, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Farrelly, Fresno; Mr. J. B. Watson, Los Angeles; Mr. R. E. Sanford, Mr. J. F. Faher, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Mead, New York; Mr. W. M. Tyrrell, Liverpool, England; Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Cohen and daughter, London, England; Mr. G. E. Churchill, Manila; Mr. E. E. Nelson, Rochester, New York; Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, Calcutta, India.

Hotel Whitcomb recent arrivals include Mr. H. W. Ratz, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards, Stockton; Mr. Otto Lindau, Santa Rosa; Mr. G. E. Hehhard, Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Watkins, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Hadron, Neharion, Louisiana; Mr. C. R. Woodruff, Sacramento; Mr. P. D. Ross, Prescott, Arizona; Dr. Jessie C. Farmer, Felton; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. McArdle, Madera; Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph Everson, Vallejo; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Engles and daughter, St. Louis; Mr. L. M. Dankworth, Mr. G. V. Cramer and family, Rochester, New York; Mr. C. H. Colt, Chicago; Mr. F. K. Eckley, Fresno; Mr. Dudley Robinson, Los Angeles; Mr. W. B. Peery, Boulder Creek.

Little Theatre to Open November First.

The players of the Sequoia Club have announced the opening date of their Little Theatre for November 1st. The programme will include three one-act plays, one of which has been translated from the French specially for the opening of the Little Theatre. It is promised that the programme will be diversified and will be composed of plays ranging from Scandinavian to Italian drama.

Decorations designed by Ruth Brenner, recently of New York, are being constructed, and the costumes, both historical and modern, have been ordered to carry out Miss Brenner's designs.

According to the director, the plays to be given are a severe test of the histrionic ability of the actors, and the characterizations she has observed at rehearsals are quite beyond her expectations. These players are proving once more the undisputed fact that San Francisco is full of talent.

By special arrangement Winifred Buster, the well-known dancer, has consented to appear with the Sequoia players in their opening performance, and will portray a fanciful rôle in the French piece. The other players, among whom many professional names will be recognized, are Bernice Burns, Jessie Edwards, Silvia Lyon, Mrs. Prosper Reiter, Eleanor Werner, Mr. Baron, William Conway, Charles Grant, Braun Hamilton, Paul Merrick, Max Newman, Mr. Phillips, Henri Puttaert, and Fletcher Slosson.

The big musical-comedy production, "Angel Face," will follow the Henry Miller-Blanche Bates production of "The Famous Mrs. Fair" at the Columbia Theatre. George Lederer, the well-known producer, will come here with this notable attraction.

The cooks at Vassar College are men, the professors are women.

Paul Elder Lectures.

An interesting programme has been provided for the forthcoming week in the Paul Elder Gallery. The opening event will be the beginning of a course of seven popular lectures on "The Evolution of Life on the Earth" by David Starr Jordan, Chancellor Emeritus of Stanford University. The first lecture, on Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, will be "The Fathomless Universe."

Wednesday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, Dr. A. L. Kroehler will talk on "Myths" from the psychoanalytic point of view—"Childhood Dreams of the Race and Individual," "Phantasies of Omnipotence in Magic, Infancy, and Insanity," etc.

Elizabeth Mack, distinguished dramatic reader, former pupil of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, will discuss the "Plays of the Hour in New York and Paris," Thursday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Also she will give readings from "Liliom," "The Grand Duke," and "The Return."

Congressman Julius Kahn will review Hector C. Bywater's "Sea Power in the Pacific" Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. This important book, just published, Kahn says, brilliantly represents the differences between this country and the Japanese Empire.

The closing event, on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, will be "An Author's Confessions," by Peter B. Kyne, in which he will speak touchingly of his experiences while writings his books and describe some of the strange people he meets.

This series of lectures is given under the direction of Paul Elder. There will be no admission charge for Friday and Saturday afternoons.

Episcopal Old Ladies Home.

The annual reception and donation day will be held at the Episcopal Old Ladies Home, 2158 Golden Gate Avenue, on Friday afternoon, October 7th. The board of managers of the home will assist the aged hostesses in receiving their guests. A host of friends of the institution attend the reception each year, bringing their greetings as well as gifts and dainties for the sick, fruits and vegetables and various other contributions. A feature this year will be a sale of fancy articles made by the old ladies, who have planned to establish a fund for the purchase annually of new comforts for the home. There is no more worthy cause than that sustained by the home. Its help is for those past helping themselves, and the value of its service has been illustrated by a career long sustained and universally commended.

One notable effect of recent turmoil in Ireland has been the revival of home manufactures, especially among peasant farmers residing in remote districts. Forty years ago Irish people in rural districts made their own blankets, sheets, underclothing, stockings, knee breeches, hats, overcoats, window curtains, and other articles. The practice was largely abandoned through the advent of goods from England and elsewhere, in return for agricultural produce. With many lines of communication closed to them, Irish peasants are frequently returning to ancient practice, including the production of "illicit" whisky.



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Benefit Concert.

Students of the Ada Clement Music School will give a benefit concert to raise a music scholarship fund Friday evening, October 14th, in the Colonial Ballroom, Hotel St. Francis. Those who have already taken boxes are Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Elizabeth Knight, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Mrs. John Dempster McKee, Mrs. Robert H. Noble, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, and Mrs. Charles McCormick.

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"Do you like your new papa?" "Yes."
"So did we. We had him last year."—*Life*.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is it that makes a statesman great? *Professor Broadhead*—Death, my son.—*Toledo Blade*.

"I have brought this wedding present—" "To exchange it?" interposed the jeweler. "No, merely to ask what it is."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Vicar—Your pigs are doing very well, John—very well indeed. *John*—Ay, they be. If me and you was as fit t' die as they be, we 'ud do, sir.—*Punch*.

The Landlady (to actor applying for lodgings)—And I have the manager of the local pictures staying with me, and a perfect gentleman he is—always pays his way. *The Actor*

—Madam, the pictures have violated every sacred tradition of the profession.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"Did you tip him off to the police?" asked the burglar. "Sure," answered the confidence man. "Why?" "He's a non-union safe-blower."—*Chicago Post*.

"What is that book you are reading?" "A compilation of indoor sports, but it isn't complete." "No?" "There isn't a word in it about home brewing."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Lady (poetic)—Doesn't the sea, captain, with its mutability of temper, its infinite moods and caprices, remind you of a woman? *Captain Henpeck*—Eggzactly—why, dern the thing! I despises it!—*Life*.

"This living with a genius is a little trying," said the worried-looking man. "A genius! Didn't know that you had one in your family." "Yes, my wife; she's discovered perpetual emotion."—*Stanford Chaparral*.

The Heeler—Well, I see that Jimpson, them reformers' candidate f'r mayor, is goin' t' have all his meetin's opened with prayer. *The Boss*—Good! That means he knows he's licked!—*Life*.

Student (to surgeon)—What did you operate on that man for? *Surgeon*—Two hundred and fifty dollars. *Student*—Yes, hut I mean what did the man have? *Surgeon*—Two hundred and fifty dollars.—*Boston Globe*.

Mistress (of 1870)—Why didn't you come when I rang, Bridget? *Bridget*—I was in the pantry polishing brasses, ma'am. *Mistress*—Well, try to be quicker. I almost had to pick up my handkerchief.—*Life*.

Daughter (on bathing beach)—I simply loved those sandy coves at Lyme Regis. *Mother (sharply)*—Melia! I won't 'ave you speaking of people in that vulgar way!—*London Opinion*.

Dr. A—Why do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis? *Dr. B*—Not much; hut it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly.—*Tit-Bits*.

House-Hunter—Seems to me that this house isn't very well built. Why, the floor shakes when one walks. *Agent*—Um—yes. That's the new kind of spring floor for dancing, you know. *House-Hunter*—And the stairs creak

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terribly. *Agent*—Ye-es. We furnish that as a new patent burglar alarm without extra charge.—*Los Angeles Times*.

"It is no easy task picking a beauty chorus." "The tough job is the job the bride has in picking a bunch of maids who are not too homely and yet won't outshine her."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

He (just introduced)—What a very homely person that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Black! *She*—Isn't he? That is Mr. Black. *He*—How true it is, Mrs. Black, that the homely men always get the prettiest wives!—*Tit-Bits*.

"You are quite an old man, Bulginhack, aren't you?" "Yessah, and 'bleeged to yo' for de 'terrygation, sah. If I lives fo' mo' yeahs by de blessin' o' de Lawd, I'll be an octagonal or a diagonal; I fuhgits which."—*Country Gentleman*.

Flanagan—Hivins! man, phwat's the matter wid yer face? *Hanagan*—Faith, 'twas an accident. Th' ould woman throwed a plate at me. *Flanagan*—An' d'ye call that an accident? *Hanagan*—Av course! Didn't she hit phwat she aimed at?—*Philadelphia Press*.

Conductor (to nervous gentleman)—Well, you'd better not sit in the observation car. That's the one that gets the worst of it in an accident. *Nervous Gentleman*—Why the devil do you bring it along, then?—*Stockholm Kasper*.

Mistress—Bridget, get lunch on the gasoline stove. *Bridget*—Indade, mum, I did try, hut the stove went out. *Mistress*—Then try to light it again, Bridget. *Bridget*—Yes, mum, I will, mum, hut it's not come hack yit. It wint out through the roof.—*Carolina Tar Baby*.

"Have you noticed that Dauher has changed his style of painting lately? From his former meticulous method he has turned to a sort of slapdash impressionism." "Yes. It's the influence of golf, I think—he now tries to do his work with the fewest number of strokes."—*Boston Transcript*.

Attorney—Some of the most fruitful sources of litigation lie in the settlement of estates of men who have delayed making their wills until too late. *Client*—Well, sir, in that case I believe there ought to be a law compelling doctors to give their patient ten days' notice.—*Life*.

Colored Parson (soliciting funds)—Brud-dern, dis church hah got to walk. *Deacon (in Amen Corner)*—Amen, brudder, let 'er walk. *Parson*—Brud-dern, dis church hah got to run. *Deacon*—Amen, hrudder, let 'er run. *Parson*—Brud-dern, dis church hah got ter fly. *Deacon*—Amen, hrudder, let 'er fly. *Parson*—Brud-dern, it's gwinter take money to make dis church fly. *Deacon*—Let 'er walk, hrudder, let 'er walk!—*Nashville Tennessean*.

Is the Sailing Ship Coming Back?

A great deal of the beauty and romance of the sea passed with the decline of the sailing ship (according to the *Chicago Tribune*). There is nothing afloat today, not even an American cup winner, that could give the aesthetic thrill of a clipper under full sail. As for speed, only a relatively few steam-driven

ships surpass even today the fastest of the clippers, which sometimes ran 350 knots in twenty-four hours.

The sailing ship gave way to the steam because the latter was more reliable as to run, and was not hung up by calms or slowed down so much by head winds and gales, and finally could be operated in larger units. It has been assumed that the sailing ship has been displaced forever. It survives, though chiefly under fore and aft rig, but most ocean freight is carried by the steam-driven vessel.

But now there is talk of the revival of the sailing ship as a carrier. The Suez and the Panama canals have shortened the worst routes materially, coal is becoming a more expensive fuel, and oil is not cheap. So there are interesting proposals for a return to sail. Of course there would be great improvement. The rig would be fore and aft instead of the old square sails, and there would be machinery for handling and an auxiliary in case of calm.

A naval architect of standing has come forward with a design of this kind, making use of the Diesel engine, steel wire running gear and electricity for lighting and heating. American ships have been operating with as many as seven masts and the use of power would permit the operation of large unit with a comparatively small crew.

In long voyages, carrying freight from the Far East to America and Europe, such ship would make good time and would be cheaper to operate than the coal-burner. The problem is not a simple one, hut it is by no means improbable that commerce can make profitable use once more of the cheap power supplied by nature in the great trade winds. The fore-and-aft will never match the beauty of the square-rigged clipper, hut with the aid of auxiliary machinery it can be made safer and far more comfortable. In such case men of the white races may be more willing to follow the sea than they have been since modern industry has made it possible to live on terra firma with the aid of good wages. Something at least of the old charm of the sailing ship may yet be recovered for the romantic and without a return of the miseries and dangers of the older sea dog's existence.



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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2324.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 8, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Legion.

The letter from Mr. George Swanson of the Lorenz Post of the American Legion that appears in another column deserves praise alike for its sincerity and moderation. Nowhere will there be a disposition to undervalue the services, foreign or domestic, of the soldiers who participated in the war or to withhold from them any recognition that it is in the power of the nation to bestow. But there is a limit to that power so far as its financial aspect is concerned. That the limit has been reached is clearly evident from the unchallengeable statements of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury.

It is to the financial aspect that Mr. Swanson more immediately addresses himself. It can not be doubted that many of these brave men suffered in their fortunes as a result of their war services. Very many others did not suffer at all in this respect. All of them, except the disabled, acquired experiences that can not be without their substantial values in the years to come. Moreover, all of them were relatively young men.

But the soldiers were not the only citizens who suffered financially. With the exception of a few profiteers, the whole nation suffered with them in this respect. Nearly every home in the land was, and is still, visited by high prices and crushing taxation, and these press with peculiar severity upon heads of families, that is to say upon those whose age exempted them from war service. The majority of those who were

left at home did all that it was humanly possible for them to do in the way of financial sacrifice. They bore a financial burden far heavier than that of the average soldier, and they were far less qualified by age and responsibilities to bear it.

But it is not the duty of the government to recoup financial losses incurred in the performance of patriotic duties. Financial losses must always be an integral part of those duties. They must be endured just as physical hardships must be endured. No one is entitled to be placed "in his original position of independence." No government could even attempt a task so colossal and one that involves civilians to a much greater extent than it does soldiers. The whole nation has suffered grievously from the war and is still suffering. It is the cost of war, and it is being paid patriotically by the vast majority of civilians as well as by the vast majority of the soldiers. The less said about claims the better.

Why Unemployment?

The conference on unemployment, while by no means of ideal composition, seems to be working in a business-like way, thanks to the initiative of Mr. Hoover. Anything like what may be called the magic-wand solution of the problem is being carefully avoided. There has been no display of emotionalism nor demands that the government play the part of Father Christmas. The various committees have been tactfully reminded by means of charts and statistical tables that this is a matter for coldly intellectual study and that diagnosis must precede treatment. Indeed it may almost be said that diagnosis and treatment are the same things.

Probably we shall find that things are not nearly so bad as has been represented, and that in large numbers of cases the remedy lies in the hands of the men themselves. Every one who is so situated as to be brought into contact with individual cases of unemployment knows well how many instances there are where the unemployed are also unemployable, where insurmountable barriers to employment have been raised by inflated ideas of value, by obstinacy, and by stupidity. For example, there are large numbers of men whose natural status is that of the day laborer, but who were able to pose as skilled mechanics through the stresses of war and who now refuse to return to the only class of work for which they are actually fitted. We ought to know how far this is a factor in the present situation. We ought to know what relation there is between strikes and unemployment and in what particular areas and activities the evil is most visible. And it would be decidedly interesting to know what part has been played by prohibition. A large part, we may suppose.

But a conference of this sort can not go very deeply into fundamentals. The true causes of unemployment, of the constant danger of unemployment whenever there shall come a shock to the social fabric like that of war, must be sought far back in our methods of government, and particularly of the methods that have prevailed during the last twenty years or so. Unemployment is the symptom of a disease, and not the disease itself. The disease may exist even in times of seeming prosperity. As an example of the malady that was to afflict the whole nation we may cite the campaign of Governor Johnson in California, a campaign nominally against abuses—and there were plenty of abuses—but actually against the commercial and economic activities of the state. Capital was frightened underground and production at once began to wane. These suicidal policies on a vastly greater scale found their ruinous expression in Washington. They became a national and governmental dementia. Under the name of conservation we witnessed the paralysis and depopulation of Alaska, and the same thing in various forms went on everywhere. There was a frenzied witch-hunt for capitalists, for every one who was making

something out of nothing. We invented a new crime, the crime of natural development. All those great economic and industrial virtues to which we once attributed the power of the country were now dressed up in convict garb and put in the pillory as felons and outlaws. Regulation became the order of the day and regulation was only another name for handcuffs and poison gas. And with this mania in high places came another mania in low places as its logical result. The workmen of the country came to a nearly unanimous and simultaneous resolve henceforth to produce half as much for twice the pay as formerly. And when they were resisted they struck.

Now these are the true causes of unemployment. They may be summarized according to our political predilections as Johnsonism, Lafolleteism, Pinchotism, and Wilsonism. They were reflected in the minds of college professors, popular preachers, *et hoc genus omne*, who spread themselves like mosquitoes all over the land preaching the new gospel. The results did not show themselves at once. There were quite a number of golden eggs still in the nest, and the fact that no more were being laid was overlooked. We walked steadily, light-heartedly, and light-headedly toward the edge of the precipice. Then came the war which pushed us over.

Now we have to retrace our steps, but we are doing it reluctantly. We are still disposed to believe that no man can possibly have a dollar in his pocket unless he stole it. We are still itching to put manacles on the hands of any man guilty of turning rubbish into gold, of making grass grow where there was no grass. Congress is doing it at this moment with the new tax bill. But we shall learn in time. Even stupidity has its limits.

The Movie Actor Must Behave.

The moving-picture industry has lost some of its popularity in the lurid light that has been cast upon it by recent events that are still so far *sub judice* as to be immune from present comment. But this at least may be said: There can be no assent to the theory that public entertainers, no matter how popular, are immune from the ordinary laws of decency and morality, or that they are entitled to any peculiar exemption by virtue of their avocation. This mischievous conception is widely spread and deeply rooted. For some mysterious reason we are disposed to "make allowances" for those whose only claim to our favor is that they make us laugh, and are paid extravagant sums for so doing. If public entertainers, or any small group of them, shall see fit to be conspicuous by reason of their misbehavior they must be handled just as any other culprits. There is no privilege in matters of vice and no favored classes. It is shameful that there should be even the semblance of immunity for gross and habitual misdeeds so corrupting to the community in which they are allowed to flourish.

The movie mania is of course a phase, and a transitory one, of an age peculiarly avid for unintelligent pleasures. It accompanies, and to some extent it has caused, the decline of the drama to which it bears a degenerate resemblance. For no art is demanded of the movie actor. Even if he possesses art it must be subordinated to a dozen mechanical demands that are fatal to art. The most profitable equipment for the average movie performer is to be a plain fool, a clown and a buffoon, with a certain facility for facial gymnastics that will "register" for the camera. Even the old barnstormer with all his absurdities was far ahead of the movie actor. Something of elocution was demanded of him, at least an honest attempt at elocution. He tried to make of his voice a vehicle for expression, and his appeal was to a living audience by no means reluctant to find a verdict. And they were students, those old actors. They knew the traditions of art.

craft, and usually they were somewhat versed in the histories that they portrayed. They studied atmosphere and they took themselves seriously.

No intelligence is needed by the popular movie actor. Indeed, intelligence would be a detriment. Any one may hope for these tawdry laurels with no better credentials than to be disgustingly fat, or ludicrously lean, to possess a power of inane contortion or an idiotic smile. Even beauty is of no value unless it be the kind of beauty of which the camera lens approves. The supreme requisite is a power of facial expression that will photograph well. It is a matter of lights and shadows.

The moving picture has its values, educational and otherwise, but we have preferred to bind it into the service of the feeble-minded and the vicious. We need not ask whether the moving picture controls the mind of the public or whether the mind of the public controls the moving picture. It does not matter much which is the cause and which the effect. The producer asserts that he is giving the public what the public wants. The public replies that it accepts the best that is offered to it. The same dispute rages around music and the drama. The *Argonaut* is of opinion that the public is willing to admire whatever it is told it ought to admire, that it will always follow a lead, and that the main fault is with the producer, who is prone to think badly of human nature and who finds it easier to be silly than to be sage. Certainly nothing could go much lower than the present movie stage in its unspeakable vacuity, its subtle suggestiveness, and its vicious sentiment. Any change must be for the better, and we may hope that recent events will do something to call forth the best of all censorships, that of public taste. But so far as a malodorous section of the performers is concerned they must be told peremptorily to behave themselves.

The Farmers Intervene.

It is unfortunate that intelligent public opinion is not more audible in criticism of the new tax bill that is now being ground out of the congressional mill. The production of a scheme that shall be of national benefit is not at the moment among the ambitions of our legislators. As usual they are busy measuring the volume of the local voices that reach them, and the most clamorous of these voices is that of the agricultural bloc, which is still intent on the old game of "soaking the rich." If these noisy people carry the day, as in all probability they will, we shall have a tax bill that will leave actual wealth unscathed while binding the heaviest burdens on the backs of business men, who will have to curtail their productive activity in order to carry them. Congress has yet to awake to the fact of its widespread discredit throughout the country and of the disgust aroused by its incapacity.

Senator Smoot is one of the few men at Washington who understand taxation and its immediate bearing upon the business of the country, but it is to be feared that his voice is that of one crying in the wilderness. In the course of a recent interview he epitomized the situation in such a way as to show the danger of the path that Congress seems intent upon following:

It reduces surtaxes for the man whose income is under \$20,000, but it increases them for the man whose income is between \$20,000 and \$66,000. And that is the very man we ought to help—the active business man. He takes the chances, engages in new enterprises, expands his plant, builds an addition to his store, goes out in search of new fields of labor. It is his drive, drive, drive that is building up the country.

You not only fail to reduce his surtaxes, but the bill as drawn gives him an extra dig when it increases the corporation tax from 10 to 15 per cent. It hits the fellow we should help. It is he who will pay this tax. Is it to be imagined that by increasing his corporation tax his business is going to be helped, that he will be able to create new business that in turn would be taxable?

Failure to make the excess profits tax retroactive, penalizes him again. It isn't the steel corporation that will pay the excess profits tax this year. It isn't making any money. The big oil companies will not pay it for the same reason. They are not worrying. No, sir, the worry is on the part of the average business man.

The repeal should be retroactive, because it is hitting the very people we should encourage. If there is any benefit to be got out of the repeal, for goodness sake let it be got now. The big fellows don't care. As I have said, they are not making any money, or if they are, it is going into tax-exempt securities. The little fellows are putting their money back into their business.

The bill, said Senator Smoot, will be an unpopular one. It will hit the business man and the small employer of labor, who will have correspondingly to cur-

tail his activities. It will be a cold-water douche upon just those energies that we ought to encourage.

The agricultural bloc is no less mischievous in its opposition to the railroad funding bill, and for no better reason than that farmers in general have a spite against the railroads. They have created a general impression that the railroads will receive large government subsidies under this bill and that capital is to be once more favored at the public expense. But they ought to know, and doubtless they do know, that the bill does not propose to take one cent out of the treasury. The government owes the railroads large sums of money and the railroads owe the government large sums of money represented by notes of hand which they have deposited with the treasury. The bill is to permit the government to sell those notes in the market and to use the proceeds to pay the railroads. It is a simple and wholly innocent procedure, but once more we have an example of government by spite and stealth. Eugene Mayer, Jr., of the War Finance Corporation, asserts that these payments to the railroads will conduce to the employment of at least a million men, seeing that the money will be used to purchase steel, lumber, and other materials and into the improvement of the properties. But a narrow class hatred intervenes and Congress, as usual, is attentive only to votes.

Still another bone of contention is the ratification of the treaty, and here we find a small number of Democratic senators more intent upon a party advantage than upon the interests of the country. La Follette, it need hardly be said, is doing what he can to help them, and so is Borah. But Borah is at least sincere and—in his own peculiar way—intelligent. He allows himself to be ridden by the bogey of foreign entanglements, but he does not tell us how we can avoid foreign entanglements, seeing that we are already entangled and must remain so while about ten billion dollars are owing to us. All of this goes to show that Congress is helpless without a strong presidential guidance, and this, fortunately, seems to be forthcoming in an admirably frictionless way.

The Issue with Japan.

No matter how broad a base may be given to the forthcoming Pacific conference it will eventually resolve itself into an attempted settlement of the differences between America and Japan. The word attempted is used advisedly, for there will be no plain sailing, and pacifist emotionalism will count for nothing at all. The American government believes that there is a certain *sine qua non* in the arrangement of Asiatic affairs. The Japanese government is likely to maintain, openly or covertly, that the American contention is fatal to its national aims, a direct checkmate to its Asiatic ambitions. No one has ever yet been able to say what would happen if an irresistible force should strike an immovable body. Perhaps we may know more about this after the convention settles down to business.

The cardinal feature of American policy so far as Asia is concerned is the open door in China, and this means that Japan may gain all the economic advantages that she can, but that there must be no political domination by Japan either over China or over any other country. The American government is satisfied that the maintenance of the open door in China is essential to the peace of the world and that Japan through geographical propinquity must necessarily profit to a much greater extent than any other country. If China is permitted to trade freely with all the world the greater part of that trade will naturally go to Japan, but there must be no control by Japan over any part of Asia. She must be satisfied with economic benefits.

These are the reasons that actuate the American objection to a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Only the feeble-minded believe that such an alliance could ever create an actual hostility between America and Great Britain, but that is not quite the question. The alliance would serve indirectly to sustain Japan in her dream of Asiatic domination and it would encourage her in her effort to translate that dream into a reality. Great Britain in alliance with Japan would naturally look benevolently upon Japanese ambitions, and therefore the burden of sustaining the open-door policy would fall upon the shoulders of the United States. Indeed, it has already done so to a large extent, with the result that the imperialistic policies of Japan have emerged into the foreground, and America has become the target for Japanese enmities.

It is a clear-cut issue, and those who suppose that it

can be settled by benevolent compromises are likely to be undeceived. Japan is not at all likely to renounce without a struggle the grandiose schemes that are so dear to her Asiatic imagination than commerce advantages. Whether she can be persuaded to do so remains to be seen, but at least it would be well for us to face the gravity of the issue and the fact that we may actually be shaking the avalanche from its base. If Japan should prove complacent—a roseate hope—we may then begin to consider the possibility of a reduction of armaments. But until then there will be much virtue in the old adage that counsels us to keep our powder dry.

President Harding is to be commended for his choice of American representatives. Subjected to the usual clamor for the appointment of nonentities intent upon their own sectional and insignificant interests, he has selected only men competent by their knowledge and experience to represent America. No country in the world will present a stronger intellectual front.

What Did Clemenceau Say?

There is always a remedy for the statesman who commits an indiscretion in the course of a public speech. It can be rectified in the official report and the unwelcome words are then as though they had never been uttered. More humble citizens have no such sanctuary.

It may be that M. Clemenceau availed himself of the statesman's privilege in the matter of the speech that he has just delivered at La Vendée. Those who hear the speech assert that it contained a statement to the effect that he was not responsible for the terms of the armistice imposed upon an enemy already beaten and with no alternative to an immediate surrender, that his hand was forced, so to speak. But the official report contains no such statement, nothing but the vague remark that the war ended because the Germans accepted the terms offered to them.

What did M. Clemenceau say? Perhaps it does not very much matter, since facts can not be changed by words. And it was the obvious fact that the German army would have been forced to surrender without any terms at all in the course of a week or two but for the interposition of some protecting hand which enabled it to march back to Germany with drums beating and flags flying. Rumor had it that Foch literally and actually wept as he was compelled to open the net that he had woven with such skill and to see the quarry escape before his eyes.

Whose was that protecting hand? Perhaps that is one of the things—and they are very numerous—that we are not likely to know, while any of the actors in that great drama remain upon earth. Perhaps it is one of those burning secrets that Clemenceau nearly disclosed and that would have had such a detonating effect upon the mind of the world had not prudence intervened. We do not yet know much about the true inwardness of the war, political or military. Its last days are peculiarly shrouded in mystery, but we are allowed to guess to our hearts' content.

Nor is it profitable to ask what would have been the effect upon the world if the war had been allowed to end by the unconditional surrender of the German armies. Doubtless so tremendous a climax would have had its effect upon the national mind of Germany, and it might have been a salutary effect. But the interest now is mainly historical. Perhaps in the course of half a century or so we may be allowed to know the facts just as we had to wait nearly that length of time for the facts about the telegram that precipitated the Franco-Prussian war.

Editorial Notes.

There is tribulation throughout the society circles at Washington, where the importance of all political gatherings is measured by the social activities that are involved. The disarmament conference seemed to promise an endless vista of entertainment, but now a change has come over the spirit of that particular dream. Reliable rumor speaks of a general understanding that all foreign delegates will come under instructions to accept only two social invitations during their stay in Washington—one from the White House and one from their own embassies. *Sis transit gloria mundi.*

There are certain aspects of the religious intelligence that reduce the lay mind to a state of helpless dismay. Here, for example, is Bishop Cannon of the

Methodist persuasion, who tells us that American troops can never again be sent to Europe unless there shall be guarantees of their protection against the evils of drink. No matter though all the powers of darkness shall demand American resistance their menace will be considered of no account in comparison with that of a glass of vin ordinaire. The imagination reels at this display of episcopal psychology.

We shall all be pleased to pray according to our various lights or darknesses on Armistice Day, but it may be said with all possible reverence that there is a certain concomitant to prayer that is a guaranty of efficacy. We are recommended from the highest source to watch and pray, and with an equal reverence it may also be suggested that answer to prayer usually comes through our own efforts to accomplish what we have willed. War came because we were warlike. Peace will come—if it come—because we are peaceful. But in the meantime let us watch as well as pray, and there are so many things that will bear a good deal of pious watching.

With all due respect to what is commonly known as "the cloth" it may be said that the clergymen who are asking for the pardon of Roy Gardner are once more showing that infirmity of intelligence that is so largely responsible for the decline of their influence. For if Gardner is to be pardoned, why, it may be asked, should any convict remain in prison, any judge remain on the bench, or any property remain unplundered? If these clerical gentlemen are to be our guides in such matters we may assume that the passport to executive clemency is a reckless and resourceful criminality, and that favor is to be shown, not to convicts who behave themselves, but rather to those whose defiance of the law is continuous and violent. By what principle of law or equity can we pardon Gardner while allowing his fellow-convicts, who have given a minimum of trouble, to remain in confinement? And how could we ever again invite a convict to behave himself, after bestowing the reward of pardon upon a criminal whose only claim to favor was his misbehavior?

The Rev. Dr. Percy Grant of New York thinks that his church, the Episcopal, pays too much attention to divorce and neglects the greater problems of unemployment, disarmament, plague, pestilence, and famine. With all due respect to the reverend gentleman we are disposed to believe that the church's chief neglect is in the matter of personal righteousness. It is no more properly concerned with unemployment or disarmament than with the Einstein theory or the Martian canals. As a church it knows nothing of any of them. It can know nothing of any of them without long and intensive study, and without such study its opinions are a nuisance and an impertinence. If the churches had concentrated their attention on the inculcation of the personal virtues we should now be much richer in the personal virtues—we could hardly be poorer—and the churches themselves would not have been driven into the paths of an impetuous sensationalism.

M. Rhalis, the former Greek premier, has died at the age of eighty. Premier four times previously, he had been active in Greek politics for half a century and succeeded to the premiership last November, at the critical period when M. Venizelos resigned and Constantine returned to the throne. He pursued a strong anti-Venizelist policy, and was succeeded by the pro-Ally, M. Calogeropoulos. So far back as 1890 M. Rhalis was the leader of the Young Greek party, and in April, 1897, took over the premiership when the Greek defeats in Thessaly caused the fall of the Delyannis ministry. It fell to him to conduct the rest of a war already recognized to be disastrous for Greece and to make the inevitable and humiliating peace which brought about his fall in October, 1897. He was again at the head of ministries in 1903 and 1905, and—for a month—in 1909, just before the military coup which preceded the advent to power in Athens of M. Venizelos.

Lieutenant-General Sir David Henderson, director-general of the League of Red Cross Societies, whose death at the age of fifty-nine is announced, is inseparably connected with the history of British military aviation. His flying experiences began at a private flying school in 1910, and in 1912 he was appointed director of military training of the new aerial units, and a year later became director-general of aeronautics, which post he retained till 1918, when he resigned. He was intimately associated with the vast developments that were brought about in the British flying service as a result of the war.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Prohibition in Baltimore.

MINNEAPOLIS, September 30, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The Baltimore Sun probably goes to your office and you may have read in that paper the enclosed editorial.

The enthusiastic prohibitionist and reformer is so occupied in instructing others that he has no leisure to learn anything himself. He and his followers apparently live in complete ignorance, or they shut their eyes to the matters recited in these articles and like conditions and doings in other cities and generally throughout the country. The matters contained in these articles are stated on authority of chief officers in control and should have widest publicity.

Very respectfully yours, RALPH WHELAN.

(The editorial from the Baltimore Sun will be found in an adjacent column.)

The American Legion.

MANKATO, MINNESOTA, September 27, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have read the Argonaut for better than a year and first got acquainted with it in 1916, when I was a student at the Hastings College of Law, San Francisco. I liked it because of its bravery to attack, criticize, or commend anything that came to its attention.

The size of your game is well illustrated in your criticism of the American Legion in the Argonaut for September 24, 1921. Your point is well taken, but kindly tell me why the ex-service man should be the only member of organized society called upon to show patriotism and self-sacrifice and service for his country. Certainly it is a very fine thing to love and serve one's country, but a small minority should not be required to do it all.

The American Legion and its members are not fighting for the bonus as a compensation for a duty performed, but are asking their congressmen if they will not please in making up the annual budget include a kindly thought for their needs. Remember, the ex-service man sacrificed from one to three years of his time in the service of his country, during which time his income was cut short, and in many instances the individual soldier was required to draw on his own private resources to save those dependent upon him from experiencing discomfort.

For the few whose fortunes were not greatly imperiled by these drafts we need give no great thought, but for the many whose savings were sadly diminished do not demand too much of them. The ex-service man is not asking for the bonus to buy automobiles or to furnish him the means to go on a vacation to the great vacation lands of this country, but is asking for substantial aid to place him in his original position of independence and service to his family and country.

I thank you. Very truly, GEORGE SWANSON.

Member Lorentz Post of the American Legion.

Disarmament.

HOLLYWOOD, CAL., September 30, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The hope of the coming conference at Washington lies in partial, not complete, disarmament.

Psychologically the world is still too far removed from that promised Utopia where peace will be universal, explosives used only in commercial pursuits, and every sword converted into a plowshare for complete disarmament to be possible.

Partial disarmament (if it be but partial enough) does hold forth hope of relief from the burden of taxation that has proved so overwhelming as to so clog as to well nigh check the restoration of the world.

Many nations seem fast reaching a point where the alternative horns of the dilemma will be disarmament or repudiation.

Progress towards pre-war conditions has been so retarded by excessive taxation that, when measured by foreign exchange, it seems to have gained (if gained it has) but scant inches, instead of needed tens of miles.

Notwithstanding the repeated assurances of various disinterested European financiers that universal cancellation of the debts of the war would go a long way towards restoration of normal conditions, the lay mind (especially the lay minds of those to whom these debts are owed) is not inclined to accept these assurances at face value.

Possibly there may come a time when forgiveness of the principal of these debts might be to our interest, but so long as the interest is only partially paid, and the probability of repayment of the principal remains of such low visibility, it is difficult to figure these debts as other than mere book-keeping items on international balance sheets, without importance either in the present or immediate future as to which side they appear upon.

Stripped of the misrepresentation, misconception, false explanation and apology with which the treaty of peace has been enshrouded since it first set forth on its dismal way that has so far led nowhere, but two things connected with it have become plainly apparent: First, it has practically failed of its promise, and second, it bids fair to prove impossible of enforcement. Certainly the second if the fact that an American dollar today will purchase approximately 130 German marks means anything. Normally a dollar would exchange for about four marks.

The treaty has so far failed that the set of the tide seems still against instead of towards liquidation. If foreign exchange is the criterion the set is still against.

The immediate, apparently the only present, and certainly the greatest hope for relief, lies in the disarmament conference.

There are bound to be delays, setbacks, and grievous disappointments. Within the week, for example, France has threatened to throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery.

A lowering Far Eastern cloud, though, holds the real threat. Should Japan insist on no naval bases in the Pacific as a preliminary to agreeing to partial disarmament the only thing accomplished by the conference probably would be a sight-seeing tour for the conferees.

As in business, where one competitor by slashing prices compels all the others to meet the cut, so it is with nations. One nation keeping up or increasing its armament compels all other nations to keep up or increase theirs.

However, even if poker isn't a national indoor pastime, Japan understands the game and especially the alchemy that can transmute a "busted flush" or a "bob-tailed straight" into a winning hand.

Any nation that doesn't produce a necessity vital to its continued being can not stand long on belligerent, or even insistent, feet if that necessity should be withheld. The threat of cutting off iron and steel supplies would probably have the effect of wheeling Japan into line with any reasonable requirement for partial disarmament that the other conferees might agree upon.

"Per consequence" and *per se* this conference holds the best prospect of beginning a real liquidation of the war, since certain eminent gentlemen adjourned *sine die* after setting themselves on the road to political obscurity by attaching their various signatures to the treaty of Versailles.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

JAPAN AND AMERICA.

(From an article by Frederick Moore in the Forum.)

Certain of our papers speak constantly of the menace that Japan is to the Philippines, though the British have no fear of losing their more important possessions. To our talk of the menace that Japan is to our Eastern possessions, the Japanese reply is that the Philippines are a far more serious threat to them. What would it matter to the United States if the Japanese should take the Philippine Islands? The most serious injury to us would be that to our pride. Whereas, should we launch an attack from our Pacific possessions upon them, we should launch it at their homes and their vital lines of communication, without which, as in the case of England, likewise an island country, they can not subsist.

In brief, a totally unwarranted scare and an entirely unfair hostility, unworthy of Americans, has been developed against two praiseworthy but less fortunate nations, and too many of our politicians, up to the present, have found it more convenient to utilize this popular antagonism than to dispel it.

As a matter of fact, the United States is unassailable. With reasonable provisions for defense, our strategic position is secure. Since the conclusion of the war no possible combination of powers could—even if they had the will—attack this country without serious danger to themselves. This country is a colossus of wealth, power, and geographical security. Moreover, we can, if we desire, possess an overwhelmingly great navy. On the other hand, we can afford to be magnanimous and ought to be the splendid leader that the other nations are so anxiously seeking. We are, by incomparable good fortune, the leading nation of an otherwise distressed and afflicted world; and instead of indulging in carping criticism of the next two sea powers, we ought to accept their friendly accord and cooperation. Much good for the world would thereby be accomplished. Our statesmen, however, have hitherto failed to play up to the part.

EXPLOITATION.

(New York Times.)

We now have the driving machinery equal to three billion man power. That machinery could not be replaced or moved by muscle, and would not be possible but for savings from surplus production. Wage earners lack the capacity to direct their muscle into the creation of the machinery which their class thinks enables the rich to prosper from their poverty. On the contrary, the rich prefer the poor to prosper in order that they may be the consumers without whose function production is a mockery. Instead of property in surplus wealth being robbery, it is the only means by which wage earners may have for a nickel what it costs millions to put into distribution. Whenever the poor exploit the rich they put it out of their power to serve them more to the profit of the poor than of the producers and distributors. As Mr. Hubbard suggests, it is nearer the truth to say that government is robbery than that capital or property is robbery. In the Russian manner that is altogether true. In our manner it is true to the extent that government fails in safeguarding the institutions which alone safeguard capital, or in diversion of tax money on the scale of scores per cent. of income to doing wastefully what American capitalists do economically. At the week-end one of the trusts disliked by those who would pay more for food if it succumbed to prosecution advertises that 21,000 of its workers, among the humblest of wage earners, are partners in ownership to the extent of \$24,500,000. In America any man may be a capitalist, and all such should have a fellow-feeling for such co-operators for the common welfare. In this view of the subject it is not possible to suggest that capitalism and communism are cousins, or even that capitalism is the only practicable communism until human nature changes?

CLEARING THE GROUND.

(Manchester Guardian.)

So far as the world depends politically on America for hopes of peace and stability the week has been encouraging. Peace between America and Germany has been signed, and, though the formal fact is tardily recorded, its implications, as our review of the foreign press makes clear, are of the first importance. The ground, too, is being steadily cleared for the Washington conference on disarmament. The troublesome little question of the cable station on the island of Yap has at last been disposed of. Japan retains the mandate, but America operates the cable. It is clear that Mr. Harding's government is sincerely disposed to forward world peace by all means within its power and understanding. It is clear, too, that Japan, which might have proved difficult, is as ready for conference as her neighbors in the West. Mr. Harding may yet, willy-nilly, do the world a service comparable to that which Mr. Wilson failed to complete through the exigence of ill-health and party politics.

PROHIBITION IN BALTIMORE.

(Baltimore Sun.)

Prohibition Director Budnitz will probably and properly be sharply denounced from the pulpit by those who have all along suspected his sincerity in the war against the Rum Demon. He talks like a lukewarm pessimist, whose heart is not in his work, and not like a soldier of the Lord, who is certain of victory, and who cares not what the odds may be against him. Just listen to this weak and pusillanimous confession: "It is perfectly plain to everybody that the prohibition law is being violated at every turn. A force of eight men is, of course, totally inadequate to detect lawbreakers in a city of nearly a million persons. I must admit, as everybody else must, that the law is unpopular. Men make no bones about telling me, the prohibition director, that they drink more now than they ever did, and that they get it by means that are illegal under the Volstead Act. They are proud of it rather than ashamed of it."

In response to questions, he said: "Prohibition will only be completely effective, and the law will only be properly observed, when the people cease to want to drink liquor. And that will not happen as long as the earth lasts."

Mr. Budnitz may protest as much as he pleases that he is trying to enforce the law, but what real prohibitionist will believe him after this? All that he says may be true, but what of that? No genuine prohibitionist talks like this. Facts are nothing to him. They must be ignored if they stand in his way. What your 100 per cent. prohibitionist demands is miracles, and he does not believe the age of miracles is past. Nor is it expedient or right always to admit the truth. All is fair in a holy war. Wasn't it Joshua who once scared the heathen into fits and abject surrender by smashing a lot of water pitchers at the same time, and deceiving the enemy into thinking he had a formidable and deadly military equipment behind him?

Mr. Budnitz is clearly a weakling, a mollycoddle who cowers before facts, who doubts his power to perform miracles. The sun will not stand still for him; for such the walls of the booze Jericho will not fall down. He should take a leaf out

of Dr. Crahhe's hook of hattle. Admit nothing, assert everything. Declare prohibition can be stamped out in a couple of years. Maintain that in a decade or two every man and woman on earth will hate alcoholic beverages and yearn only for the true, the beautiful, and the good. Dr. Crahhe showed him how to play the game recently when he enrolled the American Bar Association on his side. It turned out that the Bar Association was not on his side. But what of that? The Crahhe assertion made as loud a noise as Joshua's empty pitchers, and noise is what counts. The man who is restrained by facts is not fit to be a missionary of truth.

Come, Brother Budnitz; you hold a sacred office, and we have a right to expect better things of you. Pull yourself together, wade right in and tell the facts what Vanderbilt told the public. You will then at least be earning your salary.

THE PEOPLE AS A THINKING BODY.

(New York Times.)

The scrupulously non-committal air which Viscount Bryce maintained in "Modern Democracies" seems somehow to desert him on the lecture platform. At Princeton, though with the mildest possible manner, he in effect scuttled the good ship Democracy. "The object of popular government," he said, "is to place the people as a thinking body, irrespective of the machinery they have set up, at the head of the government." He compared the fate of prohibition here with the efficiency of its administration by the government of the Czar of all the Russias. "If the people are to rule," he concluded, "they are to rule because of their intellectual and moral convictions as the source of power."

Such utterances throw new light upon the section of "Modern Democracies" devoted to our Congress. It is there stated, though with the usual detachment and calm, that our best men do not frame our laws—being occupied with careers that appeal to them as at once more possible and more profitable. On the same day, as it happened, the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* made an observation to this same text. "One who studies the countenances of the members," he wrote, speaking of Secretary Hoover's unemployment conference, "is reassured by their intelligence and common sense. It is, in fact, an impressive gathering. To look at it for half an hour and then go to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue and look at the lower house of Congress for half an hour furnishes a comparison which the unemployment conference does not need to fear." Whether the Senate would need to fear that comparison is not stated.

THE IMMIGRATION LAW.

(The Nation.)

For some time liberal Americans have had cause to feel the mockery with which the immigrant must look on Liberty's uplifted torch which throws its beams on Ellis Island. So conservative a body as the Merchants' Association issued a report condemning the corruption and inhumanity of certain of the permanent officials on the Island; the "three per cent." immigration law is in itself unjust and in the hands of our own bureaucracy and the greedy steamship companies has worked pathetic hardships on men who have sold all to get passage to America. Now comes Remsen Crawford, a contributor to the *New York World*, who has been stationed at Ellis Island for many months, to argue, not only that the law was unnecessary to shut off "hordes from Southern Europe," but that it actually operates to discourage the best sort of immigrants. He cites figures to show that the net immigration from Southern Europe before the law went into effect was small—only 20,000 for the month of March—and facts to prove the evil effect of the law upon certain desirable Dutch farmers.

THE PREMIERS NOT COMING.

(Portland Oregonian.)

Probably Premier Lloyd George will be too fully occupied with the Irish conference and other domestic affairs to represent Britain at the Washington conference. Premier Briand has to be constantly on guard to prevent dissolution of his unstable majority in the French Chamber of Deputies, so that he may not be able to come. So the American capital may not be the scene of such a gathering of rulers as was seen at Paris. We shall have to be content with statesmen of somewhat lower rank.

But it is just as well that this should be. In such grave matters as were considered at Paris and will be considered at Washington it is better than the negotiators should be subject to instructions and that their agreements be subject to revision, by higher authority, such as a president, a premier, or a cabinet. When the official who has the final decision in his hands undertakes to negotiate, his pride of opinion becomes involved, and he gets so "close to the works" of diplomacy that he loses perspective and makes blunders which no one is in a position to repair. If Wilson had remained at Washington he might have sensed in time the fatal blunder of tacking the covenant to the peace treaty and have reached an understanding with the Senate—that is, he might if he had been a different kind of man. If Lloyd George had stayed in London and kept touch with public opinion, he would not have been called back by a protest from several hundred members of his party or have become entangled with the exuberant Bullitt. From a position of detachment each could have reviewed the work of his delegates in the light of public sentiment with which he was in constant touch.

Kings, premiers, chancellors, presidents have not shone as diplomats, and their work has been even more shortlived than that of plain journeymen at the profession. Napoleon arranged matters at personal interviews with Czar Alexander I, and the result was the Moscow campaign and his final downfall. Emperors, kings, and chancellors went to Vienna in 1815 and made a treaty the destruction of which began within a decade and which caused the revolution of 1848. Bismarck and Beaconsfield were the leading lights of the Congress of Berlin in 1878, and the tearing up of their treaty began soon after it was signed. Something of social splendor will be lost by the absence of the premiers, but the Washington conference will meet for serious business.

An important and rich discovery of copper has been made, it is reported, in Shetland. The lodes thus far proved give a high percentage, and already half a million tons of copper ore are in sight. Experts and engineers are laying down a mining plant, and it is expected that mining will commence next month. Ore has been proved to a depth of 500 feet. An expert has declared that the ore supply is inexhaustible and superior to Spanish.

The well-known Austro-Hungarian soldier, Field Marshal von Kolvess, the conqueror of Ivangorod, Belgrade, and Montenegro, is reported to have opened a cigar shop in Budapest, the Roumanian government having taken all his possessions in Transylvania.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Filippo Cibariello is the Italian sculptor chosen to make a bust of Caruso from the great tenor's death mask.

Miss Inouye, the daughter of Professor H. Inouye of a famous Japanese school, is visiting America in the interests of her countrywomen.

Mrs. Mary K. Macarty was recently appointed assistant chief of foreign mails, one of the most responsible postal places in the country.

Major W. F. Deegan, Commissioner Bird S. Coler, and John F. Sullivan constitute Mayor Hylan's New York committee to find jobs for the unemployed.

Mrs. Barclay Warburton of Philadelphia, daughter of John Wanamaker, is chairman of the Pennsylvania Women's Republican State Committee.

Miss Elizabeth Brandeis, daughter of Associate Judge Brandeis, has been appointed secretary of the District of Columbia Minimum Wage Board.

Martin B. Madden, congressman from Illinois, is chairman of the new Budget Committee—formerly the House Appropriations Committee—which has been enlarged to meet the increase in the importance of its functions under the Budget Act.

Charl O. Williams has been recently elected president of the National Education Association for 1922. As a county school superintendent in Tennessee, Miss Williams displayed an ability that attracted national attention.

Colonel William N. Haskell has been chosen to supervise the American Famine Relief Administration in Russia. Colonel Haskell was director of the American relief in 1919 and is familiar with present-day conditions in Russia.

M. Dutajour, Swiss aviator, has proven the value of the airplane as a mountain scaler. He has successfully made the sensational flight to the top of Mont Blanc, 14,000 feet above the sea—veritably "the top of Europe."

Frank Pierpont Graves was recently elected president of the University of the State of New York and state commissioner of education. His new work brings Dr. Graves into official relations with American institutions in Turkey, Syria, and China.

J. Parke Channing is the head of a committee of the American Engineering Council, appointed by Herbert Hoover when he was chairman of the council to investigate waste in industry. Mr. Channing's job is to promote the movement among organized engineers towards better industrial conditions.

Whether or not the airplane will ever be a familiar mode of travel, it is certainly good in emergencies. Sir Douglas Shields, famous English surgeon, finds it useful as an ambulance. He recently flew to Paris for Major Otley of the British army and returned with his patient, who was in a critical condition, to London in the same day.

Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, Jr., has been nominated by President Harding for the newly-created post of Under Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Gilbert served as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under the previous Democratic administration. His office may become a precedent for the establishment of permanent under secretaries to our government.

Sir James Craig, Ulster's first prime minister, has been an M. P. for the East Division of County Down since 1906. He served in the South African war as a captain, winning both the King's Medal and the Queen's Medal. He has always taken a keen interest in politics. He is an associate of the Institute of Naval Architects.

Dr. Edgar F. Smith, Provost Emeritus of the University of Pennsylvania, is the president of the American Chemical Society, which met during the first week of September in an international session with the Society of Chemical Industry of Great Britain. The international chemical meet was staged at the College of the City of New York.

Dr. James Rowland Angell, who has recently become president of Yale University, is a graduate of the universities of Michigan and Harvard. Yale has broken her tradition of selecting presidents from her own alumni only. Dr. Angell is a psychologist. He was acting president of the University of Chicago in 1918-19 and was instructor and professor of philosophy and psychology in the University of Minnesota for many years. He has a wide reputation for intellectual attainment and administrative ability.

Henry Morgenthau, whose autobiography, "All in a Life-Time," is appearing in an American periodical, was born in Mannheim, Germany, in 1856. He is a graduate of Columbia University and has received honorary degrees from other universities both here and abroad. In addition to having been ambassador to Turkey, 1913-1916, he has held numerous official and unofficial posts. He was an incorporator of the American National Red Cross, is a director of the Mount Sinai Hospital, and is president of the Bronx House Settlement.

Mr. Cass Gilbert, who has been invited by *World's*

Work to contribute to their department called "The Council Table," is the architect of many well-known buildings. Among them are the Capitol Building at St. Paul, the Agricultural Building at the Omaha Exposition, the Art Building and Festival Hall at the St. Louis Exposition, the Woolworth Building, the St. Louis, Detroit, and New Haven public libraries, and many others of equal fame. He has been appointed member of the Council of Fine Arts by President Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. He has been president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and is a member of many other art and architectural organizations. He was one of the founders of the Architectural League of New York.

OLD FAVORITES.

What the Bullet Sang.

O joy of creation,
To be!
O rapture, to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown;
I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace;
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!

It is he—O my love!
So hold!
It is I—all thy love
Foretold!
It is I—O love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
O sweetheart! what is this
Lieth there so cold?—Bret Harte.

A Musical Instrument.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flow'd the river;
And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
(How tall it stood in the river!),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notch'd the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laugh'd the great god Pan
(Laugh'd while he sat by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a heart is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A Passer-By.

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest not sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales oppress,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the odoriferous air:
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare:
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capp'd
grandest

Peak, that is over the feathery palms, more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhail'd and nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage lameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.
But for all I have given thee, hearty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.
—Robert Bridges.

Suttee, the practice of a widow sacrificing herself on her husband's funeral pyre, was made illegal in British India in 1920.

ANOTHER DODO NOVEL.

Mr. E. F. Benson Writes Another Chapter in the Life of His Favorite Heroine.

We may infer that Dodo is a very popular person, since Mr. E. F. Benson has now given us another story of this fascinating, loquacious, and inconsequential lady. We have seen Dodo as a young woman, we have seen her daughter Nadine, and we have a sincere hope that she has not yet made her last bow and that even old age will not bring with it the sedateness that would assuredly be her fictional ruin. Dodo is now fifty-four, although she calls herself fifty-five in order that she may grow used to the more advanced age before she reaches it, which is just what Dodo would do. The new story opens with a conversation on the subject of free will between Dodo and Edith Arbuthnot, who has just returned from Germany, but Dodo speedily dismisses that thorny problem, as "it makes one's brain turn round like a Dancing Dervish," which is true:

"If I could envy anybody," she said, "which I am absolutely incapable of doing, I should envy you, Edith. You have always gone on doing all your life precisely what you meant to do. You've got a strong character, as strong as this tea, which has been standing. But all my remarkable feats have been those which I didn't mean to do. They just came along and got done. I always meant to marry Jack, but I didn't do it until I had married two other people first. Sugar? That's how I go on, you know, doing things on the spur of the moment, and trusting that they will come right afterwards, because I haven't really meant them at all. And yet, 'orrible to relate, by degrees, by degrees as the years go on, we paint the pictures of ourselves which are the only authentic ones, since we have painted every bit of them ourselves. Everything I do adds another touch to mine, and at the end I shall get glanders or cancer or thrush, and just the moment before I die I shall take the brush for the last time and paint on it 'Dodo fecit.' Oh, my dear, what will the angels think of it, and what will our aspirations and our aims and our struggles think of it? We've gone on aspiring and perspiring and admiring and conspiring, and then it's all over. Strawberries! They're the first I've seen this year; let us eat them up before Jack comes. Sometimes I wish I was a canary or any other silly thing that doesn't think and try and fail. All the same, I shouldn't really like to be a bird. Imagine having black eyes like buttons, and a horny mouth with no teeth, and scaly legs. Groundsel, too! I would sooner be a cannibal than eat groundsel. And I couldn't possibly live in a cage; nor could I endure anybody throwing a piece of green baize over me when he thought I had talked enough. Fancy, if you could ring the bell now this moment, and say to the footman, 'Bring me her ladyship's baize!' It would take away all spontaneity from my conversation. I should be afraid of saying anything for fear of being baized, and every one would think I was getting old and anemic. I won't be a canary after all!"

The portents of war are already becoming visible. The Germany colony in England is fluttering with excitement and apprehension and preparing to take its flight. Dodo gives a dinner party to the Prince and Princess of Allenstein, who, as relatives of the emperor, seem to be well informed to the point of indiscretion:

"I talked of study," he said, "and it is croquet I study, and I have five marks. Germany is poor compared to rich England, and in Allenstein I play only for three marks when I play croquet. But we Chermans have industry, we have perseverance, also nothing distracts us, but we go on while others stop still. I am very content to be a poor Cherman in rich England. . . . No. . . . I will have no ice! If I am warm inside me, why should I make cold inside me? But soon I will have some port, and I am happy to be here. I could sing, so happy am I."

Once again the Princess must have been listening to him. "Indeed, dearest, you shall not sing," she said. He looked at her with a grave replete eye. "But if I choose, I shall sing," he said, "and if I do not choose then I shall not sing."

Dodo felt that there was something moving below this ridiculous talk, which she could not quite grasp. Some sort of shifting shadow was there, like a fish below water. . . .

"Don't be a hen-peck, sir," she said. "Sing quietly to me." He leaned a little sideways to her, beating the table softly with his hand. Edith, who was sitting on his other side, caught the rhythm of his beat.

"That's 'Deutschland über alles,'" she said, cheerfully. He gave her a complicated wink.

"Also, you are wrong," he said. "It is 'Rule Britannia.'" He leaned forward across the table.

"Sophy," he said. "This is a good joke; you will like this joke. For I thumped with my hand on the table, and this lady here said, 'Also, that is "Deutschland über Alles."'" And I said to her, 'You are wrong,' I said. 'Also, it is "Rule Britannia."'" That is a good joke, and you shall tell that to Willie when you write to him. So! We are all pleased. Ah! The ladies are going. I will rise, and then I will sit down again."

Edith went straight to the piano in the next room, and without explanation, thumped out "Rule Britannia." She followed it up with the "Marseillaise."

The whirlpool of London life was revolving dizzily in those days. All of the fashionable world was at house parties and restaurants, and leisure and sobriety were the two prime enemies of existence. We find Dodo at a restaurant greeting her friends among the gay crowd, which, however, was not quite so gay as to be unaware of the political storm clouds:

"We're all mad," said Dodo breathlessly as this varied interchange of greetings went on. "Why does it please everybody to see other people like this, where you can't talk to them, and only scream a word in greeting? Personally I love it, but I don't know why. Why don't we have roast beef and Yorkshire pudding at home, and read a book afterwards or talk to a friend instead of grinning at a hundred? Oh, look, Jumbo! Vanessa hasn't got a stitch on except panther skins and pearls and mottled stockings to match. How bad for David. David, darling, eat your ice. Here she comes! Vanessa, dear, how perfectly lovely you look, and I hear you're going to dance at Caithness House on Tuesday. Of course I shall come. They didn't allow your great Dane in the restaurant? What hopeless management, but perhaps you'll find that he has eaten the porter when you go out. Still, you know, if we all brought great Danes, there might be

rather a scrap. Hugo! I never saw anything so chic as having a red despatch-box brought you by a detective in plain clothes, in the middle of lunch. You frowned too beautifully when you opened it, and are hurrying out now exactly as if a European complication was imminent. I believe you've been practicing that all morning instead of going to church. Mind you keep up your responsible air till the very last moment, and then you can relax and go to sleep when you get back to the Foreign Office. Darling Lady Alice, what delicious cameos! I believe you stole them; there aren't any cameos like that outside the British Museum. Yes, of course you're coming tomorrow night. I think I must have sent you two invitations, and so they probably canceled each other like negatives. We shall finish up with eggs and bacon on Tuesday morning, and I'm sure you'll look much fresher than any of us. Oh, there's the Prime Minister talking to Hugo. They're doing it on purpose so as to make us think that something terrific has happened. I like Prime Ministers to be histrionic. He's taking something out of his pocket. It's only a cigar; I hoped it would be an ultimatum. David, what a day we're having!"

Then comes the war and Dodo tries to be useful, but at first with lamentable results. She clears out her country home for a hospital, but when she tries to work she uncomfortably discovers that she knows nothing:

Dodo suddenly threw up her hands wide with a gesture of despair.

"Oh, how useless one is!" she said. "I know quite well that my housekeeper could have done it all with the utmost calmness and efficiency in half the time it took me. When I was wildly exciting myself about blocking up the door in my room at Winston, so as not to have vegetable smells coming up from the kitchen, and thinking how tremendously clever I was being, she waited till I had quite finished talking, and then said, 'But how will your ladyship get into your room?' And it's the same with this awful stocking."

Dodo exhibited her work.

"Look!" she said, "the leg is over two feet long already, and for three days past I have been trying to turn the heel, as the book says, till the heel won't turn. The stocking goes on in a straight line like a billiard cue. I can never do another one, so even if the heel was kind enough to turn now, I should have to advertise for a man at least seven feet high who had lost one leg. The advertisement would cost more than the stocking is worth, even if it ever got a foot to it. Failing the seven-foot one-legged man, all that this piece of worsted-tubing can possibly be used for is to put outside some exposed water-pipe in case of a severe frost. Even then I should have to rip it up from top to bottom to get it round the pipe, or cut off the water-supply and take the pipe down and then fit the stocking on to it. Then again when David's nurse left, I said I would look after him. But I didn't know how; the nervous force and the time and the cotton and the prickings of my finger that were required to sew on a button would have run a tailor's shop for a week. Oh, my dear, it's awful! Here in England wanting everything that a country can want, and here am I with hundreds of other women absolutely unable to do anything! We thought we were queens of the whole place, and we're the rottenest female drones that ever existed. Then again I imagined I might be able to do what any second-rate housemaid does without the smallest difficulty, so when other people had taken up the carpet on the big stairs at Winston, I sent four or five servants to fetch me a broom, so that I could sweep down the stairs. They were dusting and fiddling about in the way housemaids do, and they all grinned pleasantly and stopped their work to fetch me something to sweep the stairs with. I supposed they would bring me an ordinary broom, but they brought a pole with a wobbly iron ring at the end of it, to which was attached a sort of tow-wig. I didn't ask them how to manage it, so I began dabbling about with it. And at that very moment the grim matron leaned over the bannisters at the top of the stairs and called out, 'What are you doing there? You look as if you had never used a mop before!' I hadn't; that was the beastly part of it, and then she came down and apologized, and I apologized and she showed me what to do, and I hit a housemaid in the eye and hurt my wrist, and dislocated all work on that stairway for twenty minutes. And then I tried to weigh out stores as they came in, and I didn't know how many pennies or something went to a pound Troy. And you may be surprised to hear that a hundred-weight is less than a quarter, or if it's more it isn't nearly so much more as you would think. I'm useless, and I always thought I was so damned clever. All I can do is to play the fool, and who wants that now? All my life I have been telling other people to do things, without knowing how to do them myself. I can't boil a potato, I can't sew on a button, and yet I'm supposed to be a shining light in war work. 'Marquez mes mots,' as the Frenchman never said, they'll soon be giving wonderful orders and decorations to war workers, and they'll make me a Grand Cross or a Garter or a Suspender or something, because I've made a delicious flat for myself in the corner of Winston, and sent the bill in to Daddy, and will be going round the wards at Winston and saying something futile to those poor darling boys who have done the work."

Dodo discovers to her horror that Edith Arbuthnot is pro-German or something very much like it, and consequently there are rather strained relations between the two friends. Dodo asks why Edith can not show a proper spirit, why she must show the white feather:

"Because it's hopeless. Before Germany showed her strength you could do that just as you can tweak a lion's tail when he is lying asleep behind the bars at the Zoo. But now we're inside the cage. I don't say we are not formidable, but we don't make ourselves more formidable by sending all the best of our young men out to France to be shot down like rabbits. We were not prepared, and Germany was. Her war machine has been running for years, smoothly and slowly, at quarter-steam. We've got to make a machine, and then we've got to learn how to run it. Then about the navy—"

Dodo assumed a puzzled expression.

"Somebody, I don't know who," she said, "told me that there was an English navy. Probably it was all lies like the German atrocities."

Edith threw her hands wide.

"Do you think I like feeling as I do?" she asked. "Do you think I do it for fun?"

"No, dear, for my amusement," said Dodo briskly. "But unfortunately it only makes me sick. Hullo, here's David."

David entered making an awful noise on a drum. "Shut up, David," said his mother, "and tell Edith what you are going to do when you're eighteen."

"Kill the Huns," chanted David. "Mayn't I play my drum any more, mummy?"

"Yes, go and play it all over the house. And sing Tipperary all the time."

David made a shrill departure.

"Of course you can teach any child that!" said Edith.

"I know. That's so lovely. If I had fifty children I should teach it to them all. I wish I had. I should love seeing them all go out to France, and I should squirm as each of them went. I should like to dig up the graves of Bach and Brahms

and Beethoven and Wagner and Goethe, and stamp on their remains. They have nothing to do with it all, but they're Huns. I don't care whether it is logical or Christian or anything else, but that's the way to win the war. And you're largely responsible for that; I never saw red before you talked such nonsense about the war being over. If we haven't got an army we're going to have one, and I shall learn to drive a motor. If I could go to that window and be shot, provided one of those beastly Huns was shot too, I should give you one kiss, darling, to show I forgave you, and go to the window dancing! I quite allow that if everybody was like you we should lose, but thank God we're not."

But Edith's sympathies change somewhat when a German bomb partially wrecks her house. Her Chippendale suite, she tells Dodo, is simply in splinters, half the ceiling is down, and the clock is represented by little splinters scattered about the room. Dodo naturally finds a certain satisfaction in this Nemesis:

"And where were you?" asked Dodo.

"In the cellar, of course, with the housemaid and the cook singing. But the outrage of it, the wanton brutal destruction. Do those Huns—"

"You said 'Huns,'" said Dodo gleefully.

"I know I did. Huns they are, brutes, barbarians! And do they think that they can win the war by smashing my clock? First there were the Belgian atrocities, then there was the massacre of peaceful travelers on neutral shipping without any warning being given, and now they must break my windows. That has brought it home to me. I believe every accusation of brutality and murder and loathsomeness that has ever been made against them. And that is why I came round to see you. I want to renounce all my previous convictions about them. I will never set foot on German soil again; the whole beastly race is poisoned for me. There's exactly the same callous brutality in pages of Wagner and Strauss, and I thought it was strength! I lay awake half of last night hating them. Of course I shall take up some war work at once; best of all I should like to go into some munition factory and make with my very own hands high explosives to be dropped on Berlin. Why don't we prosecute the war with greater frightfulness, and, oh, Dodo, at the very beginning why didn't you convince me what brutes and barbarians they are!"

Edith walked rapidly about the room as she made this unreserved recantation, stamping with fury.

"My clock! My sympathy! My front door!" she exclaimed. "My front door was blown right across the hall, and in its present position it's more like the back door. If I hadn't been so furiously angry at the sight of the damage, I think I should have laughed at the thought that I once believed the Huns to be cultured and romantic people. I'm almost glad it happened, for it has brought enlightenment to me. That's my nature. I must act up to my convictions whatever they are and I don't care at what personal loss I learn the truth. Not one note more of music will I write till the English are strolling down the Unter den Linden. The Kaiser must be brought to justice; if he survives the war he must be treated like a common criminal. He must suffer for smashing up my rooms exactly as if he had been a hooligan in the street. He is a hooligan; that's precisely what he is, and once I was pleased at his coming to my concert. I talked to him as if he had been a civilized being, I curtisied to him. I wonder that the sinews of my knees didn't dry up and wither for shame. What a blind dupe I have been of that disgusting race! Never will I trust my judgment again about anybody. . . . Give me a box of matches and let me make a bomb."

The turn in the fortunes of war finds Dodo fully employed in her hospital. Now she wants a map with lots of colored pins to mark the retreat of the devastating foe. It must be an enormous map to hang in the hospital dining-room:

Dodo got what she described as a life-size map of France, and an immense quantity of pins to which were attached cardboard flags of the warring nations. The map was put up at one end of the men's dining-room practically covering the wall, and morning by morning, standing on a step-ladder, she gleefully recorded the advance of the Allies, and the retreat of the Huns, in accordance with the information conveyed by the daily *communiqué*.

"Amiens!" she said. "We must take out all those German flags and put English ones instead. We shall be able to get coffee again there on the way to Paris, unless the Huns have poisoned all the supplies in the refreshment room, which is more than probable, and put booby-traps in the buns, so that they explode in your mouth. Look! A German flag has fallen out of Bapaume all of its own accord; that's a good omen, it's hardly worth while putting it back. Isn't it a blessing we've got more French flags? Now we can make Soissons a pin-cushion of them. But it's a long way to Berlin yet. I believe you'll have to join up, David, before we get there. Why not make a betting-book about the date we get to Berlin? Oh, there's a place called Burchum; what an extraordinary coincidence. Give me some more American pins."

Through August the advance continued, sweeping on during September back through Peronne, and through the Droocourt-Quéant line, until late in the month the Hindenburg line was broken, and Dodo pulled out the most stubborn of all the rows of German pins.

"All according to plan," as the German *communiqué* tells us," she said. "What a good thing their plans coincide so exactly with ours! They didn't want to hold the Hindenburg line any longer. They got tired of being so long in one place and thought they would like a change, and by the greatest good luck we agreed that a change would be nice for them. That's all that's happened: they had been ahead for four years, and it was high time to think of getting home. What liars! My dear, what liars. Presently they will get tired of being in Cambrin, and so, according to plan, they will leave that. I should love to be the German Emperor for precisely five minutes to see what he feels like. Then I would be myself again, and gloat. Wanted on the telephone, am I? Nobody must touch those pins. I must put every one of them in myself. Tomorrow I will be unselfish and let somebody else do it, but not today. Just according to plan!"

Dodo is in a state of wild hilarity as the Allied armies press forward. She puts an American pin into her finger instead of into Sedan and so, "I want a disinfectant and a sterilized bandage and some more pins. Look, I've shed my blood on the French front. Give me a wound stripe and a Sedan chair and let me try to be sensible. It won't be any good, but we may as well try."

It certainly will not be any good. Dodo will be Dodo until the end of the chapter and we may hope that the end of the chapter is not yet. We like Dodo.

DODO WONDERS. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 1, 1921, were \$140,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$171,700,000; a decrease of \$31,700,000.

The methods by which the United States can develop her foreign trade and at the same time maintain a protective tariff were outlined at Los Angeles this week when Henry M. Robinson, formerly commissioner of the United States Shipping Board and now president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles and the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, placed the entire problem of free ports

economists generally agree that a surplus is the controlling factor. Is it not, therefore, reasonable to assume that it is the hacking up of our manufactured surplus and our inability to sell abroad that has brought about our unemployment situation?

"Since the beginning any nation that has engaged with any appreciable degree of success in international commerce has been either on a free trade basis or has maintained one or more free ports or free zones. For years, however, we as a nation have maintained a high tariff, and most of the time a very high protective tariff, and for half a century our flag has been a comparative rarity upon the seven seas. Came the great war and demonstrated beyond cavil the need for the maintenance of a merchant fleet if in time of war the nation is to be protected—and this whether the war be military or economic. The great war also demonstrated fully the interdependence of peoples and nations—and their dependence upon world trade.

"Since the maintenance of a merchant fleet is obviously predicated on world trade, it is evident that a high protective tariff, world trade, the maintenance of a merchant fleet with the financial and commercial accompaniments of those operations, are inconsistent, but experiences of European nations show conclusively that a modification of this inconsistency can be brought about with definite injury to the principles involved in a protective tariff. In fact, if the feeling continues to grow that we should engage in world trade and maintain a merchant fleet, as a necessary corollary the principles of protection must, of necessity, be greatly modified unless some method is devised that will permit a world trade of merchandise in and out of our important ports of entry without the delays and expense attendant on our present methods of operation.

"It is true that under the present law imported merchandise may be impounded in bonded warehouses and withdrawn for transshipment, or may be impounded, withdrawn and manufactured and then transshipped in foreign trade with a drawback of the customs paid. This plan was intended to meet the needs of world trade, but is nearly inoperative and utterly fails of accomplishing the main purpose, in that the time consumed in vessel delays and in the unwinding of red tape militates against such an operation.

"If it be true that the cost of operation of merchant ships is to be greater than that of the important competing nations, some method must be devised to balance that cost, and the greatest waste in the shipping business is loss of time in ports, due to the administration of complex laws and regulations—regulations within the provinces of many different departments. In other words, the elimination of port delays would be of tremendous economic advantage, for it is recognized that successful ship operation depends, to a great degree, on keeping the ship at sea. A free zone would permit the prompt unloading of a ship within the boundaries of the zone without any of the long delays that grow out of the customs regulations. If any part of the cargo is intended for domestic consumption, this merchandise will be passed from the zone through the customs house instead of holding the ship until all the merchandise is checked and customs paid.

"It is to be recognized that ships other than those under our flag will have the same advantage in our ports, but it is fair to assume that ships under our own flag, through a period of time, will touch more often at our ports than ships under other flags, and to that extent at least there would be a factor for improvement in the cost of the operation of American vessels. Another great advantage

in the operation of our marine would be the fact that so-called 'triangular voyages' could be made and cargoes moved to our ports, only a part of which would be intended for domestic consumption.

"The problem of American ships has been that, while we have merchandise for export shipment, only too often it is necessary for the ships to return in ballast. The British, a free trade nation, on the other hand, until recently have been able to fill their unoccupied space in their outward-bound ships with coal for foreign countries and for bunkering, returning with cargoes from foreign countries—cargoes partly for home consumption and partly for transshipment to other countries—transshipments made without any regulatory practices that result in serious delays. This, too, because of free port zones, was equally true in the case of Germany before the war.

"The establishment of free zones for America has been under discussion for many years. Shipping men, naturally, have been strongly in favor of it. They take the position that the principal advantage to the merchant ships is the ability to bring in full cargoes, or at least larger cargoes than present conditions allow, the bulk of which will be for transshipment in American bottoms to other ports in connection with shipments of domestic merchandise.

"Should the Jones bill become a law, our protection principle will be conserved, because, otherwise, the belief that we should engage in foreign trade may, in the course of time, result in a marked modification of our tariff laws, and this may not be necessary if we can maintain our foreign trade and our merchant marine through the medium of these free zones.

"Originally the propaganda for foreign trade zones, free from customs duty, was limited in its discussion to about three ports on the Atlantic coast and one or two on the Pacific. The bill as presented, however, contemplates the possibility of the establishment of foreign trade zones in each of the important ports of entry. This is a great stride in the right direction, for if all this foreign transshipment were to be done in the ports of New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and in only one or two ports on the Pacific, the congestion of traffic to and from these ports would place an additional burden on rail terminals already overloaded, and would result in an uneconomic transportation with the back country of merchandise intended for domestic consumption. In other words, a fairly general distribution of these free zones should be advantageous to the whole people and not of unfair profit to a limited number.

"Another thing, it is only through the adoption of a free zone policy that the protectionist, the ship operator, and the foreign trader can meet on common ground, and really all that the Jones bill is attempting to do is to carry out scientifically what we are now doing most unscientifically through our bonded warehouses."

In 1914, shortly before the outbreak of the world war, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company of California had an issue of \$12,500,000 of first preferred stocks that it wished to sell (says John K. Barnes in the *Century Magazine*). Mr. A. F. Hockenheimer, treasurer of the company, had been one of the organizers of the California Telephone and Light Company and that small company, the year before, having difficulty in obtaining new capital for extensions, had gone to those who would derive service from the new extensions and to

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its other customers and had sold \$40,000 of preferred stock to them. Mr. Hockenheimer reasoned from this experience that among the four hundred thousand customers of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company they should be able to sell at least \$4,000,000 of their stock. Other officials had little faith in this new method of financing, but they appreciated the value of having a large number of local partners in their business, and they finally permitted Mr. Hockenheimer to try his plan. The result was surprising. By the close of 1915 the entire \$12,500,000 issue had been disposed of despite the depression due to the war. This was followed by the sale of \$2,500,000 later. More than half of the total was disposed of as a result of the campaign among



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customers of the company, the rest going largely to former stockholders. The important thing was the increase in the number of the company's stockholders in the State of California from 1115 to 4852, or 335 per cent.

In 1915 H. M. Byllesby & Co. of Chicago started plans to stimulate "customer ownership," as they called it, at some of the public utility properties which they managed, notably the Northern States Power Company and the Standard Gas and Electric Company. Since then they have continued as a permanent policy the selling of their preferred stocks of their public utility properties to the customers of those companies, and the results have been most satisfactory to them. Each year they

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and free zones before the American Bankers' Association in annual convention, through his discussion of the trade zone bill which Senator Jones of Washington has now before Congress. Mr. Robinson said in part:

"Under the term of this act no duty is to be applied to merchandise delivered from ship to wharf within a free zone unless some part, or all, of it is taken out for domestic consumption, at which time it will pass through the customs house and be subject to regular duty. In other words we may, within certain districts within our ports of entry, have a free trade nation and at the same time protect our own domestic markets from a flood of cheaply manufactured European and Asiatic goods.

"It is axiomatic that, for the protection of

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the American manufacturer, a method must be provided for the maintenance of a merchant marine which will carry abroad the surplus of American manufactured goods; otherwise these goods must continue to back up upon our own markets and thereby reduce the earnings of our manufacturers, the profits of our merchants, and the earnings of American labor itself.

"There is appearing from time to time in certain publications the suggestion that most of our products are consumed at home and that only about one-seventh is available for export, and hence that our foreign trade is a relatively unimportant factor in our national prosperity. Accepting these figures as true,

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have added a growing number of customer partners to their stockholders' lists. They have thus built up an army of more than twenty-five thousand home shareholders for Bylleshy properties and this year sales of preferred stocks to customers are running about 20 per cent. ahead of last year.

The Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago, one of the Samuel Insell properties, has been among those that have experienced great success with this plan. Less than two years ago the Commonwealth Edison Company had about six thousand stockholders. Today it has twenty thousand and in addition more than ten thousand people are buying its stock on the partial payment plan. This is a total of thirty thousand, or five times what it was two years ago.

The most remarkable success, however, in distributing stock among customers has been that achieved in recent months by the Ameri-

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can Telephone and Telegraph Company assisted by one of the leading investment banking houses of the country. This house began in June last year to circularize the investment characteristics of the telephone company stock. In a dignified way it suggested that they become partners in the profits of the company to an extent sufficient to meet their telephone bills from the dividends on the stock. In the first month 488 new stockholders were added to the company's books. In the next month 1012 were added, and by December the monthly gain had reached 1653. In January it jumped to 3296, and in July last it was up to 5276. In less than fifteen months the number of stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company had been increased nearly forty thousand, and is being added to at the rate of more than five thou-

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sand a month. No such expansion of a stockholders' list as this has ever been accomplished before.

The principal object of stimulating "customer ownership" of public utility securities is not to provide new capital which every growing public utility company must have. That is important, but more important is the increased public friendship and good-will that it brings. Mr. William H. Hodge, of H. M. Bylleshy & Co., has summed up the benefits of it:

"In the first place it provides a safe investment regularly paying a good rate of return, encourages thrift, educates the subject of investment, deprives many a hazardous or fraudulent enterprise of hard-earned savings, and keeps in the community the interest or dividend paid on the invested capital. Second, it places a salutary check on destructive politics and unfair legislation and taxation. Third, it cultivates a habit of public appreciation, which in turn stimulates the utility management to greater exertion toward better service and leaves the management free to devote its best energies toward this end rather than to defending itself against unjust attack. Fourth, it greatly assists the management in securing such capital as it may be necessary to obtain from outside sources in ample quantities and on the best possible terms. Fifth, it serves to make the company doubly careful to maintain financial success, since the failure to pay returns to its home investors would be calamitous."

The "customer ownership" plan, to be successful must not only offer a safe security that will pay its interest or dividend regularly, but it must also provide a way for the resale of that security by the purchaser if there is no established market for it. If all this is done, then the addition of customer owners to the list of stockholders will go a long way toward solving the problem of the public relations of the utility company. A representative of the Commonwealth Edison Company reports that there has been manifest a better attitude toward that utility in Chicago. "It is evidenced," he said, "in thousands of different ways, in the friendly interest in the company's affairs, in the changed attitude in the matter of complaints, in the lessening of unscrupulous attacks, in the disarming of the demagogue, in the friendly assistance in securing rights-of-way, and in many other ways too numerous to mention."

Another of the important results of these "customer ownership" campaigns throughout the country is the creation of new investors who will help in the financing of other corporate enterprises as time goes on. This is of great value to the country, for it is the creation of new sources of investment capital.

The Equitable Trust Company of New York has announced the appointment of Thomas M. Paterson as its Pacific Coast correspondent. Mr. Paterson, who resigns as vice-president of the Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco to become affiliated with the Equitable, will have offices in the American National Bank Building, 485 California Street. The greater part of Mr. Paterson's business career has been spent in California and the Northwest, enabling him to form a wide acquaintanceship throughout the Pacific Coast region.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is offering \$50,000 Deschutes County, Oregon, 6 per cent. road bonds, due serially from 1932 to 1941 to yield 5.85 per cent.


Deschutes County is situated in the western central part of the state. The county seat, Bend, is a prosperous, modern city with a population of 5415. The resources of the county are mainly agriculture, stock-raising, dairying, and lumbering. The county is served by the Great Northern and Oregon-Washington and Navigation Company railroads. A big irrigation development now under way in Deschutes County will greatly increase the amount of irrigated acreage, which will result in a substantial growth in the population and wealth of the county.

Each day's development of the massive ore bodies opened in the Katherine and Gold Chain mines proves more conclusively that the new camp of Katherine in the Union Pass section of the river range will soon become one of the noted gold-producing areas of the West. Late advices from both of the properties state that the deposits are holding their values well as the work of opening them is advanced, and in the case of the honanza Katherine mine indicate that the gold value of the ore per ton is increasing as depth is gained. In addition to the good news from the Katherine and Gold Chain, the reports from the Adams, Sunbeam, and other properties located along the course of the main and cross-vein systems are of a very favorable nature.

In the Katherine workings there has always been an increase of gold in the ore as the shaft was deepened and levels were established. Now in the bottom of the winze below the 400-foot level—the point of deepest development—the ore has an average of \$57.59 gold a ton and carries free gold quartz having a value as high as \$300 a ton.—William P. De Wolf.

More than ordinary interest centres in the announcement than Mr. E. M. Van Antwerp has been placed in charge of the advertising department of the Sperry Flour Company with headquarters in San Francisco. Mr. Van Antwerp has been with this milling company for five years, having achieved the distinction of "star salesman" of its Oakland division. Prior to his affiliation with the Sperry Flour Company he put in sixteen years of active experience in the retail grocery field. Mr. Van Antwerp is known up and down the Pacific Coast through his remarkable success with bombing pigeons. A unique development of this homing pigeon stunt is the fact that Van Antwerp has trained the birds to carry communications between the various mills of the Sperry Flour Company on occasion.

Merger of K. L. Hamman, advertising, 316 Thirteenth Street, Oakland, and the Johnston-



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Ayres Advertising Agency, Underwood Building, 525 Market Street, San Francisco, was recently completed and Mr. K. L. Hamman, head of the Oakland advertising concern, was named president of the new organization.

Mr. Samuel P. Johnston of the Johnston-Ayres Company will continue his duties as manager of the San Francisco office and as vice-president of the company.

The work of reorganizing the force of the company has been under way for the past

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Mr. William A. Dewitt and Mr. Gus E. Ledbetter announce that they have formed a partnership under the firm name of Dewitt & Ledbetter, fiscal agents, with offices in the American National Bank Building. Both Mr. Dewitt and Mr. Ledbetter are men of wide experience in the bond and investment business.

Two hutterflies, caught in Peru, and described as the "rarest of all Morphos," were recently sold in London for \$135.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Roving East and Roving West.

Mr. Lucas' new book is not a series of essays—it is a series of impressions. And the reader is grateful that Mr. Lucas did not work up his material more formally. Some one has said that an essay is as perfect a unit as a sonnet and that essays are for this reason very scarce. Naturally the great mass of stuff that is called essays is not. Mr. Lucas is a fair essayist, but he wisely refrained from practicing his art in this book of travel observations. He has been freer to write of exactly what he saw—to describe or narrate at will.

His travels took him to India, Japan, and America. There is a great temptation to quote, as Mr. Lucas not only records a number of odd things that the average travel book is innocent of, but he has a happy knack of bringing his scenes home to one. A very adequate picture of India seems to be compressed into the following:

Not only is there always some one walking, but there is always some one resting. They repose at full length wherever the need for sleep takes them; or they sit with pointed knees. Coming from England one is struck by so much inertness; for though the English laborer can be lazy enough he usually rests on his feet, leaning against walls; if he is a land laborer, leaning with his back to the support; if he follows the sea, leaning on his stomach.

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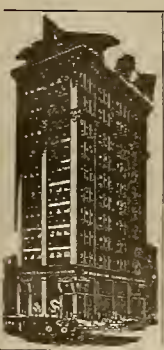
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Assets.....\$71,383,431.14
Deposits.....67,792,431.14
Capital Actually Paid Up.....1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,591,000.00
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It was interesting to pass on from India and its prostrate philosophers with their infinite capacity for taking naps, to Japan, where there seems to be neither time nor space for idlers. Whereas in India one has continually to turn aside in order not to step upon a sleeping figure—the footpath being a favorite dormitory—in Japan no one is ever doing nothing, and no one appears to be weary or poor.

Japan is presented with a similar graphic touch:

But I am sure I was never in a country where I perceived fewer indications of any spiritual life. Every one is busy; every one seems to be happy or at any rate not discontented; every one chatters and laughs and is, one feels, a fatalist. Sufficient unto the day! After all, it is the women of a nation that chiefly keep burning the sacred flame and pass it on; but in Japan, I understand, the women are far too busy in pleasing the men to have time for such duties; Japan is run by men for men. It is an unwritten law that a woman must never be anything but gay in her lord's presence, must never for a moment claim the privilege of peevishness.

It is really exhilarating to read Mr. Lucas' impressions of the United States. We are always interested in the foreigner's reactions to us—particularly the Britisher's, whose opinion we do value whether we admit it or not. Unlike many of his predecessors from Dickens to G. K. Chesterton—not to mention such visitors of other races as Professor Einstein—Mr. Lucas takes a sympathetic view of us. We know it is sincere because he was equally tolerant of the idiosyncrasies of India and Japan. Mr. Lucas is a kindly and an understanding man. But this fact does not prevent his making intelligent though amused criticism of, for instance, our passion for the movies and our unprohibitive prohibition. All of the American comment is so delightful that a choice would be embarrassing. It is all amply worth reading, from his almost unstinted praise of California to his comments on our "vulgar journalism." He says that the American press is as epigrammatic as possible, light-hearted, facetious, and often cruel. He also objects to the sameness of our papers.

"Roving East and Roving West" is a delightful book and one that should be widely read whether or not it will be.

ROVING EAST AND ROVING WEST. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Mr. Waddington of Wyck.

Mr. Waddington of Wyck is a latter-day egoist. In many respects he is more convincing than Meredith's egoist—which does not mean that the book compares with Meredith's book—for he is a more familiar type. Meredith's creation, in fact, was a super-egoist and Miss Sinclair's is the common human species, though of an interesting variety. Mr. Waddington is a type, sadly known to many of us, absolutely devoid of saving humor and of course ignorant of the fact. Like so many serious people, who treat themselves as the most serious work of their creator, he is a success. Probably the gods who have humor themselves resent it in us and reward its absence. He always gets his way—partly because no one has the heart to deny him, and partly, in the case of Miss Sinclair's hero, because he was surrounded by people who had developed their humorous bumps at his expense; and whose chief delight in life was egging Mr. Waddington on to still greater heights of self-inflation.

There is perhaps only one adverse criticism to make—that in the deliberate study of Mr. Waddington's sublime absurdities there is more than a hint of the method invented, and one feels patented, by Henry James in so many of his studies of peculiar personalities. Many writers have seeped up Henry James to such an extent that he becomes part of themselves. But there is always the lurking danger of exhibiting that master's manner too exactly.

This rather annoying habit aside, Miss Sinclair's book is thoroughly enjoyable. The reader is almost as interested in the outcome of Mr. Waddington and his preposterous affairs as are his friends and wife. The latter is a sensitive piece of character drawing. Mrs. Waddington feels even more than the rest the unconscious clownishness of her spouse, but she is as sensitive to it as if it were she who were being laughed at.

A letter written to
WILL IRWIN, Author of
"The Next War"

Dear Sir:

If the people really
knew what your book tells - facts
and not theories - no statesman
would be able to doublecross the
world at Washington on November 11.

Ever yours,

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E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

The publishers predict that Mr. Waddington of Wyck will take a permanent place among the great fools of fiction. He probably will. At any rate any one may profit by reading of his mistakes; for we all have a touch of the egoist in our make-up.

MR. WADDINGTON OF WYCK. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Brief Reviews.

Myrtle M. Eldred, the author of "For the Young Mother" (Reilly & Lee Company), is the editor of a department devoted to the care of children in a prominent American newspaper. It is a practical and convenient handbook for daily use in the care of young children. The book is equipped with record charts.

"The Little Garden," by Mrs. Francis King (Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.75), is a practical handbook for the cultivation of any garden space one may have. It is provided with plans and tables and is attractively illustrated. Mrs. King is the honorary president of the Women's National Farm and Garden Association.

"The Sheriff of Silver Bow," by Berton Braley (Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50), is, as its title indicates, a mystery thriller of the West. Much of the story is laid in the labyrinthine tunnels of Butte's abandoned mines. Mr. Braley has written a gripping adventure story around a sensational train robbery and the pursuit of the robbers.

"The Quimby Manuscripts," edited by Horatio W. Dresser (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$3), is a documentary collection of manuscripts on mental healing by Dr. Quimby, including the confidential letters between Mrs. Eddy and Dr. Quimby. Many of the manuscripts are being published for the first time. The book is not of a controversial nature.

"A Treasury of Myths" and "A Treasury of Flower Stories," by Inez N. McFee, together with "A Treasury of Indian Tales," by Clara K. Bayliss (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents each), form a delightful introduction to classical and Indian mythology and fairy lore for youngsters around the age of seven to ten. The books are attractively illustrated in colors.

"The Railroads of Mexico," by Fred Wilbur Powell (Stratford Company; \$2), is an enlightening study of Mexican conditions. It is divided into three parts, as follows: (1) present conditions and the period following

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the Diaz régime; (2) a summary of the development of the great system of land transportation which has so rapidly brought Mexico out of a long economic stagnation; (3) a conclusion of the other two parts and a working hypothesis for the present. The book contains a bibliography of the subject and a railroad map of Mexico.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Great Way.

It took Horace Fish eight years to write "The Great Way"—with the result that the author has established for himself a name as a stylist such as few American writers have enjoyed since Hawthorne. But the careful work that developed Mr. Fish's style is a drawback in another direction. What is gained in poise is lost in spontaneity. For the principal character—in fact the character of the book—somehow changes personality—and that not in the slow metamorphosis that she is supposed to undergo.

For though the purpose of the novel is to show the development of the little "street trudge" of Cadiz into the world-famed prima donna, as she trudged along the Great Way, that development should have come about by subtle changes, and the reader should have been able to keep pace with her. This is not so. She abruptly acquires a new personality which the reader identifies with difficulty.

"The Great Way" is a story of the joyful, the sorrowful, and the glorious. There is a bigness of purpose in this novel with the philosophical theme—La Gran Via sweeps on everywhere. There is much of Fate and of God in the book. Sometimes the two are almost indistinguishable. Perhaps Fate is God, just as the Great Way may be God.

The clever little Dulce—herself so appropriately named—had an almost stoical faith in the meaning of words. When her character could no longer be expressed by the simple word Dulce, she adopted, for her operative name, Wanda de l'Etoile.

The creator of Dulce decided she was to be clever, and he said so in the first chapter. Unlike most American authors, Mr. Fish proceeded to make her so. She is clever, just as she is sweet and witty—strange combination. All along the Great Way she was forever absorbing knowledge. She learned one lesson, which perhaps few of her flesh and blood sisters have learned—that women are good to women. But the little Spanish girl was beautiful and, it is said, women admire beauty in women more passionately than do men.

THE GREAT WAY. By Horace Fish. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Babette Bomberling's Bridegrooms.

Many books are produced in America that are advertised as funny, but few succeed in

being as funny as "Babette Bomberling's Bridegrooms"—a satirical novel from Germany! To the average prejudice—derived from our own tedious jokes at the expense of Germans—it will be little short of a shock to discover "Babette Bomberling's Bridegrooms" with its fresh—to us at least, unhackneyed—humor.


Nor is Miss Berend's satire ever anything but kind. Her wit is genial and her funny denouements are not the result of grotesque situations. Where such contretemps actually occur she draws the curtain, leaving you to your own funniest imagination. Nothing so crude as a description of the grotesque occurs in her compact pages. Her publisher suggests hopefully that she may compare not unfavorably with Dickens. It is difficult to judge a writer's capacities on one book—and we would gladly have the opportunity to judge this one on more than one—but, whatever her limitations of capacity may be, one can at least be sure of the quality of Miss Berend's work. She may not be so great a genius as Dickens—she is certainly a finer artist. Her taste is impeccable and her literary machinery is perfectly in hand. Moreover, her people are flesh and blood.

Comparisons are odious, but occasionally the end justifies the means. We may at least hold up Alice Berend's work for emulation on the part of our own more laborious writers of funny books. Few such could not take a lesson from her style, even though they never succeed in capturing her happy spirit. We refer to the perfect relevance of every sentence in her book, to the absence of cluttering detail that had better be imagined than described, and the blessed lack of padding. Evidently they do not pay by the word in Germany—so that their writers have not that pernicious habit even when they publish in the United States. We can do no more than highly recommend this delectable satire—which, to tell the truth, is more reminiscent of Max Beerbohm than of Dickens.

BABETTE BOMBERLING'S BRIDEGROOMS. By Alice Berend. New York: Boni & Liveright, Inc.; \$2.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

A literary recipe for satisfying everybody has been concocted by Zona Gale in her innovation of two endings to one play. "Miss Lulu Bett" has been thus amply provided for in both published and acted versions. The dramatization of the novel "Miss Lulu Bett" will be published by the Appletons this week. In short "Miss Lulu Bett" seems to have



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many phases and metamorphoses. The play, which is the winner of the \$1000 Pulitzer Prize of Columbia University as the best American drama of the year, has had a very successful New York run.

Paul Fort, who was chosen not long ago by the other French poets as their chief, has written between twenty and thirty volumes of verse which have established his fame in France but are very little known outside of that country. "The Selected Poems and Ballads of Paul Fort," translated by John Strong Newberry, to be published in October by Duffield & Co., are the first translations into English of any considerable number of his verses and include characteristic verses from practically every one of his books. There is an introduction to the book by Ludwig Lewisohn and an appreciation by Carl Sanburg, who is an enthusiastic admirer of Fort's. Fort is to come to the United States to deliver some lectures next fall when he has completed the tour he is now making in South America.

"The Spirit of French Music," by Pierre Lasserre, in which all musicians and appreciators of music will find interesting, stimulative, and suggestive pages, is published in the Duttons' Library of Music and Musicians. The half-dozen chapters, which deal severally with individual composers and special musical influences, give a fairly consecutive survey of French music from the time of Louis XIV to our own day. The book is neither a dogmatic nor historical treatise, but a critical analysis and interpretation of phases of French musical development. There are two chapters on Wagner, one dealing with him as poet and the other as musician, in which the author discusses most interestingly his influence upon French music. The other four chapters are devoted to Grétry, Rameau, the Modern Italians, and Meyerbeer.

New Books Received.

ADELE DORING AT BOARDING SCHOOL. By Grace May North. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75. Juvenile.

BETTY BARKER. By Janet Thomas Van Osdel. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50. Juvenile.

THE SILVER BEAR. By Edna A. Brown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50. Juvenile.

HEROINES OF HISTORY AND LEGEND. Edited by Elva S. Smith. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$2. Heroic stories and poems for boys and girls.

THE BASQUE COUNTRY. By Katharine Fedden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$6. Travel and description.

TURNS ABOUT TOWN. By Robert Cortes Holliday. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR. By Peter B. Kyne. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation; \$2. A novel.

THE SNOWSHOE TRAIL. By Edison Marshall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.90. A story of British Columbia.

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PRIVILEGE. By Michael Sadleir. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2. A novel.

MARLBOROUGH AND THE RISE OF THE BRITISH ARMY. By C. T. Atkinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$4.50. Marlborough's military career.

THE REIGN OF RELATIVITY. By Viscount Haldane. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$5. An explanation of the theory of relativity.

ROVING EAST AND ROVING WEST. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2. Travel observations.

THE CRYSTAL HEART. By Phyllis Bottomc. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90. A novel.

THE ISLAND. By Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75. A novel.

BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA. By George Inness Hartley. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75. A story for boys.

THE FOG. By William Dudley Pelley. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. A novel.

NEW VOICES. By Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25. A study of contemporary poetry.

THE WORKS OF SATAN. By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75. A humorous novel.

THE UNITY OF HOMER. By John A. Scott. Berkeley: The University of California Press; \$3.25 and \$2.25. Sather Classical Lectures.

LOG CABIN DAYS. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Farnis K. Ball. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.20. American history for beginners.

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THE SECOND OPERA WEEK.

Well, thank goodness we made another world record: The highest box-office receipts in America for a single performance of grand opera, on Wednesday last.

The opera was "Madama Butterfly," and it was a Geraldine Farrar night. That accounts.

San Francisco, no doubt, is patting itself on the back and saying exultantly, "Aint we the musical city!" But can one subscribe very warmly to that assertion, remembering the vacant spaces that confronted the singers during several particularly superb performances?

"Rigoletto," for instance, and one or two others, although people repaired their omission in some of the repeated hills, such as "Barber of Seville," "L'Oracolo," and "La Bohème."

But what we've been privileged to enjoy is something to which we are unaccustomed during our ordinary San Francisco grand opera seasons; and that is the acting of the singers, which is on a scale commensurate with their vocal feats.

Alice Gentle's "La Navarraise," Charles Hackett's Pinkerton and Almaviva, Straciar's Rigoletto and Figaro, Scott's Chim-Fang, Scarpio, and Marcello, Queena Mario's Mimi, Joseph Hislop's Rodolfo and Duke of Mantua, not to mention Ottein's Rosina and Gilda, Gentle's Maddalena, and Italo Picchi's Win-Shee, were all, histrionically, superlatively fine. But there is little doubt that if star actors came to town presenting in the spoken drama such powerful and dramatically flawless impersonations as Scott's Chim-Fang, Straciar's Rigoletto, and Alice Gentle's La Navarraise, people would throng to the box-office as they have been doing during the Henry Miller season, and possibly make a big box-office record. But as they were privileged to see these rôles rendered by superfine artists, and with the best setting procurable of singers, orchestra, and conductors, they debated, hesitated, and lost a great opportunity.

I do not refer to the Farrar nights, on which there were record attendances. Yet, while Geraldine Farrar is a superior if not truly great vocalist with many lovely notes as well as an occasional edge to her voice, and also a finished actress of great versatility, and has given us several strikingly diverse impersonations, in which her assured art showed the utmost delicacy of shading and contrast, it was not entirely because of her acting or singing that people turned out in such numbers on the Farrar nights. It was more particularly because of her good looks, her personality, and the prestige of a name that is loudly heralded in the press. Such widely heralded personages will always draw in our city, so remote from the great Eastern metropolis. Galli-Curci, for instance, no doubt to her own amazement, drew an audience that filled all the desirable seats in our great auditorium. So did McCormack. Tetrzini, also, had a huge audience during her two concerts. Of course people paid no such prices as the better seats commanded during this Scotti season, but they paid well for the choice seats on all three occasions, just to hear a solo recital.

And what wave of contrariety struck society during the opera season? It seems to me that the wealthy class were rather catfish to give the city a blow by withholding their patronage, for they know of the sheep-like proclivity of the thousands who attend public performances when society leads the way. Not but what a social minority took the hit between its teeth and went anyway, because it really loves music. And all the poorer music lovers who could scare up two dollars went upstairs, although it is quite plain now that the public is on to the fact that the side galleries upstairs are very undesirable. On this point the Chicago Grand Opera Company is going to get badly left, too, probably, on its next season.

All of which goes to show that we need a large opera house; and perhaps the fact that the big majority turned down the side seats, both upstairs and down, during the opera season just closed will cause the public to look more benevolently on the project for an American Legion Memorial Building and to open its purse more widely, since the plan includes a fine opera house.

Farrar's Madame Butterfly showed how

thoroughly the singer can differentiate her rendition of diverse rôles. She sang Butterfly's music with great delicacy and gentle charm, and although many believe that this singer's work in the more dramatic rôles, such as Zaza and Carmen, is what is particularly congenial to her, the fact remains that Geraldine Farrar is a true artist, and her work, both vocal and histrionic, is consistently good, no matter what the rôle. Not a careless pose or gesture, not a single slurring of the meaning to be conveyed, do we find to her discredit when she presents an operatic conception for our discriminating enjoyment. Her voice, as we have discovered, is not great, and in its higher range she is obliged to sing with caution. But she presents, in Butterfly, a rôle as vocally pleasing and dramatically finished as her Carmen or her Zaza.

The pathos of the gentle geisha's fate was made most poignant by the singer, and the general performance was in keeping. It always seems to me that "Madama Butterfly" gets further away from the intrinsic artificiality of opera than any of the other operas. Although an American—and Americans, one feels, do not usually have the dramatic abandon of Europeans—Hackett is an exceptionally good actor. He gave Pinkerton the exact mood, that of a man on the verge of a gallant adventure, who regards it with smiling nonchalance. The over-redness of his lips indicated the voluptuousness of Pinkerton's temporary mood; and we noted that little suggestion was removed during Pinkerton's later remorseful appearances.

The cast was strengthened by the presence of Alice Gentle and Scotti, but all the minor rôles bore out the general atmosphere of John Luther Long's witching story, which has now attained to a sort of immortality since it gained its operatic setting.

Alice Gentle again showed the strength of her dramatic instinct by suppressing her beauty, making Suzuki altogether the plebeian servitor in appearance, and strictly subordinating herself. But when the time came for her to express Suzuki's anguish of faithful love and sympathy she did it with a richness of vocal and dramatic power that deepened the darkening of the shadow of tragedy.

Gennaro Papi conducted, and under his commanding baton every murmur of dread anticipation was born to our consciousness "like waves upon some lonely beach where no craft anchoreth"; that lonely Gethsemane where souls in such pain as Butterfly's must struggle alone to inevitable tragedy. There were tears in many eyes as the tragedy developed, and that performance of "Madama Butterfly" is, indeed, one of the unforgettable things.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," an opera which is now about thirty years old, is also an opera of fine orchestral expression. The story of the opera, however, fails to move. After all, Manon is a light-minded little courtesan, and the only exciting scene, if one can call it so, is that in which the convicted girls and the lovers embark for America.

Olga Carrara has a fresh and pure soprano, but neither she nor José Palet are dowered with real dramatic fire or the gift of personality. Still, although in spite of the presence of Scotti the cast had something of an off-night character, quite a respectable-sized audience assembled, due, no doubt, to the comparative novelty of the opera and to its being the work of Puccini.

So now the two operatic weeks are over, and we are all wondering if our extreme curiosity on the subject of receipts is going to be gratified. Likewise, we are wondering, since the rather limited attendance of the big public was a disappointment, what the Chicago Grand Opera Company is going to do about it. And, since we have drawn upon ourselves the business attention of the two highest operatic organizations in America—for the Scotti people are virtually Metropolitanians—we are realizing that since our immense Auditorium drew them here it is up to us to have a real opera house if we want them to continue coming.

"THE HONEYMOON."

At the Maitland they are running an Arnold Bennett play, in which the sprightly wit of the dialogue and the contest for future supremacy between a to-be bride and bridegroom are the principal attractions.

The rôle of the fair betrothed somewhat resembles that of Belinda, at least in the temperament of the lady. Flora, whose nickname is Fluff, is a charming young woman whose conception of a happy life is to have the universe revolve around the central orbit of her charms; which, one might add, is the conception of a considerable number of charming young women. To this character Miss Penman's arch expression and sprightly manner lend themselves pleasingly, while Mr. Maitland assumes a comedy manner in keeping.

May Nannery is the heavy mother-in-law-to-be, and, while Miss Nannery is not gifted with versatility, a certain air of augustness that she can easily assume was rather well adapted to the character of the somewhat terrifying woman novelist of wide celebrity.

Three or four other characters completed a

play that the ever-adaptable Arnold Bennett, so deft in contributing chips to a boiling pot, has written to make theatre audiences laugh.

That he succeeded in his aim was amply indicated by the perpetual ripples of merriment coming from a pleased audience, who lent their sympathies, according to their sex, to one or the other of the pair involved in the sentimental imbroglio.

On the whole, though, I doubt not that many of the audience sympathized with the man, who was willing to cut his honeymoon short in order to make a patriotically inspired aviation flight, while the bride-to-be stoutly contested for her right to every one of the honeymoon days.

Anyway, the present rising generation that is still single seems to have made the cynical discovery that honeymoons are apt to wane before they have fully waxed. That is, if they are still kept as a month apart, before the plunge is made into the inevitable prose that follows.

But cynical or not, the audience was sufficiently fresh in its sympathies with a love affair, and to the two attractive participants, to express considerable satisfaction when this particular one came to a happy conclusion. For, after all, the world will always continue to love lovers.

GEORGETTE LEBLANC.

It is very evident that Mme. Georgette Leblanc is a very astute advertiser. When she near-married Maurice Maeterlinck she succeeded in drawing him out of his loved retirement, as well as his mysticism, to write plays really planned or the actual theatre.

During her association with the poet she acted in his plays, wrote several books, and was regarded as a sympathetic and intellectually inspiring wife to a genius.

Maeterlinck's actual marriage to a youthful bride disclosed the truth as to his reputed marriage with Mme. Leblanc.

There was a short season of silence and retirement on the lady's part and then she—or some financial backer, perhaps—had a brilliant inspiration.

She came to America, land of sentiment and home of the dollar. In an interview or two graciously granted to a press representative Mme. Leblanc spoke with great friendship of Maeterlinck and with sympathy of his marriage. The lady was laying the wires.

Then came the hed of the track which rests over the wires. It was a tender and sympathetic recital of her association with the poet. It is a syndicated serial and the great—and liberally paying—American public is reading it and saying "Poor dear!" and "How she must have suffered!"

Now comes the completed track, over which Mme. Leblanc will probably glide smoothly to success. In November next Mme. Leblanc will appear in a stage version of Flaubert's "Salaambo." At present composers and producers are hard at work. The play will have an elaborate production, which will include much incidental music by native composers.

Mme. Leblanc, who, I believe, has appeared in the East in opera—for the lady has talent and ability enough to make a striking appearance both as singer and actress—will thus make her first purely dramatic appearance in America, and her first appearance also as an English-speaking actress.

Perhaps she will come our way. I hope so, for her syndicate serial has reached as far as California and ought to hear profitable fruit.

Besides, from all accounts, Mme. Leblanc is an artist.

LA GAITE FRANCAISE.

The Ferriers are preparing to open their fall season at the little French theatre on Washington Street. They will, on October 14th, put on "Les Mousquetaires au Convent," a comic opera which had a phenomenal run in Paris. With the assistance of gifted friends of themselves and their enterprise the Ferriers contrive appropriate settings, costumes, and mechanical aids.

But their theatre is practically a gift to the community. The Ferriers can make money, but their artistic enthusiasm always impels them to spend it on another interesting production. With such a spirit urging them on one can realize that theirs is a more artistic than commercial enterprise, and, indeed, quite a unique feature of our community life.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The National Guard is to be kept at full strength in peacetime and will be available for minor emergencies according to a statement made by the director of the war plans division of the general staff.

The effect of proposed taxation methods in Mexico will tend to break up into small parcels 82 per cent. of the arable land in that country which has been held in large estates for three centuries.

The Mt. Cenis tunnel in Europe is eight miles long and cost \$15,000,000.

PREMIER'S STATUE.

The unveiling of the statue of Mr. Lloyd George in the Castle Square of Carnarvon was not strictly a part of the Eisteddfod, but it was the one notable event of its closing day. The square was thronged with people thoroughly typical of the millions of Europe whose well-being or the reverse waits upon the wisdom or folly of powerful statesmen. There was a lad there who hugged two loaves of bread to his breast as he was borne forward by the pressure of the multitude against the ropes which withheld the crowd from encroaching upon the ceremony. He might have been taken from one of the pictures of the Bible, such an accusation was his presence against the thoughtless or impotent rulers of the world, whose hungry millions look up but are not fed.

The choice of the sculptor must be single, and that of Sir W. Goscombe John in this case had been searching in its election. His bronze statue has depicted the premier with his right hand uplifted in the gesture of emphasis or driving power. The orator is not permitted such a singleness of illustration, but in this case Mr. Hughes, the premier of Australia, who made the speech and performed the ceremony of the unveiling, might well have envied the sculptor, whose choice was restricted to the real greatness of the man.

How much of Lloyd George's greatness lives in his quality of emphasis he would know who tried to particularize his qualities in any other way, but he would be unjust to both Mr. Lloyd George and the sculptor who failed to turn for a moment from the main statue to the two small side pictures which depict Mr. Lloyd George first at the humble schoolboy's desk at Llanystumdwy and next at the table of the Peace Conference in Paris, 1919. Those who love Mr. Lloyd George, and especially those who love him for what they have seen of him personally, may be inclined to value more this little side picture than the sculptor's main effort. It shows Mr. Lloyd George with the gracious smile which is known so well, not urging his colleagues at the conference to this end or that, but himself weighing some matter under their common consideration with a fairness and openness of mind to find a solution acceptable to all. The lines of the face are drawn with some complexity and finesse, yet they are not wanting in harmony, and they are greatly likeable. Those who think best of Mr. Lloyd George know that in such moments he is no mere opportunist, but is seeking also a return to first principles. He may be mainly a man of power, and it may be that as he has realized the greatness of affairs he has sought his career rather in them than in the abstract principles with which he entered politics. But he would be a daring man who asserted that Mr. Lloyd George has forgotten his first faith or will not in the appointed time reassert it.

Although the bronze of Sir Goscombe John's statue has a seemingly impossible task to maintain its dignity against the sublime masonry of the Edwardian time it does not wholly fail, and especially admirable is the life which the figure asserts at a distance when the eye will he first caught by it.—S. L. in the Manchester Guardian.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Only eight more opportunities remain for local playgoers to see "The Famous Mrs. Fair" in its present run at the Columbia Theatre. On Monday night Henry Miller and Blanche Bates in this notable comedy enter upon the farewell week of their local engagement, one that has, incidentally, broken all records for attendance at a dramatic piece in San Francisco and one that has shown conclusively that there is in San Francisco a splendid public for a really worthwhile play, interpreted by players of ability, and produced in the noteworthy manner characteristic of all of Mr. Miller's productions. No detail is too small to escape his attention. "The Famous Mrs. Fair," by James Forbes, is a comedy dealing humorously and satirically with conditions of contemporaneous interest and furnishing food for reflection as well as amusement. It is skillfully constructed and felicitously written—a conspicuously fine performance, and is one of the most important events of the local season. Henry Miller and Blanche Bates as perfectly matched co-stars, each an artist in realism, are supported by an excellently balanced company. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is really in achievement, and it is certain that those playgoers who have not already seen the piece will take advantage of the opportunities offered in these eight farewell performances.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Another comedy—"An Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde—is to follow in the footsteps of "The Honeymoon" at the Maitland Playhouse, where all signs point to an excellent performance and a good week. "An Ideal Husband" was one of the big successes of the Maitland two seasons ago and it is being repeated at the request of many who saw the Wilde comedy and are anxious for another opportunity. In the capable hands of such people as Lea Penman, Marjorie Faraday, who will return after several weeks away from the playhouse, John Fee, Sely Roach, and Director Arthur Maitland the production promises to be far more interesting than ever before.

The Orpheum.

Next week's Orpheum bill includes triple headliners, a big act for the "middle," only one holdover, and that a notable one. Aileen Stanley, who a few seasons ago scored in vaudeville as a singer of different songs, is one of the top liners. She has scored in musical comedy and has many successful exploits to her credit, but now she is back in vaudeville, where she first became famous. Phonograph records by Miss Stanley are so popular that she is termed "the phonograph girl." Elisa and Eduardo Cansino, dancers who display ancient steps of Spain and who were brought to this country by the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, are another of next week's headliners. They are the children of a Spanish dancing master, Señor Don Antonio Cansino, born in Andalusia. In this atmosphere the

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youthful pair were trained in the rudiments of the Spanish terpsichorean art, from which they have evolved exceptionally original movements.

Franker Wood and Buncie Wyde have this season another new act, called "All Right, Eddy," consisting of a prologue and four scenes. They have the services of François L'Esle, soloist, and George Le Voy, well-known pantomist and dancer.

Felix Adler, vaudeville and musical-comedy favorite, is another star of the coming fall. Adler's partner, Frances A. Ross, was with him in the musical comedy "Some Little Girl." Last summer they scored a hit in London. Adler and Miss Ross offer everything from farce to grand opera.

Bowers, Walters, and Croker, "the Three Ruhes," will present grotesque acrobatic work, music, singing, country dancing, and eccentric falls.

Wallace Galvin and his egg trick, which he has made famous all over the world, also is announced.

The Jack Hughes Duo of musicians is a brother and sister who play violin, piano, saxophone, banjo, and trumpet. Their programme is composed of classical and popular music.

Carlyle Blackwell and his present company comprise the one act of this week held to augment next week's bill.

"Angel Face" Coming to the Columbia Theatre.

It is a long time since the local play-going public evinced so much advance interest in a musical-comedy engagement as that now shown in the forthcoming performances of "Angel Face," the newest Lederer-Herbert-Smith gaiety, to be offered at the Columbia Theatre Monday, October 17th, under the managing direction of California's newest musical-comedy producers, the Gold-Carr Company. The production will be graced by substantially the original New York cast, with Nat Carr in a leading rôle, and the popular number, "I Might Be Your Once-in-a-While," will be sung by the prima donna who made it popular, Marguerite Zender, who appeared here last spring in George M. Cohan's "Mary."

The Pacific Players.

Some ten years ago Daniel Frohman said the play of the future should be the psychological play; afterwards George Bernard Shaw spoke of the old ideas of plays or play-wrighting being worn out as to suitability for modern thought. Mr. Shaw exemplified his meaning humorously, of course, remarking that a play should be over and the audience should be thinking of catching their trains when the interest waned, whether or not the heroine was enfolded in the hero's arms.

Nathaniel Anderson, director of the Pacific Players, believes the new idea is the real

reason for the Little Theatre. He believes the plays at these minute playhouses, given before limited audiences, who are tired of having their emotions wrought up in old situations, are the expression of the prophecy of Mr. Frohman and Mr. Shaw.

The Pacific Players, under Mr. Anderson's direction, will on October 20th give two one-act plays at Sorosis Hall—"The Maker of Dreams," by Oliphant Down, and "Killarney Shadows," by Raine Bennett. Mr. Anderson was lately with Edna Wallace Hopper as press representative and playing her seconds. He was also associated with the late Norbert M. Cills in his municipal theatre movement, and directed the plays given for one week for the Western Arts Association at their playhouse last year.

The Little Theatre Staff.

The Sequoia Little Theatre is fortunate in having a staff both energetic and efficient and well fitted to handle Little Theatre productions. The director, Miss Ruth Brenner, has recently returned from New York, where she scored great success. William Conway, for many years well known on the professional stage, also brings a wealth of experience to the position of stage manager. The other members of the staff are: Paul Merrick, assistant stage manager; Fletcher Slosson, master of properties; Henri Puttaert, electrician; Edwina Barry, press representative.

The Little Theatre will open November 1st, and its first programme will be published next week.

The latest professional to join the ranks of the Little Theatre is Miss Peggy Schaffer, who has lately left the moving-picture field to enter upon a career of dancing and the legitimate drama.

Robert Mantell's repertoire for his forthcoming engagement at the Columbia Theatre will include "Othello," "King Lear," "Riche-lieu," "Macbeth," "Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "As You Like It," "Louis XI," "King John," "Julius Caesar," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Richard III."

Nora Kelly, of vaudeville fame and popularity from one end of the country to the other, is a featured number of the "Angel Face" cast coming to the Columbia on the 17th instant. She is widely known as "The Dublin Girl."

Marguerite Zender, who created a furor here in the title-rôle of George M. Cohan's "Mary," will be one of the featured members of the "Angel Face" company, playing the rôle created by her in the East.

"The Beggar's Opera," Gay's unique work, which recently was revived with much success in London and New York, is to be heard here shortly.

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A New Lincoln Story.

A recent visitor to an old lady in Springfield, Illinois, who knew Lincoln well, was told this story of the great President:

On one of his flatboat trips down the Ohio River, Lincoln found the other boatmen with him to be a rough, drinking lot. They planned to go ashore and "celebrate" at the first town approached, and urged young Abe to go with them. Lincoln refused to be induced to join them, in spite of taunts and gibes. They called him "sissy" and "preacher" and other epithets, but Abe only smiled and said he was responsible with them for the cargo, which belonged to another man. The men went ashore and spent the night in the saloon while Lincoln watched the raft. In the morning the men came aboard, rolling before them a harrel of whisky. Young Lincoln then said, "You call me a 'sissy' and a 'mollycoddle,' but I'll stump you to lift up the keg and drink from the hunchole." They couldn't very well back out, and so each one tried to lift the keg to his mouth, but in vain. Then the young giant, Lincoln, grasped the keg by either rim and slowly muscled it up to his knees, then to his chest, and then with a mighty shove up over his head until the hunchole was above his mouth. He didn't drink a drop, but with a mighty heave tossed the keg overboard."

One ton of wheat straw will produce the equivalent of forty gallons of gasoline, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Egyptian women perform a strange ceremonial dance at funerals which archaeologists have traced back to the ancient ritual for the dead.

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VANITY FAIR.

A professor of archaeology once remarked that man had invented no way of insuring for himself the gratitude of his contemporaries; but that that of our descendants could be guaranteed by turning our homes into veritable junk stores of everything that might enable a future generation to reconstruct our age. It is a curious fact that the passion for the past is one of the dominant traits of humanity. But it is not strictly necessary to hoard the utensils of today to be tomorrow relics of the past. There are in the South Kensington Museum two elaborate dolls' houses of the eighteenth century which are recognized as domestic records of their age of great historic interest. The French have also used this interesting method of preserving the past. Both French and English examples show, not only the architecture, furniture, and domestic methods of the period, but are also perfect in the minutest details—even to paper knives and watchmen's whistles.

Partly inspired by these *tours de force*, many of the most prominent British artists are coöperating to produce a miniature house that shall be an accurate and lasting record of the year 1921. The architect to superintend all details on the eight-foot-high edifice is Sir Edward Lutyens, the designer of the Cenotaph in Whitehall; and his illustrious collaborators will include Mr. Sargent, Sir John Lavery, and Sir William Orpen, who will paint miniature portraits of the royal family to adorn the minute walls. The walls and ceilings themselves will also be decorated and expert designers will execute the furniture, wall-papers, carpets, and hangings. The best plastic genius will be recruited for tiny statues and carvings. The house is to be presented to Queen Mary—a particularly appropriate gift, as the queen's interest is well known for houses and housing.

It is to be hoped that the house will be publicly exhibited, as it should have a salutary effect on house architecture and decoration of the present as well as serving as a record of our age.

Is it possible that Paris is about to lose its ancient prestige as the arbiter of Western fashions? Some strange schism seems to have split the world of fashion into factions—those who remain staunchly loyal to the Parisian code that styles are made and changed primarily that style makers may live well and those that daringly assert that style should be subordinated to sense. London has diplomatically arranged a compromise. According to a cable to the New York Herald the Bond Street shops show both the latest French germ catchers of trailing draperies and the trig short skirt beloved of modern woman. It would really seem that Paris, once always in the vanguard, has made a strange slip somewhere. Paris is no longer modern—if indeed she ever was. The French have an Oriental streak—we have recently been reminded that the Tartar invasion reached as far as France—and a little Oriental goes a long way. Once a Frenchwoman always a woman. And the French dress-makers, who are of course men, have declared that the short skirt is too frank—not seductive enough. Moreover, they do not ordain a long skirt in our sense of that term. The new skirt is long in spots. In short, it is seductive. However, our moralists, who think no further than the printed word, will probably embrace it wholeheartedly and still deride the sensible short skirt that Paris has paid the supreme compliment of declaring not wicked enough.

Though there is a lull in the agitation for a standard golf ball the authorities are far from satisfied that the ball which has been in general use since May 1st is in the best interests of the game (says a writer in the Manchester Guardian). Its length of carriage is prodigious, and the amount of run which it gives still further exaggerates the merit of the shot. Indeed, even the seaside courses have been made to play so short that the wooden club has seldom come into use through the green. Hoylake, Gleneagles, and St. Andrews have all been hit out of joint, and the length factor, which is always the supreme test, has been lacking from the season's competitions. The courses, which for three months were as hard as a turnpike road, were very flattering, but it is felt that in an average summer the new ball would still give too much length.

In these circumstances, I understand that the whole question will be tackled afresh during the winter, and an attempt will be made to find a compromise between the present ball and the old floater. When the latter was tested at Sunningdale in the spring under most favorable conditions it did not give satisfaction, and it is realized that another alternative must be found. The young golfer will tell you that he wants something to bit—he likes to feel the ball on the club. This sensation is absent in the case of the floater, and hence it does not meet with universal approval.

LITERARY LYNCHING DISCUSSED.

Of the making of "mirror" books, now that "A Gentleman with a Duster" has shown how easily the thing can be done and the financial possibilities of the doing, there probably will be no end—for some time to come (says the New York Times). After a while, however, public interest in this sort of literature will be succeeded by resentment due to realization that these books are discreditable alike to their publishers, their authors, and their readers.

They have no excuse for being, except that they satisfy a more or less morbid curiosity in regard to eminent persons—a curiosity that makes no account whatever of the services those persons have rendered or the qualities that lifted them above their fellows. Only weaknesses and vices, real or imaginary, receive attention from these biographers, and surely there is nothing admirable in creating a sensation by saying in print, whether truly or falsely, about personal peculiarities and private affairs things that in civilized society are passed over in silence and ignored except in intimate family circles where their discussion is a necessity.

As a matter of fact, this anonymous attack is a form of lynching, and before long—if it already has not done so—it will degenerate, as lynching always does, into the paying of grudges and the infliction of vengeance, all from ambush and without the acceptance of any responsibility, legal or other. It also can be characterized as vivisection without the use of anesthetics, and for the pain inflicted on the living "subjects" there is no justification in the shape of useful knowledge acquired and diffused.

The pretense that these books are reformative of evil or preventive of it is as empty as the like pretenses of the Ku Klux Klan.

Not content with making public men the targets of volleys from behind the hedge of anonymity, these writers now are turning their guns on women who hold no office and aspire to none—women whose manners, motives, and social relations are of no concern to anybody except their relatives and others who choose to associate with them.

Mrs. Asquith has been selected as the first victim. Of course, nobody is under any obligation to like Mrs. Asquith; there is no compulsion on anybody to imitate her. As it happens, however, she has won and kept through many long years the friendship and affection of not a few of England's most distinguished men and women—distinguished in the best sense of that word—and it counts not a little in her favor that she solved the always hard problem of amicable living with adult stepchildren. That she has invited criticism more than once, and that her own recently published book is not immune to it, give no warrant at all for abusing her in terms more reckless and hardly more decent than those exchanged by slum neighbors over backyard fences when the policeman is at the other end of his beat.

And this is called "frankness" and "fearlessness"! The correct characterization of it is different—and obvious.

Perhaps the authors of these scandalous chronicles think they are emulating the "Eminent Victorians" and the "Queen Victoria" of Lytton Strachey. No mistake could be greater. For one thing, Mr. Strachey puts his name on the title-page of his books and those who disagree with him can tell him so. For another, his books are the products of intelligent study, and he steers a safe and honest course between the unmitigated eulogy that spoils so many biographies and the ruthless denigration that marks this "mirror" literature so strongly.

Also, Mr. Strachey can write, a qualification of some importance for an author. He too, can "give pain," and does it, but he does it incidentally, not as his single aim.

People preserved their love letters just as carefully 2000 years ago as they do today (says the New York Evening Post). At the excavations now being made at Pompeii an epistle of affection, written on an ivory tablet, was found recently in which a young lady addressed the following reassuring statements to a successful gladiator by the name of Strax: "Are you Phœbus Apollo in the body of Hercules? I don't know and I don't care, but for me you are a god. Your beauty and your strength make me forget all other men. My adorers, whom I despise, say that I am beautiful. I am young. I shall expect you, beloved, at the temple of Isis."

Scientists have never satisfactorily accounted for the fact that when a man is puzzled he scratches his head.

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STORYETTES.

Save and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A parish church was being beautified with stained-glass window. The old sexton was watching the work. The rector, seeing him thus intent, remarked: "Well, John, and what is your opinion of the window?" "Weel," was the reply, "in ma opeenion they might hae been content wi' the gless as God made it."

A Scottish minister was once asked how long he would require to prepare a speech. "That depends," he said, "upon how much me I am to occupy in its delivery. If I am to speak for a quarter of an hour, I should ke a week to prepare; if I am to speak for alf an hour, three days will do; if I am to on as long as I like, I am ready now."

"Both ob dese gents," said the witness, Mandy Thomas, rather impressed with the importance of being in court, "was standing at be corner conversin' with each other pretty ot an' pointed like." "Relate the conversation," said the prosecutor. "Ah don't remember it, sah," said Mandy thoughtfully, "cept lat dey was callin' each other what dey is."

Brown and his wife were having a lively little family spat because he was going to play a little game of poker with the hoys for the third time in one week. "You never spend an evening at home!" Mrs. Brown informed him. "It's just go, go, go! Why, if you ever spent an evening at home I believe I'd drop dead." "Well, it's no use in talking like that," Brown insisted. "You can't bribe me."

An American professor who was studying at Edinburgh University roomed at the home of a thrifty Scotch family. Each morning Mrs. McAngus would come in with an age-scarred lustpan and a well-worn hrush and sweep the floor, stooping about the place in back-breaking discomfort. "I should think you would find it easier to use a broom," the professor ventured one morning. "No doot, no doot," agreed Mrs. McAngus, "but I hae the brush and I hae not the broom, my mither having eft the broom to the eldest child. The youngest braether got naething hut a turkey wing."

A bumptious young American farmer went to England to learn his business, but where he went he pretended that it was far easier to teach the farmers than to learn anything from them. "I've got an idea," he said one day to a grizzled old Northumbrian agriculturist, "for a new kind of fertilizer which will be ten thousand times as effective as any that has ever been tried. Condensed fertilizer—that's what it is. Enough for an acre of ground would go in one of my waistcoat pockets." "I don't doubt it, young gentleman," said the veteran of the soil. "What is more, you'll be able to put the crop into the other waistcoat pocket."

A park orator returning home flushed with his oratorical efforts, and also from other causes, found a mild curate seated opposite in the tram-car. "It may interest you to know," he said truculently, "that I don't believe in the existence of a 'eaven.' The curate merely nodded, and went on reading his newspaper. "You don't quite realize," said the park orator, "what I'm trying to make clear. I want you to understand that I don't believe for a single, solitary moment that such a place as 'eaven exists.'" "All right, all right," answered the curate pleasantly, "go to bell, only don't make quite so much fuss about it."

President McCracken of Vassar College said in a recent address: "Simplicity is essential in all teaching, and especially in all teaching of children. A little girl came home from Sunday-school one Sunday afternoon and said reproachfully to her mother: 'Where's my children?' 'Your children?' her mother repeated in a puzzled tone. 'Yes, my children. Where's my children? I want my children.' And the little girl stamped her foot. 'But you have no children,' said her mother. 'You must be crazy.' 'I'm not crazy, neither,' said the little girl. 'Wasn't our Sunday-school lesson today about people's children and their children's children?'"

"Poland," said James M. Beck at a banquet in New York, "is the enfant terrible of the world. She attacks Russia, she attacks Germany; she is always attacking. Poland is as bad as the colored preacher who was always preaching on infant baptism. His congregation got tired of it in the end, and a committee waited on him and announced that if he didn't drop infant baptism for awhile, they'd look around for a new pastor. Well, the old fellow took this warning in good part. He said that on the coming Sunday he would preach from the text, 'Adam, where art thou?' And he was true to his word. He rose in the pulpit the following Sunday and said that

'Adam, where art thou?' was the subject of his discourse. Then he struck an attitude and began: 'Mah tex', hredderen and sisteren, can he divided into fo' beads. Fust, every man am somewhar. Second, mos' men is whar dey aint got no business to be. Tbird, you'd better watch out where yo' is. Fo'th and last, infant baptism. And now, bred-deren and sisteren, passin' up de fust head, we comes to de last—infant baptism, which I divides into seventeen sub-heads or cross-sections, to-wit, as follers—"

In his biography of Phillips Brooks, Alexander V. G. Allen of Cambridge tells of a clergyman who was going abroad, and talked in jest of bringing back a new religion with him. "You might have some trouble in getting it through the custom-house," some one remarked. "No," observed Bishop Brooks; "we may take it for granted that a new religion would have no duties attached." Another person, for the sake, no doubt, of argument, once drew attention to the fact that some men, calling themselves atheists, seemed to lead moral lives, and Brooks promptly disposed of it. "They have to," said he; "they have no God to forgive them if they don't."

One of the most ludicrous mistakes made by the telegraph was caused by the loss of a single dot in a telegram from Brisbane to a London news agency. As it reached London it read: "Governor-general twins first son," which the news agency edited and set around to the papers in the following form: "Lady Kennedy, the wife of Sir Arthur Kennedy, governor-general of Queensland, yesterday gave birth at Government House, Brisbane, to twins, the first born being a son." The telegram was published by most of the newspapers in London and the provinces, and caused an unexpected sensation. Sir Arthur's friends pointed out with conclusive force that some one had blundered, as there never was a Lady Kennedy, Sir Arthur being a bachelor. The repeat message, which followed, read: "Governor-general turns first sod," referring to a railway ceremony.

Booth Tarkington was talking about fads in literature. "But the worst fad of all," he said, "was the Scotch one. Do you remember that dreadful time when you couldn't open a novel or a magazine without striking page after page of 'hoot mons' and 'loshes' and 'ecods' by Barrie or Crockett or Stevenson? Readers couldn't understand this outlandish Scotch dialect. Publishers themselves couldn't understand it. I used to know a New York publisher who made so much money out of Scotch stories that he took a castle in Scotland one summer. Over the oaken fireplace in the castle library was carved the couplet, 'Going East, Going West, But Hame is Best.' Seeing this couplet at the last moment, the publisher shook his head. 'I like your castle all right,' he said to the renting agent, 'but that ad for Hame has got to come down.'"

He (anxiously)—What did your mother bave to say about my kissing her by mistake in the hall? She (after keeping him for a minute in suspense)—Why, she said that they certainly did it much better when she was a girl.—Judge.

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Prohibition Cocktail.

A glass of water to the brim,
With just a promise on the rim.
Put in a trace of optimism,
To give a proper, dazzling prism;
Then tune it well with auld lang syne
And shake it under grapes and vine.
Decant a jug of hope, forsooth,
To mind you o' the days of youth;
And try to mix with laughter, joy;
A pleasure sweet without alloy.
Forget the toast, "Oh, happy days!"
For they have gone, in many ways;
Forget the cup that often cheers
And leaves an aftermath of tears;
Forget that Omar sang that line
About a loaf, a jug of wine;
And keep a heart so stout and strong
That water may inspire a song.
—Homer Fort.

Cherchez l'Homme.

If I could find a single man who'd care
Less for my lips than for the words they've said;
A single man in all the world who'd dare
To praise my wicked eyes for what they've read;
One person who paid homage to my hands
For deeds accomplished, rather than their shape;
In short, a super-being who'd understand
He's not among the trees and still an ape;
If in the world one man has had the grace
To say that only mental things elate him
I must admit I've never seen his face.
But if I did, ye gods; how I would hate him!
—Burne Carrington in Judge.

The only pure white monkey now known to exist was recently brought to London.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Colonel and Mrs. George W. McIver announce the engagement of their daughter, Frances, to Mr. Paul Welford Runyon, son of Dr. Welford Runyon of South Orange, New Jersey.

The marriage of Miss Anne Dibblee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee, and Mr. Frederick Beaver, son of Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver, was solemnized October 1st in St. John's Episcopal Church in Ross Valley, Bishop William F. Nichols officiating. Miss Betty Schmiedell was the maid of honor, and the bride's other attendants were Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Doris Schmiedell, and Miss Amanda McNear. Mr. Marshall Madison was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mr. Horace Van Sicken, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. Clinton Jones, and Mr. Edward Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd-Butler announce the marriage of their sister, Miss Josephine Ross, to Mr. William Albert Edwards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwards of Santa Barbara, which was solemnized Monday at St. Paul's Rectory in Los Angeles, Rev. William Hughes officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards will reside in Los Angeles.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge extended their hospitality at dinner Sunday in honor of Miss Ruth Chatterton and Mr. Henry Miller. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Weatherwax, Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux, Mr. Richard Tobin, and Mr. Raymond Armsby.

Mrs. Andrew P. Talbot entertained at a tea in San Rafael last Wednesday in honor of Miss Lorna Williamson. Her guests were Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Robert Menzies, Mrs. Rex Sherer, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. C. W. Cook, Mrs.

George Pinckard, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Gustavus Ziel, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Arthur Foster, Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Laura Branson, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Katherine Branson, Miss Margaret Foster, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Melanie Lancel, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Lucy Cook, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Ethel Lilley, and Miss Louisiana Foster.

Complimenting Mrs. Scott Brooke and Miss Alice Carr, Mrs. Frank Winchester and Miss Margaret Foster gave a bridge-tea last Thursday in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill entertained at a picnic Sunday in Los Altos in honor of Miss Edna Taylor. Their guests were Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Ynez Macdonald, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Edith Grant, Mrs. George Tallant, Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Jack Morgan, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Lawrence, Jr., Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Lawrence Gray, and Mr. Gordon Hitchcock.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a dinner Tuesday. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Helen Garrity, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Lansing Tevis, Mr. Gordon Tevis, Mr. William Tevis, Jr., and Mr. William W. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Steele held a house-warming last Saturday. Among their guests were the Japanese Consul-General and Mrs. S. Yada, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whiting, Commodore and Mrs. James Bull, Captain and Mrs. William Shea, Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter, Mrs. Wallace Bertholf, Mrs. Mary Shorb, Mrs. Constance Peters, Mrs. Mariedna Cobb, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Ramona Murtagh, Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Betty Zane, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Frances Jolliffe, Miss Elizabeth Fee, Commander William Glassford, and Major George Wallace.

Mr. Jack Morgan gave a tea Sunday in Los Altos, complimenting the debutantes.

Mrs. O. C. Stine gave a tea last Friday, complimenting Mrs. James Abbott and Miss Queena Mario. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz, Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth Selfridge, Dr. and Mrs. Charles M. Cooper, Mrs. Claude Corbusier, Mrs. C. S. Wheeler, Mrs. Lane Leonard, Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mrs. Robert Bentley, Miss Louise Mahoney, Miss Jean Leonard, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Constance Beardsley, Mr. C. P. Weeks, Mr. Hugh de Haven, Mr. John Barry, and Judge George Crothers.

Mrs. Ward Dawson gave a luncheon Thursday in Piedmont. Her guests included Mrs. Harry Magee, Mrs. Jack Okell, Mrs. Charles Sutton, Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mrs. Dudley Dexter, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Constance Uhl, Miss Helen Rodolph, Miss Marian Kegan, and Miss Katherine Maxwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Macdonald entertained a dinner party last week for Miss Emily Bacon.

Miss Eleanor Spreckels and Miss Edith Grant were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Wednesday by Miss Betty Folger. Her guests included Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, and Miss Hélène de Latour.

Mrs. Walter Dillingham gave an informal luncheon last week at the St. Francis, baving as her guests Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., Mrs. William Leib, Mrs. Edward McCauley, Mrs. John Drum, and Miss Maude Fay.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau gave a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Mrs. John Drum. Others present were Mrs. Hays Smith, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Henry Dutton, and Miss Jennie Hooker.

Mrs. George Howard gave an informal luncheon in San Mateo Tuesday.

The Misses Martha, Elsa, and Olga Korbel gave a bridge-luncheon Tuesday in San Rafael, when they entertained Mrs. Leo Korbel, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Thomas Melhuish, Mrs. Gustavus Ziel, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Clement Guthrie, Mrs. Uda Waldrop, Mrs. George Beardsley, Mrs. Denman McNear, Mrs. Rex Sherer, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. Forrest Carey, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Marie Lichtenberg, Miss Kathleen Byrnes, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Gertrude Byrnes, and Miss Lucy Cook.

In honor of Miss Doris Rodolph and Mrs. Fitzgerald Marx, Mrs. Harrison Clay gave a bridge-tea Tuesday in Piedmont. Her guests were Mrs. Edward Fennon, Mrs. Frank Moller, Mrs. C. A. T. Duffie, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Caroline Rodolph, Miss Jeanette Knox, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Marion Lyman, Miss Flora Edwards, Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Cornelia Jones, Miss Marian Kegan, and Miss Elizabeth Moore.

"Gossip" by housewives is forbidden by the municipal council of the German township of Suhl, because of the loss of time and neglect of duty occasioned thereby. Police have orders to arrest all women found gossiping on doorsteps or over garden walls. Gossip is allowed only on Sunday afternoons and after sunset.

Switzerland requires all its children to have at least three years' schooling.

CURRENT VERSE.

November Blue.

O heavenly color, London town
Has blurred it from her skies;
And, hooded in an earthly brown,
Unheaven'd the city lies.
No longer standard-like this hue
Above the broad road flies;
Nor does the narrow street the blue
Wear, slender pennon-wise.

But when the gold and silver lamps
Color the London dew,
And, misted by the winter damps,
The shops shine bright anew—
Blue comes to earth, it walks the street,
It dyes the wide air through;
A mimic sky about their feet,
The throng go crowned with blue.
—Alice Meynell.

To Mr. Punch.

Let others mourn their transient prime
And sigh, as Horace sighed, *Eheu!*
But you—you lightly laugh at Time,
And Time, in turn, smiles back at you;
Elsewhere his scythe goes sweeping on,
Yet of your vigor takes no toll,
Tho' eighty harvest-moons have shone
Down on your polished poll.
Today your ancient spell retrieves
The hour when first you made your bow
And in a colored texture weaves
Comparison of Then and Now;
Showing how Fashion shifts her pose,
What moods and modes she had and has,
From modest hoops to flaunting hose,
From minuet to jazz.

Whether you guess from form and guise
An inward change for ill or good,
Here you forbear to moralize,
Altho', of course, we know you could;
You've shown us what the Furies wore
And neo-Georgian charms exposed;
The hearts inside, for all your lore,
You've left undiagnosed.

Quietly, while as in a glass
We watch the pageant's moving show,
And other vagues appear and pass,
Yourself you come and never go;
'Tis theirs to fill the season's stage
And then retire to Limbo's dump;
Yours are the arts unstayed by age
And constant as your hump.

Eighty years on I like to think
That, changeless mid the changing scene,
Your powers will yet be in the pink,
Your graces in the evergreen;
When we who serve you now are dead,
That you'll be playing still your part,
Laurels of winter round your head
And summer in your heart.
—Sir Owen Seaman in Punch.

The Outcast

I have no place to keep you any more;
Your shrine is broken; on the sagging door
And on the window, too,
The dampness gathers and the ivy clings,
And there the little bird that sways and sings
Sings of his nest, not you.
The music that was yours has trailed away,
Gone with the incense and the dripping light
That stained your forehead where you stood all
white.

I can not put you in the noisy day;
What would you make of all its jangling strings—
You whom the silence cherished and the night
Touched with its slow-moving wings?

If I could build anew
The broken beauty where you dwelt before,
And watch the moonlight stealing in to pray,
Just as it used to do,

I know my dreams would come again and say
The orisons they knew;
But life that gives so much will scarce restore
At all or gather back the dust she flings,
Or make new homes again for homeless things;—
I have no place to keep you any more.
—Anne Godwin Winslow in the North American Review.

Bathtubs are to be standardized. A convention at St. Louis was told that there are 1000 bathtub designs now in use and that production was slow as a result.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and there whereabouts of absent Californians:

Accompanied by Mrs. Reginald Brooke of London, Mrs. Henry Scott will arrive in California next Friday. Mrs. Brooke will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Scott in Burlingame for several weeks and she will visit Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and other California friends before returning to England.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum have gone to Los Angeles for a brief sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Anderton and their children have sailed for the United States and will arrive in New York the first of the week.

Senator James Phelan and Mr. Noel Sullivan will sail October 12th for the Orient to be gone six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle are entertaining Miss Newell Bull.

Count and Countess Joaquin de Pereyra have gone to Biarritz, where they will be for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelis Winkler have sailed for Java, where they will reside indefinitely. They have been visiting throughout the summer with Dr. and Mrs. C. Winkler in Holland.

Mrs. Richard Sprague left Sunday for Virginia to visit Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pool for a few days. She will sail for Europe October 15th and will go directly to Italy, where she will pass the winter. Before returning to the United States Mrs. Sprague will visit her husband's cousins, the American Consul-General and Mrs. Richard Sprague, in Gibraltar.

Miss Patience Winchester and Miss Florence Martin have arrived in New York, where they will resume their studies.

Mrs. Harry Carr and Miss Alice Carr will leave October 15th for Dallas, Texas, where they will reside indefinitely. Since their arrival from the East the Carrs have made their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Talbot Walker took her departure Saturday for New York, accompanying Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee, whom she will visit for six weeks. Mrs. Ray Benjamin will leave shortly for Honolulu to be gone a month.

Mr. William W. Crocker has returned to Burlingame from France, where he visited for several months with Princess Poniatowski.

Mr. Francis Carolan has gone to New York for a brief sojourn. On his return to California he will reside at the Burlingame Club instead of at his home in the hills.

Mr. and Mrs. James de St. Cyr have arrived at French Lick Springs, where they will visit before going to New York. They will spend the winter at the Ritz-Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breckinridge have returned to California, after a long absence, and they have a house in Palo Alto for the winter.

Mrs. Atherton Macondray and Miss Ynez Macondray are occupying the Collier house on Octavia Street, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering have taken a house in El Cerrito for the winter.

Mrs. Edward Howard and the Misses Marion and Gertrude Howard are spending the winter in Palo Alto with Mr. Philip Lansdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne have returned to Woodside, after a brief visit at their home here.

Mrs. Chapman Foss has arrived in San Francisco and she will spend the winter with Mr. Sherwood Chapman at his California Street home.

Baron and Baroness J. C. Van Eck have returned from San Mateo, where they spent the summer.

Mrs. Walter Dillingham has gone to Washing-

ton, after a brief visit in San Francisco, and she will join Mr. Dillingham there.

Miss Helen Chesebrough will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. William Van Antwerp in Burlingame.

Mrs. F. M. Gardner and Mrs. W. S. Gillespie have arrived from Waco, Texas, and they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore. They will also be the guests of Mrs. J. H. Wallace before their return home.

Mr. and Mrs. Coppée Thurston have arrived from the south and they are visiting Mrs. Edwin Griffith in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse will come to San Francisco for the winter and they will occupy the Tiley L. Ford home on Clay Street.

Mrs. James Otis has returned from Los Gatos, where she has been visiting since her arrival from South America. Mr. and Mrs. Otis spent the summer in Caracas with Mr. and Mrs. Warren Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor are enjoying a motor trip through the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Nickel will remain in their peninsula home until the middle of November.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henshaw have returned from Montecito, where they passed the summer. They will spend the winter in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney, who were with the Henshaws in the south, have returned to their home in Oakland.

Mrs. Edward Vail and the Misses Elizabeth, Jane, and Katharine Vail have returned to Montecito from New York, where they have been visiting since their arrival from Europe. Miss Katharine will come to San Francisco for a part of the winter.

Countess Iris Lewenhaupt and her two sons have arrived in Cuba, where they will visit for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Duval and the Misses Elizabeth and Madeline and Mr. Richard Duval are enjoying several weeks at Evians-les-Bains from their home in Paris.

Miss Jennie Blair has been visiting for several days at Rutherford with Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, and Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., have arrived in Italy, where they will travel for several weeks.

Major Robert McDonald arrived Sunday from Philadelphia and has joined Colonel and Mrs. John McDonald and Miss Sue McDonald at Alcatraz.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brunswick and Miss Marguerite Brunswick have returned to Los Angeles from Montecito, where they passed the summer.

Mrs. William Porter, Mr. Hugh Porter, and Miss Beverly Porter will come up from Menlo Park this month to spend the winter here. They have taken a house on Pacific Avenue for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macdonald are to extend their visit to Santa Barbara during the winter months.

The Misses Claire and Helen Stringer are leaving next Monday for a month's stay in New York. They are to be accompanied by their father, Mr. W. A. Stringer.

Among visitors to Del Monte during the past week were Mrs. Converse Strong, Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mien, and Mrs. James Hobart Moore of Montecito with her guests, Mr. and Mrs. John Gould and daughter.

Recently registered at the Hotel St. Francis are Mr. William C. Lyons, Mr. H. C. Hoods, New York; Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Doyle, Salt Lake City; Mr. E. L. Wittmeyer, New York; Mr. Lawrence Campbell, New Orleans; Mr. F. C. Moser, Seattle; Dr. and Mrs. B. H. Walker, Stockton; Mr. H. W. Doyle, Reno; Colonel and Mrs. E. F. Lawson, London, England; Mr. H. B. Thayer, Mr. W. S. Gifford, Mr. J. J. Cannon, New York; Mr. R. N. Bewick, London, England; Mr. H. J. Kuhn, Philadelphia; Mr. W. E. Lean, St. Paul; Dr. and Mrs. I. B. Loeb, Mr. Leon H. Meyers, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Burlingame.

Recent arrivals at the Palace are Mr. H. Emery Wishon, Fresno; Mr. James A. Pell, Del Monte; Mr. and Mrs. Rufus P. Spaulding, Pasadena; Mr. Gordon B. Tevis, Santa Barbara; Judge Robert Clarke, Los Angeles; Mr. H. R. Hoeffler, Astoria, Oregon; Mr. F. J. Phillips, Long Beach; Mrs. Carl Stanley, Del Monte; Mr. James W. Brown, Mr. John P. Bartlett, New York; Mr. Horace O. Smith, Los Angeles.

Registered at the Hotel Oakland are Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Johnson, Chicago; Mr. C. L. Thomsen, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Averill, Los Angeles; Mr. A. L. Gehlert, Mr. R. C. Stewart, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bridge, Stockton; Mr. Louis Black, New York City.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. M. A. Phillips, Seattle; Mr. Martin J. Hermer, Chicago; Mr. J. K. Lilly, Bakersfield; Mr. C. V. Harrington, Los Angeles; Mr. E. J. Emmons, Bakersfield; Mr. A. G. L. Hyde, Stockton; Mr. D. S. Pike, Sacramento; Mr. E. J. Muller, Cleveland; Mr. C. A. McMaster, Galveston, Texas; Mr. Ernest Horn, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. Eugene H. Baker, Santa Rosa; Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Wear, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Stowell, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lewis, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Sanborn, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Campbell, Monroe City, Missouri; Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Tupper, Los Angeles; Mr. M. G. Bryan, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mr. M. D. Scott, Mr. T. D. Williams, Mr. H. Temple, Akron, Ohio.

Whitcomb Bridge-Tea.

Another of its popular bridge-teas will be given by the Hotel Whitcomb on October 18th at 2:30 p. m. in the Sun Lounge. Devotees of bridge and those who would enjoy learning the game are cordially invited to attend. Tea service will be given after the playing. Reservations are being made now. There is no admission or cover charge.

United States chemists discovered thirty-two new poisons during the world war.

The Memorial Stadium Luncheon.

Eight hundred of the alumni and friends of the University of California attended the luncheon given in the hallroom of the Palace Monday noon in connection with the million-dollar drive for the fund of the California Memorial Stadium at Berkeley. Speeches were made by Dean Frank Probert, the guiding spirit behind this drive, and Mr. John A. Britton, who praised the members of the crew and track teams for their achievements, both of whom have won national championships. Plans for the California Memorial Stadium were presented at the luncheon. At the speakers' table were seated President Suzalo of the University of Washington, President Barrows of the University of California, N. D. Smith, Lute Nichols, Ben Wallace, Walter Christie, Herman Phlaeger, Chaffee Hall, Warren Gregory, Mrs. Annette Adams, Warren Olney, Jr., Guy C. Earl, Farnum Griffiths, Dean Frank Probert, R. G. Sproul. The U. C. Cluh quartet, Paul McCoy's orchestra, and Miss Harriett Bennett, soprano, provided musical entertainment during the luncheon.

Coming Events at Del Monte.

One of the feature sporting events that will attract society to Del Monte will be the Pacific Coast field trials to be held on November 8th, 9th, and 10th. Prominent fanciers of the Coast will bring their hunting dogs to Del Monte to engage in the bird trials in the fields. The annual Thanksgiving Day golf tournament will come on November 24th to 27th and other golfing events will be the annual Christmas Day competition and the feature New Year's Day tournament.

Extensive plans are being made for the polo season, which gets under way at Del Monte after the first of the year. There are five or six army officer teams at the Monterey Presidio, and with the Del Monte and San Mateo players it will provide plenty of action on the Del Monte polo fields.

Mrs. Cooper's Lectures.

Mrs. Minnie Sahin Cooper announces a series of Tuesday lectures to be given at the Hotel St. Francis, October 11th to December 13th, at 10:45 a. m. The first topic to be treated will be Somerset Maugham's play, "The Circle." Succeeding lectures will include "Liliom," a play by Ernest Molnar, "The Pageant at Plymouth," and "The Religion of Robert Ingersoll." Other talks will be announced later.

A young woman who is homesteading a piece of land near Bend, Oregon, has been forbidden to enter the town while wearing riding breeches, the garments which she habitually wears at home.

According to suicide statistics in the United States the day on which most acts of self-destruction are committed is Monday, between 9 and 12 p. m.

All rubies are not red. Violet, pink, and purple varieties have been found.



Tea and Bridge in the Sun Lounge

BETTER secure your reservation at once for tea and bridge at Hotel Whitcomb, Tuesday afternoon, October 18. The autumn sun, flooding the roof garden and the far-flung view of city and bay are but incidents in the pleasure of a perfect afternoon.

No admission or cover charge
Tea service, 50 cents

Hotel Whitcomb

AT CIVIC CENTER
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University of Fine Arts.

Basil King, the distinguished novelist and writer, will be the guest of the University Fine Arts Society, October 14th, when he will give a talk before its members in the Colonial Ballroom, St. Francis Hotel.

The subject of his talk will be "Influence of Moral Ideas in Modern Cultural Life and Art." Basil King brings to his subject a mind remarkable for its keen analysis, wide experience, and study of moral ideas, and a broad toleration acquired by years of travel in France and Russia and Germany. His success as a lecturer, however, does not overshadow the importance of his literary achievements, for at least three of his recent novels have been amongst the most admired writings of the past few seasons.

"In so far as there is anything positive in me," said Basil King the other day, "I am an enthusiastic American and view American life with the peculiar slant of the Canadian. I live in this country because I like it well, because my wife won't live in any other, and because New York is the capital when it comes to writing and publishing."

Mr. King's sojourn in California will be brief and the announced talk before the University Fine Arts Society will be his only public appearance in San Francisco. Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, chairman of the board of patronesses, will preside during the afternoon, and Walter Oesterricher's Symphony Orchestra will furnish the music for the occasion.

In Japan tobacco smoking is almost universal with men, women, and children.



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San Francisco Calif.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Would you marry a widower, Maude?"
"No. I prefer to tame my husband myself."
—*Judge*.

"I thought the sale of that novel was prohibited." "It is; I got it from a booklegger."
—*Boston Transcript*.

Ethel—Bertha has old-fashioned ideas.
Cloro—Yes, she still smokes those "lady's" cigarettes.—*New York Sun*.

"Why did you take Meyerbeer off the dinner card?" "People kept thinking it was something to drink."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Are you taking the same girl to the ball as you had to the formal?" "No. I can't borrow the same dress suit."
—*Cornegie Pulpet*.

"Why does the boss always keep his desk locked?" "Important papers." "He never locked up his papers before prohibition came in."
—*Detroit Free Press*.

Coddie (to golfer badly bunkered, with opponent well on the green)—Don't give up the hole, sir. You never know; the other gentleman might have a fit.—*Boston Transcript*.

Trom Conductor—How old are you, my little girl? Little Girl—If the corporation doesn't object, I prefer to pay the full fare and say nothing.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"Becky Sharp was a thoroughly worthless woman." "Worthless? Oh, say, look at the money Thackeray and Mrs. Fiske have made out of her."
—*Toledo Blade*.

Flubb—Gladys is causing a riot with her extra short skirt. Dubb—Her skirt isn't extra short. Her legs are extra long.—*New York Sun*.

Mistress—Another breakage, Jane? And a wedding present, too! How ever did you do it? Jone (sobbing)—They al—ways break—when I—drop 'em.—*Punch*.

"Pardon me," said the Canadian caller, as he reached for his hip pocket, "but do you drink anything?" "Oh, yes," answered his Kansas host, "anything!"—*Kansas City Star*.

Accused Officer—I admit dat I wuz drunk and insulting people; but I wuz off duty and in citizen's clothes, sir! Police Commissioner—That is just the point, sir. When you

are off duty and in citizen's clothes you have no more right getting drunk and insulting people than anybody else, sir.—*New York Globe*.

Fonny—Now when I am asked to sing I never say, 'Oh, I can't!' but I always sit down at the piano—Annie—And let the audience find it out for themselves?—*Tit-Bits*.

"It's easy to be a great novelist nowadays; the last work is always the best." "Yes; it used to be that authors died, and their works lived; now the authors live and the works die."—*Life*.

Heroine (in the melodrama)—What are those shrieks? Villain (relentlessly)—They have tied an American to a chair and are showing him a bottle of Scotch.—*London Passing Show*.

"It's jes like de ole proverb say, niggah. A little knowledge am a dangerous thing." "If dat am so, then yuh sho' am totin' a big block ob dynamite aroun' on yoh neck."
—*Nashville Tennessean*.

Lawyer—And what was the defendant doing meanwhile? Witness—He was telling me a funny story. Lawyer—Remember, sir, that you are under oath. Witness—Well, anyway, he was telling me a story.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Motorist—Is there any ordinance limiting the speed of autos in this town? Native—Gawsh, no! You fellers can't git through Squashville any too quick for us.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Well, so he's gone home at last! Humph! It's half-past 12. I've told you and told you—" "But, father, I don't see what more we can do! We begin saying good-night as soon as Jack gets here."—*Judge*.

Mother (bothing her son's ears)—Graham, I certainly do hate dirt! Graham—So do I, mother. Mother (greedily encouraged)—And why, darling? Graham—Because it makes you wash me.—*Judge*.

Potience—I don't think Percy is at all observing. Potrice—You don't? Potience—No, I don't. Potrice—Well, I do. The other day he told me you had twice as much paint on one cheek as on the other.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Mr. Perks—I want to take up boxing. My wife—Instructor—But you can't fight your wife. Mr. Perks—I know it. I'm not even going to try. What I want is to be able to stand punishment.—*American Legion Weekly*.

"There's a mysterious craft—hovering off shore. Would you like to run out in my motor launch and look her over?" "Are you a good judge of distance?" "What do you mean?" "Do you think she's three miles out?"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Antoinette—Mrs. Black 'as called to see you, madam. Mrs. White—Oh! Run to the drug store now and get me some aspirin, Antoinette. Antoinette—Your poor 'ead, does it ache then, madame? Mrs. White—No! But it will when she has left.—*London Mail*.

"I suppose you get a great deal of pleasure out of your car?" "No, I can't say that I do." "What's the trouble?" "The car's all right, but Monday is mother's day to drive it; on Tuesday, the girls want it; Wednesday, I promised to let the boy have it, and Friday and Saturday it has to go in for repairs. Sunday, if I am very good, they let me drive myself."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The editor poised his pencil. "You say here that Mr. Longbow is lying at death's door. We'll just make that 'laying.'" "But that's not good English," protested the reporter. "No," replied the editor, "but it's better to make a grammatical error than to offend Longbow's relatives. His reputation for veracity is notoriously bad."—*Boston Transcript*.

Pompous Publisher (to aspiring notice in literature)—I have been reading your manuscript, my dear lady, and there is much in it, I think—ahem!—very good. But there are parts somewhat vague. Now, you should always write so that the most ignorant can understand. Youthful Authoress (wishing to show herself most ready to accept advice)—Oh, yes, I'm sure. But, tell me, which are the parts that have given you trouble?—*Punch*.

The Vogue of Scott.

"My oaks will outlast my laurels," said Sir Walter Scott, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of whose birth occurred August 15th. He was really more concerned for his oaks than for his laurels, for the greatest passion of his mature manhood was, not books, but trees. It is recorded in a recent life of him that with his men he planted 401 in one day, he himself setting the roots carefully in the direction in which they should go, and steadying the stems. The trees of

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that proudly remembered day's planting were larches, however, and it "went to the heart" of Scott to think that "more than two out of three of these noble fellows will have the axe at their necks in a year or two." The unsympathetic observation of Tom Purdie, the shepherd manager, "friend and tyrant," who sometimes deigned to take his master's advice about trees, was to the effect that it was certain destruction to both turnips and trees if they were not thinned. If only he had extended his advice to "our buiks," in which he claimed an interest, and his master had deigned to take it, the thinning out would have improved his forest of letters. As it is, the years have done what a critical axe or pruning knife might have better done, and have left some books that will outlive all the oaks and larches of Abbotsford.

It is especially noteworthy that those of alien tongue coming to learn English find their way generally to Scott, as a rather unbragous classic of our language. There was a time when he was read, as Taine has said, by the whole of Europe. He made both

dressmakers and duchesses weep. He was even compared to Shakespeare. It is almost resented by some that the man of feudal mind, who thought George III the "best of kings," should be so widely read in a democracy. But two eminent American critics, the latest to review a history of the English literature, argue in support of these novels, with their "feeling of longevity," that if democracy is to create new ideals "it needs to know how men's better natures have been aroused in the past."

A critic of a half-century ago, who spoke of Scott as the "Homer of modern citizen life," said, with seeming inconsistency, that his tales, which made all his people get on pleasantly, had all the "merit of fashion," though he added: "That fashion may last a hundred years yet." Even according to this conservative prediction, Scott's vogue has still a half-century to run; but it will undoubtedly run on much longer, especially in the gratitude of those for whom he has given "Scotland—the whole of Scotland—a citizenship of literature."—*Boston Transcript*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2325.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 15, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Henry Ford, Miracle Man.

When Mr. Henry Ford bought the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad, saving it from the bankruptcy that threatened it and turning it into a money-maker, there were numberless people of radical proclivities who hastened to point the moral and adorn the tale according to what they supposed to be their lights. Here, we were told, was an example of honest railroad management, an evidence of what might be done with all the railroads in the country if they could but be saved from the rapacities and the incapacities that controlled them. It is an almost incredible fact that scores of newspapers throughout the country demanded the appointment of Mr. Ford as a sort of railroad dictator in order that he might work his transportation miracles on a nation-wide scale. And they seemed to mean it, too.

Now the facts are quite simple. Mr. Ford did, in very truth, bring prosperity to the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad. He made it profitable, he employed fewer men and at higher wages, and he reduced the rates that the public had to pay. But to maintain that this can be done with all railroads is to display an ignorance of the situation that is inexcusable in a commentator.

Mr. Ford made a success of this particular railroad because he was in control, not only of the railroad itself, but also of its traffic sources. In other words the railroad carried his own manufactures, and it became for all practical purposes a branch of his automobile business. In 1920 the road carried 4489 tons of auto-

mobiles and auto trucks, but in 1921 it carried 208,575 tons of the same freight. Its bar and sheet-iron traffic increased correspondingly, and so did its traffic in castings, machinery, and boilers. Enormous quantities of raw and partly finished material for the making of automobiles, all of it being traffic directed by Mr. Ford himself, was carried by Mr. Ford's railroad, and he was therefore acting in the double capacity of shipper and railroad owner. Now any railroad in the world can be made to pay if it is in control of its freight sources, but then there is probably no other railroad in the world that is so fortunately situated. Other railroads have to compete for their freight and to fight for it.

Hope for Ireland?

Without indulging unduly in the vice of optimism there is reason to hope for good results from the present conferences between Lloyd George and the Irish delegates. There can be no doubt that both parties to the conference are desirous of peace. Indeed it would probably be safe to say that both parties are determined to have peace even at the cost of antagonizing the narrow-gauge men on either side who are guided by tradition rather than by good sense. The long negotiations that preceded the conference, wearisome and sometimes trivial though they seemed, had at least the good effect of clearing the ground. The Irish delegates have entered the discussion upon the full and clear understanding that complete Irish independence will not appear on the agenda paper nor will it be open to argument in any sense whatsoever. Whatever is done must be done on the basis of some sort of union between Great Britain and Ireland, and the fact that the Irish delegates are now in conference is evidence that they accept Lloyd George's unequivocal declarations to that effect.

None the less there are lions in the path, and formidable ones. This is by no means a case where a settlement must necessarily follow a display of good sense and good will on the part of the conferees. Behind the chairs on either side of the table lurks the shadow of the irreconcilable. The high and dry British Tory—and not even the war has reduced him to his proper dimensions—looks with horror upon any sort of temporizing with "rebels." And upon the other side of the Irish Channel is the old-time Fenian, who regards peace as something abnormal and reprehensible. Both represent powerful forces, threatening forces, forces to be feared.

And then, of course, there is Ulster, and Ulster is resolved, or seems so, not to be yoked with the Sinn Fein south, and to accept no settlement that leaves her in the position of a minority party in a self-governing Ireland. On the other hand Sinn Fein Ireland will accept no settlement that severs her from Ulster or places Ulster beyond her fiscal control. If it be said that these are not insuperable difficulties it is only because no difficulties are insuperable. The fact remains that from the beginning of the present acute phase of Irish politics until the present moment there has been no suggested scheme from any source whatsoever that promises success without the danger of an answering insurrection either from Ulster or from the South. Ulster refuses to be joined with the South and the South refuses to allow Ulster to go her own way.

We may believe that much of the attitude alike of Ulster and of the South is bluff. Otherwise there would be no hope at all. After all, there is a certain saving grace of sanity that usually intrudes itself if it be allowed time enough. Even Sinn Fein irreconcilables will not readily venture to plunge Ireland once more into the bloody morass of murder that constitutes her latest chapter. Ulster will think twice before embarking upon an insurrection alike hopeless and indefensible against any settlement that is alike satisfactory to Lloyd George and to De Valera. There

may be a good deal of hectoring bombast and of sabre rattling with the "last ditch" playing its usual and innocuous part, but it is fairly safe to predict that the overwhelming force of the public opinion of the world will sustain any arrangement made by the protagonists of Great Britain and of Ireland. The question is, Will they be able to make any arrangement at all? Will they be able to defy the shadows behind the chairs?

The United States Chamber of Commerce Report.

The report of the committee appointed by the United States Chamber of Commerce to visit Europe comes as a useful corrective to the prevailing chatter about American abstention from European affairs. It is true that the report deals somewhat summarily but none the less conclusively with this particular absurdity. Business men hardly need to be told that there can be no abstention from the affairs of nations that owe us some ten billions of dollars, and that have been in the habit of purchasing one-half of our exports. There can be no resumption of that trade, which as a matter of fact is still steadily and alarmingly waning, without the restoration of peaceful conditions in Europe. A state of war and a threat of war upon a large scale still prevail over large parts of Europe. There is uncertainty as to the intention of Germany to pay the sums demanded of her, and until that uncertainty is removed France will maintain her standing army of nearly a million men. The situation in Silesia and in Poland is nearly as bad as it can be. Greece and Turkey are actually at war, and Italy is threatening war. To say that America has no practical interest in calming these troubled waters is to say that America has no interest in the collection of the sums due to her and in her foreign trade. A bank might as well say that it has no interest in the fire that is destroying the property on which it holds mortgages. We assume, says the report under consideration, that "no member of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States will seriously consider the propositions that this country should isolate itself from Europe, our greatest market, or that the question of our foreign trade does not interest practically every business man, every farmer, and every worker in the United States. The development of our industries requires, not simply that our foreign trade be maintained, but that it be persistently expanded."

Now the crux of the whole situation is to be found in the intention and the ability of Germany to pay the sums that she has agreed to pay, and it may be said that there is a large party in Germany intent upon the repudiation of that debt. If Germany shall decline to pay, then France in order to avoid bankruptcy will unquestionably occupy German territory and the forcible partition of Germany may very well result, with consequences of unimaginable magnitude. The payment of the German debt is under the control of the Reparations Commission, which has full power to modify the conditions and to adjust them to German possibilities. It may be said that the Reparations Commission stands between Europe and a renewed chaos. The American debt will be paid or it will not be paid according to the wisdom with which the commission conducts its proceedings. The European trade of America will either expand or dwindle away to nothing according to the success of the Reparations Commission. And yet there are American statesmen and American newspapers who hold up their hands in horror at the thought of American representation on that commission and who would have us isolate ourselves from a judicial body upon whose discretion the commercial future of the country so intimately depends. The United States Chamber of Commerce Committee not only urges American representation on the commission, but it believes that the powers of the commission should be greatly enlarged. The vital nature of its task, we are told, was not sufficiently realized. It is the point of balance between

peace and war, between order and ruin. "In the absence of international machinery designed to meet this need," says the report, "business uncertainty will continue and it will remain impossible for bankers or business men to plan intelligently for the future. On no country is the present foreign exchange situation reacting more harmfully than the United States, and none is more concerned in efforts to improve it and to deal with the problems involved in the reparation payments."

Debs and His Tame Poets.

It seems that a large number of alleged poets have been writing verses to Eugene Debs and there are at least ten Californians, native or by adoption, among them. It appears to be a little hard on Debs, who has already troubles enough, and who can hardly be expected to have foreseen this aggravation of his sufferings. But perhaps he does not read these outpourings of the faithful.

Now there can be no objection to the poetising of the poets so long as the perusal of their effusions is not made compulsory. But at least, and in their own interests, they should be careful of their comparisons. Debs, in nearly all of these poems, is compared with Christ and Socrates, and perhaps a more unfortunate selection could hardly have been made. Without trenching on the theological domain wherein the feet of the unwary are likely to be entangled we may none the less remind ourselves of the definite assertion of Christ that "I come to bring not peace but a sword," and also the positive admonition to obey the laws of one's country by rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. But the comparison with Socrates is still more infelicitous, seeing that Socrates was himself a soldier on active service, winning the regard of his officers by his stoical indifference to the hardships and the privations of the campaign. Moreover, Socrates was peculiarly insistent on the sanctity of law, even refusing to escape from the prison and the death to which he was unjustly sentenced. If Eugene Debs had kept these high examples in mind he would never have lost his liberty nor would his poetic admirers have lost their senses.

Debs has never at any time been a pacifist, although it now suits his book to garner pacifist sympathies. He denounced the war with Germany, not because he disapproved of war, but because he approved of Germany. Nearly all the ultra radicals approved of Germany because, being themselves intent on the imposition of a tyrannical system of government, they saw in Germany a going concern along the same lines that needed only a little amendment and adaptation to suit their schemes. Debs has no objection to war if only it be his sort of war. He has nothing but applause for Bolshevik methods nor for any other kind of violence so long as it is intended to advance the Red cause.

It may be readily conceded that Debs is a most estimable man in private life. The same may be said of a good many burglars who are credited with quite lofty sentiments in their hours of ease. But Debs is being punished for his public acts, not for his private ones. If he had been allowed to have his way the whole world would be under the feet of Germany at the present moment, and while this may seem eminently proper to Mr. Debs and his tame poets, we may remind them that if they had done in Germany during the war what they did here they would have been shot at sight. And this wrings from us the unwilling admission that there are some things that they did better in Germany.

A Censorship of Movies.

We are all familiar with the demand for the censorship of the moving picture, and perhaps we should have succumbed to it but for the dawning recognition that it is usually necessary to censor the censors. That the demand for a "movie" censorship should now break out again with renewed virulence was only to be expected after recent events, but it seems that the censorship fans—if that term may be allowed—are facing a dilemma. Hitherto it has been considered enough to censor the picture, but this procedure is obviously inadequate to protect our virtues, seeing that good pictures, at least harmless pictures, may be produced by men who are neither good nor harmless. Can we, as a community distinguished for our adhesion to the straight and narrow path, countenance good pictures—say of the "Pilgrim's Progress" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—with the knowledge that they were produced by men

and women whose right to wear the white flower of a blameless life can be gravely questioned? Ought we not to demand that the picture and its producer shall alike be immaculate, and to that end to appoint censors, preferably policemen, to investigate the character and repute of our actors and actresses? It is this demand for a dual censorship that is now being urged upon us by certain Eastern mentors who are gravely concerned, as usual, with the moral status of the Pacific Coast.

Of course we need no censorship whatever beyond the censorship of decent people in search of decent plays. The present mania for inanities will pass, and is now passing, as the producers discover for themselves that the public will always admire the admirable whenever they are given a chance to do so. A censorship does not suppress impurities. It aggravates them. It creates an effort to sail as close to the wind as possible, and to gamble on the varying and cloudy tastes and prejudices of the censor. Whatever may be said for a censorship of the movie may be said with tenfold force for a censorship of books.

The quality of the actors will improve *pari passu* with the quality of the pictures. The performers are no worse than would be any other class of the community that was suddenly endowed with enormous rewards for which no return in intelligence or education or capacity was demanded. So far as the undesirable ones are concerned, they are acting only after the manner of their kind. Money means no more to them than the opportunity to gratify appetites and passions. If money is scarce, the gratification takes inconspicuous forms. If money is plentiful, there is a noisy saturnalia. That is what money means to them. That such immense rewards are given to facial gymnasts, to contortionists, to clowns, to the owners of "winning smiles," and to the disgustingly obese is the fault of the public. If the public will transfer its favor to intelligent capacity and to dramatic ability there will be no more of the debauches of those who know no other way to display good fortune.

The Agricultural Bloc.

A correspondent asks for a definition of the term "bloc" in its relation to congressional procedure, and with special reference to the agricultural bloc that is exercising so large a control over current legislation. The question is easy to answer. It is by no means so easy to find a remedy for a situation that seems to threaten us with the crudest form of class government.

There are some 8,000,000 farmers in the country according to the latest census returns, and it is probable that these farmers are more highly organized than any other part of the community. There are over two thousand associations of farmers, and these may be roughly divided into four great combinations, the American Farm Bureau Federation, the Farmers' National Council, the National Farmers' Union, and the National Grange. They have an actual membership of over three million, and their ramifications extend over the whole area of agricultural America.

Now these organizations are represented at Washington, and this representation means something very much more than a few lobbyists. It means the establishment of extensive headquarters with specialists in every department of legislation. It means that no law whatsoever can be passed until it has run the gauntlet of the most intense scrutiny, so that its exact bearing upon agricultural interests may be determined. It means the constant advocacy of new laws, and it means that every member of Congress is brought under observation and persuasion. The representatives of agricultural districts are of course readily amenable to influence of this kind. They were elected for that purpose and they know their masters' voice. But all members of Congress are more or less amenable, just as they are more or less amenable to every sort of organized pressure. These "dependable" legislators constitute the agricultural bloc, and it is more influential than any other. They manage to keep what they suppose to be the interests of agriculture steadily before the eye of Congress, as witness the rather wearisome pages of the *Congressional Record*. They have already accomplished a great deal of legislation exclusively in their own interests and their programme is constantly replenished and enlarged. Within certain limitations it may be said that the agricultural bloc can do whatever it pleases.

At the present moment, for example, it is interfering

with the tax bill, and it would do this still more effectively if it were unanimous, which it is not. Congress is practically waiting for the agricultural bloc to make up its mind, and it is safe to predict that it will obey orders whenever they come to hand. Some of the agricultural men are beginning to favor the Smoot plan, but the majority are inclined to "soak the capitalist" in spite of a dawning public recognition that this is not quite so easy as it seems, and that it is actually the ultimate consumer who gets "soaked." The agricultural bloc is today the most powerful force in Congress. Its demands are always obsequiously granted and its demands are always sectional and selfish. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the agricultural bloc is today the legislative government of the United States.

The evil is a great one, but it would be hardly just to impute the whole blame to the farmers. All the other blocs would like to do exactly the same thing. The blame should be laid upon Congress, which is only another way of saying that it should be laid upon the voters. How many voters are there in any community—in this community, for example—who think nationally or vote nationally, or who wish their representatives to do so? Very few. Our representatives have become delegates of special interests. All that they have to do is to carry out their orders. Their alleged duties could be done just as effectively by postal cards. The bloc that is most numerous rules the roost, and just now it is being quite effectively ruled by the farmers. But the remedy is in the hands of the voter.

Another "Scrap of Paper."

We shall have to wait a few days for a full report of the senatorial debate on the Panama Canal tolls, a debate that culminated in a vote exempting American coastwise shipping from the charges hitherto imposed upon it. The report will be awaited with some curiosity. Presumably it will do something to disclose the mental processes of those who are able to find some ambiguity in the terms of a treaty that seem to be as definite and precise as language can make them.

The treaty, and particularly its critical clause, has been printed over and over again. The article relating to tolls, and which is the only article now in dispute, reads as follows:

The Canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

The question is a simple one. Can it be said that "all nations" are placed upon terms of "entire equality" if American coastwise shipping is freed from the usual tolls? The fact that only American ships are allowed to engage in coastwise traffic is irrelevant. The American ship carrying European traffic through the Canal for transfer at New York would obviously have a great advantage over Canadian and all other foreign routes. It is then obvious that "all nations" would not be on terms of "entire equality," but rather of substantial inequality, and the Canal would be the means of effecting that inequality. In other words the treaty would be broken in spirit and in letter.

The bill has still to pass the House of Representatives, and it will meet with strong opposition. Even those who believe that American coastwise shipping should be exempted from tolls may well maintain that this end should be secured through the usual diplomatic channels and not through the violation of a treaty. If the bill should eventually become law there will certainly be a demand that the question be submitted to arbitration, and there can not be the least doubt that it would then be decided in accordance with the unequivocal terms of the treaty. All this must have been evident to senators who were consulting neither their own dignity nor the dignity of the nation when they voted in a way that they must have known to be ultimately futile.

It is an unfortunate incident, and particularly so because this is its second occurrence. It comes at a time when we are inviting the great nations of the world to assemble in Washington to compose their differences and to give evidence of their good faith one to another and all of them to the cause of peace. At the very moment when the delegates of civilization are setting their faces toward our shores on a mission that may well prove to be the most momentous of its kind that has

ever been undertaken, the Senate of the United States wantonly and gratuitously expresses its contempt for treaties and its resolve to regard them as "scraps of paper."

Editorial Notes.

The oil field workers who are now on strike may have some good reason to expect a Federal intervention that shall be favorable to their cause, but it is much to be doubted. Most certainly their hopes will come to nothing if they continue to indulge in the highway lawlessness of stopping and detaining deputy sheriffs in the pursuance of their duties. There was a time when tactics such as these carried terror to executive hearts in Washington, but that time has passed.

The German army, says Von Moltke in his memoirs, had annually rehearsed the invasion of France through Belgium. During each rehearsal General von Kluck had advanced too rapidly, and upon the third occasion he had been warned by Von Moltke that if he made this mistake when actually upon French soil, Germany would be beaten. This is, of course, precisely the mistake that Von Kluck made, and with the predicted result, but one wonders how many more such disclosures will be needed to satisfy the German people that the invasion of Belgium was not an unforeseen necessity reluctantly forced upon the German command by the disposition of the French armies.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, speaking a few days ago in New York on the principles of government, made the following pregnant assertion:

Liberty, which once was endangered by monarchs and by ruling classes, has long ceased to fear either of these. It is now chiefly endangered by tyrannous and fanatical minorities which seize control for a longer or shorter time of the agencies and instruments of government through ability and skill in playing on the fears, the credulity, and the selfishness of men.

In very truth we are now governed by minorities. The whole mechanism of government presents the spectacle of compact and organized minorities overriding the will and interests of loosely-knit and unorganized majorities. And the minorities win every time.

An interesting demonstration of the government in business is found in the action of the Federal Trade Commission, which is prosecuting the entire Chamber of Commerce of Missoula, Montana, on the charge of unfair trade competition. The Chamber of Commerce, in coöperation with a theatre corporation, set out to destroy the business of mail-order houses in Missoula territory. The presentation of a mail-order catalogue, under the scheme adopted, became the equivalent of a theatre ticket. Thus mail-order catalogues were withdrawn from their possessors and burned, a rather clever scheme. But what business is this of the Federal Trade Commission, which is certainly saddling the government with a gigantic task if it intends to regulate domestic matters of this sort?

President Harding's appeal to the press of the country to avoid "mere propaganda" will have its proper weight with reputable newspapers and no weight at all with those other newspapers, fortunately few in number, whose perpetual motive is spite. But what, it may be asked, does the President mean by "mere propaganda"? Assuredly he does not mean the presentation of definite and reasoned opinions, however urgently and consistently sustained. Newspapers become legitimately strong in just that way. Perhaps propaganda may best be defined as the selection, suppression, and falsification of news in order to produce a desired effect upon the mind of the reader. It is comparable with the packing of a jury or the spiriting away of a material witness, and it need hardly be said that there are newspapers that do this most impudently. But they are not numerous.

More than 1,600,000 men and women more than forty-five years old are eking out a miserable existence in single blessedness, the census reports. More than 100,000 men about seventy-six years of age are listed as bachelors and nearly an equal number of women, sixty-four years or more, also are unmarried, besides a still larger number of men and women fifty years old who are without mates as a result of divorce or death. The average man now marries at thirty and the average woman at twenty-five. While 93 per cent. of the revenues of the national government are spent on war, a majority of the funds raised by city, state, and county levies is expended on schools.

GERMAN DISARMAMENT.

The restoration of public confidence in Europe is of greater practical importance than the formal agreements of statesmen as to the occupation and administration of disputed areas. So long as France believes that she is in danger of a third invasion from across the Rhine and that Germany is already nurturing her plans to that end, so long must there be a state of national disquiet fatal alike to economic restoration and to continental tranquillity.

Germany under the terms of the treaty was required to disarm and a commission was appointed to see that she did it. The work of the commission was not an easy one. Public opinion throughout the Allied countries was suspicious of German good faith. There were stories of incredible quantities of war munitions hurried away into the interior of Germany and cleverly concealed until the great day of revanche. German factories supposed to be engaged in the legitimate pursuits of trade were under the dark suspicion of manufacturing hand grenades and aeroplane engines. How should it be possible to ascertain the actual volume of German war munitions at the time of the armistice and so to be certain that they had actually been destroyed? There were stories of cannon buried in the forests and of rifles in gardens, and it was hard to persuade the average Frenchman that Germany was not actually in a position once more to throw herself across the Rhine armed to the teeth for further forays.

Such stories are ill-founded and they ought to be removed. The Commission of Disarmament was by no means working in the dark nor was the extent of its operations in any way a secret. The commission had of course no way of knowing the volume of German armament in existence at the close of the war, and it may be doubted if there were many men in Germany able to speak with knowledge on that point. But they were by no means without the material for an intelligent estimate. For example, General Bingham, representing Great Britain on the commission, was formerly in charge of Woolwich Arsenal, and he was therefore quite well informed as to the stock of munitions considered necessary by Great Britain. The French and Italian delegates are similarly competent men and their estimate of German requirements was not likely to be far wrong. General Bingham, with all the facts at his disposal, believes that Germany is practically disarmed at the present moment and that in the course of a month or so the work will be effectively finished, leaving Germany with no more equipment than is necessary for her police forces.

The statistics of German disarmament are not a secret. They are open to the inspection of any one who is interested, and it is strange that so little publicity has been given to them. Here are some of the principal figures of the weapons that have actually been destroyed:

Artillery cannon	36,800
Rifles	3,700,000
Machine guns	72,000
Trench mortars	10,200
Caissons and limbers	46,000
Loaded artillery shells (tons)	30,000,000
Fuses	109,000,000
Hand grenades	6,500,000
Rifle ammunition	300,000,000
Tanks	12

In some instances it was found that the German munitions were far in excess of Allied estimates, which speaks much for German military activities. About 6000 cannon were captured on the German front between the month of August and the armistice, and this seemed to be almost decisive in the lessening of the German resistance. As a matter of fact the terms of the armistice called only for an additional 5000 cannon, but actually some 37,000 additional cannon have already been destroyed. The total amount of destroyed cannon including those destroyed by the Germans themselves is now about 50,000, or ten times the number called for by the terms of the armistice.

There can have been no serious concealment of weapons. Individual arms have undoubtedly been hidden by private citizens, but it is practically certain that machine guns have not been buried, as the deterioration in metal would soon make such guns of no value. The more delicate parts of the mechanism would necessarily have been removed, but as their existence would be known only to a limited number of persons it would be difficult to reassemble the parts and to get the guns into condition for use. Such concealments must be very few in number and quite insignificant in importance.

The suspicion that factories are being used for illegitimate purposes is equally unfounded. The commission has been fully alive to such possibilities and has guarded against them. An exhaustive questionnaire was prepared which covered the whole matter of chemical warfare and the possible use of factories for the production of war material. All industrial plants have been examined and the machinery adapted to the production of war material has been destroyed. A large percentage of factories have already been given a clean bill of health and a careful and satisfactory record has been kept.

The implication of these authentic facts needs no further comment and the facts themselves can be verified by any one having the curiosity to do so.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

ONLY WHITES NEED APPLY.
(New York Times.)

Lord Northcliffe carried coals to Newcastle when he exhorted the Australians to keep their huge island a "white man's country." That they determined long ago to do if they could, and they have shown no signs of wavering in carrying out their purpose. Their adviser was quite right, however, when he told them that unless they increased their numbers by the intelligent and effective encouragement of a desirable immigration a day would come when their right to exclusive possession of the country they call theirs would be denied by one or another of the crowded peoples who already are looking with envious eyes on Australia's innumerable leagues of unutilized land.

When that day arrives it will be the power to keep, rather than asserted ownership, that will decide possession—it will, at least, unless by that time human nature is very much changed from what it is now—and no population of 5,000,000, which is all that Australia has now acquired, will be able, unassisted, to drive back the swarming invaders.

Europe at present contains millions of discouraged and discontented people who would go to Australia or almost anywhere else if they could get away. Not all of them are eminently desirable as settlers on wild land, but all at least are white, and all, until very lately, were regarded by other whites as "assimilable." Anyhow, Australia could get a multitude of them by assisting their immigration, and nobody would begrudge her the increment.

THE SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE.
(Decatur Herald.)

Why this rush to the campuses at a time when incomes are supposed to be reduced and household economies are essential?

One reason may be found in the general lack of jobs at high wages rather common two and three years ago, which enabled a youngster just out of high school to gratify his whim for shirts of vari-colored shades and fine texture, and to dress in clothes possessing that dash and swagger popularly supposed to characterize the habiliments of college men. Why go to college if you can draw down the mazzuma in an office and still dress like a collegian?

Not many youngsters are being kidnapped for high-paying positions these days. In fact a good many of these same young men have found to their sorrow how slender is the hold on the ladder of success when a man enters life work with his education still incomplete. Years like 1918, 1919, and 1920 seem to refute the old foggy notion that the grinding drudgery of hard work is essential for success, but the last year has rather tended to prove that the man without special training is under a heavy handicap. So young men are returning to school.

The 5,000,000 unemployed represent that part of the population that would not be interested in higher education under any circumstances. The families of only moderate means who put a boy or girl into college will manage somehow, for any father or mother worth the name will gladly make sacrifices in behalf of their children's education.

A CHANCE FOR CHARLIE.
(Boston Transcript.)

It is said that Charlie Chaplin deeply loves both his native country and the land of his adoption. Perhaps, in the interest of both, he might be induced to pay off England's little debt to America. It is only \$4,500,000,000.

PROHIBITION STATISTICS.
(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

Wayne B. Wheeler says that if England would drink nothing but water she could pay us what she owes us. According to which logic as Uncle Sam drinks nothing but water he has so much money he doesn't need to collect any debts.

THE MODERATE VIEW.
(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

People who would know the facts regarding the business situation today need to be on their guard alike against the professional crape hanger and the professional sunshine spreader. The country is not on the brink of disaster, as some would lead us to believe who point to the unemployment situation at home and retarded recovery abroad. Neither is business now nor is it likely to be for many months "better than ever." Slowly but surely the process of readjustment is working itself out. That process will be facilitated and the upward movement will gain momentum just to the degree that the financial and industrial community recognizes the true situation in which it finds itself—much better than it was a year ago; not nearly so good as the majority had hoped for by early autumn.

WORSE THAN BEFORE THE WAR.
(The Nation.)

Slowly the truth comes out: it is idle to talk of victors; all mankind lost the war and the peace; if the present policies continue "we'll all go to hell together." The latest American to enunciate this truth is Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, and of the State Chamber of Commerce. The particular prophecy we have quoted he attributes to a prominent German. It is evidently his own opinion, for he declares: "I think the relationships of the principal nations toward one another are worse now than they were before the war." He is sympathetic toward French fears, but condemns utterly France's German policy and its consequence. Financial conditions are chaotic, "the soaring of the dollar is telling against us."

THE SORROWS OF A SOLDIER.
(The Living Age.)

General Liman von Sanders, chief of the German military mission and forces in Turkey during the war, has added his book to the imposing mass of political and military memoirs with which the world is being flooded. His title is "Fünf Jahre Türkei," or "Five Years of Turkey." It appears from the reviews to record incessant bickering and bitterness between the Germans and the Turks, beginning almost as soon as Turkey entered the war, and continuing *crescendo* until the final catastrophe. One anecdote at least will be read with sympathetic understanding by men familiar with the Near East, and with the difficulties and misunderstandings that attend military coöperation between nations having radically different characters, ideals, and practical aims. When General von Sanders was in command of the Palestine front in 1918, shortly before the English broke through, he was scantily provided with troops, munitions, and medical supplies, and was surrounded by native tribes ready at any moment to revolt. He sent dispatch after dispatch to Stambul, imploring reinforcements. On September 21st five days before Bulgaria laid down her arms, he received his communication from Turkish headquarters. It was care-coded. In the utmost suspense he waited for it to be de-

ciphered. It read as follows: "On October 8th an athletic meet is to be held at this place. Would Your Excellency be willing to provide a prize for the sack race?"

FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

(A. Wasserbauer in Neue Freie Presse.)

Do not imagine that the Red army itself is living in luxury. When I passed through Ekaterinburg, on the fourth of last July, we threw some mouldy crusts, absolutely green and purple, out of the car-window. In an instant a crowd of soldiers, literally clad in tatters and dirty rags, cast themselves upon these crusts and crumbs like a pack of savage animals, and devoured them greedily. Thereupon I handed a soldier a piece of dry but edible bread. He asked me how much I wanted for it. Apparently it was worth several thousand rubles and he did not have the money. When I told him he could have it without payment, tears of gratitude rose to his eyes, and all that he could say was: "For five weeks all I have had is mouldy crumbs. This is the first piece of good bread I have had in five weeks." As a matter of fact, the bread I gave him was already three weeks old. This means that the grain which the army has requisitioned from the peasants has been utterly consumed. What little bread was issued last summer was poorly baked, and moulded almost immediately. Yet it was the only food to be had.

WORK NOT WANTED.

(New York Times.)

Investigations made by reporters of the *Evening Post* and the *Sun* have revealed, they inform us, that between "unemployment" and the men who sleep in the city parks these chilly nights there is not any close relation. That is, great numbers of these men are voluntarily unemployed, are content to be so as long as they can exploit the indiscriminating generosity of New Yorkers, and not only are not seeking for work, but will not accept it when offered.

In other words, a majority of the lodgers in the parks belong to the tramp class, and the claims that so many of them make to having served in the war are untrue.

One peculiar discovery of these investigators was that of a marked difference between the parks as regards the quality of the men resorting to them. In Bryant Park representatives of the "panhandler" type were most numerous, presumably because of the greater amount of advertising it has received, and partly because of its nearness to the streets and avenues where appeals for money are most likely to meet a careless response from the passing crowds, especially at night. In Madison Square offers of work met a somewhat more frequent response, but even here the refusals were many, and when the proposal was to do farm work rejection approached unanimity. In Washington Square the questions that were asked elicited responses more or less distinctly "red" in tint, and prophecies that the government soon would give place to proletarian rule were heard. In City Hall Park talk of work was scorned, and the general attitude was that of surliness and resignation.

A PROUD AND SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

(Don Marquis in New York Sun.)

If we let ten or fifteen millions of Japanese into the United States, we gather, the Japanese would like us a great deal better. They are a proud and sensitive people, and it hurts their feelings that they are not allowed to exploit this country to their commercial advantage. Obviously, it is our duty to make any and all concessions rather than continue to hurt their feelings. Our territory, and our industrial and social opportunities, should be theirs on demand. After we have permitted ten millions of them to settle here, we must still avoid hurting their feelings. We must permit them, if they choose, to act as an Oriental bloc in American politics; for they are a proud and sensitive people, and anything less might offend them. If they should feel crowded here in the course of time, as they now feel crowded in their archipelago, and wish Americans of European origin to emigrate to South America, Australia, and points south, we must once again avoid injuring the feelings of this proud and sensitive people. The Japanese question is no question at all, if it is approached in the proper conciliatory spirit; the solution consists entirely in avoiding anything that may injure the sensibilities of this proud and sensitive people. All they wish to do is to expand. It is very simple. Some one must give them room in which to expand and continue to give them room. Why not America? What happens to America in the process, socially, politically, racially, economically, is always of minor importance. We hope that we are not so old-fashioned as to urge that it makes any difference what happens to America. If we gave a thought to what might happen to America we fear we might be called illiberal, reactionary, prejudiced.

A CAUSE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.

(Oregonian.)

Double good would be done if all children under sixteen who are at work should be shut out of factories and sent back to school. They would gain education which would increase their earning power, become more useful citizens and benefit physically, and they would make room for many adults who are now unemployed. How many is indicated by the statement of the National Child Labor Committee that in the fall of 1920 in Detroit alone more than a thousand children between fourteen and sixteen were out of school on working permits while adult unemployment was increasing daily.

There is no real economy in the long run in the employment of children of that age, except the immediate saving to an employer who uses cheap labor for work which could often be done better by adults or by machinery. The United States Children's Bureau has found that such children do not remain in one position, but shift from one job to another so often that they can not learn any occupation. Eighteen per cent. of the younger boys leave their first positions within a month, and half of them change jobs within six months. They thus add to the floating population of unemployed adults far out of proportion to their number.

If all children under sixteen were sent back to school we should have, not only an immediate, temporary remedy for unemployment, but we should have one of the permanent remedies. One cause of unemployment is the number of industrial misfits who are capable of only common, unskilled labor, because their education has not gone far enough to fit them mentally to acquire a skilled trade. They shift from job to job, thinking only of the immediate wage, not of the long future in which they will want steady work, and thus they become casual workers. The first blast of industrial depression hits them and, having no skill, they have no resource within themselves to fall back on. Such people are the crux of the unemployment problem. Worse still is the stunted physical development which results from premature, continuous labor in the unhealthy air of a factory.

The foundations of a large Doric temple have been discovered at Sicyon. The temple, which was destroyed during the Roman epoch, is probably that of Artemis.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Fred K. Nelson, solicitor for the State Department, is said to be the man who drafts the treaties of the United States.

Mrs. J. J. O'Brien, formerly Mrs. Marion Harowitz of Philadelphia, is the first mayor of Moorehaven, Florida, and is reported to be the first woman mayor in the United States.

Sun Yat-Sen, President of the South China Republic, was educated in the United States. He is a graduate of the University of California and of Wellesley College.

Cecil Leitch has the distinction of being, at present, the only English athlete holding a British title. Miss Leitch, who is the English golf champion, also holds the French golf title.

Horatio S. Shonnard of the New York Yacht Club is the winner of the 214-mile ocean race for the Cape May Challenge Cup. His yacht *Sannica* defeated Vice-Commodore Harold S. Vanderbilt's *l'agrand* by 38 minutes, 10 seconds.

Tami Koume is a Japanese artist who is making a furor in England painting "soul pictures." These portraits for which fashionable society is eagerly posing are not figure paintings at all, but peculiar diagrams supposed to represent the sitter's soul pattern.

Miss Clara F. Porter of New York is one of the highest salaried women in the country. Miss Porter is a banker, associated with one of the largest trust companies in New York. She is a graduate of Smith College and holds the theory that there is no sex in brains.

Tracy Mathewson, the American photographer who was professional cinema man of the Prince of Wales' party while traveling in Canada, is the first operator to introduce a machine within the gates of St. James Palace. Mr. Mathewson was personally invited by the prince to make pictures of the royal palace.

Miss Martha Dulaney Bachman of Chattanooga, Tennessee, daughter of Justice Nathan L. Bachman of the Tennessee Supreme Court, has been appointed by General K. M. Van Zandt, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, as chief sponsor for the South at the forthcoming reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Chattanooga. The appointment carries with it the highest social honors of the occasion.

Dr. H. J. Webber is to return in November to the College of Agriculture of the University of California as professor of citriculture and director of the Citrus Experiment Station at Riverside, after a year's absence as manager of the Pedigreed Seed Company at Hartsville, South Carolina. Dr. Webber is a graduate of the University of Nebraska, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Washington University, St. Louis, in 1901. In 1913 he was made an honorary Doctor of Agriculture by the University of Nebraska for his noteworthy contributions to agricultural sciences. For fifteen years Dr. Webber was associated with the United States Department of Agriculture, during which time he won an international reputation for his investigations of the orange diseases of Florida and for work in fruit and cotton breeding.

Admiral the Marquis of Battenberg, better known as Prince Louis of Battenberg, has been promoted, as a special case, to the rank of admiral of the fleet on the retired list, in recognition of his services as first sea lord both before and after the outbreak of the war. Prince Louis, who was born in Gratz, Austria, in 1851, became a naturalized British subject and entered the Royal Navy as naval cadet in 1868. He earned lieutenantancy by 1876, was made commander in 1885, and captain in 1891. He was made rear-admiral in 1904, and, after various other naval promotions, first sea lord of the admiralty in 1912. He is elder brother of Trinity House, a fellow royal of the Numismatic Society and Royal Geographical Society, and last but not least, personal aide-de-camp to the king. He is the author of "Men-of-War" names and the inventor of a tactical instrument.

Major Arthur Davis Dean, who holds the chair of vocational education at Columbia University, has been appointed assistant director of the newly created veterans' bureau in charge of the rehabilitation division. He is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Alfred University. He was assistant principal of Technical High School, Springfield, Massachusetts, from 1899 to 1905. Other posts held by Major Dean are supervisor of Y. M. C. A. evening schools and of vocational schools of New York State, professor of vocational education, Teachers' College, Columbia University, assistant in investigation of apprenticeship systems, associate editor of *Vocational Education Magazine*, and president of the Eastern Art and Manual Training Teachers' Association. He is the author of "The Worker and the State" and "Our Schools in War-Time—And After."

Ivanoe Bonomi, the new Italian premier, was born at Mantua in 1875. After a brilliant university career, during which he devoted himself to economics and political science, he became a teacher and a journalist.

He began his political career as a Socialist and soon joined the reformist group of that party. He became editor-in-chief of *Avanti*, but left the Socialistic party and its organ when they began to show revolutionary tendencies. He was one of the founders of the Reformist party and a strong advocate of Italy's joining the Allies against the Central Powers. He became minister of public works in 1916, and again in 1919. Between his two ministerial periods he fought at the front as an officer of the Alpine troops. Becoming minister of war in the midst of demobilization, he is credited with having brought order out of the prevailing chaos. He was offered the premiership before, but refused it.

OLD FAVORITES.

Memory.

O Memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:

Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe:
And he who wants each other blessing
In thee must ever find a foe.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

The Banks o' Doon.

Ye flowery hanks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye hume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luv was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie hird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wistna o' my fate.

Ah! hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodhine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luv,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or' noon.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause luv stae my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.—*Robert Burns.*

The Old Cloak.

This winter's weather it waxeth cold,
And frost it freezeth on every hill,
And Boreas blows his blast so bold
That all our cattle are like to spill.
Bell, my wife, she loves no strife;
She said unto me quietly,
Rise up, and save cow Crumhock's life!
Man, put thine old cloak about thee!

He. O Bell my wife, why dost thou flyte?
Thou kens my cloak is very thin:
It is so bare and over worn,
A crickie thereon can not renn.
Then I'll no longer borrow nor lend;
For once I'll new apparell'd be:
Tomorrow I'll to town and spend;
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. Cow Crumhock is a very good cow:
She has always been true to the pail;
She has helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things she will not fail.
I would be loth to see her pine,
Good husband, counsel take of me:
It is not for us to go so fine—
Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

He. My cloak it was a very good cloak,
It has been always true to the wear;
But now it is not worth a groat:
I have had it four and forty year'.
Sometime it was of cloth in grain;
'Tis now but a sigh clout, as you may see:
It will neither hold out wind nor rain:
And I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. It is four and forty years ago
Since the one of us the other did ken;
And we have had, hetwixt us two,
Of children either nine or ten:
We have brought them up to women and men:
In the fear of God I trow they be.
And why wilt thou thyself misken?
Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

He. O Bell my wife, why dost thou flyte?
Now is now, and then was then:
Seek now all the world throughout,
Thou kens not clowns from gentlemen:
They are clad in black, green, yellow and blue,
So far above their own degree.
Once in my life I'll take a view:
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. King Stephen was a worthy peer:
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
Therefore he called the tailor "lown."
He was a king and wore the crown,
And thou'st hut of a low degree:
It's pride that puts this country down:
Man, take thy old cloak about thee!

He. Bell my wife, she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life
I oft must yield, though I'm good-man.
It's not for a man with a woman to threap,
Unless he first give o'er the plea:
As we began, so will we keep,
And I'll take my old cloak about me.
—*Anonymous poem of sixteenth century.*

LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES.

The Second Volume of Correspondence Concludes the Biography of a Distinguished Philosopher.

When William James returned from Europe in 1893 he was fifty-two years old, and this is the point selected by the editor of his letters for the beginning of his second volume. If James had been another man he might have settled down to win further renown in the field of psychology that he had seemed to make his own. But he knew well that actually there was no science of psychology and that there was no finality in anything that had been written about it. He called psychology a "nasty little subject" and he became more and more irritated at being addressed as a psychologist. Doubtless it seemed to him that the scientific label must lead inevitably to conservatism, dogmatism, and to that very assumption of finality that he disliked. None the less his interest in every problem of psychology continued to be strong. In 1898 we find him writing to Mr. James J. Putnam protesting against the Brahminical tendencies of the medical profession and the clamor for laws that should give them an absolute monopoly of the healing art. He himself was particularly conversant with nervous diseases and he knew that the commanding agency was that of the patient's own mind. How could he believe that any special potency was attached to a medical license, or that medical examinations could indicate the possession of qualifications such as were needed here. He writes:

"I assuredly hold no brief for any of these healers, and must confess that my intellect has been unable to assimilate their theories, so far as I have heard them given. But their facts are patent and startling; and anything that interferes with the multiplication of such facts, and with our freest opportunity of observing and studying them, will, I believe, be a public calamity. The law now proposed will so interfere, simply because the mind-curers will not take the examinations. . . . Nothing would please some of them better than such a taste of imprisonment as might, by the public outcry it would occasion, bring the law rattling down about the ears of the mandarins who should have enacted it. "And whatever one may think of the narrowness of the mind-curers, their logical position is impregnable. They are proving by the most brilliant new results that the therapeutic relation may be what we can best describe only as a relation of one person to another person; and they are consistent in resisting to the uttermost any legislation that would make 'examinable' information the root of medical virtue, and hamper the free play of personal force and affinity by mechanically imposed conditions."

In the following year James was in Europe and deeply immersed in the Dreyfus case, which was an affront to his every sense of decency and justice. Europe, he says, is full of sentiments that are so strong as to constitute corrupt influence and to set public morality at defiance:

The only serious permanent force of corruption in America is party spirit. All the other forces are shifting like the clouds, and have no partnerships with any permanently organized ideal. Millionaires and syndicates have their immediate cash to pay, but they have no entrenched prestige to work with, like the church sentiment, the army sentiment, the aristocracy and royalty sentiment, which here can be brought to bear in favor of every kind of individual and collective crime—appealing not only to the immediate pocket of the persons to be corrupted, but to the ideals of their imagination as well. . . . My dear Mack, we "intellectuals" in America must all work to keep our precious birthright of individualism, and freedom from these institutions. Every great institution is perforce a means of corruption—whatever good it may also do. Only in the free personal relation is full idealism to be found—I have vomited all this out upon you in the hope that it may wake a responsive echo.

James reverts again and again to his interest in psychic research, an interest that at that time demanded far more courage than it does now. He was particularly impatient with scientists such as Jastrow, who condemned theories and opinions on no better ground than their conflict with presuppositions, but unfortunately we have them still among us. Writing from Nauheim to Miss Frances R. Morse on July 10, 1901, he says:

I thank you also for your sympathetic remarks about my paper on Myers. Fifty or a hundred years hence, people will know better than now whether his instinct for truth was a sound one; and perhaps will then pat me on the back for hatching him. At present they give us the cold shoulder. We are right, in any event, than the Münsterbergs and Jastrows are, because we don't undertake, as a condition of our investigating phenomena, to bargain with them that they shan't upset our "presuppositions."

James sailed for England on April 1, 1902, to deliver a second course of lectures in Edinburgh. He writes to F. C. S. Schiller complaining that the world of intellect is unwilling to receive new ideas unless they form part of a technically and artificially, and professionally expressed system. And then he asks that there be no more talk of an Oxford degree for him. Such complimentary awards have no real value and he would rather be without them:

I hope you are not serious about an Oxford degree for your humble servant. If you are, pray drop the thought! I am out of the race for all such vanities. Write me a degree on parchment and send it yourself—in any case it would be but your award!—and it will be cheaper and more veracious. I had to take the Edinburgh one, and accepted the Durham one to please my wife. Thank you, no coronation either! I am a poor New Hampshire rustic, in bad health, and long to get back, after four summers' absence, to my own cottage and children, and never come away again for lectures or degrees or anything else. It all depends on a man's age; and after sixty, if ever, one feels as if one ought to come to some sort of equilibrium with one's native environment, and by means of a regular life get one's small

message to mankind on paper. That nowadays is my only aspiration.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the volume is to be found in the answers written by James to a questionnaire upon the subject of religious belief sent out in 1904 by Professor James B. Pratt of Williams College. It is too long for citation in full, but some of its more vital parts may be included here. James' answers are printed in italics:

3. Is God very real to you, as real as an earthly friend, though different? *Dinly Ireal!; not las an earthly friend.*

Do you feel that you have experienced His presence? If so, please describe what you mean by such an experience. *Never.*

How vague or how distinct is it? How does it affect you mentally and physically?

If you have had no such experience, do you accept the testimony of others who claim to have felt God's presence directly? Please answer this question with special care and in as great detail as possible. *Yes! The whole line of testimony on this point is so strong that I am unable to pool-pool it away. No doubt there is a germ in me of something similar that makes response.*

6. Do you pray, and if so, why? That is, is it purely from habit, and social custom, or do you really believe that God hears your prayers? *I can't possibly pray—I feel foolish and artificial.*

Is prayer with you one-sided or two-sided—i. e., do you sometimes feel that in prayer you receive something—such as strength or the divine spirit—from God? Is it a real communion?

7. What do you mean by "spirituality"? *Susceptibility to ideals, but with a certain freedom to indulge in imagination about them. A certain amount of "other worldly" fancy. Otherwise you have mere morality, or "taste."*

Describe a typical spiritual person. *Phillips Brooks.*

8. Do you believe in personal immortality? *Never keenly; but more strongly as I grow older. If so, why? Because I am just getting fit to live.*

9. Do you accept the Bible as an authority in religious matters? Are your religious faith and your religious life based on it? If so, how would your belief in God and your life toward Him and your fellow-men be affected by loss of faith in the authority of the Bible? *No. Na. Na. It is so humon a book that I don't see how belief in its divine authorship can survive the reading of it.*

10. What do you mean by a "religious experience"? *Any moment of life that brings the reality of spiritual things more "home" to one.*

In February, 1906, we find James writing to Theodore Flournoy from Stanford University. He is lecturing three times a week to 400 listeners and printing a daily syllabus. He finds it hard work and he says:

"Also outside 'addresses,' impossible to refuse. Damn them! Four in this hotel [San Francisco] where I was one of four orators who spoke for two hours on 'Reason and Faith,' before a Unitarian Association of Pacific Coasters. Consequence: gout on waking this morning! Unitarian gout—was such a thing ever heard of?"

James had quite definite views on the subject of war. He did not believe that peace could be or should be permanent until mankind is willing to impose upon itself a pacific discipline similar to the discipline of armies. The martial virtues are indispensable and they must be preserved in one way or another unless "we wish for dangerous reactions against commonwealths fit only for contempt":

Any utterances about war, arbitration, and disarmament are now likely to have their original meaning distorted by reason of what may justly be called the present fevered state of public opinion on such questions. It should be clear that the foregoing sentences were not directed to any particular question of domestic or foreign policy. They were part of a broad picture of the fighting instinct, and led up to a suggestion for diverting it into non-destructive channels. As to particular instances, circumstances were always to be reckoned with. James believed in organizing and strengthening the machinery of arbitration, but did not think that the day for universal arbitration had yet come. He saw a danger in military establishments, went so far—in the presence of "jingoism" aroused by Cleveland's Venezuela message—as to urge opposition to any increase of the American army and navy, encouraged peace societies, and was willing to challenge attention by calling himself a pacifist. "The first thing to learn in intercourse with others is non-interference with their own peculiar ways of being happy, provided those ways do not presume to interfere by violence with ours." Tolerance—social, religious, and political—was fundamental in his scheme of belief; but he took pains to make a proviso, and drew the line at tolerating interference or oppression. Where he recognized a military danger, there he would have had matters so governed as to meet it, not to evade it. Writing of the British garrison in Halifax in 1897, he said: "By Jove, if England should ever be licked by a Continental army, it would only be Divine justice upon her for keeping up the Tommy Atkins recruiting system when the others have compulsory service."

James had taken no active part in the work of the Society for Psychical Research since 1896. But in 1907 he was tempted from his silence by the phenomena associated with Mrs. Piper, and on April 21st we find the following letter addressed to Mr. Charles Lewis Slatery summarizing his opinions:

My state of mind is this: Mrs. Piper has supernormal knowledge in her trances; but whether it comes from "tapping the minds" of living people, or from some common cosmic reservoir of memories, or from surviving "spirits" of the departed, is a question impossible for me to answer just now to my own satisfaction. The spirit theory is undoubtedly not only the most natural, but the simplest, and I have great respect for Hodgson's and Hyslop's arguments when they adopt it. At the same time the electric current called belief has not yet closed in my mind.

Whatever the explanation be, trance-mediumship is an excessively complex phenomenon, in which many concurrent factors are engaged. That is why interpretation is so hard. Make any use, public or private, that you like of this.

James was not willing to be considered an anti-imperialist of the irreconcilable sort. He strongly disapproved of the pugnacities of the McKinley administration, but he was willing to make the best of what he believed to be a bad bargain. On June 11, 1907, he writes to Mr. W. Cameron Forbes:

I think if you had me on the spot you would find me a less impractical kind of an anti-imperialist than you have

supposed me to be. I think that the manner in which the McKinley administration railroaded the country into its policy of conquest was abominable, and the way the country pucked up its ancient soul at the first touch of temptation, and followed, was sickening. But with the establishment of the civil commission McKinley did what he could to redeem things and now what the Islands want is continuity of administration to form new habits that may to some degree be hoped to last when we, as controllers, are gone. WHEN? that is the question. And much difference of opinion may be fair as to the answer. That we can't stay forever seems to follow from the fact that the educated Philipinos differ from all previous colonials in having been inoculated before our occupation with the ideas of the French Revolution; and that is a virus to which history shows as yet no anti-toxine. As I am at present influenced, I think that the U. S. ought to solemnly proclaim a date for our going (or at least for a plebiscite as to whether we should go) and stand by all the risks. Same date, rather than indefinitely drift. And shape the whole interval towards securing things in view of the change. As to this, I may be wrong, and am always willing to be convinced. I wish I could go, and see you all at work. Heaven knows I admire the spirit with which you are animated—a new thing in colonial work.

There is a hardly a topic of human interest that is left unnoticed in these letters. Of peculiar interest is James' opinion of Shakespeare, an opinion that is based upon a certain direct common sense that comes refreshingly as an antidote to many imaginative estimates that reflect their authors rather than the real Shakespeare. Writing to Mr. T. S. Perry on May 22, 1910, James says:

I have two letters from you—one about . . . Harris on Shakespeare. Re Harris, I did think you were a bit supercilious a priori, but I thought of your youth and excused you. Harris himself is horrid, young and crude. Much of his talk seems to me absurd, but nevertheless that's the way to write about Shakespeare, and I am sure that, if Shakespeare were a Piper-control, he would say that he relished Harris far more than the pack of reverent commentators who treat him as a classic moralist. He seems to me to have been a professional omuser, in the first instance, with a productivity like that of a Dumas, or a Scribe; but possessing what no other amuser has possessed, a lyric splendor added to his rhetorical fluency, which has made people take him for a more essentially serious human being than he was. Neurotically and erotically, he was hyperaesthetic, with a playful graciousness of character never surpassed. He could be profoundly melancholy; but even then he was controlled by the audience's needs. A cork in the rapids, with no ballast of his own, without religious or ethical ideals, accepting uncritically every theatrical and social convention, he was simply an æolian harp passively resounding to the stage's call. Was there ever an author of such emotional importance whose reaction against false conventions of life was such an absolute zero as his? I know nothing of the other Elizabethans, but could they have been as soulless in this respect?—But *halte-là!* or I shall become a Harris myself!

James died on August 26, 1910. He knew well that the end could not be far off and he had hurried back from Geneva almost in a state of collapse and animated only by the desire to reach home before the end came:

After leaving Geneva James rested at Lamh House for a few days before going to Liverpool to embark. Walking, talking and writing had all become impossible or painful. The short northern route to Quebec was chosen for the home voyage. When he and Mrs. James and his brother Henry landed there, they went straight to Chocorua. The afternoon light was fading from the familiar hills on August 19th, when the motor brought them to the little house, and James sank into a chair beside the fire, and sobbed, "It's so good to get home!"

A change for the worse occurred within forty-eight hours and the true situation became apparent. The effort by which he had kept up a certain interest in what was going on about him during the last weeks of his journey, and a certain semblance of strength, had spent itself. He had been clinging to life only in order to get home.

Death occurred without pain in the early afternoon of August 26th.

His body was taken to Cambridge, where there was a funeral service in the College Chapel. After cremation, his ashes were placed beside the graves of his parents in the Cambridge Cemetery.

The editor is to be commended for the way in which he has commemorated his father's life. Collections of letters form the best of all biographies because they are actually unmediated autobiographies. Mr. Henry James has done his work of selection with much skill and in such a way as to present a picture of his distinguished father that he has all the merits of the best literary portraiture.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. Edited by his son, Henry James. In two volumes. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$10.

The Albanian Press Bureau in Paris announces that the news of the recognition by Great Britain of Albania's rights over Argyrokastr and Kortha, and the maintenance of the Albanian frontier as determined in 1913, has given rise to joyful demonstrations throughout Albania. Telegrams expressing thanks have been sent by the Albanian government to the governments of the great powers, and the municipalities of Argyrokastr and Kortha have formally expressed their gratitude to Great Britain, France, and Italy. It is hoped that a new era of peace has dawned for Albania, founded on good relations with her neighbors, based on the respect of mutual rights.

Emir Feisul, by an overwhelming majority, has been elected King of Irak. In an electorate numbering about one million 96 per cent. voted in favor of Feisul. The vote, therefore, confirms the resolution of the provisional council of state that Feisul should be chosen king. A communication from the colonial office states that the authorities in Irak are fully satisfied with the political situation there, which will enable the progressive reduction of British troops to proceed with greater expedition than was anticipated.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 8, 1921, were \$132,900,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$164,400,000; a decrease of \$28,500,000.

In the last month the bond market has shown a very decided improvement. Prices have been rising steadily and the prevailing sentiment indicates that their general trend will continue to be upward. The best indication of the extent of this rise is given by the $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. and $\frac{4}{8}$ per cent. United States Liberty Loan issues, which have moved up an

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average of two and a half points in the last thirty days. Being the most widely held and most active of all American securities they are one of the best indicators of sentiment in the investment market (says E. H. Rollins & Sons in their October letter).

California hydro-electric public utility bonds have enjoyed their full share of this improvement. Since the end of August the most active of the longer-term issues of the Pacific Gas and Electric, Great Western Power, Southern California Edison, and San Joaquin Light and Power companies have risen an average of two and a half points. There is a keen demand for such good public utility bonds of twenty years life or more and we

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are glad that we are able to offer to local investors the excellent securities of this type which are described elsewhere in this circular.

Another indication of the improvement of the bond market is found in the offering of some \$57,000,000 of new railroad equipment trust certificates which have just been brought out at prices to yield 5.80 per cent. Eighteen months ago such securities sold on a 7 per cent. basis. This change is equivalent to a rise of eight points in the price of a ten-year 7 per cent. bond.

Of course lower interest rates—i. e., "cheaper money"—mean higher security prices and it will gratify bondholders to note that the Federal Reserve Bank of New York has very recently reduced its rediscount rate from $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. to $\frac{5}{8}$ per cent.

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The United States has had an experience with continuous operation of railways that has left the sentiment for public ownership weaker than before the experiment. But under the leadership of William McAdoo and other able advocates of state and Federal socialism there are still many who pin their faith to nationally-owned and operated railways.

The Minneapolis Tribune has an illuminating editorial on this subject from which we cull the following paragraphs. They contain solid, convincing facts from our near-by neighbor Canada, where conditions are not unlike our own, and contain good, wholesome reading for the average American:

"Private-owned railroads of the United States are not alone in the matter of financial stress. The public-owned railways of Canada are deep in trouble, as shown by the report of Sir Joseph Flavelle to Premier Meighen. Sir Joseph charges up these troubles largely to mistakes of policy by past governments, to lack of interest by the people in the success of their own railroad property, and to the blighting effect of 'politics' manifesting itself in various ways.

"Far from paying their own operating expenses, the Canadian national railways fell short of this achievement by \$32,656,000 last year, and Sir Joseph says there will be another heavy deficit this year—a deficit that will have to come out of the pockets of the taxpayers. The public treasury must meet this loss—probably about \$10,000,000—and it must also pay out of its coffers about \$37,000,000 in fixed charges, such as interest on bonds and debentures. There is an additional fixed charge of \$10,000,000 on public accounts against the roads and for further capital expenditure for indispensable terminals. Summing up, the Canadians have, or soon will have, a public-owned railway system against which there will be annual fixed charges of approximately \$50,000,000, which, in the absence of an operating surplus, will have to come out of the pockets of the people in the form of taxes."

The growing popularity of Mission Street as a centre for financial institutions is emphasized by the announcement of the Security Bank and Trust Company of this city that the required permits have been received from the state banking department and Federal Reserve Bank and plans completed for the establishment of its first branch bank. This bank is to be located in the Hoyt Building, on Mission Street between Twenty-Second and Twenty-Third Streets, the heart of a thriving business section, which serves a great and growing residential and industrial district.

This institution will be a true neighborhood bank, localized in management and fitted out with all modern bank equipment. It will conduct a regular banking business, maintaining commercial banking, savings, trust, and safe deposit departments.

The Security Bank and Trust Company was established in 1871 and for fifty years the bank was known as a strictly savings bank, but has recently added both commercial and trust departments.

Based largely on the favorable outlook for money, the demand for all classes of bonds has been excellent throughout the period un-

der consideration, with a steady upward tendency. Transactions in Liberty's, state and municipal, and railroad and industrial bonds have been in good volume (according to the October issue of *Commerce Monthly*, published by the National Bank of Commerce in New York).

New offerings have been fairly light, the most important being \$10,000,000 Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company 6½s due in 1931, offered to yield 6.55 per cent., which was promptly oversubscribed, and \$25,000,000 twenty-year 8 per cent. non-callable bonds of Brazil, offered to yield 8.15 per cent. It is noteworthy that an otherwise similar issue was offered in May at 8.25 per cent. There is every evidence that the secondary distribution of the large foreign government flotations made in the United States since the beginning of the year has been successful, and practically all of these bonds are now selling above the issue price.

For the six months ending June 30th of this year the majority of the railroads report a large increase in place of deficits over the 1920 period. In many instances some of the more important roads are exceeding the guaranteed return rate based on a 5½ per cent. net ratio.

The present outlook for the railroad securities is particularly bright. The most important factor, however, which has stimulated a better demand for railroad securities has been the large sale to banking interests and investment houses of \$100,000,000 of railroad trust certificates, the proceeds from which will be instantly available to the roads for the purchase of new railroad equipment and general improvement. The remaining \$280,000,000 in trust certificates will be absorbed at an early date, according to well-founded reports. The latter were further helped by notably increased earnings of roads such as the Northern Pacific, New York Central, Atchison, Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, Lehigh Valley, Chicago and Rock Island, Colorado and Southern, St. Louis and San Francisco, St. Louis Southwestern, Kansas City Southern, C. C. C. and St. Louis, and others.

The net increase in earnings of the Pennsylvania system shows a remarkable increase of \$4,800,000 over 1920 earnings. The New York Central shows an increase of over \$6,500,000, the Atchison nearly \$2,000,000, and the Baltimore and Ohio over \$2,000,000.

The following are the present earnings of some of the leading roads: Union Pacific, 12.00; Canadian Pacific, 10.00; Illinois Central, 13.20; Norfolk and Western, 8.00; Southern Pacific, 9.20; Atchison, 10.00; New York Central, 6.20; St. Louis and San Francisco, 8.00; Kansas City Southern, 7.00; Baltimore and Ohio, 6.20; Colorado and Southern, 6.90; Chicago-Rock Island, 5.90; Chesapeake and Ohio, 8.00.

During the latter part of this year earnings of many of the Southern roads will in all probability continue to show larger net earnings. With reduced wages, adjustment of freight rates, and the proposed legislation recommended by President Harding there seems to be assured in the immediate future the passing of the refunding bill now before Congress. This legislation, which will result in the payment of \$500,000,000 to the railroads, will greatly stimulate the activities of the carriers.—John D. Dunlop.

The September trade report of Reid Brothers, manufacturers and exporters of hospital supplies, 91 Drumm Street, indicates that at

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least in the interest of providing care and comforts for the afflicted business is healthy. The company's foreign trade for the month, according to a report issued by M. L. Reid, president, attained a new record, when 1500 orders, of a value of \$61,000, were filled for seventy-four foreign countries.

Orders received included complete equipment for the new Suzanna Hospital at Agona, Guam; an order from Governor Donato Moreno of the State of Zacatecas, Mexico, for complete equipment for the new government hospital at Zacatecas; an order for 50,000 pounds of absorbent cotton for Mexican hospitals; a large assortment of surgical instruments for government hospitals in Panama;



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equipment for a new hospital at Chieng Rai, Siam, and a new hospital in India; stocks of general merchandise for northern China, absorbent cotton for the Spanish army in Morocco, and many others as widely divergent.

The best interests of the United States demand that the inflow of gold from Europe which has occurred since the beginning of the great war shall be reversed at as early a date as possible, in the opinion of Dr. H. A. E. Chandler, economist of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, in the October issue of the bank's magazine, *Commerce Monthly*. America's proportion of the world's monetary stocks is now sufficiently normal to cause apprehension, he declares, and her gold

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policy should be constructed with a view to facilitating a movement in the opposite direction.

"A review of the available data in regard to the future needs of Europe clearly leaves the impression that her approach to normal conditions may require monetary supplies considerably in excess of her present combined holdings," Dr. Chandler says. "For this excess she must call upon the outside world, and especially upon those few countries that

flux, "recent personal conferences with an important number of European authorities disclosed their almost unanimous agreement that for some considerable period the United States must continue to receive practically all of the world's gold production with the exception of that which goes into the arts and that may be absorbed by India.

"The question as to when the return flow will set in is partly concealed in the intricacies and uncertainties of the relative trade balance relationships of the several nations. It depends in part upon the world trade revival and the ability of European nations to establish favorable trade balances. It is interesting to note, however, that European economists and financiers do not attempt to conceal their pleasure at seeing the gold flow to the United States. They reason that no people could resist the temptation of inflation in the face of such a flow; that such an inflation will render American goods relatively high in cost and therefore further reduce our merchandise exports; that on the other hand Europe's goods will become relatively lower in price and therefore increased exportation from Europe will result.

"Indeed Americans who have given careful thought to the present gold influx with reference to inflation and the possible disturbing effects upon industry are apprehensive as to the results. If it is true, as careful investigation appears to indicate, that there is a tendency for an increasing percentage of the total commercial bank loans in the United States to take the form of fixed capital investments any considerable extension of credit upon the basis of the new gold would present a problem of very great importance.

"The question of Europe's need for part of our present supplies of gold does not necessarily wait upon her ultimate recovery or the complete adoption of the gold standard. As fast as one country after another approaches the condition when stabilization of currencies can be considered, an increased need for gold may occur.

"While it is true that the return flow of the gold is not imminent and that a considerable period may lapse before Europe can effectively demand any important part of our gold, it is much to the interest of the United States to have these gold reserves returned as soon as Europe can utilize them. With these facts in mind our gold policy should be so formulated that as fast as needed the gold may be returned without causing embarrassment either to Europe or to the United States."

Expansion is the order of the day with the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, investment bankers, who recently moved to one of the finest equipped and most conveniently arranged quarters in the city. These are on the second floor of the First National Bank Building, directly opposite the elevators, the former offices of the Federal Trust Company.

A quarterly dividend at 8 per cent. on both the common and preferred stock was declared by Reid Brothers, Inc., manufacturers and exporters of hospital supplies, 91 Drumm Street, as of October 1st, and checks have been received in the mails from the Seattle office. The company has paid a minimum of 8 per

cent. for the past twelve years without missing a dividend. In addition the common has on occasion earned as high as 18 per cent. and the preferred has frequently participated to 12 per cent. The company is building a new factory at Irvington, work on which will be in full swing within the next two weeks. Branches are maintained in the Orient and South America.

De Witt & Ledbetter, fiscal agents, in the American National Bank Building, are offering an issue of \$200,000 in 6 per cent. cumulative, participating preferred stock at \$100 par value per share in the Seriterra Company of Oroville, California.

The Seriterra Company, incorporated under the laws of Nevada in 1917, owns eight hundred acres of land in the thermal belt of Butte County, in the heart of the citrus and olive country, for the purpose of silk growing.

Since the late autumn of 1917 the company has been devoting all its energies to bringing its plantation into being. It has spent three years in propagating mulberry trees from selected stocks and in planting the land therewith. It now has more than 150,000 trees set in plantation form and has in its nurseries sufficient stock to complete the acreage necessary to supply its cocooneries with feed. When planting is complete the cocoon supply will be sufficient to furnish the stock for an eighty-basin filature.

It will be evident to investors that the usual long wait for trees to mature that accompanies the establishment of a fruit, nut, or olive orchard will be absent in this case, as the waiting time has already passed and the first cocoon crop may be expected in 1922.

Since the trees in the plantation are now sufficiently grown to furnish leaves in commercial quantities it is necessary to provide the funds to complete the programme of the company, as made at its inception. From the sale of shares now offered the Seriterra Company will erect cocooneries, living quarters for its employees, housing for its farm implements, and a filature or reeling mill of eighty basins.

A new issue of \$2,000,000 San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation unifying and refunding mortgage 7 per cent. bonds are being offered by Cyrus Peirce & Co., Blyth, Witter & Co., and Banks, Huntley & Co. These bonds are due March 1, 1931, and are redeemable on thirty days notice at any interest period at 107½ and accrued interest up to and including March 1, 1931, and at 105 and accrued interest thereafter.

The unifying and refunding mortgage authorizes the issuance of \$150,000,000 face amount of bonds and provides that bonds may be issued thereunder at par for 75 per cent. of the cost of new construction, additions, and betterments, and then only when the net earnings for twelve months out of the preceding fifteen months shall have been sufficient to show one and three-fourths times the total interest on all bonds outstanding and those of this mortgage for which certification may have been requested.

The unifying and refunding mortgage provides that when and as the remaining bonds of the first and refunding mortgage can be issued, and when and if additional first and



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refunding mortgage bonds are released to the company by the payment of underlying issues or from any other source; such first and refunding mortgage bonds must be immediately deposited with the trustee of the unifying and refunding mortgage, resulting eventually in the deposit under the unifying and refunding mortgage of a substantial proportion and possibly a majority of the first and refunding mortgage bonds.

The mortgage provides a sinking fund, commencing March 1, 1927, of 2 per cent. of the

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

English Catholic Revival.

To American readers who have forgotten the world sensation created in the 'seventies by the defection of the great English prelate, Newman, from the Anglican church to the Roman Catholic, in the latter of which he soon became cardinal, it seems a little strange, at first blush, to see two large volumes of nearly 500 pages each devoted to the subject of "The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century." A perusal, however, of the introduction to this work, which is by Paul Thureau Dangin of L'Académie Française, quickly dispels any misimpressions and prepares one for a serious examination of a very serious episode in religious history.

Newman's defection, as Dangin outlines it, was a sort of prototype of the entire Catholic revival with which his work deals. It embodied and reflected the reaction from liberalism and "philosophism" which characterized life in England following the Napoleonic wars, and it served as a centre around which those might cluster who were reaching for a reexpression of religious zeal and of what they chose to denominate spiritual devotion.

Newman himself, although the son of a banker, was by nature an ascetic and was almost painfully self-disciplinary. The religious environment of the Anglican church in which he served was almost polarly antithetic, the clergy being self-indulgent, indif-

ferent, often profligate. Newman, aided and encouraged and stimulated by such intimate associates as Whately, Froude, Pusey, and the poet Keble, persisted in pushing forward the intensity of his own viewpoint until it culminated in his resignation from the Anglican organization and his acceptance of the Roman Catholic ritual, claims, and practices as the only device by which religion could be restored to its rightful course. The force of his personal character was great enough to carry with him an extraordinary contingent of persons to whom the Anglican church conditions had become only less unsatisfying than they were to Newman.

Manning's conversion followed that of Newman, but it reflected rather a correlative than a primary phase of the revival. Dangin portrays both the conversion and its public effect with much vividness, albeit with considerable religious partisanship. He also sets forth in much detail the sharp controversy which presently grew up between Newman and Manning after both had formally entered the Roman ministry.

Other chapters in this work deal with the revival of ritualism, the caution which had to be exercised in its reintroduction, the persecutions which the author says the ritualists were forced to undergo, and the final restoration of Catholicism to a position of social and political repute in the British Isles.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Paul Thureau-Dangin. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$12 net.

Travel in South Africa.

A fascinating handbook has been published by the South African Department of Railways and Harbors for prospective travelers through that interesting country. This effort on the part of the publicity department of the South African government purports only to be a travel guide through the Union, but is really much more. It presents a picture of South Africa such as few books on the subject do. It supplies a history of Dutch and British South Africa, an interesting discussion of the antiquities at Zimbabwe, as well as an economic analysis of all parts of South Africa today. The latter, however, is a rather cursory survey—recent developments being too detailed and immense a subject to be treated adequately in a small volume. However, all included information is strictly up to date, as the volume has been compiled by an official party who have recently and extensively traveled through the Union for this purpose. The trip outlined is from Cape Town, through the Karoo, Kimberley, Zimbabwe, across the Vaal, through the Transvaal to Pretoria and Johannesburg, to Durban, the winter watering place of South Africa, through the Orange Free State, Eastern Cape Province and Midland Cape Province, over the Outeniquas, and finally back to the Cape. It is a hook well calculated to win new travelers and colonists. Copies may be had from the Publicity Agent, office of the High Commissioner for Union of South Africa, London, or through Thomas Cook & Son.

TRAVEL IN SOUTH AFRICA. Published under the authority of the General Manager, South African Railways and Harbors.

Three Soldiers.

It is sometimes tempting to ignore the trite philosophy that there are two sides to everything. John Dos Passos may be morally in accord with the accepted standards of realistic fiction in his squalid interpretations in "Three Soldiers," but one is apt to close the book with the reflection that he has gone too far for the average person's taste.

The conversation of the soldiers is replete with oaths and at times becomes almost obscene. The curtain is hardly drawn before the private life of the soldiers in France. Of course every one knows such conditions exist, but it is hardly necessary to go out of the way just to shock the finer sensibilities. The author has the true modernist's disregard for the Victorian method of indicating oaths by an initial and a dash. If he had used the respectable old method his pages would have presented a very dashy appearance, so numerous are the oaths. This is the first novel published by the author in America and one can not help admiring his ability to escape the censor.

In considering the other side of the question one finds a strong argument in justification of the "Three Soldiers." Fearlessly and not without bitterness John Dos Passos states the case for Youth against the Established Order. He dares to tell the truth about the ruthless stamping machine of war. American youth is represented in the mold, in the machine, and finally crushed beneath the relentless wheels.

THREE SOLDIERS. By John Dos Passos. New York: George H. Doran Company.

In Central India.

Lovers of travel literature and of tales of real adventure will find it hard to discover a more absorbing book than that of Captain J. Forsyth on "The Highlands of Central India." Tests of human endurance against every manner of obstacle and almost every form of

jungle and mountain terror are written from cover to cover of the volume, while through it all run the highly valuable comments and observations of an intelligent Englishman upon the geology, ethnology, physiography, and zoölogy of the little-traveled regions which the author penetrated.

THE HIGHLANDS OF CENTRAL INDIA. By Captain J. Forsyth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Brief Reviews.

Sir George Aston (George Southcote) gives us half a century of fishing experiences in his little hook, "Mostly About Trout," just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Moreover, he tells us that the stories are all true. A fishing story is not necessarily improved by veracity, but these particular stories are admirably told.

"The Story Lady's Book," by Georgene Faulkner, is an extremely attractive edition of Miss Faulkner's stories for children, many of which have already appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Miss Faulkner has won the title of the Story Lady through her work with Chautauquas in many states. The book, which is gotten out by Small, Maynard & Co. (\$1.75), is a charming example of the publisher's art.

"The Raid of the Ottawa," by D. Lange (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50), of which the scene is laid in Western Pennsylvania and near the Great Lakes in the time of the French and Indian war, tells how two American boys followed the trail of an Ottawa who had stolen their younger brother, and how they themselves were captured and became, for a time, the adopted sons of a noble Indian, who at last helped them find their brother.

"Haiti," by J. Dryden Kuser (the Gorham Press; \$3), calls attention to the economic importance of this tropic island. It is predicted here that Haiti will become one of the greatest fields for American investments of the future, because of its cheap labor, fertile soil, variety of products, and possibilities as a winter resort. In the latter capacity it should be just as important as the Hawaiian Islands or its neighbor resort, Palm Beach. The present volume is a survey of present-day Haiti.

The boy who loves wild life and hunting and adventure in strange lands will enjoy "Boy Hunters in Demerara," by G. Inness Hartley (Century Company; \$1.75). The story is set on the northern coast of South America in British Guiana, which is known in that region as Demerara. And in addition to the adventure element, the book has a great deal of authoritative information about the animal and plant life of this little-known section of South America. The author shows the British Guiana jungle in a new light—and not as a fever-ridden swamp.

Gospel of Books and Authors.

In "Working North from Patagonia" Harry A. Franck tells, say his publishers, of a visit to the French penal colony at Cayenne, French Guiana, which revealed a veritable earthly inferno. Mr. Franck's long-confirmed habit of steadily and ruthlessly speaking "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" concerning that which he sees on his travels has several times had the useful effect of casting strong and uncolored light on several of the chronic problems of "dependencies."

Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz, whose "My Memoirs" was recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is the first of those of the Austro-Hungarian court to write an important account of the years leading up to the great war, the war itself, and of the revolution and turmoil to follow. Prince Windischgraetz is one of the ablest and most instinctively good writers that the war has produced. Although he has accomplished more and endured more than a dozen or so of average men he is still in the thirties.

In a two-column article on its book page the *Chicago Tribune* printed an arraignment of book publishers in general because they have not reduced the prices of books and, without attempting to present the facts, made the bald statement that it was time for book publishers to get back to the prices which prevailed in 1914. The National Book Pub-

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lishers' Association has seen fit to send a reply to the *Tribune* requesting that it give the same prominence as the original article. The publishers' statement shows that in spite of light reductions in the cost of paper and some forms of labor, the manufacturing cost of the average book is still more than 77 per cent. greater than it was in 1914. Selling costs also, as shown by actual figures, are nearly 100 per cent. higher than they were in 1914. Book prices, on the other hand, show an average advance of not more than 40 per cent., and it is the contention of the National Book Publishers' Association that even at present prices publishers have made no profit in several years, as they absorbed most of the increased cost of making and distributing books.

The Englishman, Hector Bywater, who in his "Sea Power in the Pacific" (Houghton Mifflin Company) has pointed out to Americans with unpleasant and startling clarity the probable outcome of an American-Japanese conflict, is now the regular London correspondent of the *Scientific American*.

"Outwitting Our Nerves," by the California psychoanalyst and psychotherapist, Dr. Josephine A. Jackson, and her collaborator, Helen M. Salisbury, has been for some time included in the lists of non-fiction best-sellers.

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Quiet Interior.

The difference between the ordinary novel which is merely a chronicle of more or less interesting events and the all too extraordinary one whose people live in one's memory even though they live nowhere else is a matter of portraying attitudes and nuances of feeling. This is not to say that only a psychological novel is of lasting value. But, at the same time, unless one has a flair for human nature—the subject of psychology—wherever is the use of writing a novel? An adventure story perhaps, but not a novel. So that the major form of fiction practically connotes the term that has become almost anathema to many people with reference to fiction—"psychological."

Such a book as "Quiet Interior" is noteworthy, not merely because it is excellently done, but because it is wonderfully felt. Miss Jones experienced in imagination, at least—that undisputed realm of the psychological—all the emotions imparted to her very real characters—only one of whom is not treated sympathetically and who is observed rather than felt or imagined. That is the adopted child of the Norris family, Hilary Monk-Norris. Perhaps because she is an alien type to Miss Jones' own personality she gives accent to the novel and by the very fact of her own harsh drawing makes the reality of her fellows greater. She is not out of drawing, either; she is simply characteristic of the sort of novel that depends entirely on cleverness in its characters. Hilary is a caricature of the modern emancipated girl where Henrietta is a sympathetic portrait. Clair Norris herself, our heroine, is not clever so much as intellectual. In fact, merely as a study of various types of modern femininity "Quiet Interior" would be interesting. But its types are not its paramount interest. They give reality and background to Claire Norris' "scrupulous soul."

As a picture of modern upper middle-class life, with its ironies, limitations, and luxuries, "Quiet Interior" is well-nigh perfect. Though sympathetic, it is not idealistic. It has the realism of life itself where the greatest sorrows are not squalid ones, but tragedies felt in the seclusion of one's own mind, under a gay exterior. This element of contrast, alone, has great dramatic value, and it is odd that more novelists do not discover it, quite apart from the fact of its greater lifelikeness. "Quiet Interior" is a piece of thoroughly

artistic workmanship and is one of the few current novels that one would care to re-read—simply to savour again its delicate differentiations.

QUIET INTERIOR. By E. B. C. Jones. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A Work on Secession.

Secession as a right inherent in a federation of governments and necessary to the preservation of a political union is the theme of a two-volume work by Bunford Samuel, issued by the Neale Press.

Mr. Samuel's reason for bringing forth a work on this subject at a date so far removed from the civil war is that he coincides with the views of Charles Francis Adams and differs radically from those of James Bryce. Bryce holds that the secession issue, as raised prior to and continued to the end of the civil war, is one of ever decreasing moment, is in fact purely "academic." Adams holds that "as the years roll by the conflict of '61-5 will assume even larger world proportions and become matter of more careful general study."

It is Mr. Samuel's aim to furnish material for this "more careful general study." To this end he has gathered a large amount of reference material, such as legal opinions, public utterances, familiar and unfamiliar argument and discussion, and has interspersed it with racy and not entirely dispassionate comment. Students of historical issues will find the work useful, as will also all readers who still cling in any way to the justification of the cause of the Southern States.

SECESSION AND CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY. By Bunford Samuel. New York: Neal Publishing Company; \$10 net.

Messer Marco Polo.

There is an indefinable quality in the writings of some Irishmen that can only be described as of unearthly beauty. It is not of this world. And to the best of our knowledge no other race possesses it. James Stephens has it. And it is the vital quality in this tale by Donn Byrne of thirteenth-century Venice and the Orient of Kublai Khan.

Told in the form of an Irish yarn by old Malachi of the Glens to a studio full of New York dilettanti, there is no lack of dramatic contrast in tale and setting and telling. The principal charm, in fact, of this very brief book is the telling, in a manner as light as the touch of petals or moth wings. There is a magic in words and Mr. Byrne has their



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MESSER MARCO POLO. By Donn Byrne. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25.

New Books Received.

THE STREET OF FACES. By Charles Vince. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

GLIMPSES OF TOWN.

MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE. By Ralph Neville. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

SKETCHES OF LONDON AND PARIS FROM THE '80S TO THE PRESENT.

A SHORT WORLD HISTORY. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE WORLD.

A CITY IN THE FOREGROUND. By Gerard Hopkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A NOVEL OF OXFORD LIFE.

MORE ESSAYS ON BOOKS. By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

CRITICAL ESSAYS.

MASTERFUL PERSONALITY. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.

THE MARDEN INSPIRATIONAL BOOKS.

WHAT JAPAN WANTS. By Yoshi S. Kuno. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

THE JAPANESE QUESTION.

SONGS FOR PARENTS. By John Farrar. New Haven: Yale University Press.

VERSE.

THE GOLDEN DARKNESS. By Oscar Williams. New Haven: Yale University Press.

THE YALE SERIES OF YOUNGER POETS.

LIZA OF LAMBETH. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

A NOVEL.

THE TREMBLING OF A LEAF. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90.

SHORT STORIES OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

A TREASURY OF INDIAN TALES. By Clara K. Bayliss. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents.

THE RAILROADS OF MEXICO. By Fred Wilbur Powell. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$2.

THE LITTLE GARDEN. By Mrs. Francis King. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.75.

A HANDBOOK FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS.

ADVENTURING IN CALIFORNIA. By Jessie Heaton Parkinson. San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publishing Company; \$1.50.

TRADITION. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.90.

A NOVEL.

MANY CHILDREN. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.50.

VERSE.

JACK O'HEALTH AND PEG O'JOY. By Beatrice Slayton Herben. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents.

A FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN.

THE BYRNE GIRLS. By Mary K. Maule. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75.

JUVENILE.

WHEN GRETEL WAS FIFTEEN. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75.

JUVENILE.

DOROTHY DAINY'S RED LETTER DAYS. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.35.

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

THE RAID OF THE OTTAWA. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

AN INDIAN STORY FOR BOYS.

THE SHERIFF OF SILVER BOW. By Berton Bralley. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

A MYSTERY STORY.

THE QIMBY MANUSCRIPTS. Edited by Horatio

W. Dresser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$3.

MENTAL BEALING.

FOR THE YOUNG MOTHER. By Myrtle M. Eldred and Helen Cowles Le Cron. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company.

A HANDBOOK FOR MOTHERS.

THE STORY LADY'S BOOK. By Georgene Faulkner. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.75.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

A TREASURY OF MYTHS. By Inez N. McFee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents.

A TREASURY OF FLOWER STORIES. By Inez N. McFee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents.

STEVE AND THE STEAM ENGINE. By Sara Ware Bassett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.65.

JUVENILE.

TOMMY AND THE WISHING STONE; TOMMY'S WISHES COME TRUE; TOMMY'S CHANGE OF HEART. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 each.

THREE VOLUMES OF THE WISHING STONE SERIES, FOR VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. With an introduction by Walburga, Lady Paget. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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THE PLAYERS THEATRE.

This uptown "little theatre" has had a particularly auspicious fall and winter opening, a well-balanced bill having been a considerable factor in the success of the present programme, which will continue running twice weekly through four weeks.

The hill opens with "La Pompadour," in which Mabel Gump is featured as the lovely court favorite, ever swinging pendulum-wise between kingly favor and the danger of dismissal. The playlet is a bit of stage convention, cast in the mold of an older time. Its elegant artificiality, however, lends itself to the excellent effects contrived in costume and setting, and pictorially it is highly effective.

Mrs. Gump, as the radiant central figure in a court costume of rose color and silver, adapts herself instinctively to the somewhat stilted style of delivery that seems to be required by lines that have a declamatory swing. I was interested, in reading an article by William Lyons Phelps, to discover that in the occasional revivals of the classics given at the Comédie Française the Parisian actors suit their delivery to the archaic drama they are representing and entirely depart from the near-natural tone in which the dialogue of the modern drama is rendered.

"La Pompadour," being a make-believe of life, makes the same requirement from the players in the cast, and it is as a picturesque survival that the play interests.

Mrs. Gump lends beauty and a vivid personality to the artificial rôle of the dazzling favorite, and nicely differentiates her moods of imperiousness, of heartlessness, and of tenderness. Miss Woodworth's Athenée struck the note of contrast to the dazzling marquise, Fred Smith's air of foppish insincerity was happily conceived, and William Hanley did what he could with the banality of the lover's rôle.

However, the play made the effect aimed at by its author, which was apparently to recreate the purely artificial beauty contributed by costume, situation, and sentiment of an earlier epoch.

Following this piece came the note of contrast in the modern realism of an Alfred Sutro playlet called "The Bracelet." In this piece a group of young people represented with commendable naturalness a domestic complexity in which Mildred Martin Levy, in the rôle of the wife, particularly distinguished herself by the completeness of her submergence in a disagreeable part. Kathleen Olds Rucker very neatly represented the faintly stressed insolence of the governess, and Frederick McNulty, no doubt, kindled masculine sympathy by his able depiction of a well-chilled husband becoming fatuously sentimental over the apparent affection of a wily young Circé. Léon Bowen rendered the judicial manner of a drawing-room judge, Desmond Rushton captured the demeanor of portentous correctness sacred to a stage footman, and Cassie B. Seller lent beauty and elegance to a small part.

Altogether the representation of this play, going so well on a first night, and played by almost entirely unfamiliar players, showed how abundant are the resources of the fast-growing Players Club.

The big event of the programme was the presentation of Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," in which Pearl King Tanner played the title-rôle. This play was written, to quote Maeterlinck, as "a theme convenient for musical development." It ought, with proper musical setting, to make a beautiful opera, it is so beautiful as a play. For, in spite of its ecclesiastical atmosphere, Sister Beatrice, who typifies the sacrificial love of woman, is all human. She is torn asunder by her vocation for the life of a devoted and by her earthly love for her lover, and the more human emotion prevails.

Maeterlinck, in casting into dramatic form this old legend of the pining Virgin intervening to save the good repute of the guilty nun, wrote a very actable and moving play. Its motive reaches deep into our consciousness, and old, almost extinct emotions of our childhood and youth are thrilled to life again. Dramatically, that is a rare moment when the gentle Virgin descends from her shrine to take human shape and perform the abandoned duties of the apostatic nun.

The play is given a setting whose simple beauty—designed by Gerstle Mack, the art director of the theatre—lies in its absolute

fittingness. Mrs. Tanner gave an affecting portrayal of the love of Sister Beatrice and the anguished struggles of her conscience, and in the scene in which her lover woos her to flight the two players—Mrs. Tanner and William Hanley—accomplished that most difficult of feats; that of pitching a love scene in a poetic key and yet infusing it with fervor.

Mr. Travers had a difficult task in simultaneously molding into pictorial effectiveness and spiritual suggestion the group of nuns at the moment when their rapt exultation over the miracle is expressed in a variety of prayerful outcries. Both in the poses and the utterances, however, the desired effect was gained, and at the completion of the performance the friends of the Players Club realized that the Players Theatre had accomplished another of its most signal successes.

The play was given here by Olga Nethersole on her last visit, some six or seven years ago. But it was not adapted to the special qualifications of that actress, who made a signal failure in the character of Sister Beatrice.

There are very few allowances to be made for the present performance, in spite of the youth and limited experience of the majority of the players; for in its totality the representation stands as a lovely and reverent interpretation of a beautiful poetic play.

"AN IDEAL HUSBAND."

Perpetual revivals of the once exiled plays of Oscar Wilde prove how strong a hold they still maintain on the public interest, although the characters in trouble become too loquacious for modern tastes. The Wilde plays fairly reek with faults, for—paradox of paradoxes—this elegant mocker, this scornful derider of conventions, this rebel breaker of the social law is, in his society dramas, supremely the conventionalist. If, sometimes we detect an allusion that recalls the writers' consciousness of his secret sins, as when Sir Robert Chiltern moralizes on that almost forgotten dishonor of his youth—it is always with a consciousness of the sinner's self-accusation and remorse.

But never is there, in these four society plays, a jest, a word, an emotion that is not regulated according to stage conventions, and entirely and conventionally moral in its suggestion.

If one knew nothing about the author of "An Ideal Husband" it would be natural to label him as a conventionalist and a sentimentalist.

"Salomé," however, gorgeous, sinister, erotic, and splendid in its word-jeweled decadence, is the work of the real Wilde, as dramatist; and being so, much more nearly approximates genius.

But, in spite of its melodrama, its sentimental imbroglia, its dazzling adventures, its prig of a wife—like those other prigs, Hester and Lady Windermere—and its bare machinery, how charmed we are in "An Ideal Husband," as in the other three, by their tone of smart society—that drawing-room finish, even in the chatter of the Lady Markbys, the polished worldliness of the men, the ready repartee of the women, and the skill in contriving effective scenes.

I always feel as if that supremely insolent disdain which Wilde permitted himself to feel toward the world in general, and which, from the intellectual point of view, was doubtless merited, was working at full time when he wrote "Lady Windermere's Fan," "A Woman of No Importance," and "An Ideal Husband." For the dramatist who wrote the play "Salomé," so congenial to his taste and talent, never fell back in that exotic drama on any such weak devices as that of causing Lord Goring to conceal Lady Chiltern's letter as an incriminating document.

It is in such phases as this that the bare scaffolding of the play is revealed, but it does not prevent us from enjoying the give and take of the dialogue, the courteous restraint of Lord Chiltern, the delicate mockery of Mrs. Chevely, and the airy pleasantries of Lord Goring.

The Maitland players, although somewhat handicapped by a stage too small to allow for the coming and going of the personages in a stately drawing-room, made much of the play, though it is to a few principals that special praise is due.

Lea Penman proved, in her assumption of the rôle of Mrs. Chevely, what I had already advanced as my belief in a previous review of this young lady's work, that she could develop into the line of the splendid adventures. The young lady looked brilliantly handsome in an appropriately low gown which revealed appropriately flawless symmetry. But it wasn't only in looks that the young actress shone, but in the polished insolence, the baffled inuendo, the wholly unveiled threat of a ruthless woman bent on gain.

Mr. John Fee matched her representation with one that showed the gentleman and the man of the world hearing, under the eyes of that world, the secret, mortal thrust of his adversary with inward anguish and external restraint.

One feels like congratulating Mr. Maitland in having secured in this pair players who

will prove of great value in the diverse presentations that he will give.

Mr. Fee has personality, polish, dignity. Quite a young man, he can admirably assume the appearance and the mature dignity of a man in the forties or the fifties, as may be, and was notably successful in portraying the statesman bending himself courteously to the polished urbanities of the drawing-room.

Miss Rosemond Joyzelle, a young actress of promise, did commendable work as Lady Chiltern, although she has not practiced weeping, just as Marjorie Faraday, who, by the way, has rather too much manner, has not learned the simple trick, rooted in the diaphragm, of the stage laugh.

Mr. Maitland gave to our satisfaction the engaging blend of persiflage and sympathy in the rôle of Lord Goring. Mrs. Beyers doesn't look the part of Lady Markby, but she spoke it very acceptably. William Guilbert needs to put variety in the series of monotonous explosions which he offered as the irascible outpourings of the Earl of Cabersham, and Richard Polette and Charles Miller deserve appreciation for their careful treatment of minor rôles.

THE ORPHEUM.

Several experts in their special line contrive to keep the Orpheum habitués in an excellent humor this week, in spite of the absence of any call for big capitals in Headliners' Row. I don't, indeed, know who the headliners are, but feel that Wallace Galvin is as good as any one in the entire list, and better than several.

This genial young man is an adroit juggler and prestidigitator, his facility in causing mysterious appearances and disappearances of his materials being almost uncanny.

Like most men of his line he is a ready-witted joker, and immensely diverted the house by his raillery of the small son of Italy who acted as a confederate. The urchin preserved an unruffled tranquillity for so long that he must have been a confederate; for otherwise he would have burst into either tears or laughter; and Jove the Juggler magnanimously concentrated all the attention of the audience on his youthful aid. It was, in fact, that phase of his act, all planned out as an amusing contrast to his own matchless dexterity and jocular entertainingness.

Carlyle Blackwell in "Eight, Six and Four" revealed himself as a comedian of the instantaneous repartee kind, and he and Mac M. Barnes did good work in the swift passing back and forth of the act or word that kindled mirth.

I don't think that anybody had the slightest idea what the underlying suggestion was of the travesty called "All Right Eddy." It went with something of the lunatic changes of a nightmare. But it was a harmless and amusing nightmare that tickled people into laughter.

The Cansinos, two Spanish dancers, gave a series of dances strong in native flavor, and thoroughly stamped with the physical resilience and temperamental élan of an unusually skilled and graceful pair of dancers.

Aileen Stanley, rather a wholesome-looking girl in a particularly pretty costume—although she did omit to set off her ankles with more of the numerous pearl necklaces with which her dress and person were so liberally bedecked—gave a lot of songs of characteristic vaudeville flavor which seemed to hit off the taste of the audience, and "the three rubes" amused and diverted the house by clever feats in tumbling.

The two Hughes discovered various kinds of music on an assortment of vaudevilian instruments—all of which were eventually knocked into a cocked hat by the violin—and Felix Adler and Frances Ross—but Felix Adler in particular—made a very popular hit by a lot of that juggling with the risibles which is accomplished by sudden, unexpected turns, plays on words, brief flashes of burlesque, and a great lot of that incalculable effervescent play of irrepressible humor which is known as nut comedy.

All told, a bill with no high lights to speak of, but sufficient variety to satisfy the habitués.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Other bells than those attached to churches used to disturb the slumbers of Londoners (says the London Chronicle). Prior to the institution of watchmen every parish had its bell man, who used to stalk the streets all night. At irregular intervals he would ring his bell loudly and cry out, "Take care of your fire and candle, be charitable to the poor and pray for the dead." If he met any malefactor he rang unceasingly until the neighborhood was roused to his assistance. A copy of verses published in 1683 by Isaac Bagg, "Bell Man in the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields," describes his duties as:

To see your doors and windows all are fast
And that no villainy or foul crime be done
To you or yours in the absence of the sun.
If any base lurker I do meet
In private alley or in open street
You shall have warning by my timely call.

The Two Silesias.

The use of the term "Silesia" when "Upper Silesia" is meant is common in this country and abroad (says the New York Tribune). Upper Silesia, the area of the recent plebiscite, is merely a portion of Silesia, and to ignore the fact seems deliberately misleading. Silesia, as Lloyd George accurately pointed out in the British House of Commons, is no a Polish province. Nor do the Poles claim it. But the same can not be said of Upper Silesia and it is to be feared that in using statistics of "Silesia" when the question was one of Upper Silesia, the British premier added to the confusion of his hearers.

According to Jean Debski, leader of the Polish Populist party, the total population of Upper Silesia is approximately 2,000,000, of which 62 per cent., Polish statistics say are Poles. Even the German statistics, which there is every reason to expect favor German interests, acknowledge a majority of 57 per cent. of Poles in Upper Silesia. Other statistics have been given from time to time, but the correct figure would seem to be in the neighborhood of 57 to 62 per cent. This Polish population is mostly to the east of the River Oder, and the Germans mostly to the west. The Encyclopædia Britannica edition of 1911 states that the Poles to the east of the Oder number more than a million and form the bulk of the population in that region. Polish figures show that in trans-Oder area about 660 communes voted to go with Poland and about 220 favored Germany. The Poles explain the German vote by the large number of Germans who were imported by the government for elections day.

"In view of this vote," says Mr. Debski, "by the treaty of Versailles the Polish part of Upper Silesia—that is, the southeast section of the country, should be attached to Poland, even though the plebiscite gave a German majority for the area [that is, all Upper Silesia] as a whole. Poland asks only that the treaty of Versailles be followed."

In these days of warm disagreements it is well to bear in mind the difference between Silesia and that portion of it known as Upper Silesia and also the difference between the parts of Upper Silesia. Poland's only claim is to a fraction of Upper Silesia. Statistics for the entire province naturally differ from those for this single section. And it is this section, and not the whole of Silesia, that is in dispute.

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The Columbia Theatre.

"Revivals don't pay any more!" Musical-comedy producer George W. Lederer, brought West by Nat Goldstein and Nat Carr, the state's new musical-comedy producing firm, so declared the other day to explain why he doesn't attempt to revive any of the numerous big musical-comedy successes of his career. The producer mentioned a score of musical pieces that other managers had attempted to revivify, only to find the public indifferent. "It's because public taste changes in America almost with every sun-up. Fifteen years doesn't seem a lifetime, yet it is a trio of lifetimes when considering audiences. Theatre-going begins in America at adolescence. At thirty the average native man and woman theatre-goer is a Rip Van Winkle of experience, and the old things don't appeal. Each generation's new audiences wants new things." The producer's remarks were inspired by local commendation of his newest musical-comedy success, "Angel Face," the Victor Herbert-Harry B. Smith musical comedy that has delighted audiences throughout the country for the past two seasons. "Angel Face," with substantially the original New York cast, spiced by the addition among its principals of Marguerite Zender, Nat Carr, and Nora Kelly in leading rôles, will be seen at the Columbia for two weeks commencing next Monday.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Willow Tree," that delightful fantasy of old Japan, written by Benrimo and Harrison Rhodes, who will be remembered as the author of "The Yellow Jacket," will be given for the first time in San Francisco when it opens Monday night and for the remainder of the week at the Maitland.

It was in "The Yellow Tree" that Miss Fay Bainter made such a decided hit, the play going for more than one year in New York City. Not only will this be the première in San Francisco, but it promises to be one of the hits of the season at the Stockton Street house.

Oscar Wilde's great comedy, "An Ideal Husband," which was given during the first season at the Maitland, is being repeated this week and has been most successful, judging from the attendance. "An Ideal Husband"

will close with the Saturday matinée and evening performances.

The Orpheum.

Helen Keller, the blind, deaf, and formerly dumb woman, is coming next week to the Orpheum in a demonstration of her remarkable victory over human obstacles.

One can speak rapidly with Miss Keller, for her constant companion, Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, conveys the questions and answers by hand reading. Or conversation can be made more slowly when Miss Keller places one finger on her interviewer's mouth and another on his throat. By this method she receives with little difficulty any conversation maintained at an ordinary deliberate pace.

Miss Keller's articulation is slow, but it does not tire her. She gives the impression of great vitality. She had recently been appearing on the lecture platform, but the vaudeville stage she found vastly different, it seeming to provide her with more mental stimulation.

In her act Miss Keller displays a pretty wit. In reply to questions, not infrequently asked by curious members of the audience, she has several times come back with a quickness and good humor that the keenest of experienced monologists might well have envied. This girl, who, deaf and blind, took the regular course at Radcliffe College, starting at the age of nineteen, proved her cleverness afresh by acquainting herself with the idea of vaudeville before she entered upon her two-a-day career.

"The Honeymoon," by Arnold Bennett, seemed exceptionally attractive to patrons of the Maitland, for one of the biggest weeks enjoyed by the house was recorded when the closing performance had been given of a Saturday night.

"As a Man Thinks" is one of the interesting plays that will soon be produced at the Maitland. Director Maitland has secured the rights and it will likely be staged in the near future.

Marjorie Faraday, who has enjoyed a short rest, has returned to the cast at the Maitland, an announcement that will please her many friends.

As a result of recent earthquakes in Chile, large mountains in the Andes range sank an average of 160 feet, a sufficient distance to disclose peaks beyond that had been hidden from sight. High-banked rivers which flowed swiftly are now flush with the banks and moving slowly.

They are raising tobacco in Hampshire, England, for the first time since James I's "Counterblast to Tobacco" outlawed the industry, and Cromwell's troops trampled down the crops.

AN ANCIENT FINANCIAL PANIC.

The intimate details of business, commerce, and industry in ancient times are none too well known to business men of today. We have all had our glimpses of negotiations large and small in the ancient literatures; in Plutarch's Lives, where rulers and law-givers had a free hand in business affairs in Sparta, Greece, and Rome during a period of some 800 years before the birth of Christ; in the Bible, which contains the history of many business transactions, and a wealth of business wisdom; and in the records of the early Egyptian civilizations which have come down to us.

But in all these authorities, crowded with the history and works of statesmen, soldiers, philosophers, orators, despots, prophets, and preachers, business industry and commerce have been incidental subjects discussed with no thought of shedding particular light on the various processes of trade. What information most of us have gleaned from ancient times on commercial rules, laws, and regulations have come in scraps, shreds, and asides.

We must look to modern writers, who have specialized on ancient business, for accurate and authentic information, mined from many time-honored writings of remote antiquity. We have before us a most interesting work on "The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome," which gives in detail the story of the accumulation of wealth and its expenditure by the Romans in their ancient city and the provinces it ruled. This volume, written by Professor William S. Davis of the University of Minnesota, contains absorbingly interesting matter for all business men, industrial workers, bankers, and students of finance and commerce generally. We shall endeavor to condense the record of a business panic in the year Christ was crucified from a chapter in this book.

In the year 32 A. D. Seuthes & Son of Alexandria, Egypt, lost three ships full of spices in a Red Sea storm, and were badly crippled financially. Shortly after, a big house in Tyre, with branches at Antioch and Ephesus, was thrown into bankruptcy by a strike among their Phœnician workmen and large embezzlements by a manager. It became known then that the big banking houses of Quintus Maximus & Lucius Vibo of Rome had loaned large sums to both the Alexandria and the Tyre concerns. A run on the bank followed, and general apprehension was aroused by rumors that another big Roman bank was caught by Maximus & Vibo. It happened that the banks had large sums loaned in North Gaul which they were unable to call in quickly.

Just at this time the Emperor Tiberius and the Roman Senate, in order to revive agriculture in Italy, had decreed that one-third of each senator's fortune should be invested in Italian farm lands, under heavy penalties for non-compliance. The senators (then as



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now) were rich as a rule, and had to call in both their bank deposits and their private loans. Publius Spinther notified his bankers to return 30,000,000 sesterces (1,200,000) to him. Two days later his bank closed its doors, and on the same day news came to Rome of the insolvency of another great bank in Corinth. It was followed by another bank failure in Carthage, and the financial panic of 33 A. D. was on.

Bank after bank went under. Rich men were reduced to beggary. Houses, slaves, furniture, were sold at auction. The legal rate of interest, 12 per cent., would not command money. Creditors and debtors sought relief from the Senate by legislation. The Conscrip Fathers rushed news of the desperate state of affairs to the emperor at Capri.

Four days the imperial answer was awaited. The Senate and a great throng assembled when the courier arrived with word from Tiberius. It was sound. The Caesar knew his business. The disturbing decrees that had sent money into hiding were suspended. Four million dollars were taken from the imperial treasury and turned over to the banks to be loaned to neediest debtors; interest was forbidden for three years, but borrowers were to give double security in real property. These measures restored confidence, money became available, and the Wall Street of Rome, the "Via Sacra," returned to normalcy.

Our readers must have noticed the similarity of this big commercial disturbance, which extended from sea to sea, and continent to continent, to what has happened in modern panics; and also, no doubt, have noted how like our own were the banking methods, foreign commerce, and credit transactions of imperial Rome in the days of the Cæsars.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

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VANITY FAIR.

The ever current question as to America's capital of art has recently been lugged forward again with more than its usual quota of accompanying hard feelings. It seems Cecilia Beaux has made a statement that has caused almost as much of a disturbance among the devotees of the mooted point as Ambassador Harvey's late speech of diplomatic fame. Miss Beaux was so misguided as to consider American art critically. Now among a certain class of patriots it is treason to take a rationalistic stand towards one's native land—the point evidently being that a rational observation may reveal faults and it is a *ne plus ultra* of a certain type of patriot—descendant of adherents to divine right—that his own country can do no wrong. Miss Beaux' statement, dispassionately observed, was not merely patriotic. It was optimistic. She is reported to have said, "America is constantly striving for its own national art. and in time it will come: hut"—and here's the ruh that flicked the raw of so many hypersensitive patriots—"for many years we shall have to find our chief inspiration in Holland and Italy; and especially in France."

The latter part of Miss Beaux' statement has been vociferously hailed as inherently snobbish and the speech of a toady. Nothing could be more confusing to the issue in hand. One paper has gone so far as to enumerate the high points of American art achievement to refute the idea that we need look beyond our own borders for art inspiration—a fallacy that is simply amusing in the light of the fact that every notable artist we have produced has been trained in Europe. The editorial in question quotes Whistler and Sargent—Whistler who denied, however foolishly, his American birthplace and who was directly and admittedly inspired by the Japanese; and Sargent, whose European triumphs are legion. However, this is confusion on top of confusion. Miss Beaux or any other critic who appreciates and acknowledges the inspiration of Europe's older art did not mean that America could not produce artists. An artist, like a poet, is born, not made, and genius is above nationality. All that she did say was that we are indebted to Europe, and no greater proof of it could be produced than the work of those self-same men—our greatest American artists. Nor did Miss Beaux say that no American artist could be produced without recourse to European training. Her remark was the really uncontroversial one that America, as yet, has no well-defined national school or schools, though it has had many men of first rank.

In conclusion, it is not toadyism to admit the ripe aesthetic qualities of an older race. It is patent folly. Greece was inspired by the conjunction of many older civilizations. The fine arts of Europe are the result of similar struggles and survivals. The only truly native art is that of aborigines, and even then we do not know from what older strata of subcivilization it was derived. If our friends, the all-American art critics, were to be completely consistent they would call our foreign-trained artists toadies, and they would sanction nothing later than the Aztecs. It is not the act of a sycophant to admit our aesthetic debt to Europe, but it is both unthinking and crude to deny it.

Is it a sign of a decadent age or of an enlightened one when the church sanctions the terpsichorean art? For either the centuries-old battle with the devil of worldliness has been lost or else the church has discovered the battle wasn't worth the strife. However, the ecclesiastical antipathy for the name of dancing continues. The greater laxity to be allowed orthodox Methodists henceforth will not be known as "dancing," but as "mutual athletics"—a curious quibble, doubtless lucid to the mind trained in nice ecclesiastical distinctions, but apt to evoke wonder in the lay mind. What's in a name? And it is not as if dancing or its name lacked plentiful biblical sanction. The anathema against dancing belongs to a post-biblical age, clearly. We suspect it of being an anachronism held over from the ascetic middle ages, when religion was of a terrible literalness. At any rate, the church has decided that the prejudice against the dance is an anachronism and that it may be abolished with a trifling compromise as to terminology—a trivial matter surely to the newly emancipated Methodist youth, who can gayly claim that a rose by any other name were just as sweet.

Although Rudyard Kipling has for many years received the homage of the English-speaking world he is only now reaching the height of his fame in France. Fourteen volumes of his translated works have been published by the *Mercur de France*. A distinguished academician, M. Chevrillan, has constituted himself his chief interpreter. Now students in Paris preparing for the Baccalaureate at the Sorbonne report that Kipling is one of the authors required in the English reading course, a high and exceptional honor for a contemporary, for few living authors are included in the list.

"PROFESSIONS OVERCROWDED."

A wail which we seem to have heard before is arising again—that there is no room in the lucrative professions for all the young men who are now receiving a good education. But why should any one think that there would be? If all goes well we shall go on improving our ways until every boy and girl who can and will take a good education will get one (says the Manchester *Guardian*). But that does not mean that the whole population will become affluent inhabitants of the Temple, Harley Street, and the quarters where the best-paid architects, surveyors, engineers, and financiers live or work. There will probably be just as much need then as there is now for what is relatively coolie work, rather hard and dull and not paid so well as the work of fashionable surgeons and king's counsel. The only great difference will be that even the man who has a humdrum job will then have more capacity than the corresponding plodder has now for making an interesting life for himself out of the commonplace materials. People sometimes talk as if it would be a calamity if we were to give everybody, in every economic grade, the kind of mind which can get the full enjoyment of letters and art and of the spectacle of the incessantly novel and thrilling adventure of current research in physical science—that is to say, a mind with an education really liberal. But why? Because, we must suppose, their own vision of education is only of a kind of patent crane from which a boy or girl can be hoisted from certain lower ranges of pay and of social consequence to certain higher ones. If you do look at your own or your children's education in that way, it is quite a natural though not a saintly next step to an ardent desire to keep down the number of beneficiaries from the crane, lest there be disagreeable crowding on the upper floors.

But when everybody's general education is such that the high outer fence which now surrounds the learned professions is easily scaleable, it will of course be quickly seen by the eager eyes of youth that there is no more room in them than now. The surplus, desiring, after the immemorial custom of youth, to marry, will just take to humbler jobs with the best grace it can, do them better than they are done by half-lettered people now, and have a better time of it in their leisure. At this suggestion some minds are visited by dreadful visions of rampaging "intellectuals," sour, envious, and subversive, devoting to the neglect of humble duties such time as they can spare from intrigues for the overthrow of civilization. But is that really the kind of hile which they have found that education engendered in themselves? If so, their own schools and universities must sadly need some treatment with carbolic acid and formaldehyde. If a common effect of any particular system of education is to leave those who have received it listless, incurious, uninterested in experience merely as experience, or cross and dyspeptic in spirit, it does not show that education is a bad thing for everybody or for anybody, but only that this particular system was bad and uneducative. As a nation we are only beginning to educate ourselves; when we have got a little farther none of us will think first of education as a somewhat exclusive aid to a good grip on a large professional income. It will seem more like a good digestion or proper dentition—part of the normal equipment of every one. British Academician or workman.

Young Booth Tarkington was never a conspicuous success as a financier, remembers this writer whose works have won him rank as one of America's most brilliant novelists. "Up to the time I was thirty I earned a total of exactly \$67.67½," says Mr. Tarkington. "And that included money I received for a prize essay at college and 7½ cents for shoveling snow, when I was eleven years old. The reason for the half a cent is this: Another boy and I shoveled the snow and received 15 cents for the job. This we divided; 7 cents each; then bought a stick of candy with the extra cent and split the candy. First I intended to be an artist, not writer."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is told of a learned professor, who was better at Greek than golf, that after a round in the links, in which he had fozzled most of his shots, he turned to his caddie for advice as to improving his play. The reply of the unthless caddy was: "Ye see, sir, it's easy to teach laddies Latin and Greek, but it needs a lead for gofff."

A Chicagoan was talking about Gordon Selfridge, the Chicago business man whose huge London department store has revolutionized London retailing. "When Selfridge opened," he said, "a rival across the street put up a vast sign: 'Established 129 Years.' Selfridge at once put up a still vaster sign: 'Established Yesterday. No Old Stock.'"

The man from New England, just arrived in a Western city, went into a small postoffice and asked if he could wire direct from there, and how long it would take. The girl assistant cut him short with, "I am not here to answer silly questions." She looked foolish, however, when she found herself compelled to wire the following: "Arrived safe. Girls as ugly and bad-tempered."

Jeffery Farnol, novelist and ex-pugilist, was talking in New York about diet. "We can't eat too little," he said. "The less red meat, the less potatoes and sugar and bread, the less fats we eat, the better for us, especially in the summer. Two doctors were talking at the bedside of a gourmet. 'I believe,' said the first doctor, 'that bad cooks supply us with half our patients.' 'Quite right,' said the second doctor, 'and the other half are supplied by good cooks.'"

Mrs. Alice Allan Arnold, the moving-picture censor of Denver, said in a lecture: "But the worst films of all, to my mind, are those that take religious subjects and turn them into sensational licentious entertainments. I once saw the 'Temptation of St. Anthony' filmed in this way. An elderly millionaire viveur, having seen it too, said afterward at the club: 'A great film, that. I realized as it unrolled before me that for the first time in my life, by George, I wished I was a saint.'"

Herbert A. Giles gives the following example of Chinese humor in his "History of Chinese Literature": "A man who had been condemned to wear a wooden collar was seen by some of his friends. 'What have you been doing,' they asked him, 'to deserve this?' 'Oh, nothing,' he replied; 'I only picked up an old piece of rope.' 'And you are to be punished for this severely,' they said, 'for merely picking up an end of rope?' 'Well,' answered the man, 'the fact is that there was a bullock tied to the other end.'"

A young man from sunny Italy was testifying in the Cross County (Arkansas) circuit court in a case in which he was plaintiff, and, true to his race, was very excited and talking as fast as his knowledge of the English language would permit. Looking down at the stenographer, he noticed for the first time that his testimony was being reduced to writing (the reporter was trying his best to keep up), and thereupon began to talk faster than ever, until finally he burst forth at the reporter: "Don't writ-a so fas'; I can'ta keep up with you."

Sinclair Lewis, whose novel about life in dreary and remote American towns has brought him fortune and fame, said at a Greenwich Village banquet: "Our small towns—what dreadful places they are! Even their own inhabitants are beginning to realize this truth. One day on a train I put my head out of the window and said to a native of the platform of a miserable small town: 'Friend, what is the name of this dismal, dirty, wretched, lousy hole?' 'That's dear enough, stranger,' said the native with a wan smile; 'let it go at that.'"

A tiresome lawyer, in arguing a complicated case, had looked up authorities dating back to Julius Caesar. He had dilated on his subject for more than an hour and a half, when he was pained to observe what seemed to him inattention on the bench. It was as he had feared—his worship was unable to appreciate the nice points of the argument. "Begging your honor's pardon," he said, "but do you follow me?" The magistrate shifted uneasily in his chair. "I have so far," he answered, "but if I thought I could find my way back done, I'd turn around now."

It is related of General Wade Hampton that on one occasion he was riding along a highway that led through one of his numerous Southern plantations, when he met a slave of fine build and appearance. He drew rein and said: "You are a likely fellow—who do you belong to?" "Wade Hampton, sir," "Ah!

And who is Wade Hampton?" "Please, sir, master, you mus' be from de Norf, 'case Mas' Wade Hampton is de berry fust gemmun in de Souf." The story used to be told to illustrate the greatness in numbers of Wade Hampton's slaves; his own slaves did not know him by sight—that is, hundreds and thousands of them did not.

Composers are supposed to be able to decipher all kinds of handwriting. On this point Mr. Robert Clark, the Edinburgh printer, used to tell a story. Professor Lindsay Alexander came into his office one Friday with the manuscript of a sermon. "You must let me have proofs of this tomorrow," he said. Mr. Clark told him the time was too short. He must give them a few days longer. "No," he said; "I must preach this sermon tomorrow. It is a special sermon. I wrote it ten years ago, and now I can't make out a word of it."

A French writer on "The Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration" cites an amusing instance of what he calls heroic courtesy. Percy, Lord Beverly, invited to dine with him a marquis who was one of the most valiant soldiers of the army of Condé. Wishing to honor his guest and the cause which he served, that of the French king, the English peer ordered his butler to bring him a bottle of fine wine one hundred years old, "a ray of sun shut in crystal." He opened it carefully, and offered a glass to the marquis, saying, "If you deem it worthy the honor, will you drink in this wine the health of the king?" The marquis tasted the wine. "How do you like it?" asked the host. "Exquisite," re-

plied the marquis. "Then," said Lord Beverly, "finish the glass; only in a full glass can one drink the health of so great and so unfortunate a king." Without hesitation the marquis did as he was bidden. Only when the Englishman tasted the wine did he learn that what he had forced on his guest was castor-oil.

A young reporter was sent out recently by the city editor of one of the Rochester papers to report a meeting. About two hours after the assignment was made, the young reporter returned with a sad countenance. The city editor asked him to get the report up immediately, as it was nearly time to go to press. "There will not be any report on that meeting," was the answer. "Why not?" queried the city editor. "There was not any meeting," replied the young reporter; "it broke up in a big row, and the chairman was chucked under the table."

Oswald Garrison Villard, the New York radical, said the other night at Cooper Union: "Our young men, chastened by the world war, have higher ideals than those of 1914. A notorious war profiteer was talking to a group of young men on a golf club veranda. 'Look at me,' the profiteer said. 'Twenty years ago a poor boy, working like a dog and today—' He chewed violently on his dollar cigar. 'Look at me!' he repeated. 'See what I've done for myself.' The young men looked at him curiously and then one of them said: 'Your motive's good, of course, but doesn't your family object to your posing as a horrible example in this way?'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Recluse.

He scatters splinters everywhere,
Which often he inspects;
And on his shoulder he will wear
The chip that he selects.

And in the pile that he has made
From staff well-grown or scrub,
No doubt material is displayed
To serve him as a club.

Sometimes against the telephone
His eager ear is set;
And then he murmurs with a moan,
"It's not already yet."

While in Berlin they bolt or halt
With motives bad or good,
Old Wilhelm simply lets them talk,
And keeps on cutting wood.

—Washington Star.

Health in Harmony.

The best of all cures is the music cure. For instance, Wagner is good for the liver.—Musical Mem.

Music, so the adage tells us,
Tends to soothe the savage breast,
Now we learn it soothes our livers,
Stomach, kidneys, lungs, and chest!

If you're feeling rather seedy,
Not up to your usual mark,
You can banish all your megrims
With a little bit of Bach!

Wagner for a sluggish liver,
Richard Strauss for heart disease,
Chopin's good for scarlet fever,
Sullivan for housemaid's knees!

Yet I doubt this latest cure-all—
All my pain, I freely own,
I owe to a piece of music—
"Wedding March" by Mendelssohn!

—La Touche Hancock.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pierce have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Pierce, to Mr. Victor Cooley. The announcement was made last Friday at a tea given by Mrs. Horace Van Sicken to Mrs. Wakefield Baker. Bidden to the function were Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Arthur Selby, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. John Cushing, Mrs. James Pierce, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mrs. James Clegborne, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. E. Swift Train, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedel, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedel, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Miss Marian Baker.

Mrs. William Cluff has announced the engagement of her daughter, Mrs. Mabel Cluff Miles to Mr. C. Arthur Comstock of New York, son of Mrs. Clarence A. Comstock.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reding of San Francisco have just announced at New Canaan, Connecticut, the engagement of their daughter, Louise Dodge Reding, to Mr. Henry Lippincott Dunn of Santa Barbara, California.

The marriage of Miss Narcissa Cerini, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Cerini of Crocker Highlands, and Mr. Hurford Sharon, son of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Sharon of Piedmont, was solemnized October 8th in the home of the bride's parents, Rev. F. X. Morrison officiating.

The marriage of Miss Lorna Williamson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willard F. Williamson, and Mr. Andrew Talbot, son of Mrs. Andrew Talbot of San Rafael, was solemnized October 8th in St. Luke's Church, Bishop W. F. Nichols officiating. Miss Jean Webster was the maid of honor and the

bridesmaids were Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Marian Kegan, Miss Dorothy Williamson, and Miss Louise Braden. Mr. Bruce Lancaster of Worcester, Massachusetts, was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. George Pinckard, Mr. Donald Lewis, Mr. Will Bliss, Mr. James Jackman, and Mr. Francis Langton.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer entertained at a ball last Saturday in the Burlingame Country Club, at which they presented to society their daughter, Miss Lawton Filer. Preceding the ball Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall complimented Mr. and Mrs. Filer at a dinner. Among those to accept Mr. and Mrs. Filer's hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Weatherwax, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. William Van Antwerp, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCree, Jr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Pritchett, Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Clement Tobin, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Will Taylor, Jr., Mrs. William Kuhn, Mrs. Willard Drown, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Doris Schmiedel, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedel, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Cornelia O'Connor, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Amanda O'Connor, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Cornelia Clampett, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Audrey Willett, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedel, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Helen Pierce, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Thornwell Mulally, Mr. Walker Salisbury, Mr. Alvah Kaime, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Stanford Gwin, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Edward McNear, Mr. Walter White, Mr. John Parrott, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Oliver Lyman, Mr. Heber Tilden, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr., Mr. Cuyler Lee, Jr., Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Tevis, Jr., Mr. Richard Sprague, Jr., Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. George Howard, Jr., Mr. Atherton Eyre, Mr. Kenneth High, Mr. Paul Clampett, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Frederick Johnson, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Eldridge Buckingham, Major John Walker, Mr. Paul Fagan, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Grant Black, Dr. Tracy Russell, Mr. George Leib, Mr. Thomas Barbour, Mr. Laurance Scott, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. William Hamilton, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Henry Howard, Mr. Nelson Bigelow, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Arthur Mejia, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. Donald Clampett, Mr. Lansing Tevis, Mr. Cabot Brown, Mr. Edward Coles, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. Peter Jackson, and Captain John Hannigan.

Miss Lawton Filer was the complimented guest at a dinner at which Miss Eleanor Spreckels entertained in Burlingame last Saturday. Her guests were Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. George Tallant, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. George Russell, Mr. Russell Wilson, and Mr. Alfred Hendrickson.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones celebrated the forty-eighth anniversary of their marriage at a family dinner which they gave last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor gave a dinner Thursday in Menlo Park. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham gave a dinner Friday. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum gave a dinner Tuesday in Burlingame. The guests of honor were Sir Drummond Fraser and Lady Fraser of London.

Complimenting Mrs. Dwight Hutchinson, Mrs. William C. de Fremery gave a luncheon Friday in Oakland. Her guests were Mrs. George Hammer,

Mrs. William Ede, Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Edward Prather, Mrs. Harry Miller, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. Louis Henes, Mrs. W. G. Radden, and Miss Mary Shafter.

Mrs. F. P. Helm gave a tea Friday in compliment to Mrs. Richard Canterbury, who is visiting here from Chicago. Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Earl Shipp, and Mrs. Philip Gilman received with the hostess and others present were Mrs. William Ashe, Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., Mrs. Thomas Pearce, Mrs. Frederick Koster, Mrs. Frederick Funston, Mrs. Hamilton Lawrence, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, Mrs. J. R. Laine, Mrs. William Younger, Miss May Colburn, and Miss Gladys Sullivan.

Mrs. George Howard was a luncheon hostess last Friday in San Mateo.

Miss Lucy Ainsworth gave a tea Saturday in honor of Miss Margaret Rees.

Miss Alice Carr was a luncheon hostess Thursday at the Marin Golf and Country Club. Her guests included Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Thomas Kent, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. John Edliss, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Jean Boyd, and Miss Charlotte Ziel.

Complimenting Miss Frances Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze gave a supper Sunday in San Mateo. Their guests were Miss Marianne and Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lawton Filer, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. Richard Sprague, Jr., Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Tallant Ransome, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Jr., Mr. De Witt Peters, Mr. George Russell, and Mr. Coy Filmer.

Mrs. Harry Johnson gave a dinner-dance in San Rafael recently for Miss Alice Carr. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Hinds, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Elsa Korbel, Mr. John Ziel, Mr. George Hinds, and Mr. Kittle Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear gave a dinner Saturday, when they entertained Miss Alice Requa, Miss Doris and Miss Elizabeth Schmiedel, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Frederick Johnson, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, and Mr. James Moffitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Saturday in San Mateo preceding the Filer ball.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall complimented Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer Saturday at a dinner in Burlingame.

Mrs. George Newhall gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Palace, when she entertained Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. William Duncan, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, and Miss Marjory Josselyn.

Miss Jane Carrigan gave a bridge-tea Wednesday, among her guests having been Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Betty Knight-Smith, Miss Barbara Willett, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Katherine Robinson, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Audrey Willett, Miss Kathryn Masten, and Miss Ruth Whitley.

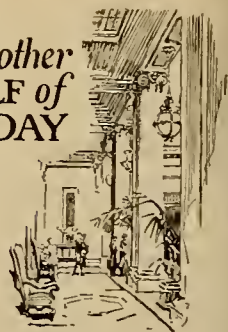
Miss Annette Rolph gave a luncheon Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club. Her guests were Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Ruth Whitley, Miss Jane Carrigan, and Miss Rosemonde Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton gave a luncheon in Burlingame Sunday for Miss Edna Taylor and Miss Mary Martin. Others present were Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Margaret Lee, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Russell Wilson, and Mr. Lawrence Gray.

Mrs. J. D. Morris entertained at tea in the Palm Court of the Palace Friday afternoon, having as her guests of honor Mrs. Helen Stringer and Miss Claire Stringer, who are leaving Monday for a three months' sojourn in New York City and other Eastern cities. Other guests were Mrs. John Elms, Mrs. W. McClintock, Mrs. Lillian Newbauer, Mrs. Harold Noon, Mrs. Lester Cranz, Mrs. M. Jaugour, Mrs. J. Dunn, Mrs. F. N. Cartan, Miss Helen McGrim, Miss Hélène Newbauer, Miss Lucille Bergerot, Miss Catherine Masfou, Miss Elizabeth Doak, Miss Katherine Dorn, and Miss Marjorie Gay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker entertained the following guests at dinner preceding the Fashion Show held at the Palace Hotel Wednesday evening: Mrs. Barbour, Mr. Louis Monteagle, Mrs. F. Sharon, and Mr. G. H. Mendell.

Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford University was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. I. Lowenberg on Wednesday at the Palace Hotel. Her guests were Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mrs. David P. Barrows, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, Mrs. W. F. Nichols, Mrs. William Harold Wilson, Mrs. W. A. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Dr. Mariana Bertola, Mrs. Charles Fremont Pond, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Joseph Russell Knowland, Mrs. Annette Abbott Adams, Mrs. George H. Cabaniss, Mrs. George A. McGowan, Mrs. Jewett Adams, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. Andrew M. Davis, Mrs. W. P. Gaddis, Mrs. Frederick L. Joyce, Mrs. Thomas Graham Crothers, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. G. Berrybill, Mrs. De Witt Warr, Mrs. W. C. Morrow, Mrs. Lawrence Nelson, Miss Lucy Ward Stebbins, and Miss Jessica Lee Briggs.

The other
HALF of
the DAY

N EARLY ALL the hours devoted to recreation and social enjoyment follow mid-afternoon.

Tea in the spacious Palm Court with good music and good service is a refreshing and delightful introduction to the social half of the day.

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in Hotel del Monte's Comfort, Service and
Outdoor Life. "Here every sportsman can find
his chosen recreation."
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Furnished bungalows of various sizes;
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groves, overlooking the sea. Central
dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold
water. Good tennis court. Six miles from
Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean.
Booklet. Address MANAGER

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HERBERT'S
BACHELOR GRILL

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A good place to eat.

151-157 Powell Street

Bridge-Tea.

The attractive bridge-teas which were given during last season by the Hotel Whitcomb are to be repeated during the coming winter. Cards are now out announcing the next of these events, which is to take place on next Tuesday afternoon, October 18th. On the last Saturday evening of October the hotel will entertain with an elaborate Hallowe'en dinner and dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a son.

Giraffes are found only in Central and South Africa, chiefly in desert regions.

A woman of refinement desires an engagement as housekeeper or manager of a household. Address Box "D," Argonaut Office, 207 Powell Street.

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*We design these for this climate and your expressed tastes. They are made in our own shops

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STRINGER STORAGE COMPANY

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Steiner near Sutter

PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. William Tubbs and Miss Emelie Tubbs have arrived in New York from London.

Mrs. Delaware Neilson and Mrs. Elkins de Luigne will leave within a few days for the Atlantic coast to be away six weeks.

Mrs. Ashton Potter and Mrs. Arthur Lord have taken a house at Pebble Beach for two months.

Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. Frederick Hussey, and Miss Ysabel Chase have returned from the ranch in Nevada, whither they went to attend the autumn rodeo.

Miss Josephine Grant has returned from Portland, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Macleay.

Mrs. Willard Drown is entertaining Mrs. Frank Preston of Medford, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor will come to San Francisco November 1st to spend the winter with Mrs. William H. Taylor, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and Master Paul Clark have returned from abroad and they are established at their San Mateo home for the season.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. D. C. Brown, Mr. Edward Keil, and Mr. Howard Saunders have returned from a hunting trip to Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Larour are spending a few days in San Francisco from their ranch at Rutherford.

Mrs. Robert Greer has returned to Seattle, after a visit with Mrs. Charles Ellinwood.

Mrs. Loren Van Horne has concluded her brief visit in San Francisco and she has joined Mr. Van Horne at Merced.

Mrs. J. S. McLean has joined Admiral McLean at Mare Island.

Mrs. Francis Pryor is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney for a fortnight.

Mrs. J. C. Stubbs has returned to Los Angeles, after a visit with Dr. and Mrs. Morton Gibbons.

Mrs. Sidney Peters will come to San Francisco next month from Portland.

Mrs. Ernest Folger and Miss Elena Folger will sail for the United States this week from France, and they expect to start for California about October 27th.

Mrs. Harold Sands has taken an apartment on Pacific Avenue, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Nathaniel Wilshire is spending a few days in town from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Frederick Kohl is visiting Mrs. George Cameron in Burlingame.

Mrs. Hall Rowe has returned to San Mateo from Chicago, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Storey.

Mrs. Richard McCreery will sail from Europe next week and she will visit in New York before returning to California.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope are entertaining Major and Mrs. John Walker of Chicago at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have reopened their Washington Street home for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall Rogers of Santa Barbara have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher in San Mateo.

Mrs. Henry Scott and Mrs. Reginald Brooke have arrived in Burlingame from New York.

Mrs. J. F. Smith and Miss Libby Smith are traveling in Italy, after a visit in Paris. They will be in Italy a month or more.

Miss Ethel Jack has returned to San Luis Obispo, after a visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lillenthal have returned from San Mateo, where they passed the summer.

Mrs. Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham have returned to Paris from Italy, where they have been for the past eight weeks.

Mrs. Samuel Robinson is en route to Europe to be away all winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn will move November 1st to San Francisco for the winter season.

Mrs. Walter Treat is visiting friends in New York, and she expects to remain away until after the new year.

Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Anderton have returned from abroad and they have reopened their San Mateo home for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Mee and Miss Helen St.

THE SANTA BARBARA GIRLS' SCHOOL

Resident and Day Pupils. Eleven acres. Country Life and Sports. Sleeping-porches. Open-air school rooms. Riding. Swimming all the year round. Basis of work, clear thinking.

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Goar have returned from Europe, where they have been traveling for seven months. They will remain another week in New York before coming to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Miss Jean Boyd, and Mr. Philip Baker made up a party who recently enjoyed a three weeks holiday camping on Scott mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Spilvalo have returned from London, where they have resided for the past two years. They will come to California early in November to spend the winter in San Mateo.

Miss Celia O'Connor has been visiting Mrs. Arthur Lord and Mrs. Ashton Potter at Pebble Beach, where they have taken a house for two months.

Mrs. Downey Harvey and Mrs. Ward Barron will sail for the Orient October 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Boqueraz and the Misses Jeanne and Marie Louise Boqueraz will sail October 12th from France for New York. Upon their arrival in California they will go to San Rafael for the winter.

Mrs. John Breuner has returned from the mountains near the Yosemite Valley to spend the winter at her San Francisco home.

Mrs. Truxtun Beale has returned to Washington for the winter, having passed the summer at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble have returned to San Francisco for the winter, after having enjoyed the past year in Palo Alto.

Mrs. Thomas Rees and Miss Frances Rees will arrive from abroad the last week in October and they will join Colonel Rees and Miss Margaret Rees at their home in the Presidio. Colonel Rees has been ordered for duty to Honolulu and he will take his family there about the middle of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld and Mrs. Florence F. Schloss have left for a short stay in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard William Davis have returned from the East and reopened their house on Walnut Street, where they will be this winter.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Oakland are Mr. A. O. Adamson and his son, Mr. G. O. Adamson, New York.

Hotel Whitcomb recent arrivals include Mr. Joseph J. Truax, Mr. S. E. Burke, Mr. Joseph T. Condon, Mr. J. E. Shoemaker, Los Angeles; Miss Bernice de Rosa, Santa Rosa; Mr. C. R. Good, Clovis; Dr. C. H. Bulson, Napa; Mr. Charles P. Myers and family, Kansas City; Mr. Jerome Shaffer, New York; Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Irwin, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Condon, Los Angeles; Mr. L. D. Davidson, Burbank; Mr. T. F. O'Gundoo, Mexico City; Mr. Norman F. Clark, Costa Rica; Mr. George A. Fish, Norwalk, Connecticut; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ormond, Marianne, Florida; Mr. W. H. Hill, Greenville, Georgia.

Recent arrivals at the Palace include Mr. W. B. Dean, Chico; Mr. G. R. Guthrie, Sacramento; Mr. A. A. Codd, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Lewis, Ogden; Dr. Louis Kempff, Los Angeles; Mr. A. M. Allan, Monterey; Mr. Charles Teague, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Emery, Bradford, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. A. Reimann, Portland; Mr. Fred Shallock, Klamath Falls; Mr. R. S. Spicer, San Diego; Mr. J. L. Hartman, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stinson, Salt Lake City; Mr. F. Shannon, Los Angeles; Mr. Gilbert C. Ross, Carson City, Nevada; Mr. Francis J. Heney, Santa Monica; Mr. H. R. Dugham, New York; Mr. George E. Vibert, Pasadena.

Included among those registered at the St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. Felix Modjeski, Chicago; Mr. James S. Lawrence, Los Angeles; Mr. F. C. Struckmeyer, Phoenix; Mr. Edmund C. King, Portland; Mr. J. W. Little, New York; Mr. T. H. Petrie, Honolulu; Mr. John D. Dyer, Mr. William Wilkins, Houston, Texas; Mr. W. B. Stevens, Summer, Washington; Mr. John A. Moore, Baltimore; Mr. T. J. Ellis San Jose; Mr. Thomas McMahon, Tacoma; Mr. Charles Buffett, Honolulu; Mr. R. F. McNally, St. Louis; Mr. Robert Sherman, Spokane; Mr. J. J. Judson, Chicago; Mr. H. Y. Lennon, Kansas City; Mr. C. C. Collins, Detroit; Mr. P. M. Wege, Grand Rapids.

The Doctor's Daughters.

The society of "Doctor's Daughters" makes its annual appeal for funds and has named October 25th, 26th, and 27th as "donation days." The "White House," the "City of Paris," O'Connor, Moffat & Co., and the Mission Bank will receive donations. The society of Doctor's Daughters was organized in San Francisco thirty-six years ago. It is non-sectarian in membership and work. There are no overhead expenses. The visiting and the work is done by active members. Immediate response is made to calls of emergency and every case receives careful attention. The object of the Doctor's Daughters is to give temporary aid to those in trouble and distress and to help them to help themselves. It is not always possible to limit the time for rendering service and frequently the period is extended indefinitely—especially in the cases of old and helpless men and women. Checks should be made payable to the Doctor's Daughters and sent to Mrs. F. C. McCreery, 2020 Pacific Avenue.

The Chinese have special fans for the three seasons of spring, summer, and autumn.

A GENTLEWOMAN of middle age, active and in good health, is seeking employment. Her education in this country and in France has been along broad lines which would fit her for any executive or secretarial work in which no special or technical training is necessary. She would welcome a position as social secretary, to which she would bring the ability to handle a general correspondence without specific dictation, or would consider acting as companion, chaperone or governess in a family valuing culture and intelligence above modern efficiency. She would be prepared to supply and would expect references. Box B, Argonaut office.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Valley of the Shadow.

There were faces to remember in the Valley of the Shadow,
There were faces unregarded, there were faces to forget;
There were fires of grief and fear that are a few forgotten ashes,
There were sparks of recognition that are not forgotten yet.
For at first, with an amazed and overwhelming indignation
At a measureless malfaisance that obscurely willed it thus,
They were lost and unacquainted—till they found themselves in others,
Who had groped as they were groping where dim ways were perilous.
There were lives that were as dark as are the fears and intuitions
Of a child who knows himself and is alone with what he knows;
There were pensioners of dreams and there were debtors of illusions,
All to fail before the triumph of a weed that only grows.
There were thirsting heirs of golden sieves that held not wine or water,
And had no names in traffic or more value there than toys;
There were blighted sons of wonder in the Valley of the Shadow,
Where they suffered and still wondered why their wonder made no noise.
There were slaves who dragged the shackles of a precedent unbroken,
Demonstrating the fulfillment of unalterable schemes,
Which had been, before the cradle, Time's inexorable tenants
Of what were now the dusty ruins of their father's dreams.
There were these, and there were many who had stumbled up to manhood,
Where they saw too late the road they should have taken long ago:
There were thwarted clerks and fiddlers in the Valley of the Shadow,
The commemorative wreckage of what others did not know.
And there were daughters older than the mothers who had borne them,
Being older in their wisdom, which is older than the earth;
And they were going forward only farther into darkness,
Unrelieved as were the blasting obligations of their birth;
And among them, giving always what was not for their possession,
There were maidens, very quiet, with no quiet in their eyes:
There were daughters of the silence in the Valley of the Shadow,
Driven along in loving hundreds to the family sacrifice.
There were creepers among catacombs where dull regrets were torches,
Giving light enough to show them what there was upon the shelves—
Where there was more for them to see than pleasure would remember
Of something that had been alive and once had been themselves.
There were some who stirred the ruins with a solid imprecation,
While as many fled repentance for the promise of despair:
There were drinkers of wrong waters in the Valley of the Shadow,
And all the sparkling ways were dust that once had led them there.
And among the dark endurances of unavowed reprisals
There were silent eyes of envy that saw little but saw well;
And over beauty's aftermath of hazardous ambitions
There were tears for what had vanished as they vanished where they fell.
Not assured of what was theirs, and always hungry for the nameless,
There were some whose only passion was for Time who made them cold:
There were numerous fair women in the Valley of the Shadow,
Dreaming rather less of heaven than of hell when they were old.
Now and then, as if to scorn the common touch of common sorrow,
There were some who gave a few the distant pity of a smile;
While another cloaked a soul as with an ash of human embers,
Having covered thus a treasure that would last him for a while.
There were many by the presence of the many disaffected,
Whose exemption was included in the weight that others bore:
There were seekers after darkness in the Valley of the Shadow,
And they alone were there to find what they were looking for.
There they were, and there they are; and as they came are coming others,
And among them are the fearless and the meek and the unborn;
And a question that has held us heretofore without an answer
May abide without an answer until all have ceased to mourn.
But the children of the dark are more to name than are the wretched,
Or the broken, or the weary, or the baffled, or the shamed:
There are builders of new mansions in the Valley of the Shadow,
And among them are the dying and the blinded and the maimed.

—Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Hallowe'en Dinner Dance

and

Carnival

at

Hotel Whitcomb

Saturday Evening,
October 29

Magic and witchcraft will transform the Dining Room and the Sun Lounge and bring back memories of childhood. During the dance a real witch will ride in on the moonbeams in the Sun Lounge and tell your fortune.

DINNER, \$1.50
Make Reservation

Bridge Tea

in the Sun Lounge on
Tuesday Afternoon,
October 18

J. H. VAN HORNE, Manager

For Disabled Soldiers.

A big garden fête for the benefit of the disabled soldiers of the American Legion will be held under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary of that organization at the San Mateo Polo Club on Saturday, October 15th, afternoon and evening.

Some of the features will be: Raffle of a big and complete hope chest, which will be on exhibit at the White House and City of Paris during the week; music by the big military band from the Letterman General Hospital; dancing in the club house in the evening; a one-act play presented by the Paul Gerson Players of San Francisco, also in the evening, and the following hoots: Bazaar, articles, food, grab-bag, candy and ice-cream, children's entertainment, flowers and plants, soldiers' hoot, rummage, refreshments, cigarettes, fortune-telling, dolls, etc.

Nurses' Association.

The Nurses' Alumnae Association of St. Luke's Hospital announce their annual bazaar for the benefit of the Alumnae Endowed Bed for Sick Nurses, Tuesday afternoon and evening, October 18, 1921, at the Nurses' Home, Twenty-Seventh and Valencia Street, San Francisco. Dancing at 8 p. m. Hospital open to visitors 2 to 5 p. m. It is hoped that this eminently deserving work will receive the public support that it deserves.

The chance of one finger-print being exactly like another is one in 64,000,000,000.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Playwright—Sometimes I doubt whether this play will be a success. *Monog*—Non-sense! It has no plot, it abounds in cheap sentimentality, it is vulgar in spots, and the

scenery is fine; it can't help but succeed."—*Life*.

"I can give you a job as a bathing girl." "I don't think I like that." "Oh, you don't have to bathe."—*Film Fun*.

"Your wife has an unprotected hatpin. It is dangerous." "It isn't—nobody will go near her."—*Munich Megendorfer Blätter*.

She (accepting him)—But, dearest, I hope you won't expect me to cook. *He*—No, darling—only try to.—*Boston Transcript*.

"You know I only live to make you happy," murmured the young man. "Dear me!" she said, "you oughtn't to go to all that trouble."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

"What are you doin' of, James?" "Sharpenin' a bit o' pencil." "You'll 'ave the union after you, me lad. That's a carpenter's job."—*London Punch*.

Dolke—Yes, Miss Fethers is a pretty girl, but she doesn't wear very well. *Pollie* (kindly)—I know, but the poor thing wears the best she has, I suppose.—*Boston Courier*.

Law—I've noticed that that Medic has a suit of clothes for every day in the week. *Arts*—Why, he always has the same suit on. *Law*—Well, that's the one.—*Colorado Dodo*.

"Blowhard has a big opinion of himself." "How big?" "Well, he's beginning to imagine he's annoyed by camera fiends."—*Boston Globe*.

Prospective Tenant—I like the top floor best. Why doesn't the fire-escape go lower than the third floor? *Agent*—It isn't needed. The first three floors are empty.—*Bazar*.

"Judge," cried the prisoner in the dock, "have I got to be tried by a woman jury?" "Be quiet!" whispered his counsel. "I won't

CROCKER SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS SAN FRANCISCO



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BOXES FOR RENT - \$4.00 PER ANNUM

Management JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM



The most precious thing in the world

Think what this world would be without confidence that the sun would rise tomorrow!

Without confidence in the order of things, in our fellow men, in our institutions, chaos would reign in the world. There would be no security, no progress, no happiness. Confidence is essential to all that is worth while.

Years of satisfactory experience with Red Crown gasoline have given the motoring public confidence in "Red Crown." They know that with "Red Crown" in the tank they have high-quality motor fuel, and that from it their engine will deliver its maximum power and mileage.

"Red Crown" is available at Standard Oil Service Stations, garages, and at other dealers.

Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)



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(California)

be quiet! Judge, I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women. I'm guilty."—*Houston Post*.

Student—Do I understand you rightly, sir, to mean that this report is not acceptable? *Professor*—Correct. *Student*—But, sir, you accepted one exactly like it.—*Cornell Widow*.

"You frankly confess that your novel failed because of a lack of literary skill?" "I do," answered the author; "the man who wrote the advertisements was no good."—*Washington Star*.

"I'd like to get married, but I can't support a wife on my present salary." "All right, my boy, I'll give you a raise. But don't say afterwards that I did you no favor."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Perdita—If you continue much longer to play poker with my father, I won't marry you. *Jack Dashing*—If your father continues to play poker much longer with me, I won't need to.—*Princeton Tiger*.

"Wouldn't you like to be a man of such authority that people would heed your slightest word?" "No," replied Mr. Chuggins. "The power may be pleasant, but a traffic cop has a hard job, just the same."—*Washington Star*.

She (pouting)—You don't value my kisses as you used to. *He*—Value them? Why, before we were married I used to expect a dozen in payment for a box of candy, and now I consider only one of them sufficient payment for a new dress.—*Boston Transcript*.

Curate (at local football game)—How do you think we shall get on? *Captain*—Well, sir, our goalkeeper aint much use, our centre forward 'as a gammy knee and the left 'alf-back may not turn up, but—my brother Jim is refereeing for us.—*London Opinion*.

Maternal Parent—Our daughter, is very popular tonight. Do you see her over there surrounded by admirers? *Potential Parent*—Is that Dorothy? I can't see her face from this distance. *Maternal Parent*—Neither can I. I recognize her knees, though.—*Judge*.

Doctor—I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns. *Husband* (an hour later)—What did the doctor say? *Wife*—He said I ought to go to a watering-place, and afterwards to the mountains, and to get some new light gowns at once.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Station-Master—I think some one will get into trouble on account of that train starting three minutes late. *Assistant*—Why? Any of the passengers kicking? *Station-Master*—No; but the restaurant man swears he'll make it bot for whoever is responsible.—*Railway Age*.

"I object, my dear, to your asking that woman to dinner. She's the greatest gossip in town," said Mr. Perkins. "I know that, John, but we can't invite the reporters, and I don't know how else to get an account of our dinner in the papers," replied Mrs. Perkins.—*Toledo Blade*.

Plugwinch—Congratulate me, dear boy! I'm engaged to the wealthy Mrs. Grabster. *Pignuff*—So glad, old man! But—er—are you sure she's really so rich? *Plugwinch*—Sure? I should say so! Why, she was ar-

rested for shoplifting and acquitted as a kleptomaniac.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Anxious Old Lady (on river steamer)—say, my good man, is this boat going up or down? *Surly Deckhand*—Well, she's a leak old tub, ma'am, so I shouldn't wonder if she was going down. Then, again, her bilers ain none too good, so she might go up.—*Los Angeles Times*.

"The fair defendant has a smart lawyer but it seems to me he has just been killing time since he produced her in court." "He's giving the ladies of the jury a chance to take in the details of her costume, so they will then be able to pay some attention to the testimony."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

In these days of high prices, when everything in general—and shirts in particular—are so dear, it makes one envy the natives of New Granada, who are provided with ready-made shirts free of charge. "The Song of the Shirt" is not applicable in Orenoko, which is situated on the Cerra Drida slope, New Granada, for it is there that the natives wear nature's ready-made shirts. No stitches are needed in these shirts, and as they grow they are carefully watched until they have become large enough to be utilized for clothing purposes. The marina tree is the wonderful shirt-producing palm, it being a species of tropical palm, having a thin fibrous red bark. When an Indian wants a shirt all he has to do is to cut off a piece of one of these palms, about eighteen inches or thereabouts in diameter. He next removes the bark, taking particular care that he does not cut it in any way, and thus he now possesses a hollow cylinder of flexible bark, which somewhat resembles a sack without a bottom. He next makes a small slit in each side for his arms to go through, and nature's ready-made shirt, which requires no stitching nor laundering, is complete.

General Scott, Whig standard-bearer in 1852, was the first to disregard the tradition that a candidate for the presidency should not deliver speeches in his own behalf.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2326.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 22, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Cemetery Issue.

The town of Los Gatos has found a way to transpose an eyesore into a thing of beauty. An old cemetery that occupied a tract near the centre of the town has been made over into a public park. This was done after a manner that has not shocked any reasonable sentiment or sensibility. First the plot was surveyed and the location of each grave with the name of its occupant marked upon a chart permanently preserved in the local archives. Then the headstones were buried, each above the body it was designed to commemorate. Then the whole tract was parked simply but charmingly. What for many years had been a public nuisance has become a playground for children.

Here is a suggestion for San Francisco. In the western part of the city there are several cemeteries—aggregating a very considerable area—now no longer available for the purpose to which many years ago they were dedicated. The city has grown out and beyond these tracts, leaving them islands, so to speak, obstructive to public convenience and to proper and desired developments. Under established rules of sanitation interments are no longer permitted, but the plots remain something of a menace and a distinct bar to municipal progress. Happily these tracts are admirably located for park purposes, and this is the use to which they ought to be devoted. It is perhaps too soon to enforce the thoroughgoing policy applied in the case of the little cemetery at Los Gatos. Probably it would be a violation of sentiments worthily cherished now to remove all the conditions which mark

the tracts as homes of the dead. But in time—and no great time—it will be practicable to do this precisely as it has been done at Los Gatos, thus giving to San Francisco a considerable addition to its park system.

San Francisco is short on parks as compared with other cities of the country. Its land area is about forty-two square miles. The area of its parks and playgrounds (including the recent additions of Balboa Park, Huntington Park, the Marina, and the Twin Peaks tract) is about 1450 acres. One-eighteenth of San Francisco's land area is in parks and playgrounds—not an excessive park area as compared with other cities. For example, the park space in St. Louis, Missouri, is one-fourth of the city's area; in Hartford, Connecticut, one-eighth; in Baltimore, Maryland, one-tenth; in Rochester, New York, one-tenth; in Washington, D. C., one-fourteenth. We have 361 persons for every acre of park space; in Boston there are 73 persons per park acre; in Hartford, Connecticut, 98; in Washington, D. C., 105; in Rochester, New York, 135; in Denver, Colorado, 171; in Cincinnati, Ohio, 181; in St. Louis, Missouri, 252; in Baltimore, Maryland, 276; in Buffalo, New York, 326; in Cleveland, Ohio, 358.

Thus, even with the spaces now occupied by cemeteries added to our park system, we should still be below the average of many cities of the country. It is to be borne in mind that parks and playgrounds are vastly more important than formerly. The last generation lived largely in the country and there were wide open spaces everywhere—nature's own parks, so to speak. But with the increase of mechanical industry and the great growth in city populations it becomes necessary to provide means of out-of-doors recreation. If Americans are to remain a husky people a means must be provided for physical activities. The best possible antidotes to the demoralization of mechanical and sedentary life are parks and playgrounds.

The Threatened Strike.

For a view of the railroad labor contention in its true perspective it is necessary to hark back as far as the year 1916. It was in that year and in connection with an arbitrary demand for an all-around increase in wages that labor in railroad service assumed for itself a character of special privilege. Having formulated its demands, it threatened, if they were not conceded upon the instant, to tie up the railroads of the country. Its order was the highwayman's challenge—Stand and Deliver! Unhappily there was in the presidential chair a man who lacked the courage the occasion called for. Mr. Wilson yielded without waiting even upon inquiry and investigation. Bluff won a signal triumph, and the bluffers not unnaturally imbibed the notion that mastery of any situation to which they were a party was in their hands. From the hour when the Adamson bill became a law organized labor in the railroad service has held itself privileged above other classes of labor and above the law. Its idea has been that it need only present demands accompanied by threat to shut down the railroads to have these demands complied with.

This was the attitude of labor in transportation service when the war came on. Mr. Wilson took over the railroads under his war powers and put their administration in the hands of his son-in-law, Mr. McAdoo, whose ambition was to succeed in the presidential office. Thus there was created a situation precisely to the hand of railroad labor. With the fine generosity characteristic of a politician who is spending other people's money in his own interest Mr. McAdoo acceded to every demand made by the representatives of railroad labor. He boosted wages again and again. He modified—and confused—the working rules of railroad service in obedience to suggestions of the leaders of labor. He became not more an administrative agent of the government than of the bosses of

unionism. Through his concessions railroad labor was established in a position of special favor at the point of wages and at every other point affecting the status of labor as related to the railroad companies. Most serious of all, his course confirmed the railroad service in the notion that it stood above the law, a dominating force in the country, entitled under its assumption of privilege to whatever it might ask for.

The condition in which the railroads now find themselves is largely the effect of circumstances and events above reviewed. Today the roads are paying in the aggregate three billion—three thousand million—dollars more annually than they were prior to the war. Freight and passenger rates have been advanced, but not in sufficient ratio to compensate this prodigious advance in wages. It is only because of the guaranty pledged by the government that the transportation system of the country today is not bankrupt. Even with the support afforded by the government guaranty the roads are literally yielding their life blood to the labor cormorant. Incidentally enterprise is stifled, ordinary business is burdened, and the general welfare of the country retarded. Labor in the transportation field has become an incubus beyond the sustaining power of the railroad companies and of the general business of the country.

Labor in other spheres has yielded to a situation in which the cost of living is reduced and tending to further reduction, but the railroad workers stand out, insisting upon the maintenance of schedules of pay adjusted generously and even lavishly to the period of high cost of everything during and immediately following the war. Railroad labor arrogates to itself a superior character; other classes of labor may meet the cut of declining prices, but there must be no reduction of its schedules. When projects of reduction are proposed it hoists the black flag. It will have its demands or it will paralyze the activities of the country.

Some months back the government took the matter in hand and created a commission with power to adjust the railroad wage scale to the conditions of the railroad service and of the general situation in the country. This commission is composed of nine members, three representative of the railroad services and nominated by them, three representing the railroad companies and nominated by them, three representing the public interest and nominated by the President. After elaborate hearings with comparison of the railroad wage rates with wages in other fields of industry the commission decreed a general cut of 12 per cent. in railroad wages. This reduction was deemed fair in consideration of the lowering costs of living, of the state of the transportation business, and of the general conditions of industry. It is against this reduction—against the decree of a duly authorized governmental commission—that the railroad services are now proposing to strike. They will, they declare in effect, continue to enjoy the wages paid at the peak of the high-cost period or they will tie up the transportation system the country over. They will have their pound of flesh, no matter at what cost. They will rule or ruin.

The issue, while in a sense between the railroad workers and the railroad companies, is in truth between organized labor in railroad service and the government of the United States. It is not within the power of the railroad companies to make adjustments. That power has been taken from them by the government, which has provided machinery for prescribing wages and rates for transportation of freight and passengers. While party to the situation in a very definite way, the railroad companies are powerless to act either in their own interest or in that of the public which they serve.

A general strike on all the railroads of the country

has been ordered by the labor authorities, effective on the 30th instant. This order has been made in defiance of the authority of the government; and insolence has been added to threat of injury by announcement that trains carrying United States mails are not held exempt from the general paralysis. Thus the matter becomes a straight issue between the government and a labor element which assumes to stand above the powers of government.

It has been suggested as a compromise that a general order of reduction in freight rates shall be made concurrently with the reduction ordered in wages. In other words, it is proposed that the governmental authority which regulates freight rates shall modify its own ruling for the sake of placating an element which declines to respect governmental authority in the matter of wages. It is not even known if this compromise would be acceptable to the unions. Such a compromise would imply no relief to the roads, since the effect would be nullification of any advantage that might come through reduction in the wage scale. Some relief might come through increased business under lower rates, but it would still leave the roads in an embarrassed position and would continue to impose upon the national treasury the guaranty under which transportation service is now conducted.

A serious phase of the situation—perhaps the most serious—is that the proposed compromise would add only another to the series of concessions made to labor, and a further stimulant to its pretensions. This compromise ought not to be made. It is wrong in principle. It would be fatal as a policy. Its effect would be only a postponement and a promoter of future troubles. The wage reduction prescribed by governmental authority has been made after full investigation and laborious study of conditions. It represents the judgment of a commission qualified for judgment and duly authorized. It is in effect a decree of the government, entitled to be respected and enforced like any other law.

The issue as it stands, we repeat, is between the government and railroad labor. Which shall rule? There can be but one answer to this question. The government must rule. There must not be in this country any authority that dares set itself up as superior to the authority of government—above the laws as they have been determined and laid down.

The *Argonaut* ventures the opinion that there will be no strike. It believes that before the leaders of railroad labor shall proceed to carry into effect the threat of open rebellion against the authority of government there will come to them a revival of sober sense. They have not now to deal with a government dominated by timidity under the spell of personal political ambition. Mr. Harding is not Mr. Wilson. Unless we mistake his character, he is not a man who forgets his obligations, not a man to ignore his official oath, not a man to hoist the white flag at the call of surrender. No definite word from him has as yet come (we write on Wednesday), but in the various branches of government under his immediate inspiration and direction there are evidences of preparation plainly indicating that behind the presidential smile there is the spirit embodied in Jackson's immortal sentiment—By the Eternal, the Government Must and Shall Be Obeyed!

America in the Seven Seas.

For a long time prior to the world war dominating opinion in the United States held that we had no serious need of a merchant marine. It was more expedient, so the argument ran, to employ alien ships in ocean transportation than to establish a shipping interest of our own. We did not reckon upon incidental losses to be suffered under combinations against us. We did not comprehend that in employing foreign carriers we sacrificed advantages that might come to us through direct personal relationships with the countries with which we had dealings. There was failure to understand that the very agencies we employed in foreign transportation worked persistently against us. So, failing at all these points, we permitted sentimentalists and cranks of the La Follette and Furuseth type to put upon American shipping one handicap upon another until literally our flag was driven from the seas.

Most serious of our failures, in a direct sense, was that of not realizing the importance of a merchant marine in the event of war; and it was through this

failure that when war came we found ourselves minus an essential agency in the prosecution of our responsibilities and purposes. By the grace of luck we were enabled to supply the immediate need through employment of the ships of countries with which we were associated in war. To get our men and our materials where they could be of service we were compelled to pour millions into alien charters. Approximately one million and a half of the two million men we sent to the fields of Europe were transported in foreign ships at an expense of approximately two hundred and fifty dollars per man for one-way transportation alone. Similarly in the matter of war supplies, we had to requisition the ocean service of our allies, and for this service we paid through the nose. While it is not commonly taken into account, it is true nevertheless that we made a vast contribution to the common cause in the form of millions paid to British and French ships for carrying across the Atlantic our men and our supplies.

In one form or another our lack of an efficient merchant marine cost us the inconceivable sum of about three billions of dollars. It is not pleasant to reflect that we were mulcted in this vast sum because of a policy under which, first, shipping enterprise was broken down by paralyzing restrictions; second, because in our stupidity we failed to match by national aid the aid given by other countries to their ocean carriers. If we had left our men of enterprise to pursue the business of ocean carrying unhampered by legislative handicaps, and if we had been foresighted enough and liberal enough to supply financial aid in cases where such aid was essential, there would surely have existed at the beginning of the war an American merchant marine competent for our national purposes. One billion in subsidies—and this is the largest sum that the loudest advocates of the subsidy system ever dared mention—spread over twenty years prior to 1917 would have given us such facilities as would have answered our national requirements in the period of war. A billion dollars thus expended would have cost us fifty million dollars a year. What we actually expended in the emergency, extended over a period of twenty years, amounted to about one hundred and fifty million dollars a year. Then we must add to this vast waste another cost in the form of varied scandals; this plus the fact that we are still without an efficient merchant marine and that a futile effort to create one is costing the national treasury at the rate of one million dollars per day.

The Harding administration is committed to the creation of an efficient merchant marine. The need of it has become apparent to everybody. Particularly it is urged by our manufacturers and merchants who in the special conditions of the time of war contrived to lay the foundations of a considerable foreign trade. If we are to maintain what was thus gained and to build upon it we must operate ships under the American flag in the seven seas. If we make the mistake of trusting to foreign carriers, as in the period before the war, all will be lost, including high and not unreasonable hopes of trade expansion with all that it implies. But how? There is the rub. What we ought to do is plain enough. We should wipe out the many restrictions which make a wide margin between the costs of building and operating an American ship as compared with the corresponding costs in the case of a British ship, and the still greater margin in the operation of an American ship as compared with that of a Japanese ship. Then we should, in cases where expert judgment shall determine it to be necessary in the national interest, provide subsidies. All this is easy to say, but difficult to do. The La Follettes and Furuseths, backed by combination of organized labor with Middle West antagonism to sea trade, are opposed to the first proposal. Labor and the rural states oppose a policy of subsidy with fanatical energy. Up to now these forces have stood against changes in the existing oppressive system. When the work of preparing what is known as the Jones shipping law was under way last year those who had it in charge found their road a rocky one. They found it impossible to make a law that would be effective and yet be satisfactory to organized labor and to the inland farmers. The outcome was a measure so marred by compromise as to be scarcely better than the confusion that preceded it. It goes somewhat to reform of the system, but it does not go far enough to enable American ships to be built or operated in com-

petition with British or Japanese ships. It may be likened to a race-horse that is just fast enough to lose every race in which he is entered. As a promoter of enterprise it is an enactment of little value, since investors will not put their money into losing or questionable projects. Thus those Americans who, like our own Robert Dollar, turn by instinct and propensity to the sea, are forced to operate under foreign flags. San Francisco's interest in international ocean enterprise be it said to our humiliation, registers under the Chinese dragon. Only in the trade between our domestic ports is it practicable, excepting upon terms of grievous disadvantage, to fly the American flag from the masthead of a ship.

The Administration is seriously concerned in this matter. Not only are its commitments positive, but the interest of the country, broadly speaking, imperative. Accordingly on the eve of an international conference of which we are hosts it is suggested (1) that we abrogate commercial treaties with all the nations who are to be represented in the conference; (2) that we establish discriminating merchant marine regulations against them; (3) that we enact a law giving American ships the right to pass through the Panama Canal without paying a toll; (4) that we "boost" the protective tariff law. These proposals may or may not be carried through. They are not happily brought forward at a moment when President Harding is preparing to put on his most cordial smile to greet the visiting nations. Six months ago, before the conference was in sight, it would have been relatively easy to employ these various devices in a scheme of American policy. It would, to be sure, have been a policy of makeshifts, but with the possible exception of free Canal tolls the country would have accepted it. In the present posture of affairs Mr. Harding is distinctly embarrassed. Not without reason he hesitates. To put it vulgarly, he is stalling, and in all likelihood the whole business will be postponed until after the conference. In the meantime activities represented by the Shipping Board are losing money at the rate of one million dollars every twenty-four hours.

There is another phase of this shipping business. Other nations with a considerable military or naval establishment employ privately-owned ships—the national merchant marine—in the business of military transportation. We permit the army to maintain a great fleet of transports, although its ships are occupied only on part time. To make a showing of low costs the army transport service year by year has been to some extent engaging in commercial business. It carries both freight and passengers for hire, often, it is asserted, at prices below the merchant marine rate. In other words, the army transport service, which is not required to make profits, is engaged in cut-throat competition with the American merchant marine. Just now the navy is getting into the game. They have recently built a fine transport, and it is in the schedules that others are to follow. The Shipping Board asks the President to put a stop to this business. It argues that money would be saved in tremendous sums and the merchant marine vastly encouraged if both the army and the navy were to abandon their transport service and depend on private ships.

The *Argonaut* ventures the opinion that a condition exists under which the simplest and straightest of economic courses in relation to shipping would be the best policy from a political standpoint. President Harding has the confidence of the country—likewise he has its ear. We can not but believe that if without attempting to placate organized labor, the ruralists, or any other selfish interest he should define a sound economic course and ask the country through Congress to carry it into effect, he could, in the language of the street, put it over. Reasons for such a course are clear and overwhelming. Presented candidly and forcibly they ought to command the public judgment and compel action. Surely there must be in the country a sufficient measure of intelligence and a sufficient degree of patriotic spirit to do the right thing and the expedient thing when all the facts and considerations shall be impressed upon the people. Unless the virtues which brought the republic into existence have been wholly lost, sound policies carefully explained should command universal, or at least effective, support. In one other critical instance—that of the bonus measure—Mr. Harding took the bull by the horns, and not only carried his point, but

gained moral power in doing it. Here is another case similarly calling for candor and courage. Let the President in the straightforward manner that has hitherto marked his course make plain to the country the needs of the situation, let him abandon all suggestions of compromise and cajolement, let him ask the country to support him in an obviously right course, and he will, we have faith, achieve a notable triumph in the public interest and to his own high credit as a statesman and man.

"Money Fights" and Moral Causes.

Noting a movement on the part of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to raise a fund of a million dollars to be used "in a fight to enforce prohibition," the *Argonaut* recently remarked that "any 'money fight' is in the nature of things illegitimate and corrupt." The virtuous *Fresno Republican* is moved to resentment. "This," it says, "taken literally, would signify that the raising of a million-dollar fund for home and foreign missions was illegitimate and corrupt."

The *Republican's* illustration raises an interesting question. Let us consider it for a moment in its practical aspects. The "raising" of a million-dollar fund for missions would have to be done, as such things are always done, by a campaign of persistent drumming. This would call for an official organization of managers and secretaries and for appropriations for rentals, furniture, and general administrative expenses which would swallow up at least 25 per cent. of the funds raised at one gulp. Then there would have to be an army of solicitors skilled in the arts of boring rich people to the point of getting them to yield money not so much to help the "cause" as for the sake of peace. This sort of work is usually done on commission, the customary rake-off being 25 per cent. Thus for every dollar available for actual missionary work another must have been spent at home on promotion account. The givers of the money would practically be cheated of one-half of their donations at the start. Now is this sort of thing "legitimate"? It has, to be sure, the sanction of long practice, but the results of that practice have with pious ardor been camouflaged. Neither the rich man who gives five thousand dollars nor the poor woman who gives fifty cents for missionary purposes is ever informed that for each dollar bestowed only half a dollar ever by any chance is expended in actual work for the "cause." In these facts we maintain there is justification of the charge of corruption. There is corruption in the deceit which disguises and misrepresents the facts. There is inevitable corruption in the handling of the money, a corruption that is very commonly reflected in the demoralization of agents employed in the work of organizing, collecting, and handling donated funds.

Assuming that one-half—and the assumption does not go beyond the mark—of funds donated for missionary purposes actually reaches the fields of action; and further assuming that "conversions" are accomplished by its use, what then? What is the position of the converted man? Inevitably he must break with what ever system is reflected in the traditions and propensities of the race to which he belongs. Inevitably he is put at odds with his racial and domestic connections. He is made an alien to his own people. The convert inevitably becomes that most pathetic of human figures—a man without a country. Lost to his own people, he gains no real and effective connection with any other. If he does not become a wanderer among strangers on the face of the earth, he remains at home a discredited creature; in other words, a species of outcast. Will anybody, who is not blinded or made deaf to realities by sectarian enthusiasm, believe that the man is made better or happier for abandoning the beliefs and ways of his people, for losing the sympathy and association with his own, for taking up the beliefs and ways of people of another race who can not by any process regard him with a genuine and satisfying sympathy or allot to him a place in their own scheme of things?

The *Argonaut* ventures the judgment that, practically at least, the best religion for any man is the religion that holds him in association and sympathy with the traditions and with the spiritual guides that are a product of his race and with the forces that control their lives. At one time or another the *Argonaut* has come in contact with a good many "converted" heathen. Putting aside all question as to the genuineness of con-

version, it ventures to declare that it has never seen a convert from heathenism—either a Christianized Chinaman or any other species of metamorphosed religionist—whose latter condition in all the things of practical life was not worse than the first. There is no place in his own country and among his own people for one who has abandoned its traditions and its faiths; and by the same token there is no place in the Christian world for the man who comes to it back-grounded in his mental and moral character by the spirit and practices of another civilization.

What is above said will explain why the *Argonaut*, habitually liberal in the ratio of its modest means in support of humanitarian movements and causes, never permits itself to put a penny into a missionary box. It refrains upon calculation, because it believes first that the methods of raising and distributing missionary funds are illegitimate, corrupt, and corrupting; further, because it believes that more harm than good results from missionary propaganda.

Moral causes require as the first of their obligations integrity to moral practice. Moral advancement calls first of all for moral example. In the nature of things any "money fight," whether it be in behalf of foreign missions or prohibition or what not, is a violation of the spirit of morality. It seeks to substitute the force of money for moral and spiritual force. Can it be otherwise then that a "money fight" in any cause is illegitimate and corrupt?

In our own country there is just now a notable illustration of the essential viciousness of the employment in a moral campaign of the force of capital—in other words of a "money fight." Prohibition in the form in which we have it was imposed upon the country by a money fight. It was somebody's money, much of it presumably put up by manufacturers of so-called soft drinks, that imposed the Eighteenth Amendment and the later legislation by which it is sought to be supported. It was money that supported the organization under which members of Congress and legislatures were bribed or intimidated. But for the use of money by those pretending to high moral purposes—and possibly sincere in their pretensions—the country would not have suffered the political corruption that characterized the campaign for prohibition. The putting in now of another million dollars by the W. C. T. U. will tend, not to cure, but to augment the universal confusions that shock the moral sense of all who are capable of seeing things as they are and of forming judgments upon the basis of fact as distinct from emotion.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been a tremendous moral power in our country. It reflects the hopes of thousands, even of millions, whose enthusiasm is inspired by the wish for a better civilization. In its legitimate work it has the support of all right-thinking, well-meaning people. If it would continue to be a force for good, if it would continue to command the favor of worthy and reasonable people, it would better hold to the lines of its foundation and of its history. Let it beware of the mischiefs that lie in vices that inevitably attach to "money fights."

Napoleon's original tomb on St. Helena has fallen into a sad state of disrepair since the body was removed in state to the Invalides in Paris eighty-one years ago, according to a letter received by Sir Lees Knowles, a former cabinet minister, from a recent visitor to that remote island, an excerpt from which is printed in the *New York Evening Post*. "I walked the five and one-half miles uphill to Longwood, Napoleon's old home," the writer says, "and inspected his much-neglected tomb, which is down in a deep corner of a deep valley—just a slab covered with dirty whitewash—no inscription whatever. The grass around was unkempt, and surrounded by a circle, about twenty paces in diameter, of tall trees, and there was nothing anywhere to tell the visitor when the body was removed or to whom the old tomb had belonged."

The Danish prison authorities, in connection with the introduction of reforms, are considering the idea of publishing a newspaper wholly for prisoners. It is felt that prisoners returning to civil life are considerably handicapped in their lack of knowledge on current events. The paper will cover political, home, foreign, general news, and possibly have illustrations.

During one hundred and forty-five years the United States has been engaged in 110 wars or military expeditions.

In the two years of its career as a republic Poland has issued more than 150 varieties of postage stamps.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

JAPAN AND THE CONFERENCE.

Colonel John P. Irish Writes Upon His Favorite Topic.

OAKLAND, October 14, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Since the Disarmament Conference was called there has appeared a determined attempt to make it a failure. The effort to that end is made by a considerable section of the American press, in the form of highly venomous attacks upon Japan and the Japanese and a little less venomous attack upon Great Britain. It is tiresomely repeated that Japan never observed and kept a treaty and is constantly dishonest and insincere in all international matters. Under some circumstances it might be sufficient to quote Senator Williams, who said, "Unlike the Christian nations Japan has never yet violated a treaty," but it is useful to repeat history in disclosure of the treatment of Japan and China by the Western nations.

By the treaty of Tientsin between China and Japan the independence of Korea was agreed upon. In 1895 China violated this by establishing her military garrisons in Korea. As the power that controls Korea dominates also Japan, if strong enough, Japan demanded that China withdraw and keep the treaty of Tientsin. This was refused, and after continued aggravations Japan declared a defensive war against China in 1894.

In this war Japan was victorious and by conquest acquired the Liaotung Peninsula, Port Arthur, and Dairen, and these were ceded to her by the peace of Shimonoseki. Just six days after that treaty was signed the Russian minister in Tokyo handed the Japanese government a demand, by the Czar of Russia, the Kaiser of Germany, and the President of France, that Japan give up the possession of Liaotung Peninsula, Port Arthur, and Dairen. Threatened by these three foremost military nations in the world, Japan surrendered her conquest.

Two years later, in 1897, Germany seized from China Tsingtau and the Shantung Peninsula and proceeded to build there a Pacific Gibraltar, and take in 36,000,000 of Chinese, with railroads, mines, and vast resources. Just twenty-eight days after Germany completed this capture a Russian fleet sailed into Port Arthur and took possession of that post, the Liaotung Peninsula, and Dairen. Then while the taking was good Great Britain took Wei Hai Wei, the next port north of Tsingtau, and a vast strip of territory on the shore of Pechili Bay, and added 200 square miles to her possessions at Hongkong. Then France sat in the game and took Kwang-Chow Bay, south of Canton, and a fine slice out of South China!

About this time we took the Philippines by conquest. When we began our Spanish war President McKinley felt that "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" required that we should issue a pledge of our intentions to the world. This was done by the Bacon resolution, introduced by the senator from Georgia, in which we pledged our national honor not to take a foot of territory by that war, as our purpose was purely altruistic. That pledge we violated, we stained our national honor, we joined the land-stealing nations of Europe, we made conquest of Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Next Russia moved, demanding the Korean port of Mampo, which commands Japan, and timber concessions on the Korean side of the Yalu River. Then the fortifying and garrisoning of these concessions began, and the Russian army was entrenched on Korean soil! Let the reader go carefully over the foregoing history and consider what his own feelings would have been had he been a Japanese!

On January 14, 1904, Japan exhausted her diplomatic protests to Russia and the war began. The little island empire with less than 60,000,000 of people in defense of her life defied Russia with three times the population, ten times the roster of soldiers, and a military strength feared by the Kaiser and Great Britain and courted by France in an alliance. The great battles that followed topped the world's military record and were not excelled in the late world war.

A British military writer said of that struggle: "To Europe the ten million soldiers of the Czar were a terror from which the greatest nations had shrunk. Russia was regarded by Great Britain as the first menace to her empire and by Germany as a menace to her existence. But the men of Japan had determined that the Great Bear that lay across Europe and Asia was a colossus with feet of clay."

Remember now that each seizure of territory in China by the European nations and our conquest of the Philippines carried along political jurisdiction. Remember that the Western nations do not permit China to make her own tariffs nor to organize and control the collection of duties. All that is done by the Western nations, and its every element is the essence of political control.

The *Argonaut*, issue of October 8th, says: "The cardinal feature of American policy is * * * that there must be no political domination by Japan either over China, or any other country." This can only mean that it is a cardinal feature of our policy to assume political domination over China and every other country, for only by such domination can we exclude Japan from the same privilege. If that be our policy the Disarmament Conference may as well adjourn before it meets. If it is a cardinal feature of our policy to uphold the territorial thefts of Europe in Asia, and to put Japan where she must submit to any oppression and aggression that can strike at her life, where her people are to be denied the right of emigration and of expatriation, then we are a nation for which a new chapter of infamy and tyranny and inhumanity must be written in history.

JOHN P. IRISH.

A Final Word in Rejoinder.

VICTORIA, B. C., October 12, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have followed with some interest the controversy that has grown out of your interesting article on church leadership. While not a professing member of any so-called Christian church, I have been through a long life a devoted student of the Bible. I have grown with advancing years to feel that mental integrity and its contributing qualities of directness and fearlessness is the very foundation upon which spirituality stands within the human soul.

I have in consequence viewed with regret the growth, among the more thoughtful of our pleasure-loving people, of a doctrine whose outstanding qualification is a crafty denial of actualities. The undermining of the mental integrity is its first, indeed its principal accomplishment. Its endeavor to travel simultaneously toward two diametrically opposed goals—spiritual and material success—must inevitably lead to confusion, since no man may serve God and mammon.

The usual retort of the Christian Scientist, Chapter 6, Verse 33, of the Gospel of St. Matthew ("But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you"), is a case in point. Who among us whose mental integrity had not been dispelled for the time being at least could imagine that Christ intended to that worldly success was to be the reward of one who seek "the Kingdom of God and His righteousness?"

DAVID HUNTING.

WHAT JAPAN WANTS.

It is hard to withhold a certain amount of sympathy from Mr. William Allen White when he demands that the proceedings of the forthcoming disarmament conference be made public. It will be remembered that Mr. White went to the Versailles conference as a reporter, only to find that there was nothing to report except the weather. President Wilson had seen to that. Now whether publicity would have lessened the iniquities of the Versailles treaty is open to question. Mr. White believes that it would. He has a weird confidence in the wisdom of masses of people, although why masses of people should have a wisdom obviously denied to most of the individuals composing those masses is not explained, nor indeed explicable. Mr. White, and a good many other popular writers, would doubtless like to have a daily report of proceedings, something like the *Congressional Record*, only more truthful. Now it is very certain that there will be nothing of the sort, at least it may be hoped not. If anything could bring the whole business to ruin it would be publicity of that kind. Every word uttered would then be irrevocable. National prestige would prevent the withdrawals or modifications or surrenders that are so easy in private conclave. When flags were "nailed to the mast" the nails would be clinched by publicity. And the whole world would be filled with the continuous and hideous din of contentious ignorances.

But we should like to know something of the proceedings, and so far we know practically nothing. We should welcome something in the nature of an agenda paper. The American mind is prone to a certain benevolent diffuseness when it approaches an international problem. At the present time, for example, we are all of us busy making comparisons between the navies of the world, but to how many of us does it occur that there is no yardstick by which the relative strength of navies can be measured? Big ships may be a strength or a weakness. We are not yet sure. And what are the relative values of the various units—battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines? And then there is the question of guns. A ship with 16-inch guns can master half a dozen ships with 14-inch guns. She can blow them out of the water at a safe range. We are all of us more or less deceived by these comparative navy statements. They mean nothing.

And what precisely is meant by the "problems of the Pacific"? What are those problems? What are they to us? What are they to Great Britain? What are they to Japan? And perhaps it would be pertinent to ask also, what are they to Russia and to Germany, a few years ago the two greatest military powers of the world and likely to become so again—both excluded from the conference, and therefore in no way bound by anything that the conference may do? Once more we find the same diffuseness of thought. When we read about the problems of the Pacific we think of Japanese immigration, or naturalization, or the pestiferous little island of Yap. If we are inclined to be emotional we remind ourselves that the Japanese are a "high-spirited and sensitive people," which usually means that they should be allowed to do what they please, when they please, and how they please. Or, on the other hand, we remark that they are "unassimilable," and of course that settles the whole thing in a moment. And then there are always those other ultra-emotionalists who chatter about the crushing weight of armaments and who are fully persuaded that the lion will lie down with the lamb forevermore after a few politically pious exordiums and the signing of a few treaties more accurately described as "scraps of paper."

But if we ourselves have no very definite ideas about the conference we may be sure that the Japanese ideas are alike definite and resolute. Japan is not troubling at all about immigration or naturalization, although she is naturally willing to talk about them or anything else provided she is not asked to talk about the domination of China and her rapid absorption of one-quarter of the entire human race. For there, and nowhere else, is the problem of the Pacific. There is no other problem. If Japan is allowed to have her way in China, then Japan becomes the mistress of Asia and even of the world. And well she knows it.

China, the pacifist nation of the race, has been like a dead whale surrounded by sharks. Any one might take a bite and get away with it. France, Russia, Great Britain, Japan, and Germany helped themselves and came for more. Even little Portugal was welcome to a taste. The latter-day status of China may be measured by a quotation from Dr. Gilbert Reid's book, "China, Captive or Free." Dr. Reid says: "The insult to China was in the fact that outside nations proceeded, under Japan's initiative, to negotiate about China, without negotiating with China or doing it at China's request. China was ignored in her own affairs." Every one was willing to make pious asseverations of China's independence and to subscribe to the doctrine of the open door or to any other doctrine that sounded pacific and comforting. It became almost a joke, if so

great a shame can be a joke. And we can not afford to wrap ourselves in the mantle of self-righteousness in this respect. It is true that we did not actually snatch our pound of flesh from the Chinese carcass, but we stood by consenting when Japan did it in the form of Shantung. We enabled her to do it. We gave her Shantung as a bribe to join the league of nations. And when Japan demanded an expression of our attitude toward China we entered into the Lansing-Ishii agreement by which we admitted that "territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries and consequently the government of the United States recognizes that Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous." We are prone to talk about our renunciation of the Boxer indemnity and to persuade ourselves that China loves us, but let us at the same time remember Shantung and the Lansing-Ishii agreement. We, too, have helped in the partition of China, and have allowed Japan to sharpen her axe on our grindstone. But we still repeat the rather ridiculous formulas of the "open door" in China. We still express ourselves as devoted to the principle of Chinese independence.

Japan has pursued her goal undeviatingly, and we need not doubt that she will still pursue it at the conference. She would much prefer to "talk about something else" and to assume that the domination of China is not one of the problems of the Pacific. But it is. Actually there is no other problem and there is nothing else worth talking about. Discussions of immigration and the like will be a waste of time, red herrings drawn across the trail. Japan will gracefully surrender anything that is asked of her along these lines. But she will not surrender her resolve to absorb a quarter of the human race and to make of China her recruiting ground.

When Japan made her twenty-one secret demands upon China a few months ago she laid the basis of a Chinese policy from which she will not depart unless she shall be compelled to do so. Dr. Paul M. Reinsch, writing in the current issue of *Asia*, says that he called on one of China's ministers and learned from him the nature of the Japanese claims. "He finally confided to me in almost in tears that Japan had made categorical demands which, if conceded, would destroy the independence of his country and reduce her to a servile state. He then told me in general terms their nature, saying: 'Control of natural resources, finances, army, police! What will be left to China? This is the punishment for being peaceful and just to others.' The blow evidently had come with stunning force, and the counselors of the president had not been able to overcome the first terrified surprise or to develop any plan for meeting the crisis." The general tenor of these twenty-one demands was cabled to England and America, but Japan managed to suppress their publication for two weeks. She categorically denied their truth, but eventually she admitted the facts, the Japanese minister to China saying: "The present crisis throughout the world virtually forces my government to take far-reaching action. When there is a fire in a jeweler's shop neighbors can not be expected not to help themselves." There we have the Japanese conception of neighborly activities, a conception of which she herself was the most striking example.

What will the conference do about it? The easiest way, which is also the way to perdition, is solemnly to asseverate the principle of the "open door" in China and to leave it at that. It has been done so often that it will be quite easy to do it again. When Mr. Micawber gave his I. O. U. for a debt with which he was suddenly confronted he remarked with satisfaction, "Thank God, that's paid." We have been asserting the principle of the open door and of Chinese integrity for some years now. It has become a sort of rite, a kind of ceremonial. It served once as a salve for tender political consciences that have now become indurated. Like Mr. Micawber, we said, "Thank God, that's paid." But the domination of China went on apace. Japan declared over and over again that she was full of tender solicitude for China. She bowed in adoration before the principle of the open door. Far be it from her to violate the integrity of China. But her policy of Chinese domination went forward like the car of Juggernaut. It never deviated for an instant, and she does not intend that it shall deviate now. If the conference is to be satisfied with reiterations in which Japan will as usual unctuously join such a procedure will doubtless conduce to amicable sessions, but it will amount to no more than the paying of debts with I. O. U.'s. There will then be no open door in China, but rather a door that is hermetically closed. There will be no preservation of Chinese integrity, for China will become a part of Japan and her four hundred millions of people will pass under a sovereignty that is now the only and the mighty representative of a militaristic imperialism that is seeing visions and dreaming dreams of a united, hostile, and aggressive Asia that shall be in her hands as a thunderbolt of racial war.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 19, 1921.

The death is announced, at the age of sixty-eight, of General Sir Sam Hughes, formerly Canadian minister of militia, and the organizer of the first Canadian Expeditionary Force of 32,000 men.

OLD FAVORITES.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Doubtless in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none hut Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Doubtless in regions new! —John Keats.

Ode.

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying,
In the hurried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.
—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

On a Favorite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fish.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tahy kind,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angels forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled.)
The slippery verge her feet heguled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undecieved,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And he with caution hold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glisters, gold. —Thomas Gray.

For sixteen centuries the little republic of San Marino has maintained its independence, although Italy entirely surrounds it.

No records of baptism were kept until the sixteenth century.

SHOOTING IN INDIA.

Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson Writes a Book Containing Much of Sport and Little of Politics.

Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson tells us that he was an object of much curiosity to his fellow-passengers on the steamer that took him to India in 1908 to begin his duties as finance minister. It was rumored that he had a wife and four children and that he maltreated the former and neglected the latter; that he was suffering from cancer; that he had been removed from public service in England, and that he was hopelessly incompetent for an official position in India. But he seems to have survived, for he now gives us a volume of reminiscences in the form of letters, and very good letters they are. They might conceivably have been equally good if they had been devoted to matters of Indian finance and to the recesses of Indian politics, but it is much to be doubted. The routine of official life is one of the things that we are willing to take for granted, but there is always an audience for stories of hunting, and so the author wisely gives us a minimum of politics and a maximum of sport.

It is true that he mentions the viceroy on his first page, but only to tell us of the kindness with which his application for leave to go tiger hunting was granted, and on the third page we have the story of his first jungle victory:

I have had a grand day. I have shot two tigers. One is an unusually fine one, with beautiful markings and great breadth of body. The other, his wife, is a bit smaller. I can hardly realize yet that I really have got two good tigers within seven weeks of landing in India. I am hugely pleased and right glad that I shot straight. I hit the big one just into the left shoulder, and the tigress right through the heart and lungs. They both lay dead within some six or eight feet of where I hit them. I was perched up in my *machan* at the edge of a clearing, and just saying to myself how easy it would be for a tiger to sweep the whole thing away, when I saw the head of a big tiger pushing through a thick round bush. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was just like a scene of "jungle life in India" which one sees in fancy pictures in the illustrated papers. I caught his eye just as I saw him, and I realized that there was not a moment to spare. I aimed at his shoulder and pulled. He roared, stood straight up on his hind-legs, and began to box with his fore-legs. It was a grand sight. He then fell back and died, poor old boy! I was just getting down from the *machan*, and the beaters were beginning to gather together in the open, when the second tiger, of which no one knew anything, dashed out with a roar, her tail lashing right and left and her mouth wide open. She seemed to be in a vile temper and inclined to charge the *machan*, up which a native was trying to climb, but swerved. I gave her a shot and caught her behind the shoulder. She roared, sprang into the air and went a regular header in a thick bush, and then died.

The author was brought into contact with Lord Kitchener and he gives us a cautious estimate of that soldier's character. Kitchener, he says, would have been burned at the stake rather than save his life at the cost of a lie, but to get the best of a deal in the interests of his country he would lie like a trooper:

I experienced this more than once in South Africa. Kitchener cabled to the government and asked that I should be sent out. I was Assistant Under Secretary of State for War at the time, and retained that rank whilst abroad, so that I was in a large measure independent of him.

From first to last we got on splendidly, and I have nothing but very pleasant recollections of our association, but just at first I had one severe tussle with him.

We had come to an understanding that if what he wanted done was done as I advised, I should sign the decision and be responsible for it.

On the other hand, if he insisted on doing a thing his own way, he was to sign or initial the document and bear the burden as regards result.

The first time there was trouble was when he refused to initial his instructions, and denied ever having agreed to do so.

Eventually he yielded and appended his initials in pencil, but so faintly that the result was quasi-invisible.

My temper flared up. I stepped up to his writing-table, seized his gum-pot, and laid a good dab of gum on his signature. "Why on earth do you do that?" said K. "Because," I replied, "the initial will show through the gum, and you will not be able to rub it off."

I never had any trouble with him again.

Taking him all round, as the saying is, I think he is about the biggest living Englishman, and I can truthfully say, "Perfidious K., with all thy faults I love thee still."

Writing at Calcutta on January 6, 1910, the author tells another hunting story, but on this occasion the victims were buffalo, of which a large herd had been sighted. The Indian buffalo, he tells us, is the least timid and the most savage of animals:

I was "mad keen" to get a buffalo, and in spite of Meyer's protest, I determined to stalk the bulls and shoot. I crept to within 200 yards, took a steady shot at the nearest, and knocked him over; then I knocked over a second one. Then I loaded, fired, and hit the other two. One moved slowly away, joined the stampeded herd, and I lost him, although I knew he was mortally wounded. The other wounded one at once attacked the two dying ones and gored their bodies, and then stood sentry over them. I waited some time in hopes he would move off, but he kept on walking from one to the other and refused to go away. The tide was beginning to turn and I knew we should have to leave the island in a short time. Meyer implored me to come away. I realized the folly of approaching a furious wounded buffalo, but I also knew that unless I shot him I should lose my trophies. I thought the matter well over and I deliberately elected to risk it. I walked up to within 100 yards of the buffalo, fired, and dropped him on his knees. He sprang up again at once and charged me at a fearful pace. I stood quite still and fired at the nape of his neck. I fired too low and hit him in the face. Then I knew I was done for. I had no second rifle, and I had hardly time to think. All I could do and did was to stand still, turn sideways, and try to avoid the points of the horns. In this I succeeded, but the buffalo caught me

on the right thigh and tossed me ten feet in the air, right over his back. Meyer says I turned a complete somersault in the air with my rifle in my hand, and came down right on top of my head. I landed in mud and sent up a small column of mud and water. The buffalo turned to finish me, but in so doing he caught sight of a flying native, one of our men, whose loin-cloth was flapping in the wind, and which no doubt caught the buffalo's eye. He raced after the poor man, overtook him, and drove his horn, low down, into his back. I thought my thigh was broken, as I could not rise, so I just lay still in the mud and looked on. My rifle was choked with mud and I could not open it; besides, my eyes, nose, ears, and mouth were literally full of mud and I was terribly shaken. It was a horrible sight. The bull rushed about with his tail in the air, roaring and carrying the wretched man upright on his horns.

The rules of fair play are held in small esteem in the hunting of tigers. The poor brutes are often so surrounded by elephants as to have no chance, and then the sport becomes much like a butchery. So far as elephants are concerned the author tells us that until he went to Nepal he had never been on friendly terms with them, and he is not sure he would ever care to trust them, but they are interesting animal companions:

One sight I shall never forget—thirty-three huge elephants swimming in the Sardar River. On the back of each, which only showed about two inches above the water, stood a naked mahout, and the elephants themselves played about like a shoal of porpoises. Another very interesting sight is to see them having their bath. The mahouts make them lie down in very shallow water and wash them from head to foot just as a nurse washes a baby. It is curious to see these huge animals lifting up one leg and then another to have it well washed, blinking their eyes to prevent the water splashing into them, and generally behaving like naughty children who are determined to give the nurse who washes them as much trouble as possible. My own elephant, which rejoiced in the name of "Jasmine," was a magnificent female elephant, extraordinarily sagacious and marvelously staunch. The one tiger we saw got within a few inches of her trunk, but she merely curled it up and never stirred. She was so beautifully broken that if a deer or anything else got up while we were on the march, she of her own accord immediately stopped, so as to enable whoever was on her back to take a steady shot. I fed her plentifully on biscuits and by the time the trip was over we were fast friends.

The author tells us of an official visit that he paid to the Bombay presidency and to Sir George Clarke, the governor:

I do not think I ever came across a nicer set of men than the governor's staff, and I shall always retain a grateful recollection of the quiet, well-bred, unobtrusive manner in which they devoted themselves to making me happy and comfortable. I was especially taken with the surgeon, who has the reputation of being one of the best physicians in India. He is a singularly silent man, but his taciturnity was relieved by brilliant flashes of young leopard. He had picked up a leopard cub in the jungle and had brought it up, so far as I could make out, on a diet of sponges and milk. He is devoted to the leopard and the leopard is devoted to him. I took the opportunity on a quiet Sunday morning, when every one was at church, to pay Mr. Leopard a visit in the large enclosed verandah on which he had his home. He was about the size of a small pointer, and I was fortunate enough to find him in a remarkably amiable frame of mind. I walked with my legs far apart and he kept passing through my legs just as a performing dog does. I do not think he had been trained to do it. I was able to study for the first time a leopard's eyes at close quarters. There is something extraordinarily uncanny about them. They are aquamarine in color, and whilst you can not see into them at all you feel as if they look right through you.

A short dissertation on the duties of an Indian viceroy reminds the author of an experience in England on the first occasion when he shared a cabinet secret. Cabinet papers were exchanged by means of locked boxes, and on this occasion there was also racing at Newmarket, which meant that Lord Hartington would be at the races and not at the cabinet meeting:

In those days cabinet ministers did not discuss cabinet questions with women in the hearing of servants, and cabinet secrets were secrets, and we, figuratively speaking, double-locked the door and pulled down the blinds before proceeding with due solemnity to open boxes.

Inside one was half a sheet of notepaper from Lord Granville, known to his colleagues as Pussy.

So far as I could judge, Granville's great value rested on his marked ability to shepherd back to the fold recalcitrant cabinet ministers.

On the sheet of paper was written:

"DEAR H.—I still disagree with you, but to prove my absolute confidence in your judgment I hereby authorize you to invest £10 for me at Newmarket.—G."

I became deeply attached to Lord Hartington.

He was abnormally shy and very reserved, but he had a heart of gold.

I once knew him to take a very early train for Newmarket—a terrible ordeal for one who usually got up at midday—solely to help a young stable lad who had appealed to him to get him out of some trouble.

I believe I once had a unique experience.

I once saw Lord Hartington cry. It was when he first heard of Gordon's death.

He threw himself into an arch and gave a great sob. Tears coursed down his cheeks, and it is characteristic of the man that he made little attempt to disguise his emotion and none to wipe his face.

In May, 1912, we have the story of a lion hunt. It is usual for the beaters to approach the lion's lair and to drive him in the desired direction by means of yells. The plan never fails if the beaters know their work and give the yells in the requisite way:

On the 20th we got *khabar* of a lion—a well-known, unusually big, old and gray lion—and started very early after him on foot. I think we were some ten hours following him. He at last lay up in a clump of bushes in a very small wood, almost the only wood I saw in Gir Forest. Gir Forest, like a Scotch forest, is treeless and equally bears its name on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle.

I was posted on rising ground behind a bulky tree-stump and the head shikari, a splendid specimen of the class, stood beside me. The "move" succeeded, but the lion did not wait for the second yell. Immediately he heard the first he bounded out and came past me at a hand-canter. He was inclining towards Robertson's post, when that kind, unselfish young man fired two shots over him, pushing him towards me.

I hit the lion rather too high and too much behind to kill him straight away. He went a short distance and then lay up on a bare spot exactly in the attitude of the Nelson Monument lions, and we, the head shikari and myself, had to walk up to and finish him.

I fully expected him to charge us and confess to feeling at the moment in a "blue funk," but my shot had injured the spine, and he could not rise, much less charge.

He was a grand beast, and when I looked at him lying dead, I confess that I would have given all I have in the world to have been able to restore him to life.

He looked superb when he passed me, taking great leaps rather than galloping; he looked formidable when sitting up wounded, and he looked noble in death. Of course, I am beyond measure delighted at getting a Gir lion, but the day is not far distant when I shall hate to kill any of God's creatures.

The author tells us that he has a strong disinclination to kill animals with the exception of snakes and crocodiles. The crocodile may have a certain value as a water scavenger, but he can not understand why snakes were ever created. Both snakes and crocodiles kill large numbers of natives. And then there are bears:

Bears are most amusing to watch, but dangerous to meddle with. Natives are very frequently injured by bears and detest them. I once watched a bear up a tree trying to get at a honeycomb. The way he grumbled and cursed *sotto voce* when a bee managed to sting his nose was extraordinarily funny. At last the bees got the better of him, and he reluctantly slithered down the tree and walked sulkily away grumbling, just as does an old city clerk if he finds no room in the city bus on a rainy morning. A bear possesses the combined charms of a sulky porter and a slow railway booking-clerk. Had I the option, however, of shooting two of the three, I should let off the bear.

I always found it excessively hard to hit a bear. He looks enormous, generally gives you a fair chance, and has less vitality than the cat tribe and the deer tribe, but he is all fur! The contrast between a skinned and an unskinned bear is almost ludicrous. The only thing at all like it from the standpoint of contrast is a gray owl, which is all feathers. One takes a steady shot at what ought to be the bear's heart and the bullet just cuts through a mass of long black fur. It is as difficult to locate a bear's heart as it is to locate some human brains. Parenthetically I may mention that a bear's paw baked in a clay jacket is quite good eating.

Stalking wild animals is exhausting work. The author tells us that on one occasion he got on the track of a tiger and followed it along a dry watercourse. The heat was so great that he could not wear his glasses, nor handle his rifle without gloves:

After two hours of heavy walking in scorching heat we reached a circular sunken hollow, which in the rainy season had been a deep pool, surrounded by rocks some twenty feet high.

Here the shikari halted us and pointed to a relatively small hole in the rock about fifteen feet above us, from which a narrow, self-like path led to the forest above.

"The bagh is resting in there," said the shikari.

The three of us stood close together in the centre of the pit, for it was little else, with our eyes glued on the hole which was the entrance to Mrs. Tiger's apartment.

It was against all rule to fire at her when several feet above us, as it was an absolute certainty that the shot would bring her down on the top of us; and that is just what happened.

After about two minutes of, for us, intense strain the tigress came out of the cave. We fired almost simultaneously, but I am of opinion that Best fired a second or two before me and hit her first, thus earning the skin, which, however, he most generously insisted on my keeping.

What happened after we fired I am unable to describe with exactitude. The tiger came down amongst us, and I have a recollection of gravel flying about and of a certain amount of concentrated essence of tension prevailing, but Best was as cool as the proverbial cucumber and it was his finishing shot which killed her. She was dying when she came into us, but quite able and willing to make things unpleasant for all concerned.

It must not be supposed that the author writes exclusively of sport. He tells us also something of Indian unrest, of native character, and of his official duties—altogether a wide-angled and a most readable book.

LETTERS TO NOBODY. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, G. C. I. E., K. C. B., K. C. M. G. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

The late war is very generally regarded as having been one of "race." The idea certainly lent to the struggle much of its bitterness and uncompromising fury. And yet, from the genuine racial standpoint, it was nothing of the kind (says Lothrop Stoddard in "The New World of Islam"). Ethnologists have proved conclusively that, apart from certain palæolithic survivals and a few historically recent Asiatic intruders, Europe is inhabited by only three stocks: (1) The blond, long-headed "Nordic" race, (2) the medium-complexioned, round-headed "Alpine" race, (3) the brunette, long-headed "Mediterranean" race. These races are so dispersed and intermingled that every European nation is built of at least two of these stocks, while most are compounded of all three. Strictly speaking, therefore, the European war was not a race war at all, but a domestic struggle between closely knit blood relatives. Now all this was known to most well-educated Europeans long before 1914. And yet it did not make the slightest difference. The reason is that, in spite of everything, the vast majority of Europeans still believe that they fit into an entirely different race category. They think they belong to the "Teutonic" race, the "Latin" race, the "Slav" race, or the "Anglo-Saxon" race. The fact is these so-called "races" simply do not exist, but are really historical differentiations, based on language and culture, which cut sublimely across genuine race lines.

There are 6,000,000 children born every year in China.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 15, 1921, were \$127,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$161,500,000; a decrease of \$34,000,000.

One of the consequences of the easing of the credit strain in the interior has been a slight shading of interest rates in Wall Street, but it is to be noted that neither the improvement in credit nor the better tendencies which have developed in certain departments of industry have found any marked reflection in the stock market. But, to the contrary.

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stocks, particularly the industrial issues, were very severely depressed during August, and the tendencies at this writing (early in September) are uncertain and inconclusive. Included among the factors which contributed to the recent unsettlement were some highly unfavorable reports of industrial corporations. The raw-sugar industry appears to be in a state of flux, a condition which has reacted upon the refining industry, as is evidenced by the fact that the American Sugar Refining Company, with upward of 30,000 shareholders and an unbroken dividend record of thirty years, was forced to forego its regular disbursement a few weeks ago.

Some idea of the enormous losses which

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have been sustained by corporations of very high standing may be obtained by a brief consideration of the balance sheet of the Central Leather Company. The statement as of June 30th last showed a profit-and-loss deficit of \$6,040,896, which compares with a surplus on March 31, 1920, of \$30,640,498, a shrinkage of assets in fifteen months of \$36,681,394. It is not wholly surprising, with corporation after corporation omitting its dividends or reporting simply appalling losses, that sentiment in the financial district should have become very much depressed or that Wall Street should have fallen into a way of thinking that a definite turn in the industrial tide is still a long way off. While it is freely admitted that there may be intervals of recovery and that some of them may be substantial, the prevailing opinion in influential circles appears

to be that the losses already incurred have been too severe and that there are as yet too many unliquidated positions, too large an accumulation of unsold and, at present, unsalable merchandise on hand to justify the hope of an early sustained recovery.

While there are no clear and definite indications as yet that all the necessary readjustments have been completed or that the depression in general industry has run its full course, there can be no doubt that the domestic situation has undergone some improvement of late and that certain departments of trade have been feeling the beneficial effects of the corrective and remedial processes of liquidation continued now over the better part of two years (says John Grant Dater in the *Century Magazine*). There can be little or no doubt that the more hopeful sentiment and the slight betterment in business noted in July originated in the seasonal activities of the harvest movement and the necessity of replenishing depleted stocks of merchandise, but the improvement—albeit of an irregular and uncertain character—could scarcely have continued as it has until the present writing (early in September) unless it had been supported by a strengthening of the fundamental conditions.

Financial observers generally are disposed to regard the increased availability of credit and the marked declines which have taken place in interest rates in recent months as chief among the constructive developments in the markets, and, of course, there can be no two opinions regarding the sustaining influence of a real improvement in the conditions surrounding money and credit. The relaxing tendencies are the natural outcome of liquidation and as such they mark a step in the right direction, but there are no assurances—in what has been accomplished in this respect thus far—that liquidation has definitely and finally ceased. To the contrary, a majority of observers, including such a high authority as the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, are strongly of the opinion that the corrective processes will have to continue and proceed much farther before the end is at hand.

Thus, in pointing out that liquidation is merely the reverse of inordinate expansion or inflation, the Philadelphia institution, in its review of business conditions at the beginning of September, said:

"What happened during the war and post-war period is now an old story. The difference between events then and now is that at present they are moving in reverse order. The volume of business has declined from the unprecedented peak it had reached, prices have been following suit, and likewise profits. The process of liquidation has been going on for some time, but there are still important industries and areas of the country in which it is not yet complete. . . . The first to feel its effects were the industrial districts, and these are showing the greatest progress towards its completion and towards recovery. The farming districts are laboring under severe handicaps, the existence of which nearly everybody recognizes and which, apparently, could not have been avoided. The situation is one that can not be forced or handled impatiently. There is abundant credit to take care of it,

but past experience has always shown that time is a necessary element as well as money."

In reviewing the general investment outlook a few weeks ago the writer pointed out the salient features regarding the principal railroad, industrial, and public utility groups. To most observers the dividing line between the different groups is becoming more noticeable than ever. Railroad securities are relatively stronger than most of the industrial securities. To close observers the reason is perfectly obvious.

The future course of industrial securities are more or less likely to be influenced by general trade conditions. Securities such as American Woolen, United States Rubber, Goodrich, American Sugar, Central Leather, Corn Products, and a host of others are dependent largely upon domestic as well as foreign conditions. While the period of readjustment is gradually discounting future movements, many industrial concerns are not likely to show favorable financial statements during the latter part of this year. In many instances deficits will be more in evidence than profits. Some of the industrials, principally those engaged in manufacturing, are in a much stronger position than the average run of the so-called industrial concerns. A few of the equipments, such as Railway Steel Spring, Pressed Steel Car, American Car and Foundry, American Locomotive, and Baldwin Locomotive, will in time show more favorable earnings. General Electric and Westinghouse should do better in the early part of next year.

The increasing demand for copper, both at home and abroad, should help to stimulate the securities of the leading copper companies. In this group the most attractive are, in the opinion of the writer, Anaconda, Inspiration, Utah, Chino, Granby, Kennecott, and Miami.

In the public utility group the most promising companies at present are the American Telephone and Telegraph, Consolidated Gas, Columbia Gas, People's Gas, and the Pacific Gas and Electric.

Disregarding the present railroad dispute, the most attractive purchases at present yields are the Atchison, Atlantic Coast, Delaware and Hudson, Norfolk and Western, Illinois Central, Louisville and Nashville, Canadian Pacific, Union Pacific, New York Central. In the secondary group Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania, Northern Pacific, Great Northern, New York, Chicago and St. Louis, Chicago-Rock Island (preferred A and B). In the junior preferred group the C. C. C. and St. Louis, Colorado Southern, Kansas City Southern, Pere Marquette (prior pref), and Western Pacific.—*John D. Dunlop.*

Anticipating a seasonal fall improvement in business, bull cliques bought stocks on the August slump in the stock market and advanced prices sharply. The result has been that the extended short interest of a month or six weeks ago has been eliminated to a considerable degree and in its place there has been established a weak long interest created by those who bought on the top of the rise and on the theory that no matter where prices might go temporarily they would be bound to make money in the long run. Such buyers usually make up their minds to hold

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through thick and thin, but it would hardly take more than the experience of the last year or so in the stock market to justify the conclusion that such intentions are not always adhered to.

Many market comments run to the general effect that while the advance was so very rapid and that it is natural to expect reactions, still there is no possibility that any further break in the market will bring average prices down below where they were last summer. This same sort of argument was advanced during and following each recovery in the market since it began breaking more than a year ago, and yet on those occasions we saw first one stock and then another go into new



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low ground and finally the whole market crashed down badly.

There is a consistent effort to encourage optimism, which is all very well in its way, but when one risks his money in the stock market he wants to divest himself of any such idea that one is always bound to lose his fortune if he "sells Uncle Sam short." More fortunes have been lost by buying the top of a boom than by selling the pit of a depression.

There is still a long road to travel before final adjustments are made in wages and labor conditions generally, and in railroad rates and prices of manufactured products and commodities. It is easy enough to see that if wages and freight rates and prices come down

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he whole business fabric will be affected. The influx of tremendous quantities of gold from all parts of the world means that the rest of the world is being impoverished to that degree and will consequently be unable to buy from us with freedom. Certainly until our foreign trade picks up in a large way we can hardly look for general industrial prosperity in this country.

Our money situation is becoming simpler on the whole and in consequence a great deal of buying of investment, and even semi-investment, securities is going on, with the idea of making advantage of low interest rates.

A good deal of hope has been entertained by holders of railroad securities that Congress will do something quickly for the railroads and that labor will be amenable to new conditions arising. One can hardly conceive such folly as would impel railroad labor leaders to

nearing completion at an estimated cost of \$1,100,000. This building, fronting 182 feet on Market Street and 187 feet on Taylor Street, is in one of the most valuable downtown business locations in San Francisco. The Market and Taylor Building Company bonds are unconditionally guaranteed as to principal and interest by endorsement by Loew's, Inc., which controls and operates over sixty theatres, and has net tangible assets of nearly \$20,000,000, exclusive of goodwill. A lease of the theatre portion of the building is being executed to Loew's, Inc., San Francisco State Theatre Company for a period of years extending beyond the maturity of these bonds at an annual rental of \$200,000. This amount, together with income to be derived from the remaining portion of the building, on the basis of leases actually signed and applications for space on file with the company, assures income which is more than six times the interest charges and more than two and one-quarter times the greatest annual interest and sinking fund charges combined. An attractive feature of this issue is the monthly sinking fund of \$5000, which commences on March 1, 1923, and which will be sufficient to purchase the entire issue before maturity, if attainable at or below 105 and accrued interest. The bonds are being offered by the above-mentioned investment dealers at 100 and accrued interest, yielding 8 per cent.

E. C. Evans & Sons, Inc., steamship agents, announce the removal of their office as of October 12, 1921, from 454 California Street to top floor, 260 California Street.

Wall Street has become the brightest, the most optimistic spot in the country. And not long ago it was the gloomiest, the darkest district in all the United States (says J. G. Donley in *Forbes Magazine*).

Why? Because stocks have begun to move upward. Wall Street has actually adopted a new point of view toward the stock market; so that now, when prices recover after a day or two of setbacks, the comment is all to the effect that the upward trend has been "resumed." And even professional brokerage comment has pretty generally swung around to the belief that stocks are a purchase on every little reaction.

But so far the great outside public has not been convinced that the turn has come for good. The volume of sales indicates that there has been little participation in the market outside of the confirmed traders that are always to be found on one side or the other. As a matter of fact that is one of the best things that can be said about the market, now that the edge has been taken off the covering movement; for, until the public does come in, there can be no real opportunity for large operators who accumulated stocks at lower levels to properly distribute them.

There is little doubt that the public will come in. Rising prices are a powerful magnet, and reactions furnish the opportunity; so that gradually an outside interest is practically sure to be built up in time for full participation in the later stages of the fall rise. The final two or three weeks of the movement are likely to see prices so well sustained and trading on such a large scale that those who hesitated when prices first started up will rush in and buy with the greatest show of confidence. That will be the time to watch for, because that will be the time to sell.

The fall rally should be regarded, not as the inception of a broad speculation for the rise, but rather as the natural recoil of prices after a long-sustained downward movement.

Looking at the market from that angle, it is evident that it will be advisable to take profits in all classes of stocks when the upward movement shows signs of culminating, for if the upward course is not to be maintained over the turn-of-the-year there is no other alternative but three or four months of comparative dullness and reaction. No one can predict in advance just when the culmination of the fall rise will come, but it is logical to look for it around the end of this month, and the signs of its coming are likely to be concentrated dealings in one or two speculative issues which may be run up sharply to facilitate distribution throughout the rest of the list.

It is logical to believe that the real bull market will have its inception next March or April, and probably the most advantageous time for those who take profits on the present move to repurchase will come in February. By that time there will be sufficient indication as to the probable future trend of industrial, public utility, mining, and railroad affairs to make it possible for the big speculators to choose their stocks and plan their campaigns. The smaller speculators who follow the trade news can do likewise, with the intention of holding their stocks and gradually adding to their lines for a year or two.

The recovery in the industrial list, where the short interest was plainly over-extended six weeks ago, has so far run well ahead of advances in the railroad list. The industrials were taken up first because they were easiest to move, and the railroads are now being brought into line because it will be easier to sell the industrials with the rest of the market strong. Perhaps the final stages of the rise will run more to rails and public utilities than industrials. Anyway, for those who did not purchase industrials before the upward swing began, the safest course now would seem to be to get into some of the good rails, such as Rock Island, Baltimore and Ohio, Missouri Pacific common and preferred, St. Louis and San Francisco common and preferred, Texas and Pacific, Colorado and Southern common and preferred, and Kansas City Southern. Among the standard rails such stocks as New York Central, Southern Pacific, and Illinois Central should be favored.

The copper stocks also have not had much of a rise, and in this group such issues as Anaconda, Utah, Miami, Chino, Ray, and Chile look particularly good. Specialties, which are not so widely held as the standard industrial issues and therefore are not so likely to be closely restricted in their market movements, quite often come in for very good moves on the tail end of a main market swing. In this class may be placed Butterick Company, U. S. Realty, International Paper, and Union Bag and Paper.

As already pointed out, the main body of industrial stocks may continue their advance until the end of this month, but the big opportunity to buy in this group has passed, so far as the fall rally is concerned. The trader should already have taken his position in these stocks and should hold it until the market looks to be a sale on general principles.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company own and offer \$60,000 City of Klamath Falls, Oregon, 6 per cent. general obligation bonds in denominations of \$1000 and \$500, due August 1, 1936.

Klamath Falls, the county seat of Klamath County, is the chief railroad and distributing point for the rich agricultural area comprising Klamath Basin. It is a modern and substantially built city. It has three banks with deposits aggregating \$3,000,000, ten schools, including grade and high schools, and the finest hotel in Southern Oregon.

Klamath Falls is the second city in Oregon in the amount of outgoing freight shipments. As an industrial centre it is the largest in the southern part of the state, being in the heart of a great empire of undisputed territory extending nearly seventy-five miles in every direction. Immediately adjacent to the city there are approximately 100,000 acres of irrigated land and more than 200,000 acres additional are yet to be reclaimed. Pine timber tributary to the city has been cruised at 31,000,000 feet. The annual cut of this timber is estimated at 150,000,000 feet, furnishing employment to twenty-three hundred men. The city has in it and tributary to it forty-nine mills and factories. It is the largest box shock manufacturing centre on the Pacific Coast and is also the centre of one of the largest stock-raising sections of Oregon.

Contracts are being let by Reid Brothers of San Francisco, manufacturers of hospital supplies, for the new factory building to be built by them on a five-acre site recently acquired at Irvington, on the Southern Pacific and Western Pacific railroads.

The first contract let was for a well, equipped with electrically-driven pumps and great water storage capacity, to serve the factory. The contract was let in San Jose during the week.

E. A. Cadwell, building superintendent for the main factory, arrived from Portland and is now on the ground preparing to begin work



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ing and exporting hospital supplies Reid Brothers have organized a department for the building of hospitals. They will contract to finance, plan, build, equip, and turn over ready for operation hospitals of any capacity for either public or private ownership.

Under the British army regulations no soldier is eligible for married quarters unless he is twenty-six years of age.

The time-honored bull's-eye lantern carried by the London police has been replaced by a neat electric lamp.

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Far to Seek.

There is something very real and at the same time very unreal about Maud Diver's latest novel, "Far to Seek"—the strength and the weakness inherent in a book that is one of a series; for it is an axiom and a paradox or art that the more solidly you build, the less you have of illusion. And illusion is, after all, the essence of art. The sketch is sometimes more complete than the elaborately finished product, for the sketch contains the germ which blossoms in our own imagination; but the flower is merely imaged in the imperfect mirror of technique when the artist's work is carried out to the limit of his ability. We are not making a plea for sketchiness, but rather analyzing the fault of a serial—which in a novel is the limit of production. What is gained by way of greater association with the characters of a serial is lost in the self-consciousness of that art which is not artless enough.

"Far to Seek" is the story of Lilamani's son and his struggle to orient himself between his Eastern and Western heritage. A Eurasian or half-caste in fact, Roy Sinclair, son of an Indian princess and of an English haronnet, was at heart the purest of aristocrats—a fact that was tacitly accepted by the finer of his English associates. But by the curious mixture of his races Roy Sinclair was neither English nor Indian. Though car-

ried to a conventionally satisfactory conclusion, the book is really a strong argument, if any were needed, against such interracial marriages. True, as Miss Diver argues through her hero, the objection to such marriages is based on the result of the mingling of the lower classes of both races. It would be interesting to know if Miss Diver's romance has an actual prototype. It may be that the product would be the fine-souled hero of "Far to Seek" with his mingling of the best qualities of Oriental and Anglo-Saxon. But the beauty of it is hardly worth the price of the pain he had to suffer. That is part of the book's unreality. It opens up a problem that one is compelled to reflect upon, and in admitting its problematic nature one is reminded of its unreality.

Perhaps this is hypercritical, but there is an intangible quality about the book that is disillusioning. This is also partly the result of its mystical strain. To the person who has had experience of a supernatural sort, Roy's communion with the dead may be only an additional charm—for charm of a very high order the book has. But unfortunately the normal human being balks at the supernatural. As De Morgan said in "Alice-for-Short" we never will accept any one else's ghost; our own discoveries being always of a much more authentic nature.

Having picked on all the flaws of a very fine novel, our critical conscience should be satisfied. But the flaws are really negligible in long stretches of a book that is very much better in some parts than in others. Without a gripping story interest—except in the modern episode of Roy's flirtation with Rose Arden—it has a compelling quality that suffices to carry one over the more barren stretches. The early chapters of Roy's and Tara's childhood are entirely charming—idyllic, in fact. And the writing throughout is of a very high order—with the exception of the final chapter, which would be better omitted. It has the naive air of accounting for the future happiness of all concerned—a tradition said to be taken from the stage with its final appearance of all characters dead or alive.

Quibbling to the contrary—and it is, after all, a tribute to a book to regret its imperfections—"Far to Seek" will make a very definite appeal to its own type of reader—to the person interested in states of mind and spirit and to the lover of a fine mysticism and of high romance.

FAR TO SEEK. By Maud Diver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

Reviews and Critical Papers

Lionel Johnson, some of whose reviews are collected in this volume, was called by Louise Imogene Guiney "England's one critic of the first rank" of his generation. With the stress on the word critic one is willing to subscribe to the term "of the first rank," for certainly these papers reveal an unusual form of the critical faculty, and an unusually fine one. It is a thousand pities that Johnson died before he had a chance to develop, for he undoubtedly had the material of a critic in him. As his present editor, Robert Shafer, points out, he had the unusual combination of critical faculties that responds to form, the personal equation, and abstract thought. Many of our most excellent critics are limited to an appreciation of the first—of literary style. This is so true that a critic comes in for almost as much contumely as a grammarian—both being supposed to be beyond the reach of human sympathy. Lionel Johnson, however, was in complete accord with human nature, and what is still more important in a literary man, with the better elements of humanity. His criticism of Kipling, three papers on which are included here, are ripe with human sensibilities. And all the work in this volume are expressive of the editor's last contention that Johnson had a balanced and well-stored mind, well equipped to judge the minds of others.

Besides the Kipling papers there are criticisms of Stevenson, Davidson, William Morris, Mrs. Ward, George Meredith, Austin Dobson, Nicolas Caussin, Cardinal Manning, and Richard Le Gallienne.

The important thing to hear in mind with all these reviews is that they are not essays, the criterion of which is charm or entertainment. They are not essays at all, but critical papers written for the press and collected here just as they were written. They form the foundation for what might, if Johnson had lived, have been made a book of serious criticism. In their present form they are doubly interesting: both as genuine criticism, which is always rare, and as the measure of a man's mind.

REVIEWS AND CRITICAL PAPERS. By Lionel Johnson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Briefer Reviews.

"Trail's End," by George W. Ogden (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is the story of an unusually wicked Western town and of its reformation at the hands of Calvin Morgan, wheat-grower. Ascalon was the end of the trail for all the thirsty, tired cowboys of the district, and it was also the centre of Morgan's wheat-

growing country—a conjunction of facts that led to its clean-up. "Trail's End" is a typical yarn for Western tastes.

To the reader with a taste for genial, whimsical essays "The Seven Ages of Man" (The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.25) will be particularly welcome. The author, Ralph Bergengren, has written other similar papers before in his "The Comforts of Home" and "The Perfect Gentleman."

"Ghitza; and Other Romances of Gypsy Blood," by Konrad Berecovi, is a collection of nine thrilling stories with a Romany background. "Ghitza," the title story of the volume, was selected by Edward J. O'Brien as the best story published during 1920. And the others are not far from it in dramatic power and vivid romance.

"The Other Susan," by Jeannette Lee (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75), is a story based on the conflict between a deep love and a sense of duty. The great love that enters into the staid life of a typical New England farmer's wife and her philosophical control of the situation makes an unusual motif for a triangle novel.

"Miscellaneous Studies in the History of Music," by O. G. Sonneck (The Macmillan Company), is not a history of any phase of music, but it is devoted to historical studies, and the final essay is a sketch of the history of American music. The book will prove immensely interesting to music lovers, as the "Miscellaneous Studies" are in practically new fields of research.

"The Wonder World We Live In," by Adam Gowan Whyte (Alfred A. Knopf), is a science book for children. It presents the facts of astronomy, geology, physiography, and anthropology with an admirable simplicity. It is a book to be highly recommended as an introduction to science for young people. The book is well and amply illustrated and is bound to stand hard usage.

"The Works of Satan," by Richard Aumerle Maher (The Macmillan Company; \$1.75), is not, as its name implies, a mystery or a crime story. It is a small-town comedy of upper New York. The principal character is the village editor, who was known as Satan as a tribute to his blameless life. An attempt to earn his nickname more literally is the motif of the yarn.

"Remarkable Rogues," by Charles Kingston (John Lane Company; \$4), is a collection of about twenty memoirs of notable criminals, both American and European. Its chief distinction from other biographies of criminals is a fresh choice of material and a wide variety of subjects. Any one interested in criminology and the history of crime will find "Remarkable Rogues" both useful and interesting, as there is a strange fascination in these gruesome tales that will hold the average reader also.

"The Heroic Ballads of Russia," by L. A. Magnus (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5), is an account of the ballads of the pre-Tartaric

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period, when the tradition of all later ballads was founded. The book aims at a description of the principal heroes and an analysis of some of the many difficult problems. An appendix contains examples to illustrate style and meter so that the body of the book is not loaded with footnotes. These ballads are still the inspiration of Russian literature and art and music.

"What Shall I Think of Japan?" by George Gleason (The Macmillan Company; \$2.25), is yet another contribution to the Japanese problem. Mr. Gleason, who has been a resident of Japan for nineteen years, attempts to portray the real Japan from the inside for the benefit of the Western world. He depicts her problems, blunders, and successes. There are chapters on the Siberian expedition, the Shantung situation, the Korean problem, and the American problem. The book attempts to take a fair-minded attitude on the Japanese issue.

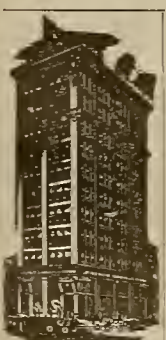
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Daughter of the Sun

Reviving memories of Rider Haggard's immortal "She," comes "Daughter of the Sun," a recent novel written by "Quien Sabe."

Zoraida Castellar is the modern "She," an Aztec princess whose heartlessness is equaled only by her beauty. Kendrick—a Zane Gray type of hero—meets her in a horde-town saloon, where she dares him to stake \$20,000 against a priceless rope of pearls on one throw of the dice. She wins. Kendrick calls it gamblers' luck and thinks no more about it, but Zoraida does. She lures him to her stronghold in a Lower California valley, the front of which is a cattle ranch and the back an ancient garden, treasure-house, and what-not where an Aztec monarch dwelt in years ago.

Here Kendrick is shown a pile of ten thousand skulls, gruesome relics of the murdered captives of Zoraida's savage predecessor. The mystic garden is approached by a dozen doors, but eleven of them lead to passages lavishly strewn with rattlesnakes. The twelfth is barred by many iron gates, so that the Castellar treasure may well be considered burglar-proof.

But this is only one of many wonders. A maze of mirrors set up by an Aztec slave enables Zoraida, from a given point, to glimpse each nook and corner of her strange domain. And in this jungle of reflections Kendrick is allowed to view his love, a fellow-prisoner, being offered to a famished puma. Made desperate by Betty's peril, he overcomes Zoraida's two retainers, seizes his tormentor by the throat, and, pressing to her ribs a dagger of obsidian, compels her to release the captive maiden. Then, with Betty, Kendrick makes a dash for liberty. For a time they haffle Zoraida's horsemen, hiding in a cave which proves to be another Aztec treasure hoard. There the still-pursuing tyrant and her cousin, Ruiz Rios, are to-hogged on a secret chute which lands them once more in the Aztec garden. Having left behind her keys to egress through the series of barred gates, one gathers that she and her cousin will remain indefinitely immured. Meanwhile Kendrick finds another outlet from the cave. He and Betty stampede their pursuers' horses and ride to Kendrick's schooner, which awaits them two days' journey distant. Here they find another victim of the Aztec princess who has just recovered from her Circe-spell and all ends happily. The book is full of action and adventure.

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN. By Quien Sabe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

California Jurisprudence.

In about four hundred articles, alphabetically arranged and conforming closely to standard classification, "California Jurisprudence" states the whole body of our intimate law, substantive and adjective, civil and criminal.

None hut California cases, and Federal cases applying California law, are cited, but these are exhausted to the last degree. The California hench and har have here a work which, for the first time, reveals all the riches of their jurisprudence in a reasoned text with complete citations. Pleading, practice, and evidence receive attention. The field of criminal law is likewise covered both by general treatment applicable to all offenses and by full discussion of particular crimes.

In each of the nearly four hundred articles all California cases are cited which in any way bear upon the subject treated. In addition all Federal cases which determine any question of California law or practice are cited. Valuable dicta found in the opinions of the courts are brought to light and the policy of the law is indicated. "California Jurisprudence" presents the law in a full and reasoned text. Readable and quotable, it is the embodiment of the living law.

CALIFORNIA JURISPRUDENCE. Edited by William M. McKinney. San Francisco: Bancroft-Whitney Company.

New Books Received.

AUTHORDOXY. By Alan Handsacre. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A commentary on G. K. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy."

VICTOR HUGO. By Marie Duclaux. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The ninth volume of "Makers of the Nineteenth Century."

APOLLODORUS. With an English translation by Sir James George Frazer. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25 each.

The Loeb Classical Library.

HERODOTUS. With an English translation by A. D. Godley. Volume II, Books 3 and 4. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

The Loeb Classical Library.

REMARKABLE ROGUES. By Charles Kingston.

New York: John Lane Company; \$4.

The careers of some remarkable criminals.

A PAINTER IN PALESTINE. By Donald Maxwell. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.

A pilgrimage through the Holy Land with Bible and sketchbook.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT. Edited by Kermit Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

A sketch with letters.

CHANCE ENCOUNTERS. By Maxwell Struthers Burt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

Short stories.

IN THE TIGER'S LAIR. By Leo E. Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

An adventure story of the Andes.

THE WHITEHEADED BOY. By Lennox Robinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

A comedy in three acts.

THE ROYAL BOOK OF OZ. By L. Frank Baum. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company.

The last of the Oz books.

ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS. By Marsden Hartley. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$3.

Informal papers on art criticism.

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FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR. By Dora Neill Raymond. New York: Columbia University.

Columbia University Studies in Political Science.

GITZA AND OTHER ROMANCES OF GYPSY BLOOD. By Konrad Bercovici. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

KUTNAR—SON OF PIC. By George Langford. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$1.75.

Second volume of the Long Ago Series for boys and girls from nine to sixteen.

NANCY. By Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.

The story of a dog.

THE HERMIT OF TURKEY HOLLOW. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.65.

A mystery story.

MY LIFE HERE AND THERE. By Princess Cantacuzene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.

Personal reminiscences of Julia Grant.

DEMOCRACY AND THE WILL TO POWER. By James N. Wood. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

A study of the democratic process of government.

THE WONDER WORLD WE LIVE IN. By Adams Gowan Whyte. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Science for children.

SUCCESS. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A novel.

TRAIL'S END. By George W. Ogden. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A novel.

MISCELLANEOUS STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF MUSIC. By O. G. Sonneck. New York: The Macmillan Company.

WHAT JAPAN THINKS. Edited by K. K. Kawakami. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Essays by prominent Japanese on the Japanese question.

SUNNY SAM. By Frank Farrington. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company.

THE TENNIE WENNIE MAX'S MOTHER GOOSE. Illustrated by William Donahy. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company; \$2.

A complete Mother Goose containing 300 rhymes.

AROUND THE WIGWAM FIRE. By John Hubert Cornyn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Indian legends.

MR. WADDINGTON OF WYCK. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A novel.

A PICTURE OF MODERN SPAIN. By J. B. Trend. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.50.

MOSTLY ABOUT TROUT. By Sir George Aston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50.

RISK, UNCERTAINTY AND PROFIT. By Frank Hyneman Knight. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR. By Zoe Meyer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.

Juvenile.

Gospel of Books and Authors.

A high Chinese official told Mr. Weyl, whose "Tired Radicals" has been recently published posthumously: "If the worst comes to the worst we shall invite Japan to conquer us. . . . What can the conqueror, as we call him, do? . . . He can not absorb us and we can and will absorb him."

"Neils Lyhne," by Jens Peter Javohsen, the Scandinavian novel which is to be published in English by Doubleday, Page & Co., was considered by Ihsen as the greatest novel of the nineteenth century.

An illustrated edition of "The Corsican" was recently brought out by the Houghton Mifflin Company. It is the diary of Napoleon's life compiled from his own letters and papers, and tells the story of his life and moods with a revealing frankness. "Josephine

is always afraid I may fall seriously in love," he says in one place; "she doesn't realize that love was not made for me. For what is love? A passion that leaves the universe on one side, to place the loved one on the other. And surely such an exclusion is not in my character."

When Garrick was one evening playing "King Lear," the story runs, Dr. Johnson was sitting in the wings, conversing in subdued tones with Murphy, the dramatist. Garrick soon came off the stage, and, on passing them, remonstrated, saying: "You talk so loud you distract my feelings." "Punch has no feelings," replied the doctor, subtly implying that Garrick had reached in his art the impersonal stage of Punch. "But I have!" remonstrated Garrick, refusing to jump through the hoop which the doctor held for him. "Punch has no feelings," muttered the doctor as Garrick disappeared, "but Garrick has, and so much the worse for the profession of the player."

An American edition of "Astarte," a hook which until recently was very rare, commanding a price of £20 on the infrequent occasions when a copy changed hands, has been brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons. Two hundred copies of the hook were printed privately in 1905, of which only a very few were issued to individual purchasers. "Astarte" was written and published by Ralph Earl of Lovelace, Byron's grandson, and purported to give "a fragment of truth concerning George Lord Byron." The hook was intended as a defense of the writer's grandmother, Lady Byron, against the attacks which have been leveled at her from time to time by admirers of the poet. To justify his grandmother's attitude toward his grandfather Lord Lovelace was faced by the unpleasant necessity of making public evidence which would support Lady Byron's startling charge against her husband. Perhaps because of Lord Lovelace's natural distaste for his task, the original "Astarte" was rather a formless hook and was not so conclusive in its effect as the author had intended. After her husband's death the Countess of Lovelace felt it incumbent upon herself to reissue the book in a revised and more convincing form, with the inclusion of more than seventy letters hitherto unpublished. "Astarte" now is declared to present a graphic study of character as interesting as any in literary history, and to offer real proof of Lady Byron's chief accusation. "If there is any stirring up of mud in the future," declares the London Times in commenting on the revised edition, "it is not Lord or Lady Lovelace who will be to blame, but those who, now that the case for Lord Byron has been clearly stated, decline to let the matter rest."

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AT THE COLUMBIA.

Ouch! They're talking about a great railway strike. And the Columbia's advance notices of coming attractions include Nance O'Neil in "The Passion Flower," David Warfield, Ethel Barrymore, Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," and Frank Bacon's "Lightning." De Wolf Hopper and Francis Wilson are also coming in a revival of "Erminie," but I refuse to get excited over the engagements in this city of well-known players who cut us out, as Francis Wilson has, until they become an old story in New York. Still, one wonders hopefully if Mr. Wilson can make us laugh as wildly as he used to.

In view of the fact that there may be a strike this new enterprise at the Columbia may turn out a very lucky shot. Local production; that is what we need; and "Angel Face" is a local production.

The two Nats, Goldstein and Carr, are the promoters, and George Lederer is the director. The players they have imported and will continue to import from the East for the half-dozen musical comedies for which they have obtained the Western rights. But why do they get the scenery in the East? Henry Miller didn't when he locally produced "Come Out of the Kitchen"; neither did Margaret Anglin with "Joan of Arc." And Henry Miller said that on account of the attitude of local merchants he got up his play more cheaply than he could have done in New York.

For we have the facilities. There are several factories in San Francisco where the finest quality of output draws wealthy purchasers from all over the country. I saw, at an exhibit of rare furniture and bric-a-brac this week, really remarkable replicas of antique furniture and choice cabinets fabricated in this town that one would swear had been designed by the best Chinese artists and made by their most trusted artisans.

Henry Miller firmly believes in local production here in San Francisco, and there unquestionably is a field for the producer who has enterprise enough to secure the Western rights to many New York successful plays that we either see in their old age or never see; and it is oftener never.

Certainly the new enterprise at the Columbia has started most auspiciously. The public emphatically has responded, for the downstairs auditorium was filled by a most responsive audience that was delightedly insistent in the number of encores and curtain calls it gave.

"Angel Face" is a Victor Herbert-Harry B. Smith product. It has tunefulness, liveliness, and snap. Its central idea—that of recalling youth by gland grafting—has the merit of being up to date; something that is in the public consciousness.

Treated with the usual musical-comedy disrespect, it gayly lends itself to amusing contretemps and the usual sparkling inanities, and a highly satisfactory company, of which Nat Carr is comedian, keeps the hall of merriment a-rolling.

Marguerite Zender, who captured the San Francisco public not so very long ago by her girlish charm, is an exceedingly pretty and ingenuous "Angel Face," and Nora Kelly made a hit by a mingling of likableness and competency in singing, comedianizing, and dancing.

Nat Carr is also likable, and expert in projecting his comedy over the footlights. Besides these three featured players there is a cast of genuinely good musical-comedy specialists, of whom Joe Mack shone by his natural-horn ability to act and dance, William Cameron by his neat and amusing specialty in black face, Lillian Young by her graceful dancing, and Bertha Belmore by the hearty vigor with which she entered into the rôle of a grotesque female devoid of charm.

But indeed all the principals were good, the subordinates well coached and conscientiously lively, and the sprightly chorus manifestly happy in its job. The general performance, indeed, was so full of pep as to induce a flattering belief that such of these people as are Eastern are well pleased to have a season in San Francisco.

HELEN KELLER AT THE ORPHEUM.

His woman of national and, indeed, of world-wide reputation is making a tour in vaudeville. There is a good deal in vaudeville that

is very distinctly banal, but this form of amusement certainly adds to the gaiety of nations and it offers many opportunities to a large number of people to earn a living congenially by exhibiting a little pocket talent that might otherwise languish unused.

And when, added to these advantages, it brings into direct touch with the American people a being like Helen Keller, who, out of her immense affliction, has carved a way into the sunshine of quiet happiness, then indeed vaudeville has earned a jewel for its cap and bells.

For Helen Keller's name is a household word. An entire nation has sympathized with her in her affliction, followed with appreciation the untiring and marvelously successful efforts of her friend, Anne Sullivan Macy, to draw her from darkness to light, and has rejoiced in the wonderful completeness of the success that crown their united efforts.

The appearance of the two friends before the public demonstrates the methods first and last used to bring the gifted child out of her prison-house of darkness and silence into affectionate relations with her friends, and the intellectual woman into intimate communion with the vast field of literature that was food and drink to her eager mind.

Never have I seen upon the public stage anything more moving, more pathetic, yet more inspiringly conducive to faith in simple humanity than this demonstration made by Helen Keller's devoted teacher and by herself. For this was no mechanically prepared exhibition, but the real thing. It was the recital of the tragedy and the joy of a life. We saw before us the two gentle women. Helen, with the smile of habitual happiness upon her lips, unsullied by the cruel touch of time. Her sweet, womanly countenance expresses a quiet joy in mere living. Her dress and appearance is that of one who, though blind, wishes to feel that she is clothed in fresh, beautiful garments. Her responses to the communications of her friend are quick, eager, and joyful. When questions were permitted to the audience and conveyed to Helen—one finds one's self involuntarily thinking of her simply and affectionately as "Helen"—by her friend she responded with that eager joy in communion which so radiates from her gentle presence. "No, I can not sing, but there is always a song in my heart."

The immensity of the effort she has made to learn to speak and the pathetic departures from normal modulation and inflection moves one almost to tears. And then comes the afterthought: But she can speak, and speak in perfect, unhesitating, colloquial language. She conveyed to us in her own words something of herself, her nature, her enjoyments, her sensations. And all so eagerly, so happily.

People have said, "Oh, I do not wish to see Helen Keller. It must be so sad."

And it is sad, but the sadness is overmastered by the later sense of how happiness has been won from pain and deprivation. Helen Keller is one of the miracles of this sad earth; a miracle that lessens the earth's sadness. One hates the thought of sorrow ever coming to disturb that deeply rooted joy. And yet we recognize instinctively that one who has been through so much can face the enemy, sorrow, with self-control, and still fall back upon inner sources of delight.

We are so terribly afraid, we comfort and amusement-loving Americans, of a little emotion. But emotion is salutary, and even healing to sore-heartedness. And besides, do not forget that, in the final analysis, the state of mind that we connect with Helen Keller is that of joy.

"THE WILLOW TREE."

In this play Benrimo and Harrison Rhodes use that old fancy of a beautiful statue brought to life. The Image, carved out of the wood of a willow tree by an ancient artist and true-hearted poet of Japan, has obsessed a visiting Englishman, who is trying to solace a wounded heart by a fancy for living according to the customs of Japan.

Following the line of an old superstition indicated by the creator of the Image, Hamilton brings it to life. Galatea is inevitably suggested, partly by the child-like naïveté of the enchanting woman so suddenly sprung into the warm current of life and partly by the love that is born between the two.

The fancy, though old, is still pretty, and the play in which it is presented has its charm. The Orient seems to challenge the creative instincts of our American playwrights who have a poetic turn. They do not feel that practical America offers them the right habitat for their poetic fancies. But pretty as are these Japanized fancies, they inevitably lack naturalness. No man can write with conviction of a people whom he does not know as well as his own.

Still, the poetic artificiality of "The Willow Tree" has its charm, and the diction occasionally touches the springs of poetry, but there is not actual success in the effort to blend fantasy and reality made by the authors, who have endeavored to bring the play nearer to reality by placing in contrast to the

fanciful Hamilton his rather cynical friend Geoffrey, who is not at all enamored of Japanese ways. The outbreak of war ends Hamilton's poetic idyl, causing him to realize that his affections are really placed on English Mary Temple, the sweetheart whose defection had wounded his affections.

The Image, overhearing the parting of the lovers, understands, and, rejecting the talisman that had given her life, sadly and self-sacrificingly sings back into perpetual immobility in her golden shrine.

Mr. Maitland set his small stage fittingly, the gold-patterned interior, with its Oriental suggestions, having an appropriately Japanese look, which was still further carried out by a flight of garden steps and a miniature bamboo bridge.

Miss Lea Penman was pleasing in every way as the naïve and tender woman brought to life from the insensate wood, except that, as noted in her "Monna Vanna," she has not the ability to infuse poetic music into lines that call for it. But the young lady was lovely, wistful, and artless, and, with Maitland in the Englishman's white duck of the Orient, the pair played the idyl out prettily enough.

Mr. Fee gave the required touch of modern cynicism, Mr. Guilbert's mannerism of measuring off his words fitted into the rôle of Kamura, the deferential attendant, and Marjorie Faraday made the best impression yet as the street-singer. Richard Polette, also, looked and spoke his rôle commendably, and Seldy Roach, for an actor of purely prosaic suggestion, did pretty well as an ancient and reverential hoarder of Nipponese tradition.

The production is rather an ambitious one for the little theatre, and the local color, as contributed by the one setting and by the appearance of the fish and bird seller, is very successful.

THE MOVIES.

I was called down once by a correspondent for calling them "the movies," but how can one help it, when the whole American world uses that generic term. And anyway, Maurice Maeterlinck, poet, littérateur, dramatist, and genius, uses the reproached term quite as a matter of course.

Maeterlinck, in fact, has written a long and interesting article on the subject, which he calls "The Spiritual Future of America and the Movies." In it he calls attention to the important part that the motion picture plays in the life of the American nation as compared to the fact that in Europe it is a mere side-show.

Maeterlinck made the rather surprising statement that the American film is wholly disdained by the intellectual élite of its native country. Of course we are obliged to confess that the intellectual élite of the Pacific Coast generally navigates, sooner or later, to the East. But still among what we call our best people there is a large contingent that patronizes the movies; that is, until they wear them out.

Maeterlinck investigated for himself while he was here in California, going to the movies every day; and he was fain to admit that out of the hundred he saw he found only four or five good ones.

He found them, including those dreadful inanities aimed at the mindless many, cleverly staged, but he was amazed to discover that so many people wasted the precious daylight hours in gazing upon these staged imbecilities.

However, we will pay for it in the end. I was informed the other day by an experienced California educator that the Japanese pupils who are being educated side by side with the Americans generally heat them in their scholarship records; and heat them all to pieces. And really when we pause to reflect that Young America is accustoming its head-piece to almost daily entertainment in the movies, the resultant reflection is apt to be rather grave. For what is going to become of the working capacity of that abused head-piece.

But what accounts for the infatuation of the American public for the numerous improbable tales which they devour daily and nightly? Certainly we are not a nation of imbeciles, and yet these imbecilities hold the public transfixed.

But mark what Maeterlinck says: "A surprising fact is that this silliness and madness is nearly always cleverly staged. The photography . . . is generally admirable, the landscapes wonderfully selected, the interiors true to life and furnished in excellent taste; and above all, with rare exceptions, the acting is remarkably good." Maeterlinck further says that the American actor is better than the French or Italian actor.

His conclusion, however, is that the cinema ought to be an art, but, because of the enormous capital required, it is an industry. Like many other men who belong to the ranks of literature, Maeterlinck notes the unwillingness of the magnificently generous American philanthropist to devote his financial gifts to furthering the artistic education of the American people.

His remedy is for the aristocracy of Amer-

ica—that aristocracy that scorns the ordinary film play—to sacrifice itself by creating an arbitership; set up an artistic jury which will give its official sanction to what is good.

But it will never be done. However, his other idea, that of founding a sort of museum or Louvre for really fine films, may be developed some time. Such museums, naturally, would only be in large cities, where they would, to follow out Maeterlinck's idea, give periodical exhibitions.

It is doubtful, however, if the public would ever demand a different method from the present one of giving occasional revivals of the great films. We will have to work our way out according to what the public wishes. For the general public, in the show business, is always the court of last resort. However, there is light ahead. Such a picture play as the Douglas Fairbanks' production of "The Three Musketeers" makes a legitimate appeal to our love of beauty and romance.

They say that Douglas Fairbanks put all he had in this production, and certainly it is a work of art. The players palpably were selected for their romantic charm or their patrician aspect. They are all excellent, the stage pictures rarely beautiful, suggesting, indeed, reproductions of famous paintings, so excellent are the grouping and composition, so perfectly proportioned the mingling of light and shade.

Study the detail in these pictures and note the fidelity to French standards in the luxurious French interiors, to English standards in the more austere English ones.

The action of this play so full of action is palpably speeded up, but even allowing for that the scene in sword play and fencing suggest an immense amount of careful preparation in advance. And above all they have caught the romantic atmosphere of youthful adventure, youthful chivalry, that have so endeared the D'Artagnan romances to thousands, perhaps millions of readers.

Such film plays as this give us hope; and particularly when we see a movie idol like Douglas Fairbanks turning his talent to the furtherance of a high and creditable and wholesome ambition.

LA GAITE FRANCAISE.

It does seem odd to have a lively Parisian musical comedy, which ran in the French capital for 2000 nights, given here in far-off San Francisco in its native French.

The Ferriers had a reassuring premiere of "Les Mousquetaires au Convent" last week, and will continue to give it Friday and Sunday nights during October and November. Interspersed will be some children's suitable Saturday matinées and another bill or so, but generally speaking the French players will stick to "Les Mousquetaires au Convent."

The piece, considering that it is a modern affair, is oddly old-fashioned in its story, which shows a giggling lot of convent girls under the severe eye of a nun-duenna. Two dashing blades from the king's musketeers, who are concealed on the premises, create considerable sentimental havoc and there is plenty of lively intrigue. The music is spirited, and so are the performers, a fresh group of whom are in evidence, although upon the two competent Ferriers, Mesdames

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The Maitland Playhouse.

"Beau Brummel," Clyde Fitch's masterpiece, made famous when it was played by Richard Mansfield, will open next Monday night at the Maitland Playhouse and will continue during the week, with the opening matinee on Tuesday.

It is a delightful comedy-drama and a revival of a classic of the stage that should be seen by every one. Every one who has seen the play, as well as those countless others who have heard of it, will be anxious to see the production that will be offered this coming week at the Maitland.

"The Willow Tree," that is being given this week and will close on Saturday evening, has proved one of the biggest hits of the Maitland season. It is a particularly attractive performance and as a play never before given in San Francisco has demonstrated its drawing ability.

The Orpheum.

Of Pearl Regay, who comes next week to the Orpheum, it is said: In a dance fraternity there is none held in higher esteem than Pearl Regay. Miss Regay is not a society dancer nor is she a classical dancer. She believes that stage dancing is something more than a well-executed waltz and classical dancing seldom tells the story it is supposed to tell, but Miss Regay does dance, and dances exceptionally well, almost every other kind of dance. Miss Regay has danced in musical comedy and vaudeville. In the latter her last appearance here was with Lester Sheehan. Now she has organized her own jazz band, which supplies the accompaniment for her efforts. She is said to be the first other than hall-room dancers to utilize jazz music as an accompaniment. Her new act has been carefully and elaborately staged.

Jack Rose, comedian, will have many ways of producing his fun, but his major method is eccentricity. He was featured comedian with George White's "Scandals of 1920." His appearances in San Francisco have added to his fame.

Thomas F. Swift and Mary H. Kelley are in the candy business and will offer a comedy confection called "Gum Drops."

Bill Dooley and Helen Storey in vaudeville à la carte do a lot of things, and do all of them well. They sing, dance, and talk, and then just for good measure Dooley does a fine bit of Fred Stone or Will Rogers roping.

The famous march of "Babes in Toyland" is one of the many things that transpire in the Gauthr Brothers' Toyshop. This toyshop confines itself to rocking-horses and little dogs calculated to bring delight to the heart of a youngster.

Margaret Ford promises a vocal surprise.

This is an act which wins plaudits on practically every occasion.

Van Cello, an American whose pedal extremities are quicker than those of an Oriental, will show that he also has a sense of humor. "Mary" assists.

Helen Keller, wonder woman of the present week's show, continues.

Sequoia Little Theatre.

The Sequoia Little Theatre will open its season at 1725 Washington Street on November 1st with three short plays, including "Two Pierrots," by Edmund Rostand; "The Locked Chest," by John Masfield, and "The Stepmother," by Arnold Bennett.

"Two Pierrots" is an unpublished play, translated especially for this production. The laughing Pierrot will be Henri Puttaert, a clever Frenchman who is already known to San Francisco audiences. The contrasting character of the crying Pierrot will be played by Paul Merrick, and Winifred Buster, the dainty dancer, will be Columbine.

"The Locked Chest," a story taken from an ancient saga by John Masfield, will include in its cast Max Newman, called the "David Warfield of Vaudeville," Peggy Schaffer, and Charles Grant. Robert Phillips will play the fugitive and Karl Kettenberg, as Eric, will lead the soldiers.

In "The Stepmother" Mrs. Prosper Reiter personates the modern authoress and Ronald Ogilvie plays the part of the English doctor. The engaging stepson is played by John Bromley, and Edwina Barry is secretary to the authoress.

In spite of the expense of the production all seats will be reserved at \$1. They will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s commencing Monday.

Roi Cooper Megrue's great big comedy success, "Tea for Three," will follow "Beau Brummel" at the Maitland Playhouse. It has been described as one of the most fascinating comedies ever staged and a popular week can be predicted when it is given at the Stockton Street house.

"As a Man Thinks," by Augustus Thomas, is in preparation for the Maitland and will be given shortly.

Bright-hued umbrellas are twice as much in demand as a year ago, manufacturers declare. They look expectantly for a day when street crowds in rainy weather will be just as vivid as those who sally forth with cheerful garb on fair days. Rainy days in New York this summer have not presented such a dull picture on the streets as in the past.

The Island of Yap has two harbors, one named Rull and the other Tomil, where most of the business to or from the island is handled.

SPAIN'S FOREIGN LEGION.

A favorite device with which to pick the lock of public interest is to style some picturesque military wanderer a "soldier of fortune." Soldiers of fortune are mercenaries. The Hessians were mercenaries. What, then, becomes of romance? It is far different to fight for an ideal, a cause toward which your heart inclines, than to take the wage of the adventurer and embark upon the enterprise of killing men against whom your have no possible grievance. In civil life we term it murder. Bearing these verities well in mind, for it is so easy to lose track of them, one does not feel the least bit sorry because the devalued land of Spain is finding it very difficult to recruit a "foreign legion."

The Moors of northwestern Africa, as we would say, have Spain over a barrel. Behind their quarrel stand centuries of mutual hatred and homicide. In the immediate instance, however, the Moors are fighting for home and hearth, and to say that they are comporting themselves quite capably is to be mild. Behold, then, the desperate dons, their pride forgotten, as they appeal to all international vagrants and swashbucklers to join the Spanish colors and help subjugate the Moor. They opened recruiting offices in London, a sad breach of etiquette, to entice the Yankees who lingered when the big show was over.

We hold no brief, as the fellow says, for the ethical perceptions of the average American adventurer. When they refused the Spanish uniforms our wandering boys were not actuated by any deep-rooted antipathy to any old war at all. Moors or wildcats, it was all one to them. But in the intrepid, scalawag hreasts of the footloose veterans there was more than an instinctive distaste for the menus with which Alfonso regales his enlisted military. The pay was poor, the grub was ditto, and the glory of campaigning in northern Africa seemed negligible. They were disposed to let the don pluck his own pigeons. Whatever the motive of their refusal, its effect is to be desired. Few Americans, so the dispatches predict, will hunt the Moorish rebels for the wage of Spain.

Legitimate war, if there is no escape from it, is sufficiently terrible. Gas and bomb and poison have slain its romance. It is not pleasant to think, even in a good cause, that you have sent a bullet home to some heart that might have warmed with friendship toward you; that you have snuffed the vital spark in one who would have asked you in to supper. Noyes sent his Balkan hero against the Turks in a desperate charge:

Before Johan a young face rose
Like a remembered prayer;
He could not halt nor turn aside
In the onrush of that murderous tide—
He jerked his bayonet out of the flesh
And swung the butt in the air.

That was legitimate war. Those who join the Spanish foreign legion and fight in Africa

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may never see, in the tide of strife, "a face like a remembered prayer," and have to strike it down. They will fight colored men—and most valiant gentlemen at that. They will be mercenaries, which translates to hired murderer. It is high time we ceased to cast the cloak of romance over a hastard calling.—Portland Oregonian.

Dramatic Readings.

Paul Elder announces a season of dramatic readings of modern plays by Florence Lutz, Thursday and Monday afternoons at 3:30 o'clock, beginning October 27th in the Paul Elder Gallery. Miss Lutz is one of the most gifted artists on the American platform. She has remarkable ability in the portrayal of character and to hear her read a play is as satisfying to the audience as to see it acted. Previously on the faculty of the School of Expression, Boston, and the Sargent School of Acting, New York City, she is now assistant professor of voice culture, University of California. Sacha Guitry's "Deburau" will be given on the opening day, to be followed by Molner's "Liliom," "Heartbreak House," by Bernard Shaw, "Miss Lulu Bett," and "Lightnin'."

The British government is using its obsolete warships as floating laboratories for the study of the formidable foot and mouth disease, and the discovery of a preventive or cure for it.

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VANITY FAIR.

There have been many explanations of the age-old difficulty in keeping domestic felicity in solution. To change the figure, the component factors of a home have the habit of obeying some terrific centrifugal force that allows them to circle for awhile about the family lares and penates, but eventually sends them comewise into space. Divorce is universal, almost. Scarcely a family resists its centrifugal powers. Now there is no denying that divorce is on the increase. Fewer and fewer homes succeed in cohesion. It is also indubitable that steam heat is on the increase, and steam heat is intimately connected with homes and sometimes intimately disconnected. So that by one of the simplest laws of logical cause and effect it is easy to see that steam heat and domestic de-magnetism have something to do with each other.

Annette Ahhot Adams says they have—that they are cause and effect—steam heat of course being the cause, since we know that divorce is always an effect, sometimes good, sometimes bad, but always effective. According to Miss Adams, the radiator radiates, not heat, but a diabolical essence that kills romance, nips it in the bud if caught in the early stages, insidiously inserts its poison at any or all stages, and is even strong enough to hlast a mature growth. Miss Adams says: "Has the banishment of the family stove and the fireplace caused many of our present-day evils?" putting the question squarely up to her hearers.

"Perhaps the steam radiator has helped to destroy the cozy atmosphere that made home life worth while.

"Who ever heard of a young man proposing to a girl about a steam radiator? There is no romance about a radiator; the family can not draw up about it. It is not conducive to family reunions, it creates no feeling of warm-heartedness. Romantically speaking, it is as cold as the North Pole.

"Now the fireplace, or the comfortable family stove, is a source of inspiration, and creates sentiment. Seated around a cozy fire, a young man is far more likely to propose than at any other place except a moonlit garden.

"I helieve in the family fireplace, the stove, the cook stove, the heating stove—all kinds of stoves, as adjuncts to family peace and happiness."

After that there is very little to be said for the steam radiator. One used to think it had its merits when the pipes were in order, at any rate. We wonder. Is it the presence of the radiator that destroys romance or the more frequent lack of steam?

The last vestige of mediæval custom vanishes with the proscription of dueling in France—a century after it has been banished from most of the great nations. France is indeed, in many respects, the most naïve and the most natural of modern countries. For recourse to violence is essentially a natural way to avenge a wrong. That it is mediæval is merely another way to say it is natural, or uncivilized. To misquote a classic authority, life was still an adventure in the middle ages, frequently called dark, really one of the most brilliant phases of history. Science had not yet reared its gorgeous head to hlast with a glance the epic that was war and the adventure that was peace. Sanitation, of course, one demurs. But sanitation is all we have in compensation for a life of routine boredom. Besides, sanitation is neither a unique property of modern life nor a conspicuous lack of ancient civilization. But all this has little to do with modern dueling. We are exhorted to rejoice at the passing of a vicious custom. There is certainly no occasion to regret it. Even dueling had deteriorated in our civilized decadence. Truly dueling is an anachronism in an age of more scientific vices.

The sun, if it were a hollow sphere, would hold a million globes as large as the earth.

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THE QUINTESSENCE OF MAX.

Perhaps the characteristic trait in the pre-Raphaelite movement was that the literary and pictorial arts of the period were almost one, acting and reacting on one another, with the painter-poet Rossetti at its centre. It was a rare flowering moment of the English spirit, and if Rossetti was of refugee Italian stock and Madox Brown partly French it was none the less characteristic of the island sanctuary. It has come to pass that half a century afterwards the best study of the movement, sympathetic, ironical in historical perspective, and related with uncanny psychological insight in curious but unmistakable terms of art, has been made by an artist who is also even more a writer—Mr. Max Beer-holm. Mr. Beerholm, too, who has enriched English life so much, is partly of foreign ancestry.

The series of twenty-three drawings, "Rossetti and His Friends," which are now being shown in their entirety at the Leicester Galleries, were done by Mr. Beerholm for Mrs. Charles Hunter in 1916-17, but their inception must have been quite early in his life, possibly in his Oxford days. There is a drawing of Jowett and Rossetti beneath the mural paintings (delightfully drawn) at the Oxford Union. Jowett asks, "And what are they going to do with the Grail when they have found it, Mr. Rossetti?" It is in the confrontations of opposite character that Max gets his sharpest effects. He uses the device more intriguingly in "Mr. Morley, of Black-hurn, on an Afternoon in the Spring of '69 Introduces Mr. John Stuart Mill" (to Rossetti)—Mr. Morley hurning with good intentions and the sense of their common interest in woman, Mr. Mill engrossed in woman's wrongs and her right to work, and the Buddha-like Rossetti pondering on the column-like neck and great homom and mysterious shadowy hair of the woman in his picture that hangs on the wall.

Rossetti and George Augustus Sala are presented walking together and Sala explaining that they are Bohemians both to the core, and that he gives Mr. Levy what he wants, and Rossetti gives Mr. Rae and Mr. Leyland what they want, and glad they are to pocket the cash and foregather at the Arundel (it seems that Rossetti and Sala did foregather at the Arundel). A beautiful cartoon of Rossetti and his sister Christina surrounded by Liberty fabrics illustrates this dialogue:

D. G. R.—What is the use, Christina, of having a heart like a singing bird and a water-shoot and all the rest of it if you insist on getting yourself up like a pew opener?

C. R. (mildly)—Well, Gabriel, I don't know, I'm sure, but—you yourself always dress very simply.

The young Millais is seen confronting his older self—the young, slim, wild-haired pre-Raphaelite catching a vision of an elderly sporting gentleman with "Cherry Ripe" on his knee.

Max has put into these designs his finest drawing and most delicate color, and it would be impossible even for that not inconsiderable modernist public that knows nothing and cares nothing about Rossetti and the pre-Raphaelites to deny that they are not somehow delightful works of art. The written legends beneath them, exquisite as they are, often divert the proper appreciation from the rare character of the drawings. Each is an extraordinary piece of pictorial psychology. Only once does Max break his surface with a wrong gesture. That is in the picture of Robert Browning hringing a lady of rank and fashion to see Rossetti, where the hands of Browning with his thumb pointing to Rossetti is shockingly inconceivable.—J. B. in the *Manchester Guardian*.

Travel on the German railroads during the summer season exceeded that of last year. The impoverishment of the middle classes is indicated by the growing tendency to travel third and fourth class. An increase of 26 per cent. in first-class traffic is partly explained by the large number of foreign tourists who again are visiting Germany. The railroads are introducing third-class sleeping cars and it is cheaper to buy a railroad ticket and ride in a sleeper than to live in a hotel. Suhurban trains in and out of Berlin carried 1,200,000 passengers daily before the war. Now the daily number is 1,500,000.

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More than 73 per cent. of the workers in factories in Japan are women.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The archbishop had preached a fine sermon on the beauties of married life. Two old Irish women coming out of church were heard commenting upon his address. "Tis a fine sermon his reverence would be after givin' us," said Bridget. "It is indade," replied Maggie, "and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."

"Father," said a liquor-loving Irishman, on meeting the parish priest one day, "phwat is lumbago?" Seeing an opportunity for needed reproof, the good father replied: "Tis a terrible disease which comes from drinking up booze and chasing around nights." "Is that so?" said Pat. "It says in the paper that the Pope has lumbago."

A colored citizen of Oakland was recently asked by another colored gent if he knew how hot hell was. "Does I?" was the reply. "Ah shuah do, sub. Des' take all de wood in Maine, all de coal in Pennsylvucky, an' all de oil in Cal'forny an' set 'em afiah. Den take a man out'n hell an' th'ow him in de middle ob de mess, an' dat man would freeze to deff. Dat's how hot hell am."

Mother had promised little Clara a doll, and Clara was allowed to accompany her to purchase one. They entered the store where a large assortment awaited them. "This doll," said the saleswoman, "can say 'mama' and 'papa,' this one here can shut its eyes, and this one can say 'Oh!' when you put a new dress on it." "Have you one that cries when you don't put a new dress on it?" asked little Clara.

"Abroad," said Lady Muriel Cavendish at a dinner in Newport, "celery is never eaten raw. I serve raw celery, however, when I entertain American guests. At my shooting-box in Donegal I served raw celery one November evening to some Americans. My butler's assistant, a country lad, gaped at the Americans eating the celery, and finally I heard him whisper to the butler behind his hand: 'Pat, look at the bla'guards atin' all the flowers.'"

George Ade, from his box at the Carpenter-Dempsey fight, nodded in the direction of a beautiful young woman with very marvelous jewels. "That's Cora de Trafford. She carved out her fortune," he said. "Rot!" protested a cinema producer. "That ex-chorus girl didn't carve out her own fortune. She married Hugh de Trafford, the wild septuagenarian millionaire." "Yes," said Mr. Ade, "but think how many other chorus girls she had to cut out to marry him."

What true friendship consists in depends on the temperament of the man who has a friend. It is related that at the funeral of Mr. Scroggs, who died extremely poor, the usually cold-blooded Squire Tightfist was much affected. "You thought a great deal of him, I suppose?" some one asked him. "Thought a great deal of him? I should think I did. There was a true friend. He never asked me to lend him a cent, though I knew well enough he was starving to death."

The feminist orator was wound up as she addressed the gathering of mere men. "Women," she shouted, "have in all times and in all countries been the mainspring of national existence. Who was the world's greatest hero? Helen of Troy! Who was the world's greatest ruler? Queen Victoria! Who was the world's greatest martyr? Gentlemen, who, I say, was the world's greatest martyr?" And with one voice that immense crowd of men arose and cried: "My wife!"

Representative Longworth said in the course of a tariff argument at a Cincinnati luncheon: "My opponent's confutation is amusing rather than convincing. It reminds me of a certain little boy. At school one day this little boy's teacher said, in a brief oral preface to the study of subtraction: 'To subtract, children, things must always have the same denomination. You couldn't for example, take eight peaches from eleven apples, or six mutton chops from eight veal chops, or two lions from four bears. Could you now?' 'Sure!' yelled a little boy belligerently. 'Sure! Why not? My sister, wot's a movie actress, took a di'mond from a lobster wunst.'"

Admiral Sir Guy Gaunt said at a dinner in New York: "American hotels are good, amazingly good, but in the remoter districts there's a lack of ceremony about them which I, for one, rather enjoy. I know a pompous Englishman who arrived at one of these hotels by motor. He strode up to the desk and asked for a room. 'I am Lord Caravan,' he said. 'All right, lord,' said the clerk genially. 'Room 327. Three flights up, turn

to the right, fourth door on the left-hand side.' But the Englishman thumped his heavy traveling bag on the counter and said coldly and significantly: 'I am the Earl of Caravan.' 'Well,' said the clerk, with a puzzled smile, 'what do you expect me to do—kiss ye?'

Miss Alice Robertson, the only woman member of Congress as the records put it, was in conversation with a group of male members including Representative Towner of Iowa and several others. Something made Miss Alice peevish at the way part of the House was acting. "I'm not the only old woman in this House," she said as she looked around the group defiantly. Now the question that is agitating those present is exactly who Miss Alice looked at at the moment. There are as many different versions as there were members present.

Edward Bok, who retired from business in the prime of life and at the pinnacle of success, said at a dinner in Philadelphia: "The American business man who devotes his whole existence to money-making and nothing else—and we have many such men in America—is as absurd, it seems to me, as little Willie. Little Willie came whining to his mother one day for a nickel, and she, to inculcate business principles in the child, said: 'No, Willie, you must earn your money. Hereafter you shall have nothing but what you earn!' Little Willie retired soberly, and from that day he asked for money no more. Nor did he need to. He seemed to have discovered some hidden source of wealth. His pockets were always stuffed with peanuts and

popcorn and chewing-gum and what-not. So one afternoon his mother followed him to try to get at the mystery of his affluence. She found little Willie on a corner, surrounded by a large crowd of admiring urchins. He seemed to be doing a thriving business of some sort. She drew near and saw at his feet a box whose contents squirmed hideously, while tacked to a tree behind him there was a crudely got-up poster which said:

I WILL EAT	
1 small worm for 1 cent.	
1 large worm for 2 cents.	
1 spider for 3 cents.	
1 caterpillar for 5 cents.	
1 hoptoad for 10 cents.	

Dr. Grier Wainright, the Chicago anti-feminist, was talking about the late Lady Randolph Churchill. "She was a typical twentieth-century woman," he said. "She claimed all a man's privileges. In fact, if she could have had her way man would have been the under dog. Her ideas remind me of a story about two women who sat smoking and playing poker and drinking whisky-and-soda in a club. 'How's your husband?' said the first woman. 'Slowly mending,' the second answered. 'Slowly mending? Why I didn't know he was ill.' 'He isn't ill,' the first woman explained. 'He's slowly mending my white buckskin riding breeches.'"

Chicago has decided to rent out its fire department on taxicab rates to towns within 100 miles. Certain companies do more for suburbs for which they receive no compensation than they do for the city.

THE MERRY MUZE.

Let's Enjoy It!

I suppose it's old-fashioned
To get so impassioned
Over things that so oft have been noticed before,
To love things as they are,
Old sun, moon, and star,
And be glad of their beauty, and ask nothing more,
To find the old world just as young as of yore:
Not to seek to improve it,
But merely to love it;
Contented that April has nothing to bring
But dogwood in bloom,
And the violet's perfume,
And the same birds come back with the same songs to sing—
Not a single changed note
In each old-fashioned throat—
And the same little nests and the same busy wing.
And love just the same,
Just the same good old game,—
Quite contented am I to ask no improvements—
Since the old world began
With a maid and a man,
In spite of amendments and up-to-date movements.
Yes! A thousand times Yes!—
The world as it is
Is far from amiss,
To "reform" would destroy it,
Far better enjoy it!
—Richard Le Gallienne in Judge.

Chloe—I sho' mighter knowed I gwine have bad luck if I do dat wasbin' on Friday.
Daphne—What bad luck done come to you?
Chloe—I sen' bome dat pink silk petticoat wid de filly aidge what I wa's gwine keep out to wear to chu'ch on Sunday.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Mrs. Edna Hopkins Taylor, daughter of Mr. Edward W. Hopkins, and Mr. Stewart Lowery, son of the late of Mr. James Lowery of Utica, was solemnized October 12th in the Episcopal Church in Menlo Park, Rev. Hugh Montgomery officiating.

Colonel and Mrs. John McDonald presented their daughter, Miss Sue McDonald, to society last Saturday at a reception given on Alcatraz Island. Among those present were General and Mrs. William Wright, Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Pearce, Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, Colonel and Mrs. Andrew Rowan, Colonel and Mrs. John Knight, Admiral and Mrs. J. S. McKean, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Langborne, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Captain and Mrs. Charles Lyman, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Pritchett, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Lathrop, Dr. and Mrs. James Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. William Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Colonel and Mrs. Frank Cechtham, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Colonel and Mrs. William Butler, Colonel and Mrs. Kenyon Joyce, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Jane Carigan, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Ruth Whitley, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Katharine Bentley, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Edward Malby, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Burbank Somers, Mr. James Rolph, Jr., Mr. Arthur Mejia, Mr. Charles McKenney, Mr. Allan Drum, Mr. Scott Knight-Smith, Mr. Alexander Young, Mr. Cuyler Lee, Jr., Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Baroll McNear, Mr. John Merrill, Mr. George Tallant, Lieutenant William Wright, Jr.,

Mr. Frank Fuller Mr. Lee Spalding, Mr. Edward McNear, Mr. George Russell, Mr. Thomas Williams, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. George Howard, Jr., Mr. Henry Howard, Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Grant Black, and Mr. Paul Kennedy.

Complimenting Miss Laura Miller and Mr. John Knox, Miss Elizabeth Bliss gave a dance in Piedmont Friday.

Miss Margaret Rees gave a dinner at the Presidio Friday. Among her guests were Miss Clementina Edie, Miss Mary Edie, Miss Rose Clarke, Miss Aileen Waldron, Miss Lucy Ainsworth, Miss Georgiana Gatty, Miss Helen Kullman, Captain Frank Hastings, Captain Charles Nichol, Mr. Robert McDonald, Captain Hugh Herick, Lieutenant John McDonald, Lieutenant Martin Fennell, Lieutenant Williams Mears, Lieutenant John Pearce, Lieutenant John Hodgdon, Lieutenant W. C. Jones, and Mr. Carroll Pearce.

Mrs. Warren Spieker complimented Miss Betty Folger at a luncheon Thursday. Those present were Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Richard Heiman, Mrs. Daulton Mann, Miss Anne Peters, and Miss Betty George.

Mrs. Mailler Searles gave a bridge-tee in Oakland Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson gave a reception and garden party Wednesday in San Mateo in honor of Sir Archibald and Lady Williamson of England. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breckinridge, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Mr. and Mrs. Harry McAfee, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. and Mrs. William Van Antwerp, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Skewes-Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bugbee, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Ord, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cuthbertson, Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Hall Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Brooke, Mr. W. B. Bourn, Mrs. James Catlin, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Mary Lansdale, Miss Louisa Breeze, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Edward Tobin, and Mr. George Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a dinner Wednesday in Menlo Park, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Evans Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury.

Mrs. Walker Salisbury gave a luncheon Monday, when she entertained Miss Marion Bird, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, and Miss Mary Martin.

Complimenting Mrs. Charles Woodruff, Mrs. Edwin Woodruff gave a tea Saturday at the Town and Country Club. Others present were Mrs. Morton Gibbons, Mrs. Oliver P. Evans, Mrs. Perry Evans, Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, Miss Nora Evans, and Miss Emma Duff.

Mrs. John B. Wright gave a dinner Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt entertained at a dinner Thursday in honor of Mrs. Frederick Kohl.

A luncheon of the Alumnae Association of the Sacred Heart convents in California was held in Menlo Park Thursday. Some of those present were Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Warren Spieker, Mrs. William Parker, Mrs. Sayre Maenell, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. Gayle Anderson, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mrs. Bernard Breeden, Mrs. Arvid Croonquist, Mrs. Nathaniel Messer, Mrs. Reginald Jenkins, Mrs. J. H. P. Dunn, Mrs. McClure Gregory, Mrs. Jennie L. Watson, Mrs. John Van Cartmell, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elvira Mejia, Miss Katharine and Miss Christine Donohoe, Miss Rosario Moran, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Emilie Parrott, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Virginia Loop, and Miss Marion Bird.

Mrs. Hays Smith gave a luncheon Thursday in Burlingame, when she had as guests Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, and Mrs. George Marye.

Mr. Raymond Armsby gave a luncheon last week in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Claire Sheridan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee gave a dinner Friday in honor of Miss Laura Miller and Mr. John Knox. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. John O'Kell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Magee, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Janet Knox, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. William Rheem, Mr. Mark Boutabeau, Mr. Kenneth Walsh, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. John Boyden, and Mr. George O'Brien.

Mrs. James Kennedy gave a reception Wednesday in the Presidio.

Mrs. S. Yada gave a tea Wednesday afternoon, when she entertained among others Mrs. J. H. Philip, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Mrs. Claude Corbuser, Mrs. Benjamin Wheeler, Mrs. William Glassford, Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mrs. Henry Torebiana, Mrs. P. C. Hale, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. Charles Stanton, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Robert Reid, Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mrs. Frank Dray, Miss Virginia Deal, Miss Anna Holden,

Miss Ramona Murtagh, Miss Ethel Shorb, and Miss Katherine Ball.

Complimenting Mrs. Omer Villers of New Orleans Mr. and Mrs. William O'Donnell gave a tea Sunday afternoon. Mrs. A. L. Black, Mrs. Alexander Field, and Mrs. Thomas Anderson received with the hosts. Others present were Colonel and Mrs. John McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Langborne, Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad, Colonel and Mrs. William Butler, Commander and Mrs. John Blackburn, Judge and Mrs. William Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cambron, Mr. and Mrs. John Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Lathrop, Dr. and Mrs. James Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore, Dr. and Mrs. Morton Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Philip, Major and Mrs. John True, Colonel and Mrs. O. Latrobe, Colonel and Mrs. Andrew Rowan, Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Hinkle Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William von Phul, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Revett, Mrs. Bowie Detrick, Mrs. I. C. Stine, Mrs. George Starr, Mrs. James Stewart, Mrs. Lucien Brunswick, and Miss Maude Fay.

Mrs. William Hunt gave a tea Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Barnaby Conrad.

Dr. Grant Selfridge gave a stag dinner last week at his home on Broadway in honor of Mr. Reginald Rives of Santa Barbara.

Miss Mary Alice Moon of Salt Lake City was the guest at a luncheon given in the Sun Room of the Francisco Club on Tuesday by her aunt, Mrs. Marvin R. Higgins.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a daughter.

Mystic Shrine Convention.

Two hundred and fifty thousand persons, it is estimated, will visit San Francisco next June, when the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine will celebrate its Golden Jubilee and its Imperial Council will hold its forty-eighth session.

From all parts of the United States, from Canada, Alaska, Mexico, the Canal Zone, Nova Scotia, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Orient will flock thousands of red-fezzed Shriners. While most of them will travel by train or steamer a great many caravans will make the entire trip in automobiles. From Texas will come a procession of two hundred automobiles filled with Shriners. Missouri, Iowa, and Illinois will also send automobile caravans of at least equal number.

The parade will be a riot of color and the most gorgeous pageant ever witnessed in San Francisco. All the temples will send their bands, drum and fife corps, patrols and chanters.

James S. McCandless of Honolulu will be installed imperial potentate, the highest position in the order. McCandless is adored by his brother nobles and they intend to honor him as no imperial potentate in the history of Shrinism has been honored before. At the conclusion of the festivities in San Francisco, McCandless will be escorted to his island home by at least seven ocean liners gayly decked with Shrine flags and banners and filled to their capacity by Shriners and their families.

Some idea of the immensity and magnificence of the coming convention can be gathered from the fact that it will result in an expenditure of at least twenty-seven million dollars.

The formal opening of the new store of Paul Elder & Co. at 239 Post Street, will occur on Monday, October 24th, and all hook lovers are invited to share in the celebration of the firm's final victory over the labor troubles of the past six months. The programme for the day will open in the Paul Elder Gallery at 11 o'clock, forenoon, with a lecture by Dr. James L. Gordon on "The Companionship of Books." At 2:30 o'clock, afternoon, Peter Clark Macfarlane will deliver a salutation and introduce Arthur Preston Hankins, a new California writer, author of "The Jubilee Girl," who will give personal reminiscences of a tramp's experiences. In the evening, at 8:15 o'clock, Judge W. W. Morrow will speak on the profession of hookselling. Following this a recital will be rendered by the Elder Trio—Pauline Elder, piano; Scott Elder, violin; Paul Elder, Jr., cello. The interested public is invited to attend these events and to visit the unusual and interesting rooms in the new shop.

The Oceanic Steamship Company announces a special forty-eight days' inclusive tour to the South Seas by the steamship *Ventura*, sailing November 8th. The itinerary has many attractive features that have not heretofore been presented to the tourist and some choice berths are still available. Booklet and full information may be obtained upon application.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. William B. Tubbs and Miss Emelie Tubbs returned last week from Europe, where they had been traveling six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Mee and Miss Helen St. Goar arrived Monday from New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver are sojourning in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Glassford has returned from Vancouver, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leighton, and she has joined Commander Glassford at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt, Jr., Master Orville, Mr. Russell and little Miss Josephine Pratt are at their ranch in Durham, where they will be throughout November.

Bishop and Mrs. Sidney Partridge have returned to Kansas City, after a two months' visit here.

Mr. Reginald Rives was a visitor last week from Santa Barbara.

Sir Archibald and Lady Williamson took their departure Thursday for the southern part of the state to be gone three weeks. On their return they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mr. Edward, Jr., and Mr. Atherton Eyre have returned from Menlo Park to their Pacific Avenue home for the winter.

Mr. Sherwood Hopkins arrived last week from the Orient and has joined his mother at her Scott Street residence.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper are established for the winter at apartments on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Talbot are sojourning

at the Samarkand in Santa Barbara, where they will be for another week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood will close their home in Menlo Park November 1st and they will return to their San Francisco residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison have returned to San Francisco, after a visit in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. Raymond and Mr. Gordon Armsby are spending a fortnight at the McCloud Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have gone to Coronado for a short visit.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale has left for Washington, D. C., to spend the winter. Last week-end she was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin have been entertaining Mrs. Claire Sheridan in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and the Misses Florence and Marie Welch have returned to town for the winter.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith has arrived from Honolulu and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mailliard have returned from Belyedere and they have reopened their home on Gough Street.

Mrs. Ernest Folger and Miss Elena Folger are en route home from Europe, having sailed the end of last week.

Mrs. Edward Tobin has returned to her home in San Mateo, after a fortnight's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brunswig and Miss Marguerite Brunswig have arrived from Los Angeles and they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field at their home here.

Mrs. W. D. Neilson, Mrs. Elkins de Guigné, and Master Christian de Guigné left Tuesday for New York to be gone six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Harwood have moved into an attractive home on Spruce Street.

Miss Ysabel Chase has returned to Burlingame from the Dean ranch in Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant and the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant will move to their town house from Burlingame the first week in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott have been sojourning in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury have moved over from Ross to their apartments on Gough Street.

Colonel and Mrs. John Myers have taken a house in Burlingame for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Dunn have returned to Santa Barbara, after a sojourn in New York and Europe. Miss Margaret Dunn has resumed her studies at Bryn Mawr and Mr. Harry Dunn has opened law offices in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman have left for Santa Barbara to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent will return shortly from Europe.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Dr. Harry Tevis will leave for New York October 27th.

Miss Helen Marye has arrived in New York,

after a short sojourn in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. George Marye will leave for the Atlantic coast early next month.

Miss Cornelia Clappett has returned to Carmel, after a brief visit here.

Miss Barbara Kimble sailed Wednesday for Honolulu to be gone six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear are entertaining Miss Nina Barroll of Elizabeth, New Jersey, at their Green Street home.

Mr. Miller Graham has arrived from the south and he is at the Pacific Union Club.

Palace Hotel recent arrivals include Mr. Clifford B. Gratz, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Connick, Dr. and Mrs. Charles C. Falk, Eureka; Mr. James D. Hoge, Seattle; Mr. J. A. Dougherty, Portland; Mr. Lewis H. Smith, Fresno; Mr. Arthur H. Fleming, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Ben R. Meyer, Los Angeles; Mr. F. J. Castell, Casper, Wyoming; Mr. A. C. Denman, Jr., Mr. Howard Frost, Los Angeles; Mr. R. O. Sperry, Tampico, Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Seeley, Los Angeles; Mr. T. F. Wittelsey, Washington, D. C.; Mr. M. P. Snyder, Los Angeles; Mr. Drake C. O'Reilly, Mr. John C. Lewis, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. William K. Yost, Allentown, Pennsylvania; Mr. John A. Kerr, Denver.

Among those recently registered at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. José Matameoci and family, Mrs. Claudian Garolas and family, San Salvador; Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Gagg, East Orange, New Jersey; Rev. José Montanuner, Lerido, Spain; Mrs. M. F. Kinkaid, Mrs. Florence Perkins, Kansas City; Dr. D. C. Dwanovich, Mr. R. D. Canfield, Fresno; Mr. R. W. Mallott, London, England; Rev. William McCormack, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. James Sbaughnessy, Yonkers, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hichingthotham, Sacramento; Mr. James Corbet, Mr. W. J. Linehan, Mr. P. A. Linehan, Dallas, Texas; Mr. E. G. Brewer, Owosso, Michigan; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. McJames, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Chin, Youngstown, Ohio.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. W. L. Loyd, Jr., Pittsfield, Massachusetts; Mr. George A. O'Brien, Los Angeles; Mr. E. E. Rothschild, Chicago; Mr. W. A. Bush, San Diego; Mr. John K. Kelly, Marysville; Mr. William Fitzgerald, St. Louis; Mr. J. W. Sackham, San Jose; Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. A. H. Douglas, U. S. N.; Mr. S. L. Marsh, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pierce, Suisun; Mr. J. E. Chandler, Kansas City; Mr. Robert Hulme, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. Puente, Lima, Peru; Mr. Charles W. Brown, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Kelly, Kansas City; Mr. John N. Cole, Boston; Mr. Paul T. Millon, McAllister, Oklahoma; Dr. John W. Chossan, Los Angeles.

The first "dry" year cost the United States government and the various state governments about \$1,000,000,000 in loss of internal revenue taxes and in cost of enforcement.

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The Society of Doctor's Daughters wish their friends to bear in mind the dates—October 25th, 26th, and 27th—designated as their annual donation days. The "White House," the "City of Paris," O'Connor, Moffat & Co., and the Mission Bank will receive donations. The object of the Doctor's Daughters is to give temporary aid to those in trouble and distress and to help them to help themselves. Checks should be made payable to the Doctor's Daughters and sent to Mrs. F. C. McCreary, 2020 Pacific Avenue.

Better grade of work in ready-made clothing is produced outside of New York. Yet in New York the wages of the clothing trade run from \$55 to \$85 a week, as against \$25 to \$35 elsewhere.

Beira, in Portuguese East Africa, is a city of zinc. For all the buildings and almost everything else, from railway cars to coffins, zinc is used.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—The man who marries me must be bold and daring. He—Yes, he must.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

"This shoe seems to fit very nicely,

madame." "No, that's comfortable! Try a couple of sizes smaller!"—*Judge.*

Scenario Editor—I'll have to reject your scenario. Scenario Writer—Well, at least let me know when it's produced.—*Film Fun.*

"The more we criticize short skirts, the shorter they become." "I never thought of that. Let's keep right on knocking them."—*Judge.*

He—There is a certain question I've wanted to ask you for weeks. She—Well, hurry up. I've had the answer ready for months.—*Judge.*

He—And why do you think I am a poor judge of human nature? She—Because you have such a good opinion of yourself.—*New York Globe.*

"What is your new little brother's name, Elsie?" asked the kind old gentleman. "I don't know yet. We can't understand a word he says."—*Judge.*

Her Beau (woiting)—Your sister is a long time in making her appearance. Bobby—Well, she'd be a sight if she came down without making it.—*Boston Transcript.*

Tommy—Dad, what's a Scotch mist? Fother—When a man asks you to have a drink and you don't hear him.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Policeman (to loiterer)—Come, move on there. If everybody stood still in the one place, how could the others get past?—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Yes, I'm a college graduate." "Do you think you could qualify as an office boy with me?" "Let's see your list of test questions."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Son—Well, father, I've been learning arithmetic. Father (impotently)—Yes, well? Son

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—French, German, Euclid. Father—Ah, that's better! Now just tell me the Euclid for "good-morning."—*Boys' Own Paper.*

"Who is it?" barked the boss. "Guess who," cooed a feminine voice over the 'phone. "My guessing days are over, miss. I'll call one of the junior clerks."—*Film Fun.*

"Jack wanted to kiss me last night," she told her girl friend. "How do you know he did?" "Because he wouldn't have done it if he hadn't wanted to."—*Boston Transcript.*

Sillicus—I completely forgot myself. In a moment of madness I tried to kiss her. Will she ever forgive me? Cynicus—She will if you succeeded, but never if you didn't.—*Judge.*

"Wouldn't it be lovely," said the bride, "if we could find some place where no one has ever thought of going on a honeymoon before?" "Well," suggested the other interested party, "we might go home."—*Judge.*

"Some of the critics say our movie queens can't act." "They're wrong—dead wrong." "Yes?" "Evidently they've never seen one of those beauties in court."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Are you on this investigating committee?" "I think so." "What are we investigating?" "Dunno." "Well, let's play poker until the chairman comes. Maybe he'll know."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Six marriages will be about enough, kid," said the movie magnate to Viola Vampire. "But—" "I know you love your public, but you can't possibly marry all of it."—*Film Fun.*

"But why don't you think he will propose soon?" "Well, he gave me a box of stationery yesterday with my initials on it—such a lot, so I know it's all over between us."—*Judge.*

"Tell me, Mary, would you mind serving us dinner out on the lawn?" "Oh, no, sir, I'd love it. It would remind me of the time when I used to look after the cows."—*Paris Le Rire.*

Jack—When I proposed to her the dear girl fell on my breast and sobbed like a child, but finally put her arms around my neck and— Madge—Oh, yes, I know all about it. I rehearsed it with her.—*Boston Transcript.*

An English mother was visiting her son at college. "Well, dear," she said, "what languages did you decide to take?" "I have decided to take Pictish, mother," he replied. "Pictish?" said the puzzled lady. "Why Pictish?" "Only five words of it remain," he said.—*Railroad Red Book.*

MR. ROOT'S SPEECH.

Perhaps nine men out of every ten would respond "Elibu Root" if asked to name the greatest American lawyer. Five foreign nations have nominated him for the world court. When such a man protests against the ways of American lawmakers and the ways of judicial interpreters of law in the United States, his protest may be traversed, but may not be ignored.

In his opening address to the American Bar Association at its forty-fourth annual

convention in Cincinnati Mr. Root sounds the right note, "Back to the Common Law." He says with characteristic force and frankness:

"There are decisions on both sides of every question you can imagine. Changes in the administration of law have forced themselves even on the attention of the public. The application of law is so widely different from that of fifty years ago that some guiding line must be found. We must seek for the principles of common law which is being slowly modified by thousands of statutes and decisions of courts of last resort. . . . We must have a system of education requiring the background of the law which explain the true method and scope of the law."

Now it is impossible to conceive that the sort of anarchy of decisions which Mr. Root portrays can co-exist with general intellectual honesty on the part of judges. "Responsiveness"—a term used by Theodore Roosevelt—is not too infrequent, it is too frequent. If intellectual honesty demands one decision, and manifest public opinion demands another, the duty of the judge to defy public sentiment is hard to deny. But it is an unpleasant duty, and socialism suggests that he also is a "servant of the people" paid with their money, and, therefore, paid to do their will. He argues himself into a perfectly sincere belief that the wrong course is the right one. And where sentiment dictates the determination of the range of constitutional limitations, no real protection of the rights of minorities, as contemplated by a written organic law, is probable or even possible.

The influence of the bar should be powerful to hold judges to intellectual honesty. But it should also be of considerable weight in discouraging the making of innumerable statutes—hundreds or thousands at each session of each state legislature, hundreds or thousands at each session of Congress. Would we have worse government if every statute enacted for a hundred years, national or state, were wiped out? Might we not have better government. In 1821 lawmakers respected the common law, and lawyers were guided by it. It may be that these questions have only academic interest, but Mr. Root's protest forces them on the public's attention.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2327.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 29, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son, in Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Case of Professor Weber.

At the time of our entrance into the war Julius Herman Weber was a professor of German in the State University at Berkeley. Despite the fact that he was born of American (naturalized German) parents, his sympathies were emphatically German, and he lost no opportunity of illustrating them both in private and in public and in ways defiant of our laws. At least this was the verdict rendered by a committee composed of Professors Charles M. Gayley, William Carey Jones, and the late Henry Morse Stephens. Upon findings of this committee Weber was dismissed from his professorship by the board of regents. Now comes a movement for reinstallation in his old chair, supported by a considerable number of professors, but opposed by President Barrows. The board of regents will have to determine the matter. The *Argonaut* is willing to wager something handsome that the regents will support President Barrows and stand by its original action. Now that we are again at peace with Germany it is entirely proper that German classes shall be resumed. And there is no reason why a German whose sympathies were with his own country during the period of the war should not occupy the professorial chair of the German department. But a German professor is one thing and an American professor who during the war was a German sympathizer and partisan is quite another. A German was entirely justified in natural attachment to the cause of his country, but justification may hardly be pleaded for an American who espoused

the German cause as against the cause of his own country. President Barrows undoubtedly has the best of the argument when he insists that there shall be a fresh deal in the German department. In this case as in other matters he stands for his judgment without compromise or apology. Thus he illustrates the type of man who should be at the head of our university; and he is entitled by every rule of principle and expediency to be sustained by the board of regents.

The Railroad Strike Petering Out.

As we write on Wednesday the movement for a general strike in railroad service appears to be petering out. One after another of the various branches of unionism is registering its protest against the project of a general strike and asserting its purpose to stick to its job. The radical leaders still declare that the strike will come according to programme. But in their more recent utterances there is something of the tremulo that marks the whistling of a lad who hurries through a graveyard at midnight. One does not need to be a prophet, but only a moderately expert guesser, to declare with confidence that there will be no strike.

The causes of what is now obviously a foredoomed failure are in plain view. More people are interested in the maintenance of transportation facilities than in the "issues" presented by those who have promoted the strike movement. From the first announcement public opinion has condemned the project as illegitimate. Public judgment supports the theory that men employed in an industry vital to the common welfare have no right to strike in support of selfish demands—in other words, to use the public necessity as a club to enforce selfish claims. Again, public sentiment does not support the theory of the railroad services that they have rights in the matter of wages and conditions of work superior to other classes of workmen. Still again, it is universally recognized that unusual and excessive rates of wages paid to railroad service tends directly to the general cost of things, including costs of living and of doing business. Universal sentiment insists that railroad workers shall share in the general decline that has come in sequel of the war. It resents the demand that whoever else must suffer the cuts in wages that the times demand, the railroad services must stand exempt—that they must be paid as they were when all things were at the "war peak."

Another and perhaps the immediately dominating factor in the situation has been the quiet but none the less definite attitude of the government toward the strike project. The Attorney-General has declared in terms that can not be misunderstood that the interests of the public in so far as they are involved with transportation must be maintained. The Postmaster-General has declared that whatever happens the mails will be moved. The Secretary of War has caused inquiry to be made in the various military commands as to the numbers and identity of men in military service who have had experience in railroad service. All this has been taken, and discreetly so, to imply that the authority and force of government will be employed to resist or nullify efforts of the railroad services to paralyze the transportation service of the country.

Another and a potent factor in the case has been the attitude of President Harding. At no moment, even when the situation seemed most critical, has he lost his poise. While he has said nothing calculated to irritate any factor in the situation, the atmosphere of his bearing, with his implied approval of the utterances of members of his cabinet, has tended to discouragement of the strike project. From the first hour it has been evident that President Harding would not imitate the timorous and cowardly policy of President Wilson as worked out in the Adamson Act. Without, so to speak, drawing any blood, President Harding has

called the bluff of those who threatened to tie up the railroads and thus force the country into yielding its demands.

No single factor in the recent or in the immediate situation has so tended to retard return to normal conditions as the high cost of transportation. Justified, even necessary, as means of maintaining the railroads in effective operation, it has nevertheless blocked the movement toward "normalcy." The prices at which freight and passengers are now carried ought to come down. The interests of business and of community life demand it. But transportation costs can not be reduced until operative costs shall be cut; and the first and largest item in operative cost is that of labor. Labor in other lines is yielding to the requirements of the time—and so must labor in the railroad services. Neither the men employed in the railroad service nor in any other must be permitted to stand as a privileged caste or class entitled to exemption from the general conditions governing industry.

There are evidences tending to conviction that the strike project had as its underlying motive a purpose to enforce government ownership of the railroads. The Adamson Act, with the circumstances of its adoption, vastly stimulated the movement for government ownership among railroad employees. Then came the period of "possession and control," with the placing of a scheming politician in the director-generalship and with intrusion of political motives into every situation and procedure. The authority of the government was practically yielded to the authority of organized labor. Mr. Gompers for his particular element, and the heads of the railroad brotherhoods for theirs, got whatever they asked for. They had only to formulate demands to have them complied with. All this was precisely to the mind of labor in the railroad services. Under government ownership their political powers brought results which could not be gained upon considerations of equity. It is not surprising that in an experience of this kind, an experience illustrating how political control could be turned to selfish advantage by the railroad services, that the latter cast in their lot with the cause of public ownership. Naturally they prefer a system under which authority in all matters, including wages and working rules, shall rest with themselves. While other motives no doubt had their part in promoting the recent movement for a general strike, the primary and underlying motive was beyond doubt that of creating a situation that would make it necessary for the government to take over the properties. The hope undoubtedly was that if the roads should once again come under possession and control of the government they would never again be returned to private ownership. Thus organized labor, which became master of the roads and all that pertained to its interest under the Wilson-McAdoo management, schemed again to install itself as judge and jury in all matters relative to their employment.

Congressional Representation.

The House of Representatives as now organized is composed of 435 members. The apportionment was made upon the basis of the census of 1910. Since that time there has been a vast growth in the country with notable changes in the distribution of population. An apportionment made ten years ago is not representative of conditions as they stand today, hence it becomes the duty of Congress under constitutional mandate to make a new readjustment. In January last attempt was made to do this without increasing the membership above the present total. A bill passed the House under which eleven states lost one member each, one state lost two, while eight states made gains. In the Senate there was strenuous objec-

tion on the part of the states scheduled to lose representation and the result was that the bill died.

Just now Congress has made another attempt to solve the problem and has failed again. The new bill fixed the total number of representatives at 460—an addition of twenty-five members—under which only two states (Maine and Missouri) would lose each a member, while seventeen states would gain—California four, Michigan, Ohio, and Texas three each, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania two each, and Arkansas, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Washington, and Wyoming one each. This proposal was approved by the House Republican conference, but when it got to the floor it was violently opposed. The result of the contention was recommitment of the measure, implying its failure. Now arises a pronounced sentiment in favor of postponing the whole matter for a year or so, thus permitting the present apportionment to stand until after the 1922 congressional elections. It is always easier to get Congress to do nothing than to do something, hence this proposal may prevail.

There are serious objections to increasing the membership of the House. Already that body is too big for convenience, too unwieldy for the prompt dispatch of business. Speaker Gillett opposes an increase. A considerable group shares his view of the matter, among them Mr. Barbour of California, who has become the active leader of opposition to any and all proposals. Eager as they are to obey the constitutional mandate, they prefer indefinite postponement of the whole matter than to add further confusion of numbers to an already confused situation. It was for this reason that last week Barbour and those associated with him voted to commit—in other words to kill—the bill providing for a total membership of 460.

Never under any circumstances has the representation of the Pacific Coast in Congress, taking the Senate and House together, been as powerful as it should be when measured by its proportion of the nation's population. The Pacific Coast, having but three states on its shore line, and but six, if we reckon in Idaho, Nevada, and Arizona, will not have a total of more than twelve members until that far distant day when a new state may be created by the coming in of Alaska. On the Atlantic coast, however, there are fifteen states that front the sea, each with its two senators, a total of thirty as against twelve from the states that look out immediately or near at hand upon the Pacific. Therefore only in the House of Representatives will the Pacific Coast states gain the proportionate strength to which they are entitled under the Constitution. California now has eleven representatives, Oregon three, Washington five—a total of nineteen. If representation were to be reapportioned on the basis of the 1920 census California would have fourteen, Oregon three, Washington six—a total of twenty-three, or an increase of four. On the basis of 460 members in the House California would have fifteen, Oregon three, Washington six—a total of twenty-four. Thus failure by Congress to make a reapportionment means that the Pacific Coast states are deprived of their just representation. This was the effect of recommitment of the bill last week.

While some Pacific Coast members like Barbour voted to recommit solely on the ground of objection to increase in numbers in the general membership, others so voted for personal and selfish reasons. They are opposed to redistricting of their own states, fearing that by any change they may find it more difficult to secure reelection.

Another Captive King

The former Emperor of Austria is certainly not lacking in personal courage. This is the second attempt that he has made to capture the fancy of the Hungarian people by a sudden and dramatic appearance in their midst, and the serious nature of the fighting seems to show that his failure was by no means a foregone conclusion. There will always be some sympathy for the man who dares to "put his fortune to the test, to win or lose it all," and we need not have much doubt that Charles of Austria will fill a more respectable place in history than William of Germany.

What is to be done with this captive king? Switzerland will have no more of him, and Holland has already done all that can be expected of her and a good deal more than she wanted to do. Spain might

possibly oblige if only out of consideration for Zita of Parma, but it is doubtful. Of course there are always lonely little islands, potential Elbas, but the duties of a royal jailer are no sinecure even in these democratic days.

Perhaps it would be a mistake to attribute very much democracy to the Hungarians, or indeed to any of these peoples who have recently ousted their monarchs and whose objections may be to individuals rather than to the royal principle. The Hungarians may have no particular enthusiasm for a Hapsburg, but this is no sort of evidence that they have renounced the monarchical system of government. Competent opinion is to the effect that they have done nothing of the sort and that they are temperamentally incapable of understanding or desiring any other. Hungary at the moment is in a state of suspended animation and evidently unwilling to provoke her rather bad-tempered neighbors by anything that might look like aggression. But what she may do when she finds her feet is another matter. That she will show a holy enthusiasm for ballot-boxes and presidential elections is by no means a safe bet.

A Practical Vision.

Mr. Henry Miller, who though technically a New Yorker is fully half a Californian, is a man of vision—albeit no visionary. Twenty-five years' successful experience as a manager of theatrical interests, in addition to a native gift of sound sense, accredits him as a man of practical judgment. In conversation with a group of friends during his recent engagement here Mr. Miller outlined a project which he said had been in the back of his mind for many a day. San Francisco he declared to be, in ratio of population, the best patron of the theatre in this country. At Baltimore, for example, a city relatively on a par with San Francisco, a good play will run through three performances. At San Francisco the same play will command audiences for two weeks or longer. From its beginnings San Francisco has been, not only a liberal patron of the theatre, but a capable critic. It has "discovered" and aided in the development of more actors and singers of the first rank than any other American city, New York alone excepted. For more than half a century it has provided ready and generous support for anything of high merit in the line of dramatic presentment.

If in times recent dramatic interests here have been on the decline, the causes are not far to seek. The picture play has in very considerable measure drawn from support of the speaking stage, but it has not provided a satisfactory substitute for it. It fails to satisfy the taste of the more critical part of the public. It palls upon a palate that calls for something more than mere amusement. But there are other causes and more potent ones, notably the change that has substituted traveling companies with elaboration of stage paraphernalia for the older and better fashion of stock companies recruited from time to time by actors of repute. Traveling companies must be paid whether actually at work or "on the road." The cost of transportation has been vastly increased, likewise the cost of transporting machinery for stage effects. Of late this has become all but prohibitory. Only a manager like Mr. Miller, who upon the basis of established public favor may count upon returns, dares come to the Coast with expensively organized companies. This is why in the past few years, more particularly within the past two years, there has been here such dearth of high-class dramatic presentments.

In Mr. Miller's view opportunity is ripe for the establishment here of a theatre comparable in its merits with the old California Theatre of an earlier era. His vision is that of a group of strictly first-class actors, of established reputation, producing month by month the very best things in both modern and classic drama. First he would have a theatre situate in the centre of the hotel district, so constructed as to accommodate large audiences at a range of prices for admission, and capable by its arrangements of proper scenic effects at moderate cost. He would have actors engaged by the year and would have among them such high personalities as Forbes Robertson, Mrs. Fiske, and other renowned figures in the dramatic firmament. He would make of the San Francisco theatre thus created and organized an institution of guaranteed permanency, calculated by the elevation of its character to command and sustain the best talent and thus to com-

mand and sustain a dependable patronage. For such an institution Mr. Miller believes—and his faith is founded upon long and successful experience—that there would be a sufficient support. He believes that the achievement of the famous old California stock company would not only be duplicated, but surpassed.

There is exhilaration in the reflection upon what such an institution would do for San Francisco. It would supply what is now lacking in our domestic and social organization in the way of public entertainment of high and wholesome interest. It would be a distinct addition to the joy of life here; and it could not fail to have an important effect in the attraction it would afford to persons resident in the interior and the near-by states. It would afford a continuous object lesson in the arts and graces which since time immemorial have found aid and gained inspiration from the dramatic stage. And the good Lord knows such a lesson is needed by our rising generation.

There is matter for sober reflection—and for serious calculation—in Mr. Miller's suggestion. We venture the belief that it would cost less than the much-talked-of opera project and imply far more of social and moral value. It is not too much to say that it would go far in reestablishing San Francisco as a city of exceptional character and taste. Even to the echoes of the old California Theatre of long ago San Francisco still hearkens with affectionate remembrance. Is there not now, in the conditions as defined by Mr. Miller, opportunity, not only to reproduce, but to enlarge upon the example and repute of that historical achievement? The *Argonaut* believes there is.

All that is needed at least to try the experiment in a large way is a moderate financial guaranty, and in this rich and generous city that phase of the matter ought not to be an insuperable obstacle. A fraction of what we yield year by year to gimcrack frivolities would turn the trick.

Editorial Notes.

It is reported from New York that Mr. Henry Huntington of Pasadena has purchased the famous "Blue Boy" by Gainsborough from the Duke of Westminster. The prodigious sum of £170,000, or about \$630,000 at the present rate of exchange, is reported to be the price—the highest ever paid for a work of art. The "Blue Boy" is a full-sized portrait of a youth of fifteen or sixteen, of beauty and charm so great that critics hold it second only to Leonardo's "Mona Lisa." There has long been a dispute as to which of two pictures is the original "Blue Boy." Gainsborough assuredly painted two from the same model, practically duplicates. One of these has long been in the possession of an American, Mr. Clarkson Cowle, and hangs on the wall of his home in New York City. It is of interest that Mr. Cowle is a brother of Mrs. Lloyd Robins of San Francisco. Practically it is of small account as to which of these pictures is the "original." Both are unquestionably by Gainsborough, both are illustrative of his best style, both are supremely beautiful.

Despite the fact that every now and again De Valera gathers up his doll rags and goes home, despite repeated declarations that there will be nothing more in the way of negotiations, the British government and the Sinn Feiners are still parleying. There will, of course, out of all this jockeying come some sort of settlement. Just what it will be no man may prophesy, though it is a pretty safe guess that it will be acceptance of the Dominion plan by South Ireland. This would be the happiest possible solution of a problem that has vexed Great Britain and Ireland, and to a scarcely less degree our own country, since time out of mind. Either the settlement suggested or something like it must be made or civil war must continue indefinitely, since the British government assuredly will not yield the extreme demands of De Valera. It can not yield, because in yielding there would be an abandonment of prestige that would surely mark the beginning of the decline of the British Empire. This may come—no doubt it will come in time. All systems crumble ultimately, and for all its glory and its pride—possibly due to its pride—the British Empire may in process of years yield to the common fate. But it will not begin by knocking under to the organization of malcontents of which De Valera is spokesman.

By the executive order just issued by Secretary

Mellon under which physicians may prescribe practically unlimited quantities of distilled spirits and beer we are reminded of the prophecy made by Mr. James Ford Rhodes, the eminent historian, following the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. As the result of careful study of prohibitory legislation in times both remote and recent Mr. Rhodes declared that the more radical features embodied in the Eighteenth Amendment and in the Volstead Act would ultimately be nullified "by interpretation," with possible modification of so much of the prohibitory law as rests upon statutory enactment. Even sooner than might have been expected, we see the beginning of the working out of Mr. Rhodes' prophecy. It is not likely that the Eighteenth Amendment will ever be rescinded. While the Constitution is not in terms absolutely rigid, it is so nearly so that there is small chance for elimination of anything that has once become fixed in it. But constitutional law does not enforce itself, nor does it interpret itself. It may by interpretation or evasion yield to pressure of public opinion. Already the process has begun, in confirmation on the part of the present administration of the ruling made by Attorney-General Palmer of the last previous administration. Ultimately, we venture to prophesy, prohibition will swing back to a rational system under which the saloon will be eliminated while a reasonable private and personal liberty will be the universal rule. This is what the prohibitionists should have aimed at in the beginning. But movements of this kind rarely proceed reasonably and logically. The common method of reform is by a process which may colloquially be described as "steady my jerks"—now forward, now backward. In time equilibrium is attained. It will be so, we believe, in the present instance.

In so far as Federal law relative to special protection of men in railroad service is applied to other than strictly railroad workers, it lacks the justification of rationality. Properly speaking the term "railroad men" applies only to locomotive engineers and helpers, conductors, brakemen, and others who make a profession of operating or supporting train service, who in a sense are specialists in railroad service and dependent upon it. General mechanics, carpenters, plumbers, and what-not, who are employed casually and intermittently in railroad service, and who turn to it or from it according to changes in the general labor market, are not, properly speaking, "railroad men." They have no greater need of special protection in their employment than have housebuilders, painters, and other workmen. The business of regulating wages, with conditions under which work shall be done, would be vastly simplified if the railroad wage law were made to apply to those who are strictly railroad workers. In the immediate instance, however, inclusion of the mechanical trades casually in the service of the railroad is working out to the public advantage. It is only the classes of labor that may strictly be defined as "railroad men" who are proposing to strike. With a truer sense of the equities of the existing situation in the labor world, the mechanical trades casually employed in railroad service are pretty generally (we write on Wednesday) declining to support the radicals of the sphere of strictly railroad services.

The Catholic Church from its headquarters at Rome has looked with kindly eye upon the Sinn Fein movement. Its American branch has given to the cause, not only the sanctions and comforts of the church, but has been instrumental in promoting its financial interests. But recent developments tend to less favor on the part of the church for the "sacred cause" of Ireland. There are a good many Irish Catholics in America who are not Sinn Feiners; and there are multitudes of Catholics all over the world who are neither Irish nor Sinn Feiners and who resent employment of the powers of the church to support of a revolutionary cause. From many sources of Catholic interest there have come protests; and they have become so numerous and emphatic that the Vatican has been compelled in prudence to take stock of them. Unless we are very much mistaken church influence from now on will have less to do in support of the Sinn Fein movement than it has had during the past two or three years. The church has unquestionably a tremendous hold upon the minds and conscience of its adherents; it has, too, a tremendous power through its organization. But it is not powerful enough to bring to the Irish

Catholic movement the support of the non-Irish Catholic world. In its wisdom—and the church rarely fails on the point of practical wisdom—it is slowing down its efforts, and we venture the prophecy that at the earliest practical moment it will find pretext for practically abandoning De Valera and his cause.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Wordly Success Consistent with Religion."

SAN FRANCISCO, October 24, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Jesus' statement, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added" seems, when quoted by Christian Scientists, to disturb one of the contributors to last week's *Argonaut*. No one supposes, it is safe to say, that the Master meant that His followers should, as their reward, riot in plenty and pleasure. The logical interpretation of His saying, and the one accepted by Christian Scientists, is that the righteous should have their reasonable material requirements provided and their material enterprises prosper to an extent necessary to make them efficient instruments of service in the world.

It is conceded that there must be a surrender of material things and desires to clear the way for spiritual advancement. But during the transitional period, before the individual attains full spirituality, his human needs should be and are supplied. This supply naturally becomes more normal and certain with his growth in righteousness. In this connection Mrs. Eddy, the founder and discoverer of Christian Science, has said: "Christ, Truth, gives mortals temporary food and clothing until the material, transformed with the ideal, disappears, and man is clothed and fed spiritually" ("Science and Health," p. 442).

There may be no virtue in worldly success, as such, and certainly there is none in failure. Yet is not prosperity a more wholesome condition than poverty? And is not the successful man as valuable an asset to society and as likely a candidate for heaven as the bankrupt? The worm-of-dust theory is giving way, in these days, to the intelligent optimism implied in John's ringing declaration, "Now are we the sons of God."

PETER V. ROSS.

Work of the American Legion.

BERKELEY, October 22, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your issue of September 24th the American Legion was severely criticized for its attitude in regard to the adjusted compensation bill, while its other activities and its general policy were entirely overlooked.

In order that the public may form an unprejudiced opinion, may we ask you to print the following résumé of the Legion's activities?

1. Relief for Physically Disabled Ex-Service Men. All such men, most of whom are not Legion members, will now receive justice as a result of the Legion's two-year fight for the passage of the Sweet and other bills. This has been, and continues to be, the foremost interest of the Legion—the welfare of its disabled comrades, as exemplified in California by the work under Major Louis Grant, new regional director of the Veterans' Bureau.
2. Relief for Financial Disability. Many Legion members agree with criticisms of the present expediency of this activity; few doubt its equity.
3. Americanism Programme. The Legion has actively started on a practical programme, too extended to quote, to assist in the making of loyal citizens out of our millions of aliens and alien-born.
4. Education. The Legion has joined hands with the National Education Association in working for compulsory use of the English language as the medium of instruction in all schools, the proper teaching of American history, civics, and the Constitution of the United States, together with certain other similar features.
5. Emergency Service. At the time of such disasters as those of Pueblo, Tulsa, and San Antonio the Legion came to the rescue of the authorities with its disciplined forces; doing, on those occasions, work similar to that done by the regulars in San Francisco at the time of our great disaster. The Legion stands firmly for law and order and for public welfare.
6. State and Community Interests. In every state the Legion has urged measures of public benefit. In California it has vigorously upheld the fight to save our state from Oriental encroachment, and such other measures as the conservation of land, water, and forests.

Almost every community throughout the country has benefited by the practical interest of the local Legion Post in the improvement of local conditions. Any number of specific instances might be cited. Moreover, the posts assume the lion's share in solving such problems as lack of employment and the financial and physical distress of ex-service men and their families, all of which are legitimate demands upon the whole community. They cooperate with local authorities, and it is true beyond a doubt that practically every community where a Legion Post exists will testify that it is an asset, and not a liability.

Finally, the underlying motive of the Legion, existing, if not expressed, consists of the determination to work for better individual citizenship and for a progressive improvement of governmental conditions.

Thanking you for the opportunity to present the policies of the Legion as they appear to our post, we are,
Respectfully,
AMERICAN LEGION, DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA.
Special Committee—GENERAL W. C. DAVIS, PROFESSOR H. B. LANGILLE, M. M. FRIEDMAN, HARRIS C. ALLEN.

The W. C. T. U. "Money Campaign."

EVANSTON, ILL., October 20, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: A recent issue of your paper contained an editorial entitled "Moral Causes and Immoral Methods," in which you characterized the "money campaign" of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union as "evil in the hope of achieving good." You have been misinformed as to the purposes for which the million-dollar fund was raised and to which it is being devoted.

This fund, or such part of it as has been raised, has come, not from individuals outside our organization, but almost entirely from our own members, home-loving women, interested, not only in the protection and development of their own sons and daughters, but in safeguarding all boys and girls and young men and women from the liquor evil and other social dangers. The money was contributed in small sums in response to an appeal for the support of special social welfare enterprise, for the maintenance of which it is now being used.

A large part of the fund is devoted to a child welfare movement. Fifty thousand dollars has been given to the Child Welfare Research Department of the Iowa State University that the normal child may have the same scientific study by research methods that has been given to crops and

cattle, that his inheritance racially, physically, socially, temperamentally, and his development through infancy, childhood, adolescence, and youth may be studied. Child welfare centres are being established in large cities, where classes for young mothers are conducted and the little folks are gathered in creches or kindergartens while the mothers are at work.

An extensive Americanization work is financed by the million-dollar fund. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has established Americanization centres in foreign sections of our big cities for the instruction of foreign-speaking women in the English language and for the purpose of rendering them neighborly service in the time of sickness and trouble.

Social morality is another department of our work that is made possible by the million-dollar fund. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has always stood for the principle of a single standard of morals for both sexes and is carrying on an educational campaign with the definite purpose that family life and parenthood may be protected through a better understanding on the part of all of the meaning "a white life for two." A goodly portion of the fund is used in the interests of women engaged in industrial pursuits, in a study of the conditions which surround them, in an effort to secure for them a just wage and a safe and healthful environment.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union by means of a portion of this fund is enabled to conduct a campaign for the education of the millions of new women voters concerning the laws that govern them and their privileges and responsibilities as voters. This is done through courses of study in citizenship and by the distribution of literature. This department of our work, through educational agencies, is endeavoring to create and arouse sentiment in favor of the enforcement of all laws, national and state, and among them the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the Volstead Act. We believe with Abraham Lincoln that "reverence for the laws of our nation should become the political religion of the nation."

JULIA F. DEANE.

The "Los Gatos Plan."

SAN FRANCISCO, October 24, 1921.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your issue of October 22d, mentioning what may be called the "Los Gatos Plan" of handling the cemetery question and suggesting that the same plan, with possible modifications, might at some time be adopted for San Francisco, seems to call for serious consideration. First, let us clearly understand what our Los Gatos friends have done.

According to your article all tombstones have been hurried horizontally above graves they have marked, soil filled over, and grass planted above. A broad grass plot has been produced which "has become a playground for children." Also, a "plot was surveyed and the location of each grave and the name of its occupant marked upon a chart permanently preserved in the local archives."

This seems to be a very businesslike and thoroughly modern way of "filing away" the dead, our ancestors, for safe-keeping and future reference.

It might have its defects, however. Tombstones are reasonably permanent and the records graven on them may be read, while above ground, for hundreds of years. "Plots," of any nature, "permanently" preserved in "local archives" are more easily subject to mutilation and destruction by many agencies. Supposing such destruction took place and popular demand suggested replanting said cemetery, for awhile the children might be deprived of their playground, much to their annoyance; while the digging operations, carried on to ascertain the locations of the hurried tombstones, might be much to the annoyance of taxpayers. But, it must be confessed, a lucrative business might be built up by frequent new demands for replantings, which while annoying to the children wanting a playground would not be entirely so to others profiting by such work.

One of the chief uses of a tombstone is to remain where placed and to record certain information which seems important to the ones having the placing done. Tombstones and monuments are placed in position as reminders that certain individuals have lived in the community and have borne their portion of civic duties. Some mark the final resting place of men and women of more than local interest. Strangers frequently visit localities for the express purpose of looking at the tombstones of people of note or who may be of interest to them through family ties. Actuated by such motives hundreds visit cemeteries, while but a few, if any, take time to delve through "local archives" for "plots." And even these, after finding such "plots" and hiring a surveyor to help locate the particular part of the children's playground where they would pay their silent tribute of respect to the deceased, might reasonably question whether the authorities, of say Los Gatos, who may have been elected to office by said deceased, are showing proper respect for the ones who had helped them to remunerative positions. It has been said the grave is the great leveler of social conditions. It has remained for the Los Gatos authorities to call especial attention to the fact.

Monuments and tombstones are a monetary asset to communities. There is no cemetery which is not visited by strangers who expend money in the community where it is located. Thousands visit Stratford-on-Avon solely to see Shakespeare's tomb. These do much to support the city. How many would visit a children's playground built over his dust? There may be no Shakespeare buried at Los Gatos, but there is no individual hurried beneath that Los Gatos children's playground with its substratum of recumbent tombstones who has not been dear to some one and who has not helped to make life pleasant and better for others. A small community tax would have kept up that little place dedicated to the dead and made that Los Gatos cemetery a spot of beauty, and as such an attraction to visitors to spend money in a town that had the honor and pride of keeping alive the memories and beautifying the final resting place of its worthy citizens.

Your remark, "Here is a suggestion for San Francisco," challenges attention. There are certain differences between Los Gatos and our city. The entire question can not be considered in this letter. In three of our local cemeteries—Laurel Hill, Odd Fellows, and the Masonic—the greater part of the areas are the sole property of different individuals to whom said land has been sold and the title legally transferred in perpetuity. No set of individuals, no civic authority, has the legal right to dispossess the individual lot owners in any of the said cemeteries. Large numbers of deeds to the purchasers of lots in said cemeteries, transferring title to the land paid for, to the purchaser, "his heirs and assigns forever" exist. Many, under advice of said cemetery authorities, recognizing such condition of ownership, have legally taken out "McEnerney" titles, the object of which is well understood. While in Calvary Cemetery title conditions are different to the extent that title in fee simple was not passed to lot owners, the terms of possession of burial lots are such that the authorities of the cemetery have undoubtedly parted with legal right of ownership.

It is not disputed that in thousands of instances heirs of lot owners, and as such the legal owners of the land, since bought and paid for, are at present unknown.

cemetery associations. Such organizations have no especial need for tracing heirs to property they have sold and given title to. Their only interest has been to make contracts with any such heirs, or friends of them, to care for plots sold. This business has been separate from the sale of lots. It has been a service performed at an agreed price for certain periods of time. When payment for the service ceased the service has been discontinued. This service has been on a monthly or annual payment plan, except in some cases where an agreed amount has passed between the parties in interest for "perpetual care." This service gives to a cemetery corporation no more title to the land where the service is performed than payments to a street sweeper gives title to the sidewalks or streets he cares for at an agreed price.

Citizens have bought lots in different parts of the city and erected thereon residences or business houses, so many of these citizens in years past purchased lots in our city cemeteries and, in many instances, erected tombstones, monuments, or vaults thereon. In the one case they bought land and erected structures for the living, in the other for the dead. Those structures, in either case, were the property of the lot (land) owners and their heirs.

Until, by common consent and legal enactment, the land and improvements of individuals can be confiscated without due process of law and just recompense awarded therefor, it would seem that any suggestions of "Los Gatosing" the cemeteries of San Francisco is premature and ill advised. The people of this city have once voted against the removal of said cemeteries. Every argument advanced for such removals have been answered to the satisfaction of the majority so voting.

A condition has arisen to again bring the matter to public notice. An effort is being made to accomplish the removals under an act passed by the last legislature. It is not the first time a legislature has passed acts which courts have pronounced unconstitutional. Many believe this act, which does not recognize legal land titles, is unconstitutional. The people not only elect legislatures which may pass illegal laws, but they also elect judges to pass on the legality of laws passed. If the people make mistakes in their legislatures, they hope to make less in their judiciary. To the latter they look for correction of blunders and the undisputed possession of real property.

Until these legal questions shall have been finally determined, and until it should be considered advisable to "Los Gatos" the burying ground around Trinity Church, New York, or the historic cemeteries in hundreds of important cities in all parts of the world, where the last resting places of their dead are cherished and even valued as important civic assets, it would seem that the Los Gatos plan needs no further advocating.

CHARLES B. TURRILL,
57 Sanchez Street.

The Yosemite Valley.

SANTA BARBARA, October 22, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: It is said to know of the destruction of natural beauty effected in the Yosemite during the past few years. Does not the valley belong to the people? Is it not held for the benefit and pleasure and uplifting of humanity? It is speciously asked. Not to be used, it may fairly be answered, in a way to injure and degrade it now and for those who come after.

When campers come to a city usually they are given a tenting ground in the suburbs. They are not permitted to pitch their tents and wash their camping kit under the very walls of the cathedral; to spread their breakfast table on its stately steps, or keep their coffee and sugar conveniently at hand in the Holy of Holies.

Is it not better worth while to come into the valley in the morning and find it clothed with verdure as nature fashioned it, its sweet solitary places dewy with freshness, the blossoming azaleas bending over the waters of its unpolluted river; merely to think of the great domes palely illumined with the evening light or solemn and silent under the stars than to be beneath them listening to the pianola or graphophone and drinking an ice-cream soda?

The approaches to the Yosemite Valley form a long vestibule between lofty mountain walls where public and private camps could be provided for among trees and in the midst of beautiful scenery. Just below El Portal, where the railway ends, there is a logging camp already partly burned off and cleared. From that point down the gorge widens out into many level spaces on both sides of the Merced River. All could go into the valley at their pleasure in private and public automobiles, on foot and horseback.

Such use of the valley would leave only traces which could be obliterated without permanent change or disfigurement. Not the fundamental destruction of nature necessary to supply the material needs and wants of multitudes of people lodging in it, including the immense conventions which meet there every summer.

In order to make the large public camps and accommodate the many thousands of individual campers great spaces of the valley floor have been cleared, once covered with trees and a lovely and distinctive undergrowth. There are spreading buildings, conspicuous entrance signs, bare plots like the sawdust arenas of circuses, wide turning places where great trucks loaded with supplies sweep by. Roads and plots are marked out by tidy rows of stones.

Through almost the entire remaining forest a tent or cabin comes in view at every turn. The elusive spirit of wildness and solitude is already gone.

It is aside from the question to ask, for instance, whether a meadow naturally bare of growth might not have been utilized for the purposes of drainage rather than to sacrifice the large grove of trees which now lie in piles by the road.

Where provision is to be made for increasing numbers of tourists and campers there must be adequate sanitation and shelter to the sacrifice of natural beauty. Eventually the entire valley floor must be utilized. Private profit naturally hastens that time.

The vital question is, Do the people of California and the United States wish to permit what makes necessary such desecration? Is it fitting that the portals of the Yosemite lead to a camping resort; that its walls should surround a junketing place; that the visitor should look up at El Capitan from the perpetual turmoil of a holsteiny? M. P. C.

A suggestion has been made that Puffin Island and the summit of Snowdon, both parts of the Baron Hill estate of Sir Richard W. Bulkeley, should be purchased by the British government.

The Japanese pick cherry blooms and cure them in salt, using them to make a sort of tea.

The only pure white monkey known to exist was recently brought to London.

One-half of our citizens who are eligible voters fail to vote.

SILESIA, THE EUROPEAN IRELAND.

We are not much interested in Upper Silesia, nor indeed very sure of its exact whereabouts. But then there was a time, and not so long ago either, when the same might have been said of Gallipoli, and Mesopotamia and the Bagdad Railroad, and even to a certain extent of Belgium. All these managed to get themselves written in red upon the map, not to speak of our hearts, and now the utterance of their names is an open door to vistas of heroisms and horrors that are not likely to fade yet awhile. Upper Silesia belongs to the aftermath, to the tediums of war. Its name in a newspaper headline acts as a sort of warning to pass on to something of real importance, such as a whisky seizure or the election of a supervisor. But perhaps we shall soon be compelled to learn something about Upper Silesia, just as we were compelled to learn something about Bagdad and Belgium. If the disposition of Upper Silesia should bring commercial Germany to ruin, close all her markets to our trade, and fan the embers of war into a new flame with Bolshevism as a background, the topic will not be so tedious as it now seems. If Upper Silesia is to be taken from Germany, then Germany must die, and she will die fighting. Sampson, it may be remembered seemed incapable of further mischief when he was blind and in the hands of his enemies. None the less he pulled down the pillars of the temple and destroyed more in his death than in his life.

It seemed so easy to say that the ancient frontiers of Poland must be restored. Here in America we have a certain sublime aptitude for settling with a phrase the international problems that have broken the hearts of statesmen for five hundred years. We settle the Irish problem in that way, and half a dozen others. President Wilson invented a few of these fulminating phrases, such as "self-determination of peoples," and so dowered the world with wars for a century to come. But what are the ancient frontiers of Poland, and particularly of Upper Silesia? There seem to be at least half a dozen of them. Shall we take the frontier of 1335—we may go back farther still if we wish—when the King of Poland gave away Upper Silesia to Bohemia? Or shall we take the frontier of 1763, when Upper Silesia became Prussian by the treaty of Hubertusburg? When we say that Upper Silesia "belongs" to Poland, or to Prussia, or to Germany, what precisely do we mean? What constitutes ownership? Does the State of New York belong to America, or to the noble red man, or to the Dutch, or to the British? If we once begin to restore territories to their original owners, where shall we stop? What is the statute of limitations in these matters? If we are to draw a line within any reasonable historical period, then Upper Silesia belongs to Austria-Hungary, and Austria-Hungary no longer exists. Obviously this is not a case for the application of phrases.

The peace conference made a sad mess of Upper Silesia. Presumably they did not know where it was—Mr. Lloyd George had never heard of Teschen. None the less they disposed of it one day when business was slack, assigning practically the whole of it to the new Poland. Instantly there came a protest from the Upper Silesians. They did not want to belong to Poland, and small blame to them. No people on earth, other than Poles, could conceivably want to belong to Poland. The Upper Silesians were principally Germans. Of course we can go back a few hundred years, say a couple of centuries before the discovery of America, and prove that the Germans had no business in Upper Silesia. But then we are dealing with conditions, and really we must draw the line somewhere short of Bible days. The peace conference was quite surprised by the protest. It had not occurred to them that the Silesians were actually people, but when that fact was borne in upon them they said that a plebiscite should be taken, which had the double advantage of sounding democratic and of postponing an awkward question.

It need hardly be said that the conference was incapable of ordaining a plebiscite in language that any human being could understand. There would have been no precedent for the direct and unambiguous phrase. They said that the question of German or Polish ownership should be determined by "the wishes of the inhabitants as shown by the vote, and the geographical and economic conditions of the locality." Now what does that mean? Obviously nothing. Even a lawyer could have done better than that. They said that the vote should be taken by communes, but they did not say if the communes were to be counted as units or the individual votes throughout the whole of the area. Now this ambiguity was not malign. It was sheer, naked stupidity, an incapacity to utter a plain and direct statement. There was very nearly a war over the meaning of that decision before the plebiscite was taken.

But as it happened, the ambiguity made no particular difference, although it might easily have been that the majority of communes went one way and the majority of votes the other. Then the fat would have been in the fire with a vengeance. But both the com-

munes and the individual votes were in favor of Germany. The individual votes for Germany numbered 707,488 and for Poland 479,368. Of the communes, 683 voted for Germany and 597 for Poland. The vote seemed to be conclusive, and this in spite of the fact that the Poles were allowed by the French army of occupation to "electioneer" as much as they wished, while the Germans were not allowed to do anything but vote in silence.

But the vote was not allowed to be conclusive. The French still insisted in spite of the vote that Upper Silesia should go to Poland. The British insisted that it should go to Germany. There is no need now to enter into the reasons actuating the French in their repudiation of the plebiscite to which they had agreed. The reasons are, of course, religious, the same reasons that align the French on the side of the Turks and the British on the side of the Greeks. There is a religious alignment now going on all over Europe, even in Germany itself, as shown by the hostility between Prussia and Bavaria. We shall hear much more of it in the future, but in the meantime it may be employed usefully as a key. The result of the dispute as to the Upper Silesian plebiscite was the submission of the quarrel to the league of nations. The league of nations submitted it to a special commission. The special commission has now decided in favor of Poland, and doubtless in due time we shall hear the reasons for this amazing decision. One wonders why a plebiscite should ever have been proposed or taken if its results are thus to be flouted. If Upper Silesia had been given to Poland as an act of war it would have been comprehensible. But to agree to a plebiscite and then to deride its results, to neutralize its results, is to bring the whole principle of the plebiscite into contempt. No wonder that Mr. Marshall should say that the league of nations has gone glimmering into oblivion.

Now we are all of us loath to express sympathy with Germany. If her deserts were to be visited upon her head she must cease to exist. The complete partition of her empire into its small component parts would be no more than an act of justice to the rest of the world now doomed to witness her slow rehabilitation and the inevitable resumption of her aggressive policies. But this is not a case either of deserts or of justice. The world is in common agreement that Germany must be allowed to live and that her commercial fabric is inextricably bound up with that of the human race. Moreover, Germany must pay her reparations. She must pay in money and in coal. But if Upper Silesia is taken from her, she can pay neither in money nor in coal. Her factories must cease to operate and her railroads must cease to run. Even if she were to remain in full occupation of the Upper Silesian coal mines she would still be unable to provide for her bare necessities and to deliver to the Allies the twenty-five million tons annually demanded by the treaty. Her railroads are literally living from hand to mouth. They have nothing in reserve. Householders in eastern Germany were rationed last winter to a few pounds a day. Public utilities were on starvation allowance. We are not likely to be very sentimental so far as German sufferings are concerned, but it is very certain that Germany can not pay her debts unless she is allowed to produce, and without coal from Upper Silesia she must cease her production. We may be willing enough to see Germany as a national unit become a corpse, but it is well to remember that corpses are apt to be pestilent nuisances, and that a dead criminal may be more dangerous than a live one.

Europe today, says a competent observer, is in a worse plight than at any time since the end of the war. There is hardly a country that is not on the verge of bankruptcy and with revolution as a portentous menace in the background. Europe needs an anchor, some spot toward which she can look for stability, some reasonable hope of harborage if only she can weather the present gale. And this is the moment chosen to hand over Silesia with her incalculable wealth to the silly policies of Poland, whose government has never in human history been other than a monument of childish incapacity and who seems now intent upon proving to the world that its sympathies were misplaced and that she has learned nothing from the centuries of partition and impotence. Small wonder that Lloyd George should point to Poland as the future Ireland of the world, the sick and peevish child that refuses either to recover or to die.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 26, 1921.

By the Royal Marriage Act of England, the Prince of Wales may now—being over twenty-five years of age—marry without the consent of the king. In that case, however, he would have to give notice of his intention to the privy council twelve months before the date of the ceremony. Even then the marriage would only be in order legally so long as both houses of Parliament did not disapprove of it. This act, which dates back to 1772, was made by George III, who was annoyed by the marriage of his two brothers to women who were not of royal birth. The measure was forced through both houses by the king, in spite of tremendous opposition. It is still operative, however, so that if the prince defied this act his marriage would be void, and his children could not succeed to his rank or title. Such a marriage would be recognized by the church, however, and the children would be legitimate. —Capper's Weekly.

MR. WADDINGTON OF WYCK.

May Sinclair Writes a Novel in Which She Depicts a Type of Masculine Vanity.

When May Sinclair wrote "The Romantic" she gave us a rather grim picture of the effect upon character of a physical inhibition, and she intensified the colors by choosing a background of war. Now she gives us another character sketch, drawn with an equal skill and fidelity, but she places it in the domain of comedy rather than of tragedy. It is true that "Mr. Waddington of Wyck" with his colossal vanities is not always comical. When his egotism leads him to the attempted conquest of women he becomes senile and therefore disgusting. Incidentally one wonders why it is that the vanity of men is so much more ludicrous than that of women. Perhaps it is less skilled, displayed with less finesse, but that point may be left to psychology. Mr. Waddington of Wyck has a wife who sees through him, and he has also a secretary, Barbara, who learns to dissect him with the cool interest with which one dissects an insect. Mr. Waddington is away from home when Barbara enters upon her duties, but she meets him a few days later in his wife's drawing-room:

His eyes bulged with the startled innocence of a creature taken unaware. He had just lifted his face, with its dripping moustache, from his teacup, and though he carried off this awkwardness with an unabashed sweep of his pocket-handkerchief, you could see that he was sensitive; he hated you to catch him in any gesture that was less than noble. All his gestures were noble and his attitudes. He was noble as he got up, slowly, unfolding his great height, tightening by a movement of his shoulders his great breadth. He looked down at her superbly and held out his hand; it closed on hers in a large genial clasp.

"So this is my secretary, is it?"
"Yes. And don't forget she's my companion as well as my secretary."

"I never forget anything that you wish me to remember." (Only he said "nevah" and "rememhah"; he bowed as he said it in a very courtly way.)

Barbara noticed that his black hair and moustache were lightly grizzled, there was loose flesh about his eyelids, his chin had doubled, and his cheeks were sagging from the bone, otherwise he was exactly like his portrait; these changes made him look, if anything, more incorruptibly dignified and more solemn. He had remained on his feet (for his breeding was perfect), moving between the tea-table and Barbara, bringing her tea, milk and sugar, and things to eat. Altogether he was so simple, so genial and unmythical that Barbara could only suppose that Ralph had been making fun of her, of her wonder, her curiosity.

Mr. Waddington, like most vain men, falls readily before the wiles of the eternal feminine. He believes that all women fall in love with him at sight, and what more natural than that the pretty Mrs. Levitt should pay him the homage suggested by her womanly helplessness:

And the time after that—Partridge had discreetly shown her into the library—when she had called to implore him to obtain exemption for her son Toly; her black eyes, bright and large behind tears; and her cry: "I'm a war widow, Mr. Waddington, and he's my only child"; the flattery of her belief that he, Mr. Waddington of Wyck, had the chief power on the tribunal (and indeed it would have been folly to pretend that he had not power, that he could "work it" if he chose). And the third time, after he had "worked it," and she had come to thank him. Tears again; the pressure of a plump, ivory-white hand; a tingling, delicious memory.

Mr. Waddington is greatly interested in the League of Liberty, one of those post-war activities intended ostensibly to check the spread of Bolshevism, but with a more real function to minister to the vanities of aristocratic promoters. The first duty was to draw up the local prospectus, which must of course be stamped with the individuality of Mr. Waddington:

But, though the matter was given him, Mr. Waddington, before he actually tackled his prospectus, had conceived himself as supplying his own fresh and inimitable manner; the happy touch, the sudden, arresting turn. But somehow it wasn't working out that way. Try as he would, he couldn't get away from the turns and touches supplied by Sir Maurice Gedge.

"It would have been easy enough," he said, "to draw up the original prospectus. I'd a thousand times rather do that than write one on the top of it."

Fanny agreed. "It's got to look different," she said, "without being different."

"Couldn't we," said Barbara, "turn it upside down?"
"Upside down?" He stared at her with great owl's eyes, offended, suspecting her this time of an outrageous levity.

"Yes. Really upside down. You see, the heads go in this order—Defense of Private Property; Defense of Capital; Defense of Liberty; Defense of Government; Defense of the Empire; Danger of Revolution, Communism and Bolshevism; Every Man's Duty. Why not reverse them? Every Man's Duty; Danger of Bolshevism, Communism and Revolution; Defense of the Empire; Defense of Government; Defense of Liberty; Defense of Capital; Defense of Private Property."

"That's an idea," said Fanny.

"Not at all a bad idea," said Mr. Waddington. "You might take down the heads in that order."

Barbara took them down, and it was agreed that they presented a very original appearance thus reversed; and, as Barbara pointed out, the one order was every bit as logical as the other; and though Mr. Waddington objected that he would have preferred to close on the note of government and empire, he was open to the suggestion that, while this might appeal more to the county, with the farmers and townspeople, capital and private property would strike further home. And by the time he had changed "combat the forces of disorder" to "take a stand against anarchy and disruption," and "spirit of freedom in this country" to "British genius for liberty," and "darkest hour in England's history" to "blackest period in the history of England," he was persuaded that the prospectus was now entirely and absolutely his own.

The first meeting of the league arouses local

curiosity to the extent of a crowded room, and it need not be said that Mr. Waddington delivers the speech of the evening, undismayed by the almost open derision of his son:

"Are—we—going—to tolerate Bolshevism and a Soviet government here? If there are any persons present who think that that is our attitude and our intention, I tell them now plainly—it is not. In their own language, in our good old county proverb: 'As sure as God's in Gloucester,' it is not and never will be. The sooner they understand that the better. I do not say that there are any persons present who would be guilty of so gross an error. I do not believe there are. I do not believe that there is any intelligent person in this room who will not agree with me when I say that, though it is just and right that labor should have a voice in the government, it is not just and it is not right that it should be the only voice."

"It has been the only voice heard in Russia for two years, and what is the consequence? Bloodshed. Anarchy and bloodshed. I don't say that we should have anarchy and bloodshed here; England, thank God, is not Russia. But I do not say that we shall not have them. And I do say that it rests with us, with you and me, ladies and gentlemen, to decide whether we shall or shall not have them. It depends on the action we take tonight with regard to this National League of Liberty, on the action taken on—on other nights at similar meetings, all over this England of ours; it depends, in two words, on our united action, whether we shall have anarchy or stable government, whether this England of ours shall or shall not continue to be a free country."

The league soon flickers to extinction and so Mr. Waddington is released for concluding efforts on his *magnum opus*, "Ramblings Through the Cotswolds." The book must, of course, be illustrated, and here a difficulty presents itself. It is a matter of proportion. A view of the author's library with the distinguished author himself at his desk reduces the figure to undesirably small dimensions:

Mr. Waddington stared at the proofs, holding them in a hand that trembled slightly with emotion. With a just annoyance. For though Pycraft had certainly got the proportions of the library, Mr. Waddington's head was reduced to a mere black spot in the far corner.

If that was what Pycraft meant by proportion—
"I think," he said, "the—er—the figure is not quite satisfactory."

"The—? I see, sir. I did not understand, sir, that you wished the figure."

"We—ell—" Mr. Waddington didn't like to appear as having wished the figure so ardently as he did indeed wish it. "If I'm to be there at all—"

"Quite so, sir. But if you wish the size of the library to be shown, I'm afraid the figure must be sacrificed. We can't do you it both ways. But how would you think, sir, of being photographed yourself, somewhat larger, seated at your writing-table? We could do you that."

"I hadn't thought of it, Pycraft."

As a matter of fact, he had thought of nothing else. He had the title of the picture in his mind: "The Author at Work in the Library, Lower Wyck Manor."

Pycraft waited in deference to Mr. Waddington's hesitation. His man, less delicate but more discerning, was already preparing to adjust the camera.

Mr. Waddington turned, like a man torn between personal distaste and public duty, to Barbara.

"What do you think, Miss Madden?"

"I think the book would hardly be complete without you."

"Very well. You hear, Pycraft, Miss Madden says I am to be photographed."

Mrs. Levitt's conception of her amatory conquest of Mr. Waddington is a pecuniary one. She is always hard-up, and what more proper than that the wealthy lover should come to her aid. That is what wealthy lovers are for. Mrs. Levitt consults Mr. Waddington on her financial affairs, and incidentally refers to her card-playing proclivities:

"I hope, my dear, you don't play for money."

"Oh, well, it isn't much fun for the others if we don't."

"You don't play high, I hope?"

"What do you call high?"

"Well, breaking into pound notes."

"Pound notes! Penny points—well, ten shillings is the very highest stake when we're reckless and going it. Besides, I always play against Markham and Hawtreys, because I know they won't be hard on me if I lose."

"Now, that's what I don't like. I'd a thousand times rather pay your gambling debts than have you putting yourself under an obligation to those men."

He couldn't hear it. He couldn't hear to think that Elise could hear it.

"You should have come to me," he said.

"I have come to you, haven't I?" She thought of the five hundred pounds.

He thought of them, too. "Ah, that's different. Now, about these debts to Markham and Hawtreys. How much do they come to—about?"

"Oh, a five-pound note would cover all of it. But I shall only be in debt to you."

"We'll say nothing about that. If I pay it, Elise, will you promise me you'll never play higher than penny points again?"

"It's too angelic of you, really."

He smiled. He liked paying her gambling debts. He liked the power it gave him over her. He liked to think that he could make her promise. He liked to be told he was angelic. It was all very cheap at five pounds, and it would enable him to refuse the five hundred with a better grace.

"Come, on your word of honor, only penny points."

"On my word of honor. . . . But, oh, I don't think I can take it."

But Mrs. Levitt does not propose to go too far, while Mr. Waddington decidedly does. Mr. Waddington thinks that Mrs. Levitt might advantageously move to London, a project that combines the advantages of distance and of proximity:

"It's rather far from Wyck," he said. "Still, I could run up once in a while—he came pensive—"in three weeks or so."

"For the day—I should be delighted."

"No. Not for the day." He was irritated with this artificial obtuseness. "For the week-end. For the week, sometimes, when I can manage it. I shall say it's business."

She drew back and back, as if from his advance, her head tilted, her eyes glinting at him under lowered lids, taking it all in yet pretending a paralysis of ignorance. She wanted to see—she wanted to see how far he would go, before she—she wanted him to think she didn't understand him even now.

It was this half-fascinated, backward gesture that excited him. He drew himself close, close.

"Elise, it's no use pretending. You know what I mean. You know I want you."

He stooped over, covering her with his great chest. He put his arms round her.

"In my arms. You know you want me—"

She felt his mouth pushed out to her mouth as it retreated, trying to cover it, to press down. She gave a cry: "Oh—oh, you—!" and struggled, heating him off with one hand while the other fumbled madly for her pocket handkerchief. His grip slackened. He rose to his feet. But he still stooped over her, penning her with his outstretched arms, his weight propped by his hands laid on the back of the sofa.

"You—old—imbecile—" she spouted.

Barbara is unfortunately a witness to these amatory passages, or at least to their conclusion, a fact that gives Mr. Waddington some uneasy moments. But Barbara's observation is not without its value when Mrs. Levitt assumes the rôle of the blackmailer and Barbara herself is entrusted with the task of dealing with her:

"I see. And you want to make it unpleasant for him. As unpleasant as you possibly can?"

"I can make it even more unpleasant for him, Miss Madden, than it is for me."

"What, after all the compromising?"

"I think so. If, for instance, I chose to tell somebody what happened the other day, what you saw yourself."

"Did I see anything?"

"You can't deny that you saw something you were not meant to see."

"You mean Wednesday afternoon? Well, if Mr. Waddington chose to say that I saw you in a bad fit of hysterics I shouldn't deny that."

"I see. You're well posted, Miss Madden."

"I am, rather. But supposing you told everybody in the place he was caught making love to you, what good would it do you?"

"Excuse me, we're not talking about the good it would do me, but the harm it would do him."

"Same thing," said Barbara. "Supposing you told everybody and nobody believed you?"

"Everybody will believe me. You forget that those stories have been going about long before Wednesday."

"All the better for Mr. Waddington and all the worse for you. You were compromised before Wednesday. Then why, if you didn't like being compromised, did you consent to come to tea alone with him when his wife was away?"

"I came on business, as you know."

"You came to borrow money from a man who had compromised you? If you're so careful of your reputation I should have thought that would have been the last thing you'd have done."

"You're forgetting my friendship with Mr. Waddington."

"You said business just now. Friendship or business, or business and friendship, I don't think you're making out a very good case for yourself, Mrs. Levitt. But supposing you did make it out, and supposing Mr. Waddington did lose his head and was making love to you on Wednesday, do you imagine people here are going to take your part against him?"

"He's not so popular in Wyck as all that."

"He mayn't be, but his caste is. Immensely popular with the county, which I suppose is all you care about. You must remember, Mrs. Levitt, that he's Mr. Waddington of Wyck; you're not fighting one Mr. Waddington, but three hundred years of Waddingtons. You're up against all his ancestors."

Mrs. Levitt disappears, worsted, from the scene, but the undismayed Mr. Waddington transfers his affections to Barbara herself, whom he is quite sure must long ago have fallen victim to his charms. Barbara, it need hardly be said, has other plans:

"I'll confess. In the beginning I hadn't thought of a divorce. I couldn't bear the idea of going through all that unpleasantness. But I'd go through it ten times over rather than that you should marry Ralph Bevan. . . . Wait now. . . . Before I spoke to you today I'd made up my mind to ask Fanny to divorce me. I know she'll do it. Your name shan't be allowed to appear. The moment I get her consent we'll go off together somewhere. Italy or the Riviera. I've got everything planned, everything ready. I saw to that when I was in London. I bought everything—"

She saw forked lightnings on a magenta Waddington.

"What are you laughing at, Barbara?"

He stood over her distressed. Was Barbara going to treat him to a fit of hysterics?

"Don't laugh. Don't be silly, child."

But Barbara went on laughing, with her face in the cushions, abandoned to her vision. From far up the park they heard the sound of Kimmer's hooter, then the grinding of the car, with Fanny in it, on the gravel outside. Barbara sat up suddenly and dried her eyes.

They stared at each other, the stare of accomplices.

"Come, child," he said, "pull yourself together."

Barbara got up and looked in the glass and saw the green jade necklace hanging on her still. She took it off and laid it on the table beside the forgotten sketch-book.

"I think," she said, "you must have meant this for Mrs. Levitt. But you may thank your stars it's only me, this time."

He pretended not to hear her, not to see the necklace, not to know that she was going from him. She stood a moment with her back to the door, facing him. It was her turn to stand there and he listened to.

"Mr. Waddington," she said, "some people might think you wicked. I only think you funny."

He drew himself up and looked noble.

"Funny? If that's your idea of me, you had better marry Ralph Bevan."

"I almost think I had."

And she laughed again. Not Mrs. Levitt's laughter, gross with experience. He had borne that without much pain. Girl's laughter it was, young and innocent and pure, and ten times more cruel.

"You don't know," she said, "you don't know how funny you are," and left him.

The author has not reached the same dramatic height that she attained in "The Romantic"? How could she with such a hero? But her reputation will not suffer from this successful deviation into comedy in which she depicts a type known to all of us.

MR. WADDINGTON OF WYCK. By May Sinclair.

New York: The Macmillan Company.

Stockholders in private banks in Sweden must be native Swedes.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 22, 1921, were \$141,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$172,200,000; a decrease of \$31,800,000.

The public is coming into the stock market and livelier dealings with a more confident forward movement of prices seem to lie ahead. The large interests, whose huying usually lays the foundation for an advance in prices, have purchased about all the stocks they could get without bidding prices up, and, by refusing to follow up advances, they have encouraged

factor in bringing general business back to normal. The railroads and the public utilities are the best spenders in America; their business consists in furnishing transportation, light, heat, and power and in the ordinary course of their functioning they take in enormous sums and make enormous expenditures. For instance, preliminary August reports indicate that 178 out of 203 Class 1 carriers took in \$476,500,000 gross, of which \$386,500,000 was spent for wages, salaries, coal, oil, iron and steel, and other raw materials, equipment, repairs and maintenance, and all the other items that go to make up expense budgets. When our transportation systems are earning the full 6 per cent. allowed by the railroad act they will probably be spending at the rate of \$500,000,000 a month—fully \$6,000,000,000 a year.

Of course, the turn in railroad earnings will be reflected first in the railroad shares, which have hardly begun to measure up to their new earning possibilities. Later—probably next spring—when the railroads begin to make heavy purchases, the entire group of industrials should be benefited. When the real railroad bull market starts, it will probably be such standard stocks as New York Central, Union Pacific, Illinois Central, and Southern Pacific that will lead the rise. In a market such as the present, which is primarily a rebound from extreme depression, the more speculative stocks, such as Rock Island, Baltimore and Ohio, Missouri Pacific common and preferred, Colorado and Southern common and preferred, Kansas City Southern common and preferred, and Texas and Pacific, are likely to lead.

Next to the rails, the public utilities and coppers should be given preference. In the utility group preference should be given to such stocks as North American, Pacific Gas and Electric, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph, Philadelphia Company, Consolidated Gas of New York, and People's Gas of Chicago. The copper stocks have recently responded to pronounced improvement in the market for the metal. In this group such issues as Anaconda, Utah, Miami, Chino, Ray, and Chile look particularly good.

In the industrial group further speculative moves are likely, but new commitments do not seem advisable, in general, until after the turn of the year. Some specialties, in response to especially favorable conditions, should have individual upward moves. In this class may be placed Butterick Company, U. S. Realty, International Paper, National Enameling, and Union Bag and Paper.

As previously pointed out, the trader should already have taken his position in the main body of industrial stocks and should hold to it until the market looks to be a sale on general principles.

Some forty-odd delegates representing the California group of the Investment Bankers' Association of America will leave Los Angeles Thursday morning in special cars to attend the annual convention of the Investment Bankers' Association of America at New Orleans.

Among those attending from San Francisco are Messrs. Cyrus Peirce, Guy Kingsley, Dean Witter, Lawrence Strassburger, John Staats, J. A. Riker, James Jenkins, and Robert McAndrew.

This delegation expects to bring back from the convention a promise for the 1922 convention of the national association for San Francisco, and elaborate plans are already being made to entertain the national association here in the fall of next year. It is presumed that the convention proper will be held next year at Del Monte, with side trips for the delegates through the central portion of the state, including Los Angeles.

In reviewing the general investment outlook recently I pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of various groups of industrial securities. At this writing many of the securities referred to have already found their proper levels.

According to recent reports quite a number of the industrial concerns continue to show favorable improvement. The advance in the crude oil prices helped to stimulate the majority of the oils, notably Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard Oil of California, Pacific, Houston, Texas Company, Texas Pacific Coal and Oil, Cosden, and Middle States. The improved condition in other groups such as steels, equipments, textiles, tobaccos, and agricultural lines is sufficient evidence to show that the low ebb of business depression has touched bottom.

During the present squeezing-out process the cautious investor would do well to "look before he leaps." Many preferred stocks, more particularly of the unseasoned type, are today dear at any price. On the other hand, many of the time-tried securities are selling at bargain levels. After all is said and done the three most important factors are product, earning power, dividend record. The most promising securities in the preferred group of the most important industrial companies are, in my opinion, the following:

Equipment Group—American Locomotive 7 per cent., Railway Steel Spring 7 per cent., Pressed Steel Car 7 per cent., Baldwin Locomotive 7 per cent., American Brake Shoe and Foundry 7 per cent.

Manufacturing and Electrical—Allis Chalmers 7 per cent., International Harvester 7 per cent., Worthington Pump "B" 6 per cent., In the steel and iron group: U. S. Steel 7 per cent., Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent., and the Republic Iron and Steel 7 per cent. In the oil and petroleum group: The Standard Oil of New Jersey 7 per cent., Atlantic Refining 7 per cent., Standard Oil of Ohio 7 per cent., Union Tank 7 per cent., and Pierce Oil 8 per cent. In other groups the most promising issues appear to be Standard Milling 6 per cent., Otis Elevator 6 per cent., Nat. Enam. and Stamping 7 per cent., American Woolen 7 per cent., American Tobacco Company 6 per cent., Liggett & Myers 7 per cent., United Cigar Stores 7 per cent., Woolworth (F. W.) Company 7 per cent., Studebaker 7 per cent., General Motors (Del.) 7 per cent. and 6 per cent.

In the miscellaneous manufacturing and industrial group the most favorable common stocks at the present time are, in my opinion, the following: American Brake Shoe, Railway Steel Spring, Pressed Steel Car, International Harvester, Haskell & Barker, Worthington Pump, Allis Chalmers, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard Oil of Indiana, Standard Oil of California, Associated Oil,

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Pacific Oil, Pure Oil, Royal Dutch, Texas Company, and Cosden. In the copper and smelting group the most promising securities appear to be the American Smelting and Refining, U. S. Smelting and Refining, Anaconda, Utah, California and Arizona, Inspiration, Kennecott, Granby, Miami, and Ray. With steady improvement in the red metal industry and a bigger foreign demand, the copper stocks, as a group, are in a much better condition today than many of the so-called manufacturing concerns. Companies such as the Anaconda, American Smelting, California and Arizona, and U. S. Smelting are also important silver producers. In short the outlook for copper securities in the not distant future is particularly bright.—John D. Dunlop.

The Park-Union Foreign Bank has established a service bureau with Miss Anne Seward in charge. This department is known as the "Special Travel and Service Department." Miss Seward is thoroughly familiar with American and European conditions and is ready to render every possible assistance to tourists and particularly to take care of money matters for them, make payment on



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California has been a leader in many things, and at present it is fifth among the states of the Union in the number of manufacturing plants and eighth in the value of manufactured products.

This result has been made possible largely by the development and utilization of electric power in that state. Private companies and private investors have made this result possible. The record is a testimonial of the initiative and enterprise of California citizens.

Now comes a proposal to have the state enter actively into competition with established companies in the development of hydroelectric power. Legislation is proposed which would bond the state for \$500,000,000 for the purpose of developing such projects for various communities, said communities to repay the state from earnings (?) of properties thus developed. The state would have the power to seize any property under provisions of proposed legislation. Five hundred million dollars would be placed under political control for expenditure under political direction.

Theoretically the scheme may work perfectly. In practice the pressure of political patronage would be too great to allow the ex-

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a new short interest. Open bidding for stocks should develop as the next stage of the rise (says *Forbes Magazine*).

The public is coming into the stock market just as it always comes in after a period of rising prices is hacked up by news developments which seem to warrant the turnabout in quotations and justify hopes of a further rise. A few of the more important developments which have convinced the public that stocks are likely to go higher are:

(1) Important gains in railroad earnings; because railroad prosperity will result in large purchases of materials and supplies.

(2) Advancing prices for iron and steel, copper, oil, cotton, textiles, etc.; because

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rising prices usually reflect better business conditions.

(3) Reductions in rediscount rates; because easier money will provide capital for new business ventures and development of old.

(4) Decline in average liabilities of failures; because a multitude of small mercantile failures usually marks approach of the end of a period of depression.

(5) Signs of a turn in the Steel Corporation's unfilled orders—always one of the most reliable business barometers.

(6) Reports of mercantile agencies and the Federal Reserve Board generally confirming the impression given by all the foregoing that business is definitely on the mend.

The gain in railroad earnings is placed first, for it is likely to be the most important

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penditure of \$500,000,000 purely as a business proposition. We have seen this illustrated in the building of expensive postoffices in places where the expenditure was unjustified, but the "pull" of the "people's representative" was great. We saw in the recent war in connection with expenditures in various parts of the country which a strictly business policy would never have sanctioned. But politics could not be eliminated.

The public utilities of California are at present spending millions on development

of California for the year ending June 30, 1920, were \$336,592,000, or an average of \$98 for every man, woman, and child in the state.

The present movement of this \$500,000,000 state obligation is purely political, and the various facts of the case should be well considered by California citizens before saddling the state with any such mortgage as this.—*Industrial News Bureau.*

Finding that there still exists an impression that the government guarantees the railroads a 6 per cent. return, the Association of Railway Executives has issued the following statement: "The idea that the railroad managements have guaranteed to them a 6 per cent. return and have therefore no incentive to economy is absolutely untrue. Since September 1, 1921, no railroad could receive what it did not earn. Since that time the railroads have failed to earn a 6 per cent. return by \$18,000,000 and have lost that sum forever. In this period of readjustments the railroads are taking their loss just like everybody else—only they have no war-time surplus to take it out of. Unlike many other industries, they accumulated no large surpluses because they were restricted under government control to the same net return they earned in the three years before the United States entered the war. A decrease in operating expenses sufficient to make possible a general reduction in rates can be secured only by further substantial reductions in railroad operating expenses, including the abolition of war-time rules and working conditions so that the amount of work per day of each railroad employee will be something near what it was before the war."

The S. S. Kresge Company, which operates a system of chain stores, declared a 54 per cent. stock dividend recently on the common stock. This was in addition to the regular quarterly dividend of 1 3/4 per cent. on the preferred stock and 3 per cent. semi-annual dividend on the common stock. All the dividends are payable December 31st to stockholders of record December 16th. The common shares of the company in the stock market responded to the announcement with a net advance of 12 3/4 points on a limited turnover. Charles E. Merrill of the firm of Merrill, Lynch & Co., who is a director of the S. S. Kresge Company, has this to say in confirming the dividend action taken in Detroit.

"Today's stock dividend of \$5,400,000, together with the \$4,000,000 melon distributed in 1916, brings the total dividends distributed in common stock up to \$9,400,000, equivalent to 188 per cent. on the \$5,000,000 common stock outstanding at the end of 1915. It is interesting to note that the holder of 100 shares who bought his common stock at the time of its issue in 1912, and who has taken advantage of his rights, now holds 200 shares having a market value of some \$32,000, against a total investment of \$6500, and that after the present stock dividend has been paid his holdings will aggregate 308 shares.

"The business was established in 1897, with an investment of only \$6700, and, with the exception of \$2,000,000 preferred stock and \$1,000,000 common stock sold to the public, the business has grown to its present size by the reinvestment of earnings. The number of stores has increased from forty-two in 1909 to 194 in 1921, and in the same period sales have grown from \$5,000,000 to more than \$52,000,000.

"When one considers that more than 80 per cent. of all the money necessary to finance the growth of this business has been supplied through reinvestment of surplus earnings, it does seem almost incredible that these earnings have been accomplished on a margin of net profit on sales of approximately 8 per cent."

George H. Burr & Co. handle the stock of this company.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company has recently opened offices in Suite 207, Syndicate Building, Oakland, under the management of Mr. G. H. Wendt, who is a man of wide experience in the bond investment business. These offices are being opened for the accommodation of their many East Bay patrons.

Stephens & Co., bond dealers, report the closing of negotiations for a building for their occupancy on Sutter Street between Montgomery and Sansome. The structure will be a completely modern and model investment banking plant. An interesting feature is the grouping of all officers and executives in the main business room with no private offices. Plate-glass conference rooms are provided for, but the officers' and executives' desks will be on the main floor within immediate communication distance of each other. Printing and mailing departments, vaults, rest rooms, and auditorium will be located in the basement, but all departments having dealings with the public will be located on the main floor. The plans provide for terra cotta front of elaborate design.

The new building will be completed in January and its occupancy will give Stephens & Co. its third ground floor office, including those at Oakland and Los Angeles, and the company is reported to be negotiating for the erection of its own building at its original point of business in San Diego.

A much better showing made by the railroads in their August returns encourages the belief that the transportation industry is on the up-grade again, although the figures indicate that these results were accomplished mainly through economies in operation (says the Well Fargo Nevada National Bank in their monthly letter). The net operating income of Class 1 railroads in August of this year will probably amount to nearly \$100,000,000, according to official returns lately filed. The roads stand to benefit also from the large sums which they will soon receive from the government on account of indebtedness piled up during the period of Federal control. The sale of the equipment



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trust certificates of which the United States Railroad Administration originally held about \$380,000,000 has been so encouraging as to indicate that the roads which have been able to come to terms with the government regarding the exact balance due them will receive payment forthwith. The first \$100,000,000 offering of these equipment trust certificates was speedily absorbed by the public at prices which showed an invest-

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work, and there is no need for the state entering into competition with such private industry, which is already under state supervision and regulation. California's tax burdens have already reached a figure which in themselves should counsel against any such enormous overhead as a \$500,000,000 state hydro-electric development programme would necessarily involve.

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ment return of less than 6 per cent. Negotiations are said to be under way for the sale of another \$100,000,000 block. The increase in car loadings, the remarkable advance movement of grain and other crops, and the actual car shortage reported in some agricultural districts indicate that in this season, when merchandise freight is ordinarily in heavy volume, railroad earnings will show further gains.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Authorodoxy.

"Authorodoxy," by Alan Handsacre, called by its author "a discursive examination of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's 'Orthodoxy,'" is an amusing *reductio ad absurdum* of that celebrated garden of paradox. Mr. Handsacre, who wrote his book because he "felt inclined to write it" rather than to publish it, evidently yielded to the temptation most of us had in reading "Orthodoxy"—a temptation to take up all his absurd arguments and show that they were absurd. Unfortunately there is not much satisfaction to be got out of confuting Mr. Chesterton, who rejoins that that time he was only joking. Since one never knows when he is serious, one hates risking his own dignity by taking him seriously. Mr. Chesterton reminds us of Dodo—Mr. Benson's delectable creation—who spent half her time trying to figure out the meaning of what she said the other half—or something to that effect. Mr. Chesterton has a formula for twisting sentences inside out, that at least part of the time results in a brilliant and thitherto unexpected truth. However, Mr. Chesterton's little game, like any other game, is not infallible. He loses rather often than he wins. And it is fatally easy to pick out his losses. Mr. Handsacre has very thoroughly hunted them out and displayed them in "Authorodoxy," and the exhibition is entertaining. For one thing,

we are grateful to Mr. Handsacre for doing what we, G. K.'s readers, did only scrappily and mentally. It is off our chest now, and we thank Mr. Handsacre for expelling the load. He has had his reward, too, for it must have been as amusing to write as to read. And if it was easy in parts—so much the better. A game loses zest when too difficult.

AUTHORDOXY. By Alan Handsacre. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The Fog.

A great novel might be written around the biography of any human being. The material would be there. Success would depend only upon the author.

Here we have the biography of Nathaniel Forge, to whom we are introduced as a freckled-faced boy in a country village. Nathaniel is not an unusual boy except for his remarkable gift of poetry, which is speedily trounced out of him by the village censors and his bigoted and hypocritical father. He has the customary adventures with school sweethearts, is heartlessly jilted by his first serious fancy, and in desperation marries a vulgar mill girl, who eventually saves him from ruin by running away with another man. Nathaniel slowly makes his way in business and presently finds himself involved in the Siberian war, where he meets the woman whom he just missed years before. All these things might happen to any one. Some of them happen to every one. But they are seldom so well told as in this case.

Mr. Pelley understands how to find the dramatic in the commonplace. Nathaniel's father is a usual type of village fanatic, a cruel little tyrant, but how we are made to loathe him. And there is old Caleb Gridley of the tanyard, who conceals a genuine love of poetry in the soul that seems to be so grimy, and who proves to be a rock of refuge for Nathaniel in his worst hours. Caleb's wife belongs to village "society," and his detestable daughter sinks nearly to the demimonde which is her proper habitat. There is the clergyman, the newspaper editor, the mill hands, a tiny universe revolving around tiny and usually ugly things, and the beckoning of New York, the larger outlying circles, and then the tornado of the war. There are a thousand such stories hidden in the lives around us, but only the artist can isolate them for us, dissect their parts, and magnify them into visibility. Mr. Pelley is the author also of "The Greater Glory," but he has now done something better than that. He has not only the instinct of the novelist, but also the capacity for hard and conscientious work.

THE FOG. By William Dudley Pelley. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

To Abolish War

Mr. William H. Blymyer has constructed a plan for the abolition of war, and perhaps it is enough to announce that fact without any attempt at a criticism that must necessarily be lengthy and incomplete. But it may be said that the scheme is elaborately and carefully constructed and that the author's credentials are of a high order.

Mr. Blymyer would enforce arbitration by means of a combined threat of isolation. The idea looks well on paper, but would not isolation be nearly as destructive to the judges as to the criminal? Is it likely that democratic peoples would sever the commercial relations with another country upon which their own prosperity depended? We may fear not.

Mr. Blymyer in common with most writers along these lines assumes that the peoples of the world are driven into war against their will and that democratic sentiment is necessarily opposed to war. The direct opposite is probably true. The tendency of democracies is toward war, not away from it. At the present moment the world is naturally sick of war, but how long will that continue? The disposition to construct vast mechanisms of peace is a strong one, perhaps a salutary one, but it may reasonably be maintained that wars originate in human passions, and not in human intelligences, and that the remedy must be ethical rather than political.

THE ISOLATION PLAN. By William H. Blymyer. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Company; \$2.

The Obstacle Race.

Readers of Ethel M. Dell—and they are very numerous—have had a liberal education in the creation of supermen, fierce and dominating creatures who carry everything before them by main strength, finally reducing the heroine to a state of adoring submission. As the countryman said when he saw the rhinoceros, "there aint no such animal." None the less we like to read about these fierce creatures.

The author's hero on this occasion is not quite so fierce as usual. He is a schoolmaster in an English village, but we know at once by his demeanor that his pedigree, like that of James Yellowplush, is "wropt in mystery." To the village comes a young woman ostensibly in need of rest, but we identify her, too, as more than she seems. Of course she struggles against the slowly tightening

coils of the rather imperious schoolmaster, and we wait—be it confessed without much impatience—for the inevitable disclosure that the heroine is Lady Clara Vere de Vere and the hero of nearly equally blue blood and that each has supposed the other to be of that rural simplicity which is the best possible compensation for the follies and excesses of the idle rich. There is no actual reason why these things should not have happened in real life, but as a matter of fact we do not think that they ever did.

THE OBSTACLE RACE. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Carter.

Here are thirteen short stories by Don Marquis, many of them reprinted from current magazines. Don Marquis usually avoids what is known as the heart interest, for which we can not be too thankful. One or two of these stories might with advantage be omitted, but for the most part they are based on some vivid incident and worked out with ingenuity and an eye to dramatic effect. They are noteworthy among the evanescent writing of today.

CARTER. By Don Marquis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75.

New Books Received.

THE WILLING HORSE. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.
A novel.

MARITIME HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1783-1860. By S. E. Morrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

THE SPORT OF OUR ANCESTORS. Edited and selected with an introduction by Lord Willoughby de Broke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$10.
Being a collection of prose and verse setting forth the sport of fox-hunting.

REVIEWS AND CRITICAL PAPERS. By Lionel Johnson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

THE WAR TRAIL. By Elmer Russell Gregor. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75.
An Indian story.

THE TRAGEDY OF LORD KITCHENER. By Reginald Viscount Esher. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.
A memoir.

WELSH FAIRY TALES. By William Elliot Griffis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60.

BLINKERS. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90.
A novel.

THE ARRANT ROVER. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
A novel.

THE JUBILEE GIRL. By Arthur P. Hanks. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
A novel.

SKETCHES OF BUTTE. By George Wesley Davis. Boston: The Cornhill Company; \$1.75.
From vigilante days to prohibition.

THE ISOLATION PLAN. By William H. Blymyer. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Company; \$2.
A plan for disarmament.

THE TREE OF LIGHT. By James A. B. Scherer. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.35.
The story of how Christmas came to early England.

HOLINESS IN CHRIST. By Rev. Clarence Mease. Boston: The Stratford Company.

WITH STAR AND GRASS. By Anna Spencer Twitchell. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Company; \$1.50.
Verse.

SCHOLARSHIP AND SERVICE. By Nicolas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
The policies and ideals of a modern university in a modern democracy.

BOOKS AND HABITS. By Lafcadio Hearn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
Collated from the series of lectures at the University of Tokyo.

THE ROMANCE OF RUSSIA. By Elizabeth W. Champney and Frere Champney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
From Rurik to Bolsheviki.

THE BEGINNINGS OF WISDOM. By Stephen Vincent Benet. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
A novel.

THE BLOOD OF THE CONQUERORS. By Harvey Ferguson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.
A novel of the American Southwest.

SONGS OF THE COWBOYS. An anthology by N. Howard Thorp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.65.
A collection of genuine cowboy songs.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM. By James Edward Le

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Rossignol. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.

An explanation and criticism of the doctrines and proposals of scientific socialism.

HEARTS AND THE DIAMOND. By Gerald Beaumont. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A novel of professional baseball life.

CONNIE MORGAN IN THE FUR COUNTRY. By James B. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A story for boys.

BEANY, GANGLESHANKS AND THE TUR. By Edward Streeter. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
A book about boys for grown-ups.

THE SEER OF SLAB SIDES. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents.

A study of John Burroughs as a writer, naturalist, and philosopher.

EVERY DAY POEMS. By George Elliston. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.50.

ALL ABOUT PETS. By Lillian Gask. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.50.
For young readers.

TISS, A LITTLE ALPINE WAIF. By Johanna Spyri. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 90 cents.
Juvenile.

BLUEBERRY'S NEW HOME. By J. L. Sberard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 90 cents.
Juvenile.

THE ADVENTURES OF JANE. By Gene Stone. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.35.
Sagebrush stories.

WORK-A-DAY HEROES. By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60.
The romance of the everyday toiler.

SECRETS OF THE EARTH. By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60.
For young readers.

STORIES OF AMERICAN INVENTIONS. By Inez N. McFee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60.

TROPICAL HOLLAND. By H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press; \$2.50.

An essay on the development of a popular government in an Oriental possession.

THE CASTAWAYS OF BANDA SEA. By Warren H. Miller. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.
An adventure story.

DOWN THE RIVER WITH THE TEENIE WEENIES. By William Donahay. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company; \$2.
Stories for young children.

THE BOOK OF JACK LONDON. By Charmian London. New York: The Century Company; \$10.
A biography of Jack London in two volumes.

Charles Dickens is a favorite in Russia. Both "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "A Christmas Carol" have been dramatized there.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Quentin Roosevelt.

This volume of 288 pages commemorates his life and death of Quentin Roosevelt. It has been edited by Kermit Roosevelt and there are five well-chosen illustrations.

It is to be wished that all biographers would do their work so well. Quentin Roosevelt was a war figure, and it is in his relation to the war that the chief interest of his life is to be found. For this reason the author begins his story with the year 1909, when Quentin was thirteen years of age and just beginning his interest in aviation. The third page finds us at the year 1915, and thenceforward comes the story of the war as seen by Quentin himself and described by him in his letters. His last letter was dated July 11, 1918, in which he describes a fight with a German aviator whom he put to flight. The story is continued by those who were able to add something to the first scanty knowledge of the tragedy that reached his comrades. In this connection we may particularly note the testimony of Captain Gee of the One Hundred and Tenth Infantry, who, as a prisoner in German hands, witnessed the funeral of the young aviator, although he did not at the time know his identity. Captain Gee says that about a thousand Germans were present and that he was afterwards told that such honors were paid to Lieutenant Roosevelt, not only because he was a gallant aviator who had bravely fought against odds, but because he was the son of Colonel Roosevelt, whom the Germans esteemed as one of the greatest Americans.

The author may be assured that he has done his work with a fine sentiment and that there could be no better tribute to the memory of his gallant brother.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT. A Sketch with Letters. Edited by Kermit Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lafcadio Hearn.

It may be that the chief value of Lafcadio Hearn's lectures to his Japanese students is the indication that they give of Japanese impressions of ourselves. For naturally he shows points of difference rather than of likeness for his interpretations. Thus he has to explain to his audience that the strongest tie existing in the West is that between husbands and wives rather than between parents and children. Marriages are arranged between the parties concerned, and not by their parents, and the whole stress of the social system is laid on the freedom of the marriage

contract rather than upon the filial attitude of the offspring. This fundamental difference is expressed in the first three lectures, although it must necessarily be visible in all disquisitions of Western literature. Fifteen of Hearn's lectures are included in the present volume, all but three of them having already appeared in English. The task of selection and editing has been well done by Professor John Erskine of Columbia University, who has further enriched the volume by a critical and explanatory introduction.

BOOKS AND HABITS, FROM THE LECTURES OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited by Professor John Erskine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

"Welsh Fairy Tales," by William Elliot Griffis (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60), is a book intended for juveniles, but it will be read with great interest by all lovers of folklore. Some of the tales go back to the Arthurian legends, but many of them are folk tales of the elves and fairies of Wales.

"The Castaways of Banda Sea," by Warren H. Miller (The Macmillan Company; \$1.75), is an adventure story for boys. It is a tale of the South Seas and of a thrilling capture by the Sea Dyaks of Dutch Borneo. A search for pearl shell in Dutch New Guinea is one of the interesting features of a story that boys will find very engrossing.

"Tropical Holland," by H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana (The University of Chicago Press; \$2.65), is an essay on the birth, growth, and development of popular government in an Oriental possession. Students of colonization will find Mr. Torchiana's discussion of this governmental experiment extremely interesting. The book is a valuable contribution to the history of commercial expansion.

"The Romance of Russia," by Elizabeth W. Champney and Frère Champney (G. P. Putnam's Sons), consists of ten successive sketches that attempt to convey an impression of the historic struggle of Russia. They are based on old epic songs and on Russian "wonder tales," and strive rather to catch and interpret the Slav spirit rather than to give an accurately detailed history of Russia. The book is handsomely illustrated.

"Stories of American Inventions," by Inez N. McFee (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60), is an interesting account of many of our most important inventions. Mrs. McFee tells the story of Howe and his struggle to popularize the sewing machine, of Whitney and his cotton gin, of McCormick's reaper, of Fulton and the Clermont, and of many others. The book is anecdotal and will be enjoyed by both young people and their elders.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"The Grembling of the Veil," the reminiscences of William Butler Yeats, is being prepared in a limited edition of one thousand copies for subscribers, to be signed and numbered by the author. The volume will be printed on hand-made paper, and bound in a style similar to the recent editions of George Moore.

M. Robert Chauvelot, author of "Mysterious India," just published by the Century Company, is the son-in-law of Alphonse Daudet and a cousin of Maurice Donnay. The book is said to contain more intimate accounts of high-caste native life than have ever before been vouchsafed to a foreigner.

Margaret Symonds, daughter of the famous critic, John Addington Symonds, will be introduced to American readers this fall by her first novel, "A Child of the Alps" (Stokes). The author uses a background which she knows intimately and which has been little used in fiction—the Swiss Alps and Northern Italy.

The first volume of the American Art Library, announced for spring publication by Boni & Liveright and delayed because of the printers' and binders' strikes, has just appeared. It is a monograph on Robert Henri, and, instead of the twenty-five reproductions first announced, the volume contains forty facsimiles of the painter's most characteristic works. The plan of the American Art Library is to publish a series of monographs on the most eminent American living painters and sculptors.

Four editions of Samuel Hopkins Adams' novel of newspaper life, "Success," are being printed to cope with advance orders. The Houghton Mifflin Company published the book October 21st.

The death of Thomas B. Harned, which occurred a few days ago, marks the final passing away of that coterie of staunch friends who stood so loyally by Whitman during his lifetime and who managed his affairs afterward. Mr. Harned was the poet's devoted friend and the last of Whitman's literary executors. Before his death he gave Professor Emory Holloway, the Whitman scholar, access to the rich collection of Whitmaniana which the poet had willed to Harned and which he in turn willed to the Library of Congress, with the stipulation that it be

sealed until Professor Holloway had included this invaluable material in the collection of the poet's unpublished works which he was preparing.

Maud Diver, author of the Anglo-Indian novel, "Far to Seek," was born in the Himalayas, and the most receptive years of her life—from sixteen to twenty-five—were spent in India and Ceylon. "Far to Seek," a romance of England and India, makes a timely appearance, for the background of the story is a vivid revealing picture of the Indian political situation as it now is.

The seventy-second anniversary of the death of Edgar Allan Poe fell on the 8th of October, and on that day the city of Richmond opened the Poe museum, which will be a shrine for all of his admirers. Poe was born in Boston, but lived most of his life in Richmond. It was Mr. J. H. Whitty of that city who succeeded in establishing conclusively the genuineness of the twenty-one unpublished Poe poems recently brought to light. These poems are included in the new Riverside Pocket Edition of Poe (Houghton Mifflin Company), and, unlike many posthumous poems, add signally to the poet's fame.

Ralph D. Paine, author of "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas," is the author of thirty books, more than twenty of them having to do with the sea, and is recognized as a writer who is also a thorough seaman. During the war he was given the unusual, if not quite unique, privilege of spending six months with the British and American navies, during that time cruising aboard submarines, destroyers, trawlers, and battleships. Oddly enough, when not "heading for the open sea," as he himself puts it, he lives on a farm inland (though not far inland) in that New England state which has the least coast line compatible with having any at all—New Hampshire. He is, moreover, a member of the state legislature and the state board of education. The New Hampshire State College conferred on him last June an honorary M. A. degree as an "author, legislator, and educator," and he has "pretty well cast anchor," so he declares, in this corner of New England.

Robert C. Benchley, the dramatic critic, in his foreword to "Miss Lulu Bett—A Play" has pointed out a number of the original features of Miss Gale's work, and others are following his lead and making discoveries for themselves. In the child Monona Mr. Benchley sees one of Miss Gale's most striking originalities. Here is a stage child, he points out, who is brought "whining and scuffling before the footlights; our first normal stage-child." Monona is portrayed with no grain of sentimentality, no heavy leaning on "cuteness." She is, he says, "the world's most disagreeable stage child," "an original dramatic creation." And readers are delightedly welcoming the entertaining normalcy which frisky Monona exhibits.

Frederick Palmer, who has been a war correspondent for thirty years, has written an extraordinary volume, which he calls "The Folly of Nations." The inspiration to write this book came to him while watching the first meeting of the league of nations at Geneva. It is based upon his own vast experience and shows the utter folly of the whole idea of war. Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish the book on Armistice Day, coincident with the opening of the Washington conference.

"The Seer of Slabsides" is the appropriate title of Dallas Lore Sharp's study of John Burroughs. In it Mr. Sharp mentions the Pietro statue of Burroughs that has been so widely reproduced since his death. It represents the great nature writer reclining upon the famous boulder beside which he was later

buried, peering off into the future: "I sat with the old naturalist upon this same boulder. It was in October, and they laid him beside it the following April, on his eighty-fourth birthday. I watched him shield his eyes with his arm, as the sculptor has made him, and gaze far away over the valley to the rolling hills against the sky, where his look lingered sadly, wearily, for a moment at their vaulting youth and beauty. Then coming instantly back to the field below us, he said: 'This field is as full of woodchucks as it was eighty years ago. I caught one right here yesterday. How eternally interesting life is! I've studied the woodchuck all my life, and there's no getting to the bottom of him.'"

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"I think it rides Norris into the rank of foremost American novelists, not on any of the artistically stimulated ripples created by Art-for-God-sakes rocking the boat, but on the booming wave of truth."

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"I consider 'Brass' the finest thing I have read for a long time and if anything to equal it is written by an American during the coming year it will be a marvel indeed."

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"EAST IS WEST."

We find ourselves most agreeably expectant when the curtain rises on "East Is West" showing a particularly beautiful setting of the "love-boat" on the Yangtze, which we may take to be, I suppose, a sort of perambulating auction block, devoted to the traffic in fair human flesh. For there the comely but superfluous daughters of the poor are sold to the highest bidder.

Perhaps a few of the audience, as they saw the silk-trousered little victims on the love-boat, tinkling their musical strings and warbling little lays designed to propitiate and charm the great god Man, believed we were going to see a serious drama unfold before us.

The whole idea was so Asiatic, and the opulent setting, with its Chinese reds, and blues, and golds, seemed so appropriate as a background for dyed-in-the-wool drama, that it was not until little Ming Toy set her pearly teeth in the too-intimately exploring hand of her intending purchaser that we suddenly remembered that "East Is West" is a comedy that kept New York laughing for two years.

It is, in fact, a pretty, cheerful, but shallow sentimental comedy built on thoroughly popular lines. The mingling of the Occident and the Orient, the beautiful Chinese sets, the pretty Chinese girl with the daintily lisping but thoroughly comprehensible English, the ceremoniously polite Chinese, all unite to give the play the tang of novelty. But the comedy spirit that animates it is built on familiar lines; the lines the American public, the great, comfortably unexact, merriment-loving, sentimental American public loves. "East Is West" keeps them admiring, keeps them laughing, and keeps a pleasant, sympathetic warmth going on right under the left breast.

The play, like "The Willow Tree," in which

Fay Bainter also starred during a long run, is built for the exploitation of a girl's special charm. For Fay Bainter as Ming Toy is a slender, dainty, big-eyed, sweet-voiced, innocently intriguing little silk-trousered witch; a pretty, coaxing, natural-born Eve, full of youth, mischief, gayety, and the quick, alert turns and movements of a blooded terror, or a bird perched on a bough.

The infatuated audience hangs on her every movement, gurgles ecstatically over every little burst of Chinese naïveté, and metaphorically speaking, fondles her in its arms.

The managers having discovered that, given the right kind of play, Fay Bainter possesses this enviable faculty of entrancing the susceptibilities of her audience, it results that her fortune is made. So, too, are the writers of such plays sure to be on Easy Street if they can fittingly enshrine the girlish, innocent, winsomeness of Fay Bainter. Doubtless Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer—the authors of "East Is West"—are busily engaged in fabricating another comedy with the dainty little Fay for the central figure, although I did read in some Eastern paper that there was talk of placing her in a Shakespearean rôle. That, however, would probably be a mistake, as it turned out to be with Maude Adams, whose lineal successor Fay Bainter is said to be.

San Francisco, on account of its picturesque Chinese quarter, was selected by the authors of "East Is West" as the habitat of the little chattel, when she was purchased by a stately Chinese merchant resident in San Francisco and brought over here to fulfill the destiny of a happy, willing little serving maid, instead of an embittered and brutalized slave. We who are not familiar with the intimate side of the Chinese character do not know whether or not there are elderly Chinese who can play the benignant Providence to a distressed maiden that Lo Sang Kee did, but the idea recommended itself to the sympathies of the audience, with whom Lo Sang Kee became quite solid.

Besides, we are gratified at being admitted to the rich interior in which the stately Lo Sang Kee lives, and as we gaze on the gilded shrine of the Joss, on the carved furniture, the richly colored walls, and the ornate molding of his doors and windows, we perceive that the good old chap loves beauty; which might account for the benevolence of his preservation of Ming Toy's girlish, unsullied innocence.

As a contrast to this fine old crusted conservative we are privileged to view at close range Charlie Yang, a Chinese merchant who has endeavored to Americanize himself. Charlie Yang is the villain of the play; a

matter-of-fact Chinese voluptuary who has hooked his prehensile desires into Ming Toy's delicate flesh. Here we have an intimation of portentous happenings, especially when the lights go out in the last act in the reception room of the rich Bensons who are now master and mistress to Ming Toy. So the lights go out, and the audience as one man, foreseeing a kidnapping, murmur "Charlie Yang!"

The end is quite fairy-taleish; the whole play, in fact. But the un-Asiatic sprightliness and gayety and roguishness of this dainty Ming Toy are so accounted for in the fairy-tale ending as to afford the audience the gratification of an agreeable surprise.

Miss Bainter, by the way, croons a sweet little Japanese lullaby in a silver thread of a voice that steals its way, like a tiny rill, into our approving hearing; and there are other delicate little compositions played and sung by "the sing song girls," which were composed by Robert Hood Bower.

Fay Bainter is surrounded by a good cast. The smaller rôles of the proprietor and attendants on the love-boat were well done, Robert Harrison shows Oriental repose in the rôle of Lo Sang Kee, Ralph Locke gives to the demi-semi-Americanized Charlie Yang an appropriate suggestion of Oriental craft and unscrupulousness and just the needed touch of comedy, and a list too long to particularize includes the two young men—played by Frederick Howard and Ronald Coleman—one of whom gave a little shove to Ming Toy's destiny, while the other figures as her American lover.

However, Fay Bainter is at all times the centre of attraction, and, with Lo Sang Kee and Charlie Yang, the figures around which the main part of the action revolves. The rest are but accessories, even the lover, but all the rôles show careful training, and, even with the American physiognomies persisting under the make-up, we get the illusion—or some, anyway—with the numerous Chinese characters.

The Century—formerly the Curran—has been newly baptized because of a change of ownership, which is further evidenced by an entirely new staff. Charles H. Brown and Herbert A. Harris are the new proprietors, and the list of coming attractions they present—which includes "Aphrodite," the San Carlo Opera Company, Walter Hampden, the new light in the Shakespearean field, and Pavlova, the Russian dancer—show that they are going to play a prominent rôle in the show life of the town.

"BEAU BRUMMELL."

How easy it is to forget books and plays! I had remembered seeing and admiring Richard Mansfield as Beau Brummell in Clyde Fitch's play of that name, but had totally forgotten how much merit there is to the play. For in it Clyde Fitch resurrected the famous beau and wit, endowing him with personality, and even dignity; the dignity of a man who was living a life and practicing a cult in the worth which he firmly believed.

I believe the records go to show that Beau Brummell was no mere fop; for he practiced moderation in his dress, which, however, he always felt must be, above all, correct and appropriate. But he was a fanatic about living and being what he conceived to be a gentleman; which, by the way, did not include the paying of just debts. Beau Brummell, indeed, had more the makings of a king in him—that is, as kings were in those days—than even the First Gentleman of Europe, who, it was whispered, wept once when his friend and arbiter disapproved of the cut of his coat.

No man served as arbiter to Beau Brummell, who surpassed them all in manners, wit, and style. It seemed to that wretched butterfly of pleasure a lofty eminence. But the scaffolding, compounded of a king's favor, was rotten, and he fell: and great was the fall thereof.

Clyde Fitch made his first lucky hit with "Beau Brummell," for with it he caught that very big fish, Richard Mansfield, for whom it proved a valuable vehicle in which to continue to ride in public favor. Fitch was always a rapid writer, for he claimed he could not compose his plays otherwise. But this one preceded the era of rapid composition, and has not those weak or banal spots in it inevitable when a play is run off hastily.

It is written in polished style, and the wit of the famous Beau is genuine; for Clyde Fitch was renowned among his friends for a ready and fertile wit.

In this play Fitch succeeded in reproducing some of the atmosphere—or at least what we conceive to be the atmosphere—of that pleasure-loving era when a great nation unstintingly poured forth its treasures that its popular prince might spend with a liberal hand on those worldly pleasures that gentlemen affected: feasting, gaming, elegant licentiousness.

And Clyde Fitch succeeded in depicting Beau Brummell as one of the ornaments of that period.

It seemed to me that Mr. Maitland had a better grasp and a more polished expression

of this character than with any other of his numerous representations. If ever this actor should want to contribute to a big benefit programme I should advise his giving the first act, so well did he grasp the author's conception of a shallow worldling, but consistent in his steady self-confidence and almost admirable in the religious veneration with which he cultivated the right deportment.

Never a subtle actor, Maitland had no difficulty with this rôle, and he and his leading man played up to each other excellently well in their polite evasion of the real facts and duties of life and in the solemn ritual with which each preserved his manners.

Not only did Mr. Maitland and John Fee give good mental but excellently appropriate physical representations of the gentleman and the gentleman's gentleman who took them selves so seriously. The actor-manager evidently blew himself in for heavy expenses in costume hiring, for the Beau had five changes all in excellent taste. Besides that, the servants' livery and the grand period costumes due to the several beautiful ladies of the court that figure in the play combined to make the production an expensive one.

Lea Penman, by the way, has disappeared and we will evidently see her no more. Sorry.

Ann O'Day is to return for a short engagement. But the ladies of the company made a good appearance in the play, Marian McKinney as a true-hearted girl, Hélène Marchand as the heartlessly calculating Mrs. St. Aubyn, and Marjorie Faraday as a duchess, this young lady's métier, I should say, being that of utility woman, from whence, with her good voice and expressive face, she could work up.

Both Mr. Maitland and Mr. John Fee, a

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the two gnats fluttering helplessly in the darkness left by the withdrawal of a prince's favor, introduced a strain of apprehension and anxiety into the elegant demeanor so consistently maintained, and although the last two acts are less enjoyable than those in which the Beau is a man of pleasure, those pictures of a man who might have done better things, but who meets poverty and destitution with a certain dignity, combine with the whole to assist in making more than the usual superficial impression.

The other members of the company were conscientious in their contributions to the success of a performance which went so well that one would not have thought the rehearsals were conducted between weekly changes of hills.

Somehow, as those lives so pitifully dependent upon the fickle favor of kings went down to sorrow and defeat we realized from what follies and absurdities the world has, partially at least, emerged. No more do royal dehauchees batten on the people's taxes. That era, at least, is passed, and may never return. There is, therefore, a certain timeliness in reviving this play, which made such a success in its time, especially during its first run, in 1890-91, which lasted 250 nights.

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The Maitland Playhouse.

Featured by a special engagement of Miss Ann O'Day, who was so popular with Maitland Playhouse audience two seasons ago, Roi Cooper Megrue's engrossing comedy, "Tea for Three," opens Monday night at the Maitland Playhouse and continues for the week. In the first season of the Maitland, Miss O'Day was easily the popular member of the company and Director Artbur Maitland is fortunate indeed to have secured the lady for a short engagement at the Stockton Street house. It is well within the possibilities that Miss O'Day will be persuaded to accept a second week's engagement at the Maitland before she once more retires to private life.

"Tea for Three" is one of those amusing comedies with "angles" different than those in the ordinary comedy and it has been hailed as one of the most adaptable of its sort for the Maitland.

The Clyde Fitch comedy, "Beau Brummel,"

that closes with Saturday matinee and evening performance, is proving a big success as a revival, and large audiences have greeted the performances so far this week.

The Columbia Theatre.

As the Cardinal in Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu," considered the most subtle of all his characterizations and second only to his King Lear in dramatic power, Robert B. Mantell, foremost classic tragedian of this generation, opens a limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night. During his initial week he will be seen also in five of his Shakespearean plays, "The Merchant of Venice," Tuesday night and Saturday afternoon; "As You Like It," Wednesday afternoon; "Julius Caesar," Wednesday and Saturday nights; "Hamlet," Thursday night, and "Macbeth," Friday night. Miss Genevieve Hamper, whose performance of Rosalind in "As You Like It" on the transcontinental tour last season won for her the highest critical praise, again heads the big supporting company. Complete and elaborate scenic productions for all the plays are carried.

Sequoia Little Theatre.

The Sequoia Little Theatre, on Washington between Van Ness and Polk Streets, has been carefully prepared for the Little Theatre which opens on November 1st. The stage has been remodeled and provided with complete Little Theatre equipment and an up-to-date lighting system has been installed. In accordance with the latest ideas, no footlights will be used, but a better effect will be obtained by lights from both sides of the stage.

The Orpheum.

The announcement of George Whiting's and Sadie Burt's appearance at the Orpheum Theatre next week will create a wide interest among the vaudeville fans, for this pair of musical-comedy and vaudeville favorites is known everywhere for their distinctive methods of entertaining an audience. They do not sing songs, but talk them, and the act is of Mr. Whiting's own writing, songs as well. The older generation remembers his bits, such as "If the Man in the Moon Were a Coon," "Every Little Bit Helps," "Beautiful Eyes," "My Wife's Gone to the Country," and "Oh, What I'd Do for a Girl Like You."

"Indoor Sports" is the story of Mame and Bess and "their company" and the method these girls use in bringing about a hesitating proposal of marriage.

George Moran and Charles Mack, "Two Black Crows," utilize their conversational kick in the way which ranks them among the funniest of blackface comedians.

A music lesson as played by Sam Adams and J. P. Griffith is to be a humorous idea of what a vocal instructor has to contend

with. The skit affords ample opportunities for legitimate comedy and song.

"Dance Fantasies," with Frederick Easter and Beatrice Squire, will produce several minutes of artistic footwork.

Little figures, made so natural that it is hard to believe that they are wood and wax and manipulated by a multitude of fine wires so that their motions are absolutely human, are the cast of Schichtl's Wonderettes, another next week's attraction.

East and West is the name of an odd novelty act which is to be one of the sensations of next week's bill.

Pearl Regay with Ward de Wolf and the Rialto Versatile Five continue next week as the only act retained.

Augustus Thomas' "As a Man Thinks" will follow "Tea for Three" at the Maitland. Comedies have proved exceptionally attractive to the audiences so far this season and the Thomas play should prove no exception to the general rule.

San Francisco will witness "The Beggar's Opera" just as it was given in London for three years, with the same cast, scenery, costumes, and orchestra. It will be offered at the Columbia following Mantell.

The plays for the second week of the Mantell engagement at the Columbia Theatre include "King Lear," "Hamlet," "Louis XI," and others.

Ralph Dunhar's production of "Robin Hood" is coming to the Columbia Theatre. Dunhar's great singing organization triumphed last year.

Nance O'Neil in Jacinto Benavente's play, "The Passion Flower," will be an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre.

Paul Elder Gallery.

The announcements for the Paul Elder Gallery for the coming week promise an interesting series of events. The series begins on Monday, at 3:30 o'clock, with a dramatic reading of Molnar's "Lilium" by Florence Lutz of the University of California. On Thursday afternoon, at the same hour, Miss Lutz will read Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House," a typical Shaw play.

Dr. David Starr Jordan will deliver a lecture on Tuesday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, on "The Evolution of Man," in his course on "Organic Evolution and Man's Place in Nature."

Dr. A. L. Kroeger, head of the department of anthropology, University of California, will speak on Wednesday afternoon at the same hour in his course on "Psychoanalysis," giving typical psychoanalytic situations in literature.

The series will close on Saturday, at 2:30 o'clock, with a lecture by Rev. John Au-



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gustine Cull on "Romance of Early California."

In his premier appearance in San Francisco Frank C. Thompson will give his impersonation of quaint and humorous Dickens characters on Tuesday, November 8th, at 2:30 o'clock, in the Paul Elder Gallery.

In Promotion of Mills' College.

The students of Mills' College are devoting themselves with a fine enthusiasm to the task of aiding the endowment fund for that institution. No project is too large and by the same token none is too small to enlist their active energies in behalf of this good cause. Through an arrangement with the management of the Century Theatre a committee of students has taken over six hundred seats for a performance of "East and West" at the Century Theatre on the night of Monday, October 31st. They are disposing of these seats frankly at enhanced prices to the end of making a profit for the endowment fund.

Tickets may be had at the box-office of the theatre or by telephoning Mills' College. On Saturday, October 29th, a committee of young women representative of the student body will be at the Palace Hotel, where they hope to find customers for the tickets for the coming performance. Prices for seats are scheduled at \$3.20, at \$2.75, at \$2.20, and at \$1.05.

Here is an opportunity to encourage an effort, moderate in its way, but illustrative of high spirit in a good cause. Even though the success of this project may not go a great way toward the fund of two million dollars' endowment which it is hoped to raise it will at least illustrate a spirit that deserves encouragement. And—every little helps.

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With our serene belief that slang is an American invention—are not slang and Americanisms synonymous to many minds?—many of us have assumed that the word *flapper* was pure United States. In fact a well-known local dramatic critic made the blunder a few months ago of referring to the American invention "the flapper." That of course was a *lapsus linguae*. No dramatic critic could be ignorant of the fact that the flapper is a British institution. However, there seems to be still more to the problem, though it is odd to think of a flapper as a problem. A flapper is and, to best of our knowledge, always has been the English equivalent of the American sub-deb. No English girl considers herself a flapper after she has come out. The term belongs to her early youth. However, language has a peculiar property of expansion. The flapper became other things in America—including a woman of any age whatsoever, who dressed like a "chicken." And right there is the analysis that proves that language even in our liberal uses of it is not so anarchistic as it seems. For a flapper is the English sportsman's term—and the American's, too, for anything we know to the contrary—for a young duck. We quote from a letter of Ellen Terry's in the *Sunday Evening Telegram*, November 11, 1917: "Looking through the cookery book, under the heading 'game,' I found flappers. I hadn't the least little bit of an idea what sort of game they were. So I inquired of a shooting man, who told me that flappers were 'little ducks.'" The above, reprinted in Ernest Weekley's *Etymological Dictionary*, is, we think, the last word on the subject. Others may trace it through Harry Léon Wilson's "Bunker Bean" back to the English chorus of fifteen years ago. But one is inclined to think that either Mr. Wilson interpreted the word wrongly or that he was misinformed. It is clear to any one that a squawky, lanky, duckling is more like a sixteen-year-old school girl with napping braids and hat than a plump, sophisticated chorus lady.

Is woman's vote, after all, to be killed by desuetude? There is an agitation on foot—informal as yet, but all agitations have informal beginnings—to make women state their ages at the polls. Mrs. John E. Curran, mother of the coalition candidate for mayor of New York, urges women to tell the truth at the polls. The assumption being that an untruthful politician is worthless. There is already a superfluity of them. Still, it has always been thought well to do as the Romans. If women lie about their ages, they are at least sincere about their political convictions; and they should be allowed a little leeway, somewhere. Mrs. Curran's objection, however, is to the feminine habit of leaving the age space blank. This, she avers, causes confusion, especially in the case of common names. As one is under oath at the polls the average woman is too decent to falsify concerning her age. So that the interesting question is, if a ruling is made compelling ages be given, will she stop voting, will she perjure, or will she follow Mrs. Curran's advice to "tell the brutal truth"? What a lot of nonsense to the average intelligent mind. To an observing person it is practically impossible for a woman to camouflage her age. For one thing, most people are so situated that their ages can be easily computed by any one interested enough to recall dates and facts. The average woman is not an adventuress in strange surroundings. And even when her past is unknown—there are no social, business, or domestic advantage in appearing three years younger than she is: Three years we think to be the maximum that any woman may discard, and even then there will always be skeptics who may not hesitate to spread their doubt. Of course there is the woman who simply refuses to reveal her age. But that is a tactical error of the worst sort. Better bravely subtract two or three and bluff it out. For an ageless woman is not a young woman. She is obviously passé when her age is an unknown quantity. On the whole, we echo Mrs. Curran's advice. If the vote would teach—or compel—women to discard the silly age subterfuge, the fight for suffragism would not have been in vain.

Many amusing mistakes are made in the interpretation of cablegrams, the latest that has come to our attention being the cabled account of Mr. Leeds' wedding. Mrs. William B. Leeds, Jr., was formerly Princess Xenia; and she is the niece of King Constantine of the Hellenes. It seems that the cablegram stated that Mr. Leeds wore a crown during the semi-regal wedding, and very naturally the decipherers of the cable jumped to the conclusion that the crown was worn as royal insignia. Where a king's niece is concerned royal insignia can scarcely be called out of place. And there is such a thing as international courtesy. Mr. Leeds need have felt no disloyalty to his own American tin-plate fortune, nor to his native land, if in an international wedding of this

sort he had complied with the etiquette of the lady's country. However, there always have been and always will be people who think that national honor can only be upheld by discourtesy to the customs of other nations. The sort of person mentioned took exception to Mr. Leeds' crown. They hailed it as undemocratic, forgetting that true democracy would consider a crowned head equal to any uncrowned one and that therefore there was no occasion for controversy anyway. The interesting situation has been cleared up by further news from abroad. We are now informed by a letter printed in the *New York Times* that the much-disputed crown is part of the ceremony of the Greek Catholic church. In fact, according to this correspondent, an orthodox Greek, whatever his station, can not be married without a crown. It is a *sine qua non* of a Greek wedding. So we hope Mr. Leeds is exonerated. Even the most case-hardened patriot could hardly demand of Mr. Leeds that he marry his bride outside her own church.

Is the November conference to result in demoralization as well as disarmament, we wonder. That is the appalling prospect before the vision of the Anti-Saloon League, at any rate. The league has announced, and has sent the announcement broadcast, that the law, the law in fact, must be upheld during the disarmament conference. At first blush this premature buttressing of the league's law seems to infer a suspicious attitude toward our distinguished visitors-to-be. In America a man is innocent till proved guilty. Why adopt French legal tactics in the present instance? It must be borne in mind, however, that under the Volstead Act embassies are "foreign soil," and diplomats are permitted to use all the liquor they desire or can afford. Now one understands the recent rush on the diplomatic service by young men seeking a promising career. That is doubtless why appointments have been put on the civil service list. Obviously it would be unfair for the privileged profession to be open only to those with pull. Merit must have its rewards, and the true American spirit has prevailed here, as it always does at a showdown. But all this is an aside. The question is, what about the anti-salooners and the disarmament conference? Of the two evils they undoubtedly prefer the lesser one of war; so that it is a pity they did not have sufficiently advance notice. They might in the early days have forestalled the whole conference. Too late now for that, but something must be done. Mr. Wayne Wheeler, counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, has word that the embassies are getting in heavy stocks of wines and liquors, preparatory to the conference. Alas, the makers of the Volstead law have already proved their lack of foresight. They should have debarred embassies along with every other foot of American soil. The fact that we would have lost diplomatic relations with all other countries is minor compared to the present affliction. Mr. Wayne Wheeler fears that the disarmament conference will corrupt our carefully nursed compliance with prohibition. Perhaps it is, after all, harsh to blame Mr. Volstead and his friends for not foreseeing international complications. There is just one thing for him and them to do—enforce prohibition abroad as well as at home; and then at last the world would have a common bond of sympathy and suffering.

A Reuter Berlin telegram states that the death is announced, on September 18th, of Prince Philipp von Eulenberg, at Schloss, Liebenberg, at the age of seventy-five. It is remarkable that the death of this once notorious member of the old court *camarilla* which surrounded the ex-Kaiser was only reported three days later by one single paper, the *Lokalanzeiger*. Von Eulenberg was brought into prominence by the exposure, by Maximilian Harden in his paper, *Die Zukunft*, of the vicious practices in certain circles of high society, which included leading members of the Kaiser's entourage.

One of Robert Louis Stevenson's earliest publications was a scientific paper, contributed to the proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It deals with the effects of forests on climate.

Most of the cars in Liberia are of a bright red tint and they are very conspicuous in the moonlight.

In a cemetery at Woodfield, Ohio, is a gas well which is producing several million feet of gas a day.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

About a hundred years ago there was an English duke who used to return home at laybreak after a night's gambling at his club. There were only two persons stirring in that part of London at that hour—the duke and a cobbler commencing his day's work. They always greeted each other. "Good-night, friend," said the duke. "Good-morning, sir," said the cobbler.

A notorious gossip one day went to Dean W. D. Wilson, hurning with indignation. Oh, doctor, have you heard the disgraceful news? The young people of your church are going to have a dance, they say. How shocking! What do you think about it?" To which the saintly scholar responded sweetly: "Madam, I had rather have them shake their eggs than their tongues."

A hoy in a Welsh school essayed to write in Henry VIII, and a London paper reports him as beginning thus: "King Henry VIII was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domino in the year 066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again. Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake."

These are the days of Continental tourists and the attendant guides. In Rouen lately a party of simple English were taken in hand by a Maltese who spoke half a dozen languages with equal fluency and recklessness. He led them into the beautiful forecourt of the Courts of Justice and vociferated: "Ere you 'ave, ladies and gentlemen, all sorts of architectures—all sorts. You don't know nothing about it and nor don't I, so come on." And on they went.

It was atop a lurching, lumbering Fifth Avenue bus where New York's great middle class does its love-making, says a recent news letter. He was making no progress that was evident. Other couples were cuddled up in each other's arms unashamed. He and she sat straight and prim. "You didn't like olives at first?" he asked. She agreed. "But you like them now." She nodded. "Well," he pleaded, "certainly you will give me the same chance that you would an olive."

Senator Borah was talking about a lobbyist. "The fellow," he said, "is as resourceful and persevering as the Atlantic City girl who wanted a husband. That girl out here," an old lady said excitedly to a young man, pointing with her parasol out to sea—that girl out there is drowning. Why don't you swim out and rescue her?" The young man addressed gave an embarrassed cough. Well, you see, ma'am," he said, "it would hardly be good form. I rescued her yesterday."

Secretary Mellon, a brilliant talker, has a hearty hatred of hores. He said the other evening at a dinner: "Bores are always obnoxious. A silent bore is like a dead donkey—not to be found. In a bore's presence it is impossible to get a word in edgewise. A bore once said to me: 'Our friend Smith is an impolite duffer. While I was talking to him yesterday he yawned eleven times.' 'But,' said I, 'perhaps he wasn't yawning. Perhaps he wanted to say something.'"

Recently one of the dealers in intoxicants who carries on his business with some of the best people in the city dropped in upon one of his customers and began to display his wares. "I have some very fine Scotch, some rum, rye, hourbon, creme de menthe, gin, and a few quarts of champagne today," announced the hootlegger. "What can I sell you?" "Have you any absinthe?" one of his prospective purchasers inquired. "No, indeed," responded the hootlegger. "It's against the law to sell absinthe."

W. G. Wills, the English novelist, one night allowed himself to be dragged to the theatre by a friend, when he would far rather have stayed at home. The young man at the door would not admit them, though Wills had a standing invitation to the house, but the proper official was afterward found, and gave the necessary permission. Wills endured the performance with stoical calmness, but, on going out, said pathetically: "I am looking for that kind-hearted young man who was for not letting us in. I should like to give him a shilling."

George M. Cohan said at a Coney Island luncheon, apropos a millionairess who had gnomiously divorced her chauffeur-husband: "From the start—yes, even from before the start—the poor man who marries a

rich woman has a hard time of it. A young fellow called at a matrimonial agency one day and said: 'Will you please let me see the photo of Miss A—, the lady with the \$75,000 fortune, you know?' The manager of the agency shook his head and frowned. 'We don't show photos,' he said, 'with the larger fortunes.'"

Ex-Chancellor Day of Syracuse University, bewailing the high price of books, clothes, and what-not, said at a dinner: "Will this thing never end? Will the unions have no pity? I heard a story the other day. A charitable lady on a seashore boardwalk dropped a nickel in a beggar's hat. But the beggar returned the nickel to her, saying in not unkindly tones: 'Excuse me, lady; I don't want to hurt your feelin's, but I'll have to return this here nickel back to you. If we take less than a dime we lose our union card.'"

Arthur Milton Huntington, the famous author and collector, said at a dinner in Baychester: "When a war profiteer begins to collect, the spectacle is amusing. A New York profiteer was visited by a hook agent who tried to sell him a very elaborate dictionary for his library. 'This dictionary,' said the hook agent, 'has all the latest modern improvements, sir. It includes the newest technical and scientific terms, and there isn't a feature lacking that goes to make a first-class work of the kind.' 'Let's have a look at her,' grunted the profiteer. He examined the dictionary a moment, then he handed it back. 'Young feller,' he said, 'you can't work that book off on me.' 'What's the matter

with the book?' said the agent. 'She aint got no copious index,' said the profiteer."

At one time of his life Franklin was a strict vegetarian. He believed that the taking of life for the sake of providing food was murder. Fishing, in particular, he abhorred, because no one could contend that the fish which were caught could in any way have wrought any harm to their captors. One day Franklin—James Parton tells us in his "Life of Benjamin Franklin"—was on a sloop which was becalmed on a certain island. The sailors, as is still the custom when a ship is becalmed, amused themselves by fishing. Franklin witnessed the catching of the fish with regret. But soon there came to tantalize his nostrils a most alluring odor from the frying-pan. So, as Franklin used to tell the story, he went over his reasoning again to see if there was not a flaw in it. It occurred to him that when the fish were opened he had seen smaller fish in their stomachs. "Ah!" said Franklin. "If you eat one another I don't see why we may not eat you!" So Franklin dined upon the fish very heartily, and thereafter ate what others ate. When telling this story Franklin ended with an observation which is often attributed to Talleyrand, but which we are assured was a familiar joke with Franklin. This was: "So convenient a thing it is to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do."

"She prates of the affinity of kindred souls. What does she mean?" "Aw, they dance well together."—Judge.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Not Long Ago.

Not long ago,
Five years or so,
I had a fierce antipathy
For Dresden china girls—to me
They were senseless, painted things
Whose life blood was engagement rings.

Not long ago,
Five years or so,
I scorned the strong athletic jane,
Whose antics only gave me pain,
I loathed her muscle and her brawn,
And passed her by with stifled yawn.

Not long ago,
Five years or so,
I simply bated and abhorred
The learned girl—I was so bored
At conversations that she brewed
That my replies were often rude.

Not long ago,
Five years or so,
I acted thus in ignorance;
For now for just one single glance
From those who once I treated so,
I'd squander all my hard-earned dough.
But now it's they who pass me by:
I am an atom in their eye,
The laugh's on me, I get the air,
Since age has robbed me of my hair,
—George Bancroft Duren.

Little Elnore—What does your papa do?
Little Florence—He's a horse doctor. Little Elnore—Then I guess I'd better not play with you; I'm afraid you don't belong to our set. Little Florence—I don't see why. What does your papa do? Little Elnore—He's a veterinary surgeon.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Zohrlaut of Milwaukee announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Gertrude Zohrlaut, to Commander William H. Lee, United States Navy. The wedding will be solemnized November 5th.

In honor of Miss Avery Ransome, bride-elect of Mr. William Grant, and Miss Frances Pringle, one of the debutantes, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ransome gave a hall last Friday. Complimenting the honor guests, Miss Betty Gayley gave a dinner in Berkeley preceding the dance. Those present were Professor and Mrs. Charles Gayley, Miss Avery Ransome, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Audrey Williams, Miss Betsy Roberts, Mr. William Grant, Mr. Benjamin Hayne, Mr. Evan Evans, Jr., Mr. Edward Cole, Mr. Albert Parker, and Mr. W. J. Stewart.

Major and Mrs. Philip Wales entertained at a ball last Saturday in Menlo Park in honor of Miss Edna Taylor. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Audrey Willett, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Mr. William Magee, Mr. William Scbu-

mann, Mr. Stewart Armor, Mr. Ortmann Shumate, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Beverly Haslett, Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr., Mr. Edwin Dean, Mr. Frederick Tillman, Jr., Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Hugh Porter, Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. George Russell, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. Lawrence Requa, Mr. John Merrill, Mr. Alan Drum, Mr. Arthur Mejia, Mr. Donald Clappett, Mr. Paul Clappett, Mr. John Boyden, Mr. Dean Dillman, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Jr., Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. Breck McAllister, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Heber Tilden, Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Grant Black, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Richard Sprague, Jr., Mr. Samuel Shortridge, Jr., Mr. Edward Coles, Mr. Kenneth High, and Mr. Paul Kennedy.

Miss Jean Seales gave a tea Friday in Oakland. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mrs. John Okell, Mrs. George Baker, Jr., Mrs. Mailler Seales, Miss Hélène Lundborg, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Katharine Maxwell, Miss Betsy Ackerman, Miss Alison Stone, Miss Emily Seales, Miss Alice Requa, and Miss Virginia Crane.

Complimenting Miss Nina Barroll of Elizabeth, New Jersey, Mrs. Seward McNear entertained at a tea Thursday. The guests were Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Edward McCutchen, Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mrs. Albert Dibblé, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Norval Nokes, Mrs. George Martin, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Elliott McAllister, Mrs. Norman Livermore, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Mrs. C. K. McIntosh, Mrs. Frederick Tallant, Mrs. Robert Woods, Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Robert Noble, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. John McNear, Mrs. George P. McNear, Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, Mrs. F. B. Latham, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. W. P. Horn, Mrs. Donald Campbell, Miss Emily Carolan, and Miss Pauline Coppé.

Mrs. Frederick Sbaron was the guest of honor at a dinner-dance given Thursday in Burlingame by Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. George Newball, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mr. James Jackman, and Dr. Harry Tevis.

Mr. William W. Crocker gave an informal dinner Monday in honor of Miss Constance Binney. Complimenting Mrs. William Glassford and Mrs. Earl Shipp, Mrs. Kirby Crittenden gave a tea Monday.

In honor of Miss Inez Macondray, Mrs. Herman Phleger gave a tea Tuesday. Those present were Miss Edith Grant, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Katharine and Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Rosemonde and Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Hélène de Latour, and Miss Lillian Hopkins.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster gave a tea Tuesday for Miss Margaret Perkins, when she entertained among others Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. George Wolff, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Douglas Short, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Mabel Hathaway, Miss Miriam Trowbridge, and Miss Helen Perkins. Miss Jessie Knowles gave a dinner Friday, when she entertained Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Ora Hyde, Mr. Ligar Grier, Mr. Kenneth Walsb, Mr. William Hillman, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Lawrence Requa, and Mr. George O'Brien.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford celebrated their tin wedding Friday of last week with an informal dinner.

Miss Doris Rodolph and Miss Laura Miller shared the honors at a luncheon given Friday in Oakland by Miss Jane Howard. Those present were Mrs. John Okell, Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., Mrs. Salem Pohlman, Mrs. Edward Fennon, Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. Edward von Adelung, Mrs. Fitzgerald Marx, Mrs. Frank Moller, Miss Janet Knox, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Janice Kergan, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Marian Kergan, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Caroline Rodolph, Miss Caroline Noble, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Doris Wirtner, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Hatherly Brittain, and Miss Helen Trevor.

Commodore and Mrs. James Bull gave a reception last Saturday in honor of Mrs. Herbert Newhall. Receiving with the hosts were Mrs. William Glassford, Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, Mrs. Wallace Bertolf, Miss Margaret Rees, Miss Lucy Ainsworth, Miss Gertrude Zohrlaut, Miss Ethel Shorb, and Miss Betty George. Some of those who called during the afternoon were Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gove, Admiral and Mrs. J. S. McKean, Captain and Mrs. John Ellicott, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Captain and Mrs. Samuel Van Ronkel, Mrs. W. H. Whiting, Mrs. Porter Pfingst, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney, Mrs. Chapman Foss, Mrs. Charles Mariner, Mrs. Harry George, Mrs. Benjamin Brodie, Mr. Miller Grabam, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Admiral Alexander Halstead, Mr. Sherwood Chapman, Commander William H. Lee, and Commander Robert Giffen.

Miss Lawton Filer entertained the debutantes at a dinner Saturday in the Burlingame Club. Her guests included Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Jane Carrigan, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Peter Jackson, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr.

Tallant Tubbs, Mr. George Tallant, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. James McIntosh, and Mr. Homer Curran.

For the benefit of the Little Children's Aid, the Charity Ball will be held Friday evening, November 18th, in the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Alexander Douglas gave a bridge-luncheon Thursday, her guests having been Mrs. A. H. Turner, Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, Mrs. Helen Bassett, Mrs. W. H. Whiting, Mrs. Edgar Peickotto, Mrs. Wallace Bertolf, Mrs. James H. Bull, Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat, Mrs. William Perkins, Mrs. Henry Hiller, Mrs. William Leib, Mrs. Porter Pfingst, and Mrs. Donald Keith.

In honor of Mrs. Reginald Brooke, Mrs. Harry Scott gave a luncheon Wednesday. Her guests were Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. William Roth, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow, Mrs. Roy Folger, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mrs. Frank Preston, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, and Miss Marjory Josselyn.

Complimenting Miss Margaret Perkins, bride-elect of Mr. Charles Trowbridge, Mrs. Douglas Short gave a kitchen shower and tea last Friday. Among those present were Mrs. W. L. Harbaway, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Jr., Mrs. George Ebricht, Mrs. George Wolff, Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Chouteau Johnson, Mrs. Morse Erskine, Mrs. Rupert Mason, Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Mervyn O'Neill, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Miss Mabel Hathaway, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Helen Perkins, and Miss Ola Willett.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth gave a dinner Saturday in Burlingame.

Miss Laura McKinstry gave a luncheon Monday, when she entertained among others Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, and Mrs. Frederick Sbaron.

In honor of Mrs. Herbert Newhall, Mrs. Wallace Bertolf gave a dinner recently at the St. Francis. Among her guests were Commodore and Mrs. James Bull, Mrs. Chapman Foss, Miss Gertrude Zohrlaut, Mr. Wilfrid Bull, Mr. Sherwood Chapman, and Commander W. H. Lee.

Mrs. Andrew Rowan gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Omer Villere of New Orleans.

Complimenting Miss Marion Bird of Salt Lake City, Miss Hélène de Latour gave a luncheon Wednesday, when she entertained Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Virginia Loop, and Miss Lawton Filer.

Mrs. Frank Perry Hooper will entertain at tea at her home on Laguna Street on Wednesday in honor of Miss Margaret Perkins, whose marriage to Mr. Christopher Trowbridge will be an event of next week.

Hallowe'en at the Whitcomb.

Hotel Whitcomb will entertain with a carnival and dance on Saturday evening, October 29th. Witchcraft and magic will transform the Sun Lounge and special carnival favors will make goblins of the guests for the evening. A special Hallowe'en dinner in the main dining-room will precede the dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer of Ross are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a son.

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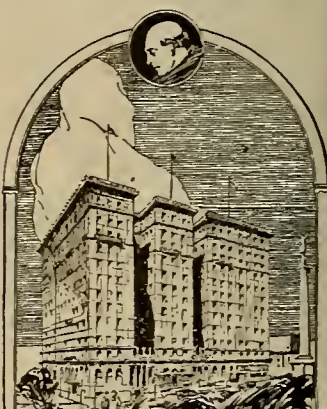
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery have arrived in New York, where they will visit for several weeks before returning to Burlingame. They spent part of the summer in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Huntington are on their way to their Pasadena home, after having passed a summer in European travel.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is entertaining in New York Sir John and Lady Ward, who arrived last week from England.

Mrs. Willis Walker has gone to New York to meet Mr. Léon Walker on his return from Europe. She will be joined later in the year by Mr. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., have returned from their wedding journey and they have taken possession of their new home on Steiner street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard took their departure Tuesday for New York to spend the winter at the Hotel Plaza.

Mrs. Theodore Payne and Mr. Arthur Payne left for New York Tuesday. They will visit there with Mr. Herbert Payne for several days before leaving for Europe, where they will travel until next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tuhhs and Miss Elizabeth Tuhhs, who have been abroad all summer, will return for the United States early in November. They will return to their San Francisco homes before Thanksgiving.

The Misses Katharine and Christine Donohoe and Miss Mary Emma Flood are enjoying a fortnight's trip through the southern part of the

state. They spent the past week in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman and little Miss Genevieve Lyman will leave Burlingame for Santa Barbara, November 1st. They will pass the winter in the southern city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye took their departure Sunday for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. James Coffin has been entertaining at her home in Ross Mrs. Francis Wilson of Santa Barbara.

Commander and Mrs. Earl Shipp have arrived in Washington, D. C., to remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn and Mrs. James Murray took their departure Saturday last for New York. They will be at the Ritz-Carlton for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have returned to Burlingame from the south.

Mrs. James Keeney has decided to remain in New York throughout the winter and she will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee.

Mrs. E. J. de Sahla and Mrs. Clement Tohin left for New York Tuesday to be away all winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. Raymond and Mr. Gordon Armsby returned Monday from the McCloud Country Club, where they had enjoyed a ten days' outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Peabody came up from the south last week in order to be in San Francisco throughout the National Live Stock Exhibit.

Mrs. Joseph Oyster has returned to her San Francisco home from Palo Alto, where she enjoyed the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent and Miss Ruth Lent returned to San Francisco last Friday. Miss Frances Lent, who spent the summer abroad with her father and sister, preceded them home, having accompanied Mrs. Paul Fagan, who had gone East with Mrs. Lent to meet them on their arrival from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have gone to New York to be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mason have returned to Santa Barbara, after a visit in this city. The latter part of their stay they were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and the Misses Katharine, Christine, and Barbara Donohoe will move up from Menlo Park, November 7th. They have taken a house on Franklin Street for the winter.

Mrs. Georges Romanovsky has gone to New York to visit her parents until Christmas.

Mrs. George Riddell left for Baltimore Monday, after a two months' visit in San Francisco with Mrs. Robert Graves.

Mrs. Louis Titus has gone to Washington to be away until Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson are in Los Angeles, where they are visiting Major and Mrs. Charles Norris.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer are sojourning in Berlin and they will shortly return to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker are en route home from New York, where they have been sojourning since the former's arrival from Europe.

They will go abroad in January to spend several months in Paris.

Mrs. Walter Seymour is leaving for the East in the near future.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has returned to San Francisco, after a visit in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and Miss Hélène de Latour have opened their house on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker arrived the first of the week in New York from Europe and they will start within a few days for their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kent have gone to Honolulu for a several months' sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson have postponed their return from England for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. McIntosh have returned from Woodside to their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Charles Blyth has returned from a short visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery have concluded their wedding journey and they are at home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William Herrmann are entertaining Mrs. Richard Ireland, who arrived last week from Scotland to make an extended visit here.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Oakland are Mr. John R. Hill, New York; Mr. R. C. Sitzman, Philadelphia.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Toms, Lansing, Michigan; Mr. Walter Priddy, Hollister; Mrs. H. B. Hamilton, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. George Trowell, Calgary, Canada; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Belmont, Stockton; Miss T. L. Rose, Watsonville; Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Davidson, Richmond; Mr. H. S. Goewey, Seattle; Mr. W. H. Rogers, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lewis, Atascadero; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Butler, Santa Ana; Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bell, Fresno; Mr. A. G. Lyle, Los Angeles; Mr. J. M. Laughlin and family, Santa Rosa; Mr. Xavier de Teresa, Mexico City; Mr. A. R. Dankworth, Rochester, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sahland, Los Angeles; Mr. Ernest J. Moss, New York; Mr. F. E. Jordan, Fresno.

Arrivals at the Palace include Mr. H. A. King, Los Angeles; Mr. George M. Cornwall, Portland; Mr. William Hopner, New York; Mr. C. L. Priesker, Santa Maria; Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Chalmers, Gridley; Mr. Lou Anger, Los Angeles; Mr. Joseph T. Grace, Santa Rosa; Mr. J. A. Barde, Portland; Mr. Fred Swanton, Santa Cruz; Mr. M. R. Colby, Seattle; Mr. A. B. West, Riverside; Mr. A. J. R. Curtis, Portland; Mr. Jack Beatty, Modesto; Mr. A. H. Landrum, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Getz, Los Angeles; Mr. W. E. Schallenger, New York; Mr. R. L. Rowland, Seattle; Mr. W. N. Kinney, Chicago; Mr. A. E. Foreman, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. McNally, Chicago.

Recent arrivals at Hotel St. Francis include Mr. Gilbert C. Ross, Carson City, Nevada; Mr. R. R. Sigbee, New York; Mr. S. J. Davies, Wheeling, West Virginia; Mr. William L. Hoerher, Chicago; Mr. Morton Vogel, Mr. N. J. Stern, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Frazier, Des Moines, Iowa; Dr. and Mrs. O. E. Utzinger,

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At Alto Crucero, in Bolivia, water freezes every night of the year, while at noonday the sun is hot enough to blister the flesh.

An official report recently issued shows that 300 British women nurses died while serving in the world war.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pa, what is the duty of a dry enforcement commissioner?" "To reorganize his staff every two weeks, my son."—*Brooklyn Standard Union*.

First Lady—Well, dear, and did you have a nice holiday? Second Lady—Oh, yes—delightful! We stayed away a week longer than the Smiths next door.—*Punch*.

Preacher (solemnly)—Rastus, do yo' take dis here woman for better or for worse? Rastus (from force of habit)—Pahson, Ah shoots it all.—*Woyside Toles*.

"My wife is enthusiastic about her novels, but they're too 'glad' for me." "Yes, they make you feel as if some one had put sugar on your steak and potatoes."—*Life*.

"The thief took my watch, my purse, my pocket-book—in short, everything." "But I thought you carried a loaded revolver?" "I do—but he didn't find that."—*Copenhagen Klods Hons*.

Browne—A woman is forever talking about what she would do if she were a man. Toome—While a man contents himself with talking about what he wouldn't do if he were a woman.—*Life*.

"Did the sar-major go this way, sentry?" "I don't know, corporal." "Well, keep your eyes open. What do you think you're here for?" "Here for? Two perishing hours!"—*Calcutta Looker-On*.

Teacher—If a cat in a well climbs up two feet and falls back one, how long will it take her to get out? Son of Efficiency Expert—I have little or no interest in such a cat.—*Harper's Magazine*.

The new night-watchman at the observatory was watching some one using the big telescope. Just then a star fell. "Begorra," he said to himself, "that felly sure is a crack shot."—*Toronto Goblin*.

"I've got to go home and lick my boy." "Why, I didn't know that was done now." "It isn't; but he's taking a course in psychology and he said he wanted to know how it felt."—*New York Sun*.

"The rapidly increasing divorce rate," remarked the wit, "indicates that America is indeed becoming the land of the free." "Yes,"

replied his prosaic friend, "but the continued marriage rate suggests that it is still the home of the brave."—*American Legion Weekly*.

New Office Boy—A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago. Editor—What did you say to him? New Office Boy—I told him I was sorry you weren't in.—*Chicago Herald and Examiner*.

"Today I pleased a pretty woman by telling her that a certain red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal looked like her." "Go 'long!" "Fact! The red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal was her first baby."—*Boston Transcript*.

"You're no judge of beauty." "Think not?" "No; this is not the most beautiful infant in the baby show." "My eye for beauty is all right. Have you seen the baby's mother?" "No." "Take a look at her."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Great Lady (organizing concert at fête)—Of course you'll give your services free, Mr. Warbel, as it's for charity. But it's sure to bring you in lots of work. Singer—Er—what kind of work? Great Lady—Oh, more charity.—*London Mail*.

Government Official—Now about the death rate in your town. President Board of Health—Wonderful, wonderful; so many are run over by autos and blown up in our factories that we haven't had a natural death in months.—*Life*.

Magistrate—You are accused of robbing this man. What plea do you enter? Thief (grimly)—Insanity. Magistrate (roaring)—Insanity? Thief—Yes. I read in the newspaper account of it that he had fifty dollars in a pocket I overlooked.—*Judge*.

Customer—These grand opera records seem imperfect. There's a sort of racket in each one heard above the sound of the music. Demonstrator—Ah, yes; one of our latest effects. That's the conversation in the boxes. Wonderfully realistic!—*Boston Transcript*.

He—I suppose when all women vote the party managers will have to put handsome men on their tickets for candidates. She—What makes you think women will demand handsome men to vote for when you look at the kind the most of them marry?—*Baltimore American*.

Mrs. Sonde—But if you don't subscribe to the Social Record, aren't you afraid they may leave your name out? Mrs. Locke—My dear, they can't. They have to put me in anyway, or everybody in this town would think their book a perfect fake.—*Columbia (S. C.) State*.

"How did it come about," a friend of the family asked, "that old Goldburg's daughter refused Lord —?" "Well, you see," another friend of the family answered, "Jane Goldburg is slightly deaf, and when the earl proposed to her she thought he was soliciting for the Red Cross, and so she told him she was very sorry, but she had promised her money in another direction."—*London Evening News*.

The Visitor (on coronation tour)—My good woman, do you live in this village? Resident—Ay, sir. Visitor—And I suppose you know every one here? Resident—Ay, indeed. Visitor—Well, you can just tell them my name is Frederick Smith, and that I come from London, where I am a solicitor. That lady there is my wife, and those are my two children, Thomas and Elizabeth. We are having a holiday and intend staying here a week. We have hired the caravan. Last week we stayed at Invercauld. Resident—Ay, sir, I kent a' that frae ma daughter who lives in Invercauld, but she was sairly disappointed because she couldna tell me whither yer wife's name was afore she was married.—*Punch*.

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REWARDS OF HONEST JOURNALISM.

The time will never come, probably, when America will have a national newspaper, in the sense that the *London Times* is the eye, ear, and voice of Great Britain. It is possible, owing to the predominance of London, and the facility of transportation, for most readers in the British islands to get a *London Times* on the day of publication. That is a great part of the explanation of the national vogue of the *Times*. In the United States, time and distance serve to make all newspapers more or less sectional. It will not be different until the subscriber in California or Oregon is able to get at his breakfast table, or at least on the same day, his *New York* or *Washington* or *Chicago* paper. There is nothing quite so stale and uninteresting as yesterday's paper, supplanted as it is regularly and with unfailing freshness by today's paper.

Yet there are great newspapers in America. The *New York Times* is one of them. It covers every day the news of the world with a fullness, variety, and promptness not approached by any other American paper, and by many it is regarded as the foremost American journal. The *Times* has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its present ownership. The *Times* has had a fine history and has played a notable part in the affairs of New York and of the nation; yet when it was acquired in 1896 by Adolph S. Ochs, a young Tennesseean journalist, its fortunes were at a low ebb. It had less than 20,000 circulation and it was losing \$1000 a day. Now it has a daily average circulation of more than 350,000, with a greater Sunday circulation, and its gross business is \$15,000,000 per year—larger than any other paper in the world.

The significance of the growth and present great prestige of the *Times* lies in the non-sensational but effective character of its methods. It has the public confidence in an unusual measure; therefore it has prospered. Mr. Ochs' explanation of his success is thus summarized in a paragraph from a long article by him on the history of his connection with the *Times*:

"At the time the *Times* passed to its present management—1896—the rapidly increasing circulation and advertising of the sensational newspaper indulging in coarse, vulgar, and inane features, muck-raking and crusades of every character were creating a widely extending impression that otherwise a newspaper would be dull, stupid, and unprofitable. It was this situation that caused the *New York Times* to hoist its legend of 'All the news that's fit to print.' The wisecracks of journalism prophesied an early failure; the motto was made sport of and ridiculed. It was this prevailing impression that proved a valuable factor in the growth of the *Times*, for in the field it was trying to cover it met no serious competition and thus was for a considerable time left to its full benefit."

It must be added, in the interest of truth, that at the same time other newspapers devoted to wholly different practices of journalism have thrived in a material sense; but no one of them has achieved the high position of the *Times*. It is true, doubtless, that a cosmopolitan population can be served best by newspapers of differing methods; yet it is

also obviously true that the rewards of honest journalism, devoted to a prompt, full, and impartial presentation of the news, and to intelligent and interesting interpretation of current events, are certain and substantial. The mark of distinction between the *Times* and most of its competitors lies in the fact that in its daily issues it prints only pictures, no cartoon, and no so-called "sensational" news. Though the *Sunday Times* is in a pictorial and finest sense pictorial. The *Times* publishes the news every day, and while phrasing all things of community importance and excluding for the nation exploitation of the personal misdeeds of the

No two newspapers of the first rank in America are exactly alike; there would be no room in New York, and probably not in America, for another *Times*. But there are other papers which have long followed the same general principles, and which make themselves the same permanent appeal to the public. They have found the same response as the *Times* has found.—*Oregonian*.

The first station, at Leafield, Oxfordshire, in the Imperial wireless chain was completed recently. The Leafield station, entirely signed by the postoffice, will communicate with Abu Zabal, near Cairo, which is expected to be ready in three months' time. Leaf and Abu Zabal will form the first pair of series of four stations, the third being in Africa and the fourth in South Africa. In accordance with the proposals of the Imperial Wireless Telegraph Committee, another series of stations will be erected in England, Egypt, and these will be continued to India, Singapore, Australia, and Hongkong. An interesting feature of the opening ceremony is the sending of the first message from the station by the postmaster-general—one of going to all British, European, and foreign nations within range. Within half an hour plies were received from Malta, Paris, Catania, Posen, Prague, Denmark, Budapest, Rome, and Berlin, the last-named notifying that the signal was received on a clear good note.

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VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2328.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 5, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published weekly by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscription year: six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, by the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the city of San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed, please send old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut is not ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to The Argonaut Publishing Company.

The Argonaut is published as second-class matter. It can be obtained in London at the International News Company, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square; and can be ordered from any of the newsstands of W. H. Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, at Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Protest Against "Froth."

Sir Alfred Butt, head of the largest theatrical syndicate in Great Britain, now visiting San Francisco, declares that "there has not been a play of real worth for seven years." He emphasizes the necessity of getting away from "froth" and seeking plays that have to offer something better worth while than merely pretty girls and spectacular effects. This counsel comes in a timely way to reinforce a suggestion recently made by Mr. Henry Miller with respect to theatrical interests in San Francisco. Mr. Miller would like to see established in San Francisco something resembling revival of the old California stock company. He would have a theatre constructed to accommodate varying grades of patronage, for economical administration and upon the stock company plan—to include employment for long periods of such eminent personages as Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Fiske. By this means he would give to San Francisco the best things old and new, done in the best possible manner. The project would call for a yearly guaranty, and a very considerable one, though it is not likely that the guarantors would be called upon to make up deficiencies. One well-known citizen of San Francisco of substantial means has, since the publication last week in these columns of Mr. Miller's suggestion, called upon the editor of the Argonaut and signified his willingness to be one of a reasonable number of men to support the project. Are there not others? There ought to be. San Francisco gives to other and less meritorious projects thousands upon thousands of dollars every

year. The same spirit of generosity should manifest itself in a proposal that would surely yield a multitude of advantages.

"Germany Over All."

On November 11th there is to be placed in the national cemetery at Arlington near Washington the body of an unidentified American soldier who died in France a sacrifice to the cause of liberty. This unidentified boy, dead from a German bullet, symbolical of thousands of the unidentified dead in the world war, is to be honored by a great ceremonial in which officials of our own country, including President Harding and General Pershing, with representatives of the various Allied countries, including General Foch, are to participate. Throughout the United States various organized bodies, both military and civic, will in one manner or another join in exercises of commemoration. In our own city the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra has announced a special programme in connection with concerts to be given November 11th and November 13th. The two numbers on the programme announced as "a memorial to the unknown soldier" are:

Prelude to "Parsifal".....Wagner
Funeral Music from "Die Gotterdammerung".....Wagner

Note that both of these numbers are by a German composer, both in their atmosphere and spirit in exploitation of the might of Germany and the glory of German arms.

The Argonaut ventures to suggest to the officers of the Musical Association of San Francisco that the selection of these numbers for such a purpose is either stupid, or insulting, or both. Probably the officers are individually innocent of any thought or intention in the matter. The Argonaut ventures to suggest that there is time between now and the 11th instant to alter this programme by substitution for the German numbers either American, British, French, Italian, Serbian, Japanese, Montenegrin, Cuban, Portuguese, Roumanian, Arabian, Russian, Chinese, or Belgian compositions.

To the end that this suggestion may be brought home, not merely to the Musical Association in its corporate capacity, but to its individual directors, we herewith give the official roster:

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Collapse of the Railroad Strike.

There are many points of significance in the collapse of the railroad strike, not least among them the fact that it leaves still unsettled the issues upon which the movement was founded. Even in defeat its leaders are still insistent in support of the notion—though they do not express it in terms—that workers in railroad service, under one scheme of reasoning or another, are entitled to exemption from conditions that must apply to workers in other departments of industry. They are still insistent that whoever else must yield concessions to declining economic conditions, there should be no cut in the wages of labor in railroad service and no change in rules that

give to railroad workers a multitude of arbitrary advantages as compared with other workers. Defeat in the immediate project is admitted, but the concession, according to the brotherhood leaders, is to force rather than to the spirit of fair dealing.

It was, of course, the quietly determined attitude of the Washington government that broke down the strike before it actually began. When the Federal Railroad Labor Board took the position that a strike would be, not against the railroads, but against a branch of the Federal government, when the Attorney-General said that those who interfered with the working of the railroads would be prosecuted for conspiracy, when the Postmaster-General gave emphatic assurances that the mails would be moved, when the military authorities instituted inquiry as to the number of men in military service with railroad experience, the jig in so far as it was based upon hopes of governmental acquiescence was clearly up.

The incident has served largely to enhance respect for President Harding as a man who in the phrase of Davy Crockett is not "afear'd." It came happily at a time when something was needed to assure the country at the point of Mr. Harding's sternness of character. Hearing of him through his amiable activities there was beginning to grow up in the country a feeling that he was merely a kindly, well-disposed, golf-playing gentleman of high ideals, but of small practical force. Those who have industriously promoted this idea—not only those, but the country at large—now know better. They know that while Mr. Harding is disposed to tread the easier paths, he is also a strong and determined man, not afraid to deal positively with situations where positive dealing is desirable or necessary. Mr. Harding's methods in this matter also exhibit his powers of self-restraint and of tactfulness even in trying situations. In the face of a similar situation Mr. Taft would have been rather more than less loose-jointed. Mr. Roosevelt would have gritted his teeth and turned somersaults of self-exploiting protest. Mr. Wilson, as in the case of the Adamson Act, would have surrendered. Without noise or fury or self-exploitation or timidity—without making irritation anywhere—Mr. Harding quietly achieved his purpose. Manifestly Mr. Harding not only knows his own mind, not only values properly his responsibilities and authority, but he knows his book of politics. We suspect that Mr. Harding knows also that the country, while it likes the feel of the velvet glove in the presidential office, likes to know that there is an iron hand within it. And this is now a plain demonstration. Not again very soon will anybody or any group of anybodies conspire in a movement based on the idea that behind the presidential smile there is lacking something of the Jacksonian spirit. The authority of the government and its capabilities of positive action will not again be questioned, we suspect, so long as Mr. Harding occupies the presidency.

In the situation as it presented itself to President Harding last week there was an almost exact duplication of conditions which five years ago were faced by the then President Wilson. There was the same demand for privileged treatment by a large organization of workmen. There was the same threat that if this demand was not conceded the railroad would be "tied up." It was again a call to "Stand and Deliver!" But in the former case there was in the presidential office one who, stubborn in small things, was weak in the presence of great occasions. Mr. Wilson yielded, not to reason and justice, but in fear and trembling, to a bluff. In the immediate instance the presidential office was in bolder and stronger hands. Mr. Harding let it be known that an attempt to carry into execution the threat to paralyze the public transportation system would be opposed by all the powers of the government.

The spirit of bluff stood face to face with the spirit of moral resolution backed by the authority that abides in the presidential office when that office is in strong hands. The bluff, so to speak, was "called." The trains are moving; arrogance has been rebuked; illegitimate pretensions, if not exorcised, are at least in abeyance; an increased measure of respect and confidence abides with the government. This because there is a MAN at the head of affairs at Washington.

A vastly important fact, emphasized by the failure of the strike, is this, namely, that the country is tired of strikes and that it will not tolerate any project that seeks to use the public necessity as a club with which to enforce demands, whether they be justifiable or not. Some other means than the strike must be found in cases where the issue is related to the public welfare. A further demonstration, despite so-called "strike votes," is that strikes are not popular with the rank and file of workmen and their families. Mr. Lee, one of the leaders of the recent movement, has perhaps unwittingly exhibited this fact in the statement that he had received many hundreds of letters pleading with him and his associates to come to some sort of settlement that would prevent domestic suffering on the part of workingmen and those dependent upon them. Another point: Two days before this strike was called off the spokesmen of the brotherhoods were emphatic in the declaration that they had no power to prevent a course that had been definitely determined upon. Perhaps they had not such authority in the form of definite prescription, but that they had it in a moral sense was proven by the fact that when at last they decided that a strike could not win they found no practical difficulty in calling it off.

Among the complicated conditions of modern life transportation is easily the dominant factor. Prompt and relatively cheap transportation service is essential to the public welfare. Adjustment is not easy. The railroads, if they are to be administered economically and without political complications, must be left in the hands of private ownership. Recent experience emphasizes this economic lesson. Rates of transportation must be low enough to encourage production and general business and to bring the facilities of traffic within the means of the general public. At the same time the railroads must be permitted to earn a legitimate profit in their operations. The government must be relieved of the necessity of making up to the railroads deficiencies in their earnings. In brief, there must be such adjustment as will bring rates down and put business up. Truly the problem is serious. Politics must be eliminated, the cost and hazard of strikes must be eliminated, and in so far as it is humanly possible the spirit of selfishness must be exorcised. By some means the end of cheaper and yet profitable rates for transportation service must be attained. Labor is the largest single factor in the case. It must not be exploited, but it must accept its equitable share, whether it be at the point of wages or of revised working rules, in establishing conditions necessary to the desired result.

There is not the slightest doubt that back of the collapsed strike movement there was a conspiracy looking to the establishment of government ownership and operation of the railroads. It is probably true that many large holders of railroad securities were and are desirous to unload and are willing to do it in selfish interest at any cost to the common welfare. On the part of railroad workers there is a very general sentiment to this end. It rests largely upon experience under the Wilson-McAdoo régime. It was found that with the railroad administration in the hands of politicians, with their eyes upon votes, it was comparatively easy to obtain any concessions that might be desired in selfish interest. Mr. McAdoo, as we have said before, was not more the agent of the government in administering the roads than of certain labor leaders. He was in all things their very obedient servant. Upon demand he advanced wages again and again; upon further demand again and again he revised the working rules in the interest of the labor cormorant; in matters large and small he did whatever was asked of him by Mr. Gompers and by the brotherhoods. He permitted the railroad machine to become part and parcel of the political machine. All this, while not to the interest of honest labor which does not wish unfair advantage, gave to organized labor in the railroad

service an authority and power very much to the liking of professional union leaders and to the large element of railroad workers more eager for individual and direct benefits than for common justice and common welfare.

The Coming Conference.

There are multiplied indications that the efforts of the Administration to keep the country from expecting too much from the coming conference on limitations of armaments and problems of the Pacific have succeeded too well. In public comment on the coming event, printed and spoken, there is a distinct note of pessimism. The opinion is quite generally held that the conference will come to nothing; and on the part of many there is fear that failure to achieve large results will be productive of harm rather than of good. It is, of course, too early for prophecy, but it is probably true that the outcome will not be all that the more hopeful have looked for. None the less there is abundant reason for faith that the conference will not be in vain. If at the wind-up nothing more concrete shall be achieved than the establishment of a precedent implying future conferences between the nations in situations like the present the result will be a sufficient justification for this notable attempt to establish relations of mutual understanding and amity.

The predominant purpose in calling the conference, to state the case bluntly, is to convince Japan that she must abandon her imperialistic demands. The force of world opinion is to be massed against her. Can this end be achieved? It is apparent that President Harding and Secretary Hughes believe that it can, and the attitude of Japan appears to bear out this confidence. At least Japan appears to be anxious to placate the world's judgment in the matters of Shantung and Siberia. She will attempt to salve as much as possible of her national plans from the conference, but there are evidences in plenty that she will make concessions.

Out of it all we may reasonably expect, when the sessions have been concluded, that Japan will disclaim any intention to a larger degree of political control in Asia than she now possesses. We may expect also a general exchange of notes among the powers interested, defining a fairly harmonious policy toward Asia. Taken at face values the formal outcome should insure peace in Asia with removal of possible causes of friction and war. Probably an underlying suspicion of the good faith of Japan will continue, for this is plainly a fundamental cause of the present situation. Japan will have to go far to convince the world of her dependability. If the promises she makes are clear and unequivocal it may be assumed that over her there will hang a threat to punish her for evasion or violation.

These, we may easily believe, are the things that the President and Mr. Hughes hope to bring out of the conference. To secure this result the United States must have the assistance of Great Britain with the entire abandonment of all thought on the part of that country of special advantage to herself in China. This ought not to be difficult. Orientalists tell us that the British experiment in its sphere of influence in the Yang-Tse Valley has not been successful and that those Britons most intelligent and most interested would welcome the establishment of a true open door.

One thing likely to be brought out in the conference is the dissatisfaction of America respecting the Anglo-Japanese alliance. It is objected to, first, because it encourages Japan in her imperialistic ambitions. Second, because it leaves the United States practically the only first-class power opposing these ambitions. It is plain from President Harding's recent utterances and from various shifts in the great international chess game that our government wishes to secure unity of purpose in the Pacific on the part of the two great English-speaking nations. If this can be secured the conference will be a success. If it shall fail the conference will at least in a measure be a failure.

There are various guesses as to the duration of the conference. Probably two or three weeks will be taken up in ceremonial procedures and in diplomatic jockeying. Then perhaps during three or four months work will proceed seriously. At Washington a feeling prevails that adjournment will not be final, but that the conference will be called together again, perhaps at another capital, in the course of a year or so, for further adjustments. In other words, this Pacific conference is very likely to become a continuing body, thus

achieving the purpose of establishing an association of nations as distinct from a league of nations.

An Opportunity.

In recent years we have had in the municipal government of San Francisco pretty much every sort of man excepting the right sort. Looking back over the record of the mayoralty and board of supervisors we find a motley procession, including professional politicians of low grade, professional laborites, a fiddle-player, with a sprinkling of miscellaneous gentry, including a worthy minor poet and the amiable, trivial-minded, spineless jack-in-the-box at present occupying the mayor's chair. But nowhere does the record exhibit a man of solid and practical character and of demonstrated capability in affairs of business. The municipal government expends each year a prodigious sum of money. The municipal government is "big business," yet year by year it is under the hand of men lacking the first claim to capability or experience in large affairs. We shall not here attempt to present all the reasons why. They are many and perhaps chief among them is the fact that our men of business capability and experience are so engrossed in private affairs, so averse to participation in any activity smacking of politics in any form, that the right sort of man is never available, or so rarely so as to be questionable at the point of motives or overlooked by the voting public.

Something unusual is offered in the present municipal campaign. There appears as a candidate for supervisor a man who seems made to order for the office. Mr. John A. McGregor, none the worse for having been born in Canada of Scotch parents, and much the better for having become a very genuine American, began life as a mechanic. But he was not merely a mechanic. He had the background of high character and of excellent educational training. His promotions from a workman's lathe to a commanding executive post in a great productive industry were rapid. While still a young man he became the head of what is perhaps our greatest industrial establishment, the Union Iron Works. Here he exhibited the judgment, the industry, the equity that make for business success. With these qualities were associated the humanitarian impulse that makes for square dealing in all things. Mr. McGregor introduced the eight-hour system in the Union Iron Works and he saw to it that he got eight hours' honest work. He introduced the weekly-payment system and thus broke the hold of the money sharks upon his men. Himself a disciplined man, he enforced discipline throughout the establishment; and in doing this he commanded the respect, even the affection, of the thousands of men in his employ. He became a captain of industry, not of the selfish, grasping, and arbitrary type, but the rarer sort who knows his business and who wins support and cooperation by the equities and sympathies that everywhere and under all conditions command respect and approval.

Something over a year ago there came to Mr. McGregor the opportunity of a great promotion, acceptance calling for abandonment of California for residence in one of the Atlantic states. He had become a Californian. His home was here. His relationships and those of his family had become fixed here. The sacrifice was more than he was willing to make. He chose to remain, but the choice left him minus a definite business connection.

Now Mr. McGregor, still in the prime of active life, free from personal obligations and with time on his hands, a man of highest character, a man of demonstrated capacity in administering large affairs, appears as a candidate for supervisor. He fits the job under all its conditions as glove to hand. He answers the many-times-voiced demand for a man of business ability in the municipal government. Here is the opportunity to bring into the affairs of the city a man preeminently qualified, a man above financial necessities or temptations, a man accustomed to responsibility, a man of industry, a man devotedly attached to San Francisco and highly ambitious for the public welfare.

Now, in the candidacy of Mr. McGregor—likewise that of Mr. Rossi—the voters of San Francisco have the opportunity to show if there be sincerity in the demand for a business man in the municipal government. There is not within the limits of the city a man more definitely qualified at all points. What is needed is that those who are habitually loud in the demand for a business man in the board of supervisors shall

not neglect their duty. That duty is on election day to postpone all else to the business of voting. Many a vote is lost to good causes and good candidates because citizens who ought to support them forget or neglect to vote. Take no chances—go early to the polls. And whoever else you vote for, put into the box the names of McGregor and Rossi.

Editorial Notes.

Colonel Harvey's disclosure in a public address in England of the fact that Mr. Lloyd George cordially approved of the project for the conference at Washington before the invitations were issued confirms the judgment heretofore expressed in these columns that President Harding and Secretary Hughes did not launch the project without knowledge of how it would be taken in Europe. Mr. Lloyd George's cordial approval of the project in advance may properly be taken as a species of pledge of British coöperation in the announced purposes of the conference. The implication is plain that America and England will work together, if not in detail, to the same ends.

President Harding was morally sound and theoretically right in the declaration last week that the black man in the South is entitled to equal political rights and that they may not be denied him either in logic or in morals. None the less the South will not yield such rights and under its theory it may not seriously be blamed. We say under its theory, which is that if the negro were allowed to vote in the Southern States white race dominance in matters political and ultimately in matters social would be lost. No superior race can be expected to do that which in its judgment would subordinate it to an inferior race. This being a principle of human nature, nobody need expect that President Harding's counsels will be heeded practically. Assuredly not in the present state of Southern judgment will the negro be permitted to share fully and freely with the white man in the sphere of government. And since this is not to be done nothing is to be achieved by talking about it. The country has pretty well threshed out the issue raised by the President and its conclusion is that the regulation of political privilege in the Southern States would better be left to the Southern people. Process of time may ultimately work out for the black man a status in line with the President's dictum, but it will take a good deal of time before conditions will so adjust themselves that the Southern States will yield to the black man full enjoyment of his political rights as defined in the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The case is one which exhibits for the ten-thousandth time that constitutions, after all, are only made up of words and that words have not in themselves the power to enforce themselves in the sphere of action.

The oil workers' strike in the Kern district has collapsed with complete abandonment of the demands upon which it was based. It should never have been begun. There was no grievance on the part of the men—indeed there was no pretense of a grievance. What they wanted was a government guaranty of permanence for current wage rates. It was, of course, an impossible demand. The government is not in the business of guaranteeing rates of wages and there is no authority under which it could have done so even had it been desired. There is no more reason why the government should guarantee rates of wages in the oil fields than in the harvest fields or in any other of the many other fields of productive industry. National paternalism exercised in one sphere would have logically to be applied in all spheres. The thing is unthinkable—out of reason, out of practicability.

A Reuter Berlin message states that, according to the latest statistics, the German casualties in the war were 1,808,546 killed, 4,247,143 wounded, including cases returned on the wounded list more than once. The official total of British casualties (including the Dominions) was 658,704 killed, 2,032,142 wounded, and 359,145 missing or prisoners. The French official losses were 1,071,300 killed, 314,000 missing, and 446,300 prisoners. No total of wounded was given. Italy's figures showed 465,560 killed and 959,138 wounded. America's losses were 51,036 killed, 208,223 wounded, 4544 prisoners, and 2293 missing.

The Swiss engineering firm of Sulzer has received an order from the American government for a supply of Diesel submarine motors. The order is worth £1,000,000, and follows a £1,250,000 order received from the Japanese government a few weeks ago.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From Bishop Parsons.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 29, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have just read your editorial on "Money Fights and Moral Causes." May I have space for a few comments on your remarks in that editorial on the subject of foreign missions?

1. Somebody has been misinforming the *Argonaut* about the business management of the missionary work of the churches. The mission boards of the great denominations do not begin to spend 25 per cent. on administration or "overhead." For a long time the Episcopal Church has spent about 8 per cent. The reports of all the important boards are public. Every church member can know exactly how his share, large or small, of the total raised for missions is spent. All the *Argonaut* needs to do is to ask for the reports and check the matter up.

As to commissions on the money raised, which the editorial seems to think must run at least as high as another 25 per cent., may I venture the hope that the *Argonaut* will never again trust the man who is responsible for such nonsense. The churches (I refer, of course, to the great representative bodies) never raise money in that way. Every penny is raised by volunteers, except in so far as salaried officials may assist in direction and the like; and their salaries are of course included in the overhead. The fact is that any one who gives a dollar to foreign missions need not be worried. If he follows it up he will find 90 cents of it working for him out there across the ocean.

2. It must be admitted that the picture of the poor converted heathen torn from his traditions and made a man without a country is pathetic. No doubt there are some such pathetic figures. Until recently there have been many difficulties in the way of the natives of many lands who have embraced Christianity. But I venture the assertion that most of them have found something in their new religion which made the sacrifice worth while. There are, for example, over 300,000 Christian Koreans. The Japanese persecution has borne especially heavily upon them. Japanese imperialism recognizes that a religion of freedom like Christianity is a dangerous dweller in the land. But although the Christians have suffered, and some of them terribly, all the reports that I receive would indicate that they find in their religion a perpetual source of courage and of faith in the future of their nation.

But the point which the editorial makes really indicates very little knowledge of what missionary work is doing in building up new and better civilizations. I would venture respectfully to suggest some study of what has happened in Uganda of late years; of what the Christian universities in China have done in making leaders for the new China; of the results of medical missionary work in many parts of the world. Who is educating the children in the little republic of Liberia? Who is revolutionizing agriculture in many parts of India? Who were the men to be trusted in the distribution of relief in China? But the fact is that the achievements of missionary work throughout the world are so many and so great that one does not know where to begin. The study of these achievements is really worth while simply as a study in the capacity of human nature to work for a great cause without material reward.

3. Finally may I emphasize the fact that missionary work is an essential part of Christianity. The Christian faith is that through the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ humanity is to find the way out of its misery and sin and ignorance. The Christian faith is that it is the business of a Christian to help that consummation. I think it is important to hear that fact in mind in all such discussions as your editorial opens. On questions of method in missionary work all the leaders of that work should have an open mind. On the question of principle they can not. A man may conscientiously and on what he feels is reasonable ground give up being a Christian; but as long as he continues a Christian he must believe in and help missions or else argue himself ignorant of the meaning of his religion.

EDWARD L. PARSONS,
Bishop-Coadjutor of California.

The Coming Conference.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 26, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The harrowing, almost wanton, delay in drafting the treaty of Versailles changed the public attitude towards it from belief and trust to doubt and distrust. This change in feeling had carried so far that when the treaty was finally given to the world, no matter what it might have contained of good, was bound to be more than offset by the evil that the long delay had caused.

What the world wanted, and wanted as it had wanted nothing since history writes the record, was to get back to pre-war—to make return to normal—conditions as soon as it was humanly possible.

What the world got—well, what did the world get?

Three years after we seemingly find ourselves farther than ever from the coveted goal.

Practically no countries are self-sustaining. One or two possibly could be, but none actually are. All lack some necessity of life, and by exchange of what they produce for what they lack make up this deficit. Transport (by land, sea, or both) brings what they need, and on these two foundations, exchange and transport, has come to rest the future of the modern world.

In direct ratio, as populations increase, the difficulty of supplying their needs increases. The call for readjustment of the machine by which they are supplied is constant, and as constantly the difficulty of adjustment increases.

By 1914 so delicate had become this adjustment that a jar would have upset it. It certainly got that jar.

Not only this, but the margin in surplus, after supplying the world's demands, had been constantly shrinking. What was left of that margin in 1914 the war wiped out.

When with loud fanfare the peace treaty was signed and as some optimists fondly believed the return to normal was started, one great factor was missing—Russia. Russia was never a negligible factor, but as one looks back it seems almost it was a neglected one. As an economic factor Russia has almost completely disappeared. She produces practically nothing for export and save for charity imports as much.

Lack of Russian imports and exports was sufficient in itself to all but upset the scheme of things. It created a deficit that had to be made up from other quarters. To do this called for far more complicated and difficult readjustment than any that had yet been attempted.

On top of Russia's disappearance as an economic factor came the peace treaty with its remapping of Europe. The ownership of raw materials such as coal, ores, petroleum, and the like was everywhere transferred. Changed ownership automatically created customs barriers between these raw materials and the roads they had been accustomed to follow to become finished products.

This meant not only delay in readjustment. It meant more. Far more. It meant the complete deflection of these raw materials in many cases, because of racial jealousies or for other reasons. It meant great plants forced into idleness in one place for lack of these raw materials and great plants

that must be erected in other places before they could be converted into finished products.

It all meant delay, and delay meant disaster.

The present condition finds its most insistent manifestation in a universal need for money—in a burden of taxation staggering if times were normal with every one engaged in productive work; stupefying, almost verging on repudiation, in abnormal times like these when necessity enforces idleness—the necessity for raw materials with which to work.

Money, however, is translatable into no other term than that of human labor. Therefore in the last analysis, hither as is the need for it, it is not money that is the world's most vital need.

The man power of the world while grievously affected, when the loss from the war is compared with the population total of the world, it becomes almost an unimportant fraction.

Delay in readjustment apparently is the real trouble. The deflection of raw materials from the direction in which they have previously traveled. The inability of the various countries to produce surplus with which to harter for the things they lack. A curtailment or destruction of international credit that prevents nations from purchasing what they need save in such hand-to-mouth fashion that in large part they supply those needs by going without.

Every human situation must sooner or later adjust itself. This one will, but slowly. In this world today of paradox and contradiction delay hegets suffering and courts catastrophe.

What a puzzle it has come to be!

Countries created with boundary lines so arbitrary and artificial that they seldom follow natural frontiers, whether geographical or ethnological. Countries without seaports which they vitally need and countries with seaports of which the need is at best a by-product. The United States and England, upon which the light of war fell least, with the number of unemployed in constant increase and with ever-lengthening bread lines. France and Germany, which suffered most from the war, with no problem of unemployment on their hands. Some countries carrying deflation to the danger point. Other countries still inflating, although they so long since passed the danger point that it is no longer visible on the horizon line.

Everywhere the world needs everything. Even to partially supply its immediate needs would strain transport to the utmost. Yet ships ply with holds half filled or rot in bays and harbors for want of charters and our Shipping Board can not sell its wooden ships for the market price of kindling.

The one practical solution would seem to be in world team work. To pull together quickly lest we pull apart. In this lies the potential value of the disarmament conference. It affords the chance to plan and agree upon team work. The personal interests of each representative to that representative will of course be the paramount interest. In spite of this (because of it perhaps) a working plan for economic reconstruction may be evolved. The need for it was never greater. Partial disarmament would lift some of the burden of taxation from staggering shoulders. A general give-and-take agreement might be entered into that would go far towards setting the world surely on the road to a return to normal conditions.

That there is to be a conference at all is a good sign; the type and character of the men who will represent the various countries at that conference is a better one. That men of their standing are to attend not only proves that the universal and compelling need for a solution of these problems is recognized, but is, as well, an earnest that they will approach them in a frame of mind that may make their solution possible.

If they do not. Then—Lord Northcliffe will be wholly without honor in his own country.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Concerning "Dope."

SAN FRANCISCO, November 1, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: "Police! Police! A dope peddler is making \$185 a day," cries Annie Laurie, who wants an anti-dope convention. Yes, dear Sister of the Sohs, and a thousand bootleggers a day are heating that record all hollow, poisoning the public with 'overnight booze.' The Hearst papers helped that along, also."—From *San Francisco News Letter* of October 29, 1921.

I have been reading the Hearst papers with some interest during their campaign against narcotic drug addiction until its culmination in the Anti-Narcotic Convention held at the Auditorium October 27, 1921. I am amazed at the ignorance displayed by Annie Laurie and equally astonished at the personnel of the committee appointed to handle the narcotic situation, not one of whom is a medical man. The president is the warden of the state penitentiary and seems to know little of the subject outside of his domain. He states that "the suffering caused by sudden deprivation of the drug is not nearly as severe as is supposed, is of short duration, and is not harmful."

In refutation of this statement I quote from one of the latest works upon "Materia Medica": "There are two methods of treating drug addiction, one by the withdrawal of the narcotic as rapidly as the patient's endurance will permit coupled by the use of sedatives, tonics, and nourishing food. The other, the abrupt removal of the drug, in which procedure the patient should be put to bed, a nurse in constant attendance and a physician not far away, for the danger to life is very great." It seems to me that the writer of the *Examiner* articles should reason from cause to effect, as in the case of the Volstead law, which produced the hoot-legger. Prior to December 14, 1914, when the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Law went into effect, narcotic drugs were sold over drug store counters as freely and almost as cheaply as Epsom salts. The proportion of addicts was then not nearly so great as now and there were no peddlers. The immediate result of the law was that such addiction disease sufferers as had not financial means or foresight to purchase large reserves were in dire distress. The history of the drastic early enforcement of the various laws, reduplicated with more or less completeness by periodical legislative and administrative activities, without adequate arrangement for the relief of the narcotic-deprived addiction-diseased sufferer, shows suicides and deaths and a rapid development of exploitation of the needs of the addict at the hands of illicit commerce. For this illicit commerce the laws themselves, however, are not so much to be blamed as the influence of long-prevailing and widely-taught attitudes and conceptions which caused scientific and other forces to fail to recognize and meet the need for clinical handling of the situation and for study and investigation of the condition. Legislators and administrators simply reflect prevailing theories."

The above is quoted from a notable little book entitled "The Narcotic Drug Problem," by Ernest S. Bishop, M. D., clinical professor of medicine in the New York Medical School. I earnestly advise Annie Laurie and others interested to read this work if they are honest in their desire to help alleviate and cure a large proportion of drug addicts. I also recommend the reading of the preliminary report of the Whitney Committee of New York, who first gave official recognition of the fact that narcotic drug addiction is a physical disease. As to the increasing use of drugs in world war is very greatly responsible, as medical records and talks with members of the A. E. F. show that they

easily obtainable, freely used, and placed in inexperienced hands during that time.

The constantly recurring remark in the Annie Laurie articles that every addict is good for six more and one of the six for six more again is absurd. This endless chain would enthrall the entire nation in a few months were it true. The peddler does not look for novices; he has, unfortunately, too great a clientèle among confirmed addicts to add possible murder to his dangerous business by tampering with any one whose system is unaccustomed to narcotic drugs. Cure the addict and the peddler will disappear, as he has always disappeared when a free clinic was established, and although the writer does not approve of free clinics, as they can do little good unless accompanied by proper treatment, after care and such management in convalescence as is needed in ordinary medical cases, yet they have always tended to show the intense desire of the addict for a cure and he will go the length of his physical endurance and then some if he is only convinced that he is in scientific hands. A PHYSICIAN.

CHINA AND THE COMING CONFERENCE.

UNION INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CANTON, LTD.

HONGKONG, August 10, 1921.

As a student of things Chinese for the past thirty-seven years and as one who has watched China's political struggles, both domestic and international, I see in the forthcoming Pacific Conference at Washington the long-looked-for opportunity not only of settling international policies regarding the Pacific, but of giving to China the peace and contentment that should be hers. The crux of the whole Far Eastern position is China and the attitude adopted towards her by other nations. The talk of armaments on the part of America, Japan, and Britain arises not so much by anything they stand to lose in the way of their own national possessions or territories, but because of the desire to protect their individual commercial interests in the fertile field of the Pacific, of which China is the heart. If any genuine attempt is to be made to solve the problems which face them, there must be a frank and ready recognition of that fact. China lies between them all as a somewhat helpless, but wonderfully rich country in which they have invested largely and with which each desires to extend its trade and commercial relations. The rivalries and jealousies of international commerce have given rise to the position which exists today, a position in which it is expedient to discuss problems rather than risk a subsequent armed struggle.

Representatives of America, France, Britain, Japan, and China will shortly be meeting at Washington to discuss a problem that arises mainly because of the last-named country, and it is essential, therefore, that the position of that country should first be considered. As she exists today, her helplessness inspires the jealousies of which she is the possible victim. Make the other countries concerned partners in an effort to raise China to a better status and there is automatically achieved the creation of harmony as against conflict and the uplift and development of a marvelous people. It is interesting to study the course of recent history in China, because it affords a starting point from which to better study the wider problem. In the closing years of the life of that wonderful figure, the Empress Dowager, there were insistent demands on the part of many for constitutional reforms and for the abolition of many corrupt practices. The Imperial Court saw the threatened danger and made promises it failed to honor. With the sudden death of the Emperor and Empress Dowager in 1908 there seemed a chance for the reform party, but court intrigues caused the dismissal of Yuan Shih-Kai—the only man who could possibly have staved off disaster—and the forces of discontent took shape in the storm of revolution that broke out in 1911. The abdication of the youthful emperor and the proclamation of a republic were hailed throughout the civilized world as marking the beginning of an enlightened régime and as the starting point of a new China finding her way under a democratic system of government to the unity and concord she had not known for so long. How subsequent events have falsified those hopes is only too well known. The vision of the reformers seems to have been lost in the maze of petty quarreling, public moneys have been spent in wrong directions, factions have set themselves in defiance of the central authority and the latter has been impotent to quell them, until today China presents an even more sorry picture, politically, than she did under the old monarchical system. A president in the north, a president in the south, a promised president for the centre, powerful Tuchuns fighting among themselves and the country under the weight of internal militarism—all this going on at a time when China is standing at the very cross roads of her destiny.

China needs help, and needs it badly. Alone and unaided she is unable to purge herself of the cancer of disorder. To China's representative at the Pacific conference should be given the open pledge that the other nations will assist, morally and financially, in the work. The unification of China is essential to the peace of the Pacific, because a disrupted China, with the other nations jealously striving here and there for advantages, will leave the position much as it is today. In that great work of unification the powers must assist. China needs a central authority financially equipped to disband the superfluous troops, strong enough to set up a truly democratic federal system

of government with each of the eighteen provinces sending nominees, advised and assisted in the work of the country's administration. So soon as it can be guaranteed that the money will be well spent, there stands a wealthy consortium ready to finance national undertakings, ready to treat with China generously and openly.

China is essential to the trade of the world and she stands to gain everything by the process of development. Her resources, her labor, her minerals, her raw products—all these are wanted, and there is room for every nation to give and to receive in imports and exports. Instead of secretly striving to gain this or that little unfair advantage, instead of perpetuating the system of covert acts and weak excuses, the nations today have opportunity to make a common declaration that they will openly and conjointly assist in the task of making China the benefit to the world she ought to be and the home of peace, contentment, and happiness. The millions of Chinese workers, whose one desire is to be at peace with their fellows; the peoples of other nations, who have a right to be protected against future wars; and the credit of international diplomacy demand that such a dream be consummated.

It appears to me, and to many with whom I have discussed the subject, that the projected conference at Washington will provide a golden opportunity for extending to China that help of which she stands in such urgent need. True, the one great object of the gathering is to find some general basis of agreement in Far Eastern questions which will lead eventually to a limitation of the enormous expenditure upon armaments, and consequently there is force in the contention that all matters likely to obscure this issue should be rigidly excluded from the range of discussion. No one would wish to run the risk of wrecking the conference by the introduction into the agenda of subjects which might cause some of the nations concerned to refuse their cooperation, but at the same time it is certain that very little practical good will result from an academic debate upon the advantages and blessings of universal peace.

The specific problems of the Pacific and the Far East, highly controversial as they may be, must be frankly and fairly considered, and China—a huge country torn asunder by the dissensions of its own people—is the breeding place of them all. A unified China, at peace with itself, would insure as nothing else could that uninterrupted period of commercial and industrial development for which we are waiting. Let us suppose that the nations, profiting by the lessons which the European war has taught and sincerely actuated by the high motives they are loudly proclaiming, do manage to agree upon some policy which will allay the distrust which each now has of the other. China, present as a sovereign power in the council chamber, finding a group of nations with whom she has previously dealt united for a common end, could ask for assistance in putting her own house in order with the fullest confidence that her rights would not be jeopardized by so doing.

China's weakness comes from the fact that ambitious provincial commanders can defy the government with impunity. The particular form which the government may take is not of vital importance. The great mass of people, judging from their apathetic attitude towards political issues generally, would welcome any government which could save them from the rapacity of these adventurers. At present we have a president in Peking and one in Canton and Tuchuns who will give allegiance neither to the one nor the other. The factions are constantly at war; the treasuries in the north and south are empty and commerce is at a standstill. If the Pacific conference is to justify the hopes that are placed in it, the nations represented must come to an agreement under cover of which China will be given a real chance to reform her administration. An effective government could be elected if it were known that, when chosen, such government would have the fullest support of the conference powers.

International rivalries and jealousies have prevented any common action on China's behalf in past years. If the Pacific conference overcomes these and will co-operate ungrudgingly in helping China to work out its own salvation, the beneficial results will be quick to manifest themselves. If the conference leaves these millions of peaceable people and this country of immense resources at the mercy of military satraps who have momentarily the power of the purse, it is certain that resolutions upon disarmament will do very little towards preserving peace in the Orient.

C. MONTAGUE EDE.

An expedition of more than usual interest, the object of which is essentially natural history, will sail from this country towards the end of the year. The expedition, of which Mr. C. Lockhart-Cottle is the leader, purposes to make extensive zoological and museum collections, and a special endeavor will be made to secure first-hand knowledge, with photographs, of the life history of the Siamang and Orang. For this purpose the party will, if necessary, penetrate unexplored Sumatra.

The Senate Finance Committee has voted to reduce transportation taxes by 50 per cent. in 1922 and to abolish them in 1923.

OLD FAVORITES.

Hymn to Diana.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy evasive shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st day of night—
Goddess excellently bright. —Ben Jonson.

In the Highlands.

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;

Where essential silence chills and blesses,
And for ever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies—

O to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sword;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarr'd!

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath!
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Bacchus.

Bring me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through
Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffer'd no savour of the earth to 'scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root,
Which feels the acrid juice
Of Styx and Erebus;
And turns the woe of Night,
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread;
We buy diluted wine;
Give me of the true,
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curl'd
Among the silver hills of heaven
Draw everlasting dew;
Wine of wine,
Blood of the world,
Form of forms, and mould of statures,
That I intoxicated,
And by the draught assimilated,
May float at pleasure through all natures;
The bird-language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well:

Wine that is shed
Like torrents of the sun
Up the horizon walls,
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run
When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread,
Food which needs no transmuting,
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited,
Wine which is already man,
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which Music is,—
Music and wine are one,—
That I, drinking this,
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;
Kings unborn shall walk with me;
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man.
Quicken'd so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock.

I thank the joyful juice
For all I know;
Winds of remembering
Of the ancient heing blow,
And seeming-solid walls of use
Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;
Retrieve the loss of me and mine!
Vine for vine be antidote,
And the grape requite the lot!

Haste to cure the old despair;
Reason in Nature's lotus drench'd—
The memory of ages quench'd—
Give them again to shine;
Let wine repair what this undid;
And where the infection slid,
A dazzling memory revive;
Refresh the faded tints,
Recut the aged prints,
And write my old adventures with the pen
Which on the first day drew,
Upon the tablets blue,
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Council of State for India has accepted a resolution for the transfer of the German portion of the Rhodes Scholarships to India.

FORTY YEARS OF LITERARY WORK.

Mr. James L. Ford Writes His Recollections of Journalism and the Drama.

Mr. James L. Ford, author of "Forty Years in the Literary Workshop," is a modest man. In the opening chapter of his reminiscences he tells us that his renown is so slender that his book may seem to be an act of presumption and to be justified only on the ground of the number of interesting people whom he has known. There would be no profit in disputing that point with Mr. Ford, but it may be said that interesting people gravitate toward their like and that Mr. Ford's book is its own justification.

The author's inclination toward the theatre began about the time of the civil war and when he was a child. The theatre was not regarded a good place for children in those days, but minstrel shows were regarded as a sort of compromise:

During my childhood my taste for the theatre grew steadily, although it was not often in those days that children were permitted to form the theatrical habit. I was about eight years of age when I was taken to Hooley's Minstrels, then the most popular place of amusement in Brooklyn. On this occasion I heard Joe Emmett sing, "Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?" and also listened to that historic colloquy regarding the shipwreck ending with, "You say every one was starving and yet you were eating an egg. How did that happen?" And then, "The ship lay to and I got one." Yes, I heard this at my first minstrel show and also at the last I ever attended. Archie Hughes was also on the bill and years afterward a boy at our boarding-school used to hold us breathless with an account of how he had once actually spoken to Mr. Hughes, and had made bold to wish him a successful season, for which courtesy the minstrel had graciously given thanks.

Mr. Ford touches on the social usages of his early days. In some respects the young women of those times were allowed more liberty than their successors today. They were not so carefully chaperoned when their admirers paid their evening calls:

The usual mode of procedure at these evening visits was about as follows: On arriving the caller would be ushered into a faintly lighted drawing-room, there to wait while his name was announced. Presently the maid would return with the remark that Miss Mamie would be down directly and then proceed to light four burners in the heavy chandelier, three of which would be promptly extinguished by the visitor. It always seemed to me that a ring at the front door served also as a dressing bell, for no young lady ever descended in less than a quarter of an hour. Her invariable formula after greeting her visitor was to "have a little more light on the subject," to which the other would object on the ground of weak eyes: Then the two would seat themselves on a slippery sofa for intimate communion.

Minstrelsy disappeared with the civil war, but its place was taken by Harrigan and Hart, who began their notable career in the Theatre Comique with humorous sketches of a very real merit:

"Keep the money in the family," was the motto that might well have been displayed in the lobby of the Comique, and this, combined with the clannish Irish sense, served to put relatives of both partners on the payroll. Dave Braham, the composer, was Harrigan's father-in-law; Hart's brother, Johnny Cannon, was manager, and Harrigan's father had charge of the box-office. The elder Harrigan was a taciturn Celt of dour mien whose native humor found expression in the apt phrases with which he replied to questions that he deemed superfluous.

"Have you got any seats?"
"Yes, we've got nine hundred of them."
"Are they good seats?"
"They're covered with raw silk."
"Can I get two for tonight?"
"If you've got the price."
"Are these the seats for tonight?"
"No, those are the tickets. The seats are inside."
"Will they be there when I come?"
"Well, they're screwed to the floor."

Mr. Ford is a little severe on the literary style set in his day by the *Century*, a style that was conventional and artificial. It was for this reason, he says, that the San Francisco *Argonaut* was looked to as a market for the best work of the day:

Another complaint from which even adult writers suffered and which the *Century* encouraged instead of checking, was the dialect rash that swept over the literary world with results that seem incredible to me now. During its prevalence stories of the most pitiful nature found a ready market so long as they were spelt wrong and, as the vulgates of the various races of the earth became exhausted, fraudulent ones, the products of fertile minds, replaced them. Straightway was our fiction enriched by Irishmen who said "be gobs" and "be jabers," Englishmen who said, "h'l h'invite h'everybody," and Frenchmen who said, "zis" and "zat." Some of these perversions have become permanently imbedded in our literature.

We are told of the first American appearances of Mme. Patti and Sarah Bernhardt. There was great curiosity about Bernhardt, who had been cleverly advertised alike by her managers and by herself:

Although Sarah Bernhardt's name was honestly won by the exercise of her talents, she was nevertheless her own press-agent, and a rarely good one, too. She was one of the few modern actresses who was her own manager in the real sense of the word and when she "worked the press" at the beginning of a new season, she did it with skill and judgment.

As an instance of this I recall her arrival in this country after an absence of a few years and the frank manner in which she drew attention to her age. When the reporters greeted her on the deck of the incoming steamer she took each one by the hand saying: "What do you think? This kind *Captain Chose* gave me a dinner last night because it was my sixty-fifth birthday. I hope you don't think I am too old for my last American tour!"

Mr. Ford had an intimate acquaintance with Baron de Grimm, whose father had been tutor of Alexander

III of Russia and who himself had been a sort of running mate of the Czarewitch:

From De Grimm I gained an idea of the isolation of an autocrat and the atmosphere of dread, suspicion, and uncertainty that surrounds an autocratic court. When the Czar Alexander II sent his son to the Riviera for the sake of his health, he received from the young man's attendants only vague reports in regard to his condition although couriers arrived daily with letters. On one occasion the soldier who brought the post-bag was ushered into the presence of the Czar himself, and the latter, after a hasty glance at his correspondence, exclaimed: "There is no letter from my son and it is some days since I have heard from him!"

"But, sire," exclaimed the soldier, "he is no longer able to write!"

"My God! My God!" exclaimed the sovereign of all the Russias. "Will nobody ever tell me anything?" And it may be remembered that Nicholas II uttered the same despairing cry when the news of the January massacre, which had been sedulously kept from him by his courtiers, finally reached his ears.

Mr. Ford devotes nearly a chapter to the restaurants of early New York. He tells us that the first of the Delmonicos established himself in a modest shop, subsequently leasing larger premises where the elder Ford boarded in the 'forties for four-fifty a week:

Delmonico came from the province of Ticino, in Italian Switzerland, whence have come many of the best restaurateurs of the world, among them, one Solari, who brought with him a letter to the then reigning Delmonico and after a number of years opened a place of his own in University Place. Delmonico had always been very strict in regard to the reputation of his house and would never serve a meal in a private dining-room to less than three persons, no matter how well-known they might be. On one occasion August Belmont ordered a dinner in one of these rooms for himself, his wife, and an expected guest. The latter failed to appear and finally Mr. Belmont summoned a waiter and bade him serve for two. The servant informed the head-waiter, who in turn consulted Mr. Delmonico, and the latter went at once to Mr. Belmont, perhaps the most important of his patrons, and explained that he could not, in justice to himself, violate a law that he had made for the especial benefit of just such honored persons as Mr. Belmont and his wife. The financier yielded the point and afterward revenged himself by making bets with his friends that they could not be entertained with fewer than two guests in a private room.

It was Pulitzer who seized upon the idea of illustrating the *World* with photographs. The editorial page of the *World* was its strongest feature and the Sunday issue its weakest. Pulitzer, being blind, could not see what his paper looked like, but he could have the editorials read to him:

Another element that edged its way into Park Row about this time—at least I think it was previously unknown—was the fungus growth called "office politics," than which no more demoralizing influence in a newspaper staff can be imagined. In later years the growth of this fungus has been nourished by the absenteeism of newspaper proprietors and the sprouting on their heads of those gray hairs that breed suspicion. The high salaries paid in recent years to men holding executive positions have also contributed to this evil, for the shrewd office politician devotes more attention to holding his own job, securing an increased salary, and downing those whom he regards as rivals than he does to the interests of the paper. For this reason it is fatal for an ambitious young newspaper worker to attract the attention of his employer, for, sooner or later, the hands of those clothed in brief authority will be turned against him. And the evil machinations will be conducted so smoothly and the malice so carefully veiled that even the most experienced proprietor would be unable to detect the animus.

An interesting story relates to George Gordon Bennett and of how he nearly ruined the *Herald* during one of his drunken sprees:

On one occasion, while living in Paris, Mr. Bennett began one of his periodical drinking bouts, of which fact his secretary took prompt notice when summoned to his presence. "Sam," said his chief with characteristic unexpectedness, "I am tired of all this talk of the *Herald* being controlled by the Roman Catholic Church, and of the number of Trinity College men on its staff. Now I want you to write an editorial that will put us right before the public and show that we have no affiliation with Rome. Attack the Catholic Church, its monasteries, nunneries, and schools, and make it as strong as you can. Write the editorial and bring it to me this evening."

Of long experience in dealing with the various moods of his employer, Chamberlain retired and did precisely what he had done on previous occasions. That is to say, he wrote a short editorial in such a vigorous style that he thought Mr. Bennett would see at once that it was impossible and decide not to cable it to America. Indeed, it was quite possible that he might forget all about it by nightfall. That evening he called as requested and tried to lead the conversation into safe and peaceful channels, but, with a keen look in his eye, his chief inquired if he had followed his directions, and the document was unwillingly produced and read aloud. It was as strong as a skilled pen could make it and was headed, "To Hell with the Pope!" which Mr. Bennett pronounced admirable. Such phrases as "Tear down the monasteries!" "Drive out the monks!" and "Let us have no politics from Rome!" proved vastly pleasing to the listener.

"Now, Sam," he said, as the recital came to a close, "you've fooled me many times before, but you're not going to do it this time. We'll cable this tonight."

"Of course we will!" exclaimed Sam, reaching for his hat. "I'll take it to the cable office at once."

"No, you won't," said the other, "we'll go down there together and I'll see this thing on its way myself."

Mr. Bennett turned in the message with his own hand, but the moment his secretary could escape from him he rushed back to the office in the hope of intercepting it; but to do this he was obliged to call upon the chief of the cable service at his home and to obtain his written order for its cancellation.

Not until ten days later, during which time he carried the editorial in his pocket, was Sam summoned to the presence of his chief, whom he found in bed, recovering from his potations. Almost the first thing he said was: "Didn't we send an editorial on the Catholic Church to New York a few days ago?"

"Well," replied the other as he handed it over, "I thought it wasn't strong enough, so I got it back from the operator with a view to letting you read it over again quite carefully."

Bennett read the caption and a few sentences and his face turned as white as the pillow on which it lay. He made no comment at the moment, but a week later, when he and his secretary were out driving, he stopped at a jewelry store and

purchased a beautiful cat's-eye ring which he placed on the finger of the man who had saved him from the consequences of his own drunken folly.

Mr. Ford has something to say about the New York *Journal* and Sam Chamberlain, who was brought from San Francisco in order to manage it:

Late one night, as I was seated with him in his private office, the city editor appeared in the doorway and said: "Mr. Chamberlain, that murder story is panning out pretty well and I thought you might like it on the front page. You remember it, don't you? That man who shot his sweetheart on a street-car?"

And then Chamberlain asked what seemed to me a perfectly irrelevant question, though it was one that instantly settled the proper disposition of the murder story. He did not, as I expected he would, enter into the romance of the tragedy or what is called in Park Row the "human interest" involved in it, but merely said: "What line was it on?" And on learning that it happened on a Bleeker Street car he said, "Put it on an inside page."

"What are you laughing at?" he exclaimed, turning to me as the city editor departed. "Can't you see that what happens on a crosstown line attracts but little attention? If this had occurred on a Broadway car in front of the Hoffman House with William C. Whitney on the back platform and Marshall P. Wilder in front it would be worth a double-column spread on the first page?"

Mr. Hearst's idea of a Sunday supplement, says Mr. Ford, was a "combination of crime and underclothes." No doubt he had "estimated the proportion of fools in the community":

I think it was in this office that the now famous "sob sister" made her first New York appearance and certainly this sorosis of tears was well represented there. Tidings of a colliery disaster would send one of them flying to the scene and straightway we would receive a dispatch beginning about as follows: "I sobbed my way through the line, the stern-faced sentinels standing aside to let me pass with a muttered, 'the lady is from the *Journal*,' let her by." I was the first to reach the wounded and dying. "God bless Mr. Hearst," cried a little child as I stooped to lave her brow; and then she smiled and died. I spread one of our comic supplements over the pale, still face and went on to distribute Mr. Hearst's generous bounty."

When Mr. Ford visited England he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, the daughter of Charles Kingsley and better known as Lucas Malet:

I recall a little episode in Mrs. Harrison's drawing-room that furnished me with no little amusement. Before leaving America an Englishman of dubious standing with whom I had a slight acquaintance, pressed upon me a letter of introduction to his cousin, a rather distinguished baronet. This epistle opened in a strain of jovial familiarity—"Dear George: You ought to know Jim Ford"—and I determined at once that under no circumstances would I present it. Indeed I had forgotten about it until I chanced to meet the wife of this baronet at Mrs. Harrison's one afternoon.

"So you are from America, Mr. Ford? My husband has a rascally cousin who lives over there and every once in a while some awful bouncer comes to our house with a letter of introduction from him. Of course we never let the fellow in, but I have often wondered if it was the custom in America to give letters of introduction so freely."

I condoled with her sympathetically and I am sure that she has never learned that only my circumspection saved her husband from the visit of another of those "awful bouncers."

It is interesting to note that the author considers John Fiske to be the most intellectual man he has ever known and one of the greatest Americans of his generation:

Although I do not claim to be an authority on intellect, I think I may safely say that John Fiske—he hated to be called "Professor" Fiske—was the most intellectual man I have ever known and unquestionably one of the greatest Americans of his generation. Mr. Spencer Clark has in his notable biography of Mr. Fiske re-created him from the circumstances of his career very much as a naturalist re-creates a pre-historic animal from a few scattered bones. The Fiske whom this author has drawn is the one whom I came to know very well during the season that I managed his lectures in New York. Like other great men, Mr. Fiske was ingeniously modest. I asked him once if he had enjoyed his visit to England. "Well, brother Ford," he said, "when I first arrived there, I was so homesick thinking of my wife and children that I used to lie awake at night and cry until the pillow was wet, but in the course of a week some of those who had read my books and knew of me began to call—Mr. Darwin, Mr. Tyndall, Mr. Huxley—and invited me to dinner and before I knew it I was having a most delightful time."

He mentioned these names as if they had been Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and without the slightest intention of impressing me. It did not occur to him that he was the only American living on whom those three most distinguished of men would have called during the first week of his stay in London.

I well remember his comment on Trumbull's painting of Washington crossing the Delaware. "A good picture, brother Ford, but the American flag was not invented then."

Here we must leave a book of real value as a picture of nearly half a century of literary and dramatic life. It is admirably written and it has the even greater charm of modesty and unvarying good taste.

FORTY-ODD YEARS IN THE LITERARY SHOP. By James L. Ford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Indian government has decided to prosecute Mohammed Ali, Shaikat Ali, and others for offenses in respect of their support of the resolution, passed at the All-India Khalifate Conference at Karachi in July, in which, *inter alia*, it was declared unlawful at present for a Mussulman to remain in the British army, enter the army, or induce others to join the army. It was also declared that it was the duty of every Mussulman to bring this home to Mussulmans in the army.

The Danish Parliament has approved of the state contribution of 20,000 kroner towards the cost of publishing the Danish edition of the collection of Greenland Esquimaux folksongs, legends, and fairy tales compiled by the explorer Knud Rasmussen.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 29, 1921, were \$127,300,000; for the corresponding week last year, \$156,200,000; a decrease of \$28,900,000.

The last thirty days have been characterized by slowly improving sentiment and by some expansion of production. The most marked gains have naturally been in those lines where recovery has been the longest delayed. Bituminous coal production is increasing, and while particularly seasonal, this to some extent is due to enlarged operations in the iron and steel industry, which is now running at about 40 per cent. of capacity.

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There has been less change in the rate of production of other leading industries, but gains made since midsummer have so far held. Activity in the building trades is well maintained (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York).

Autumn huying is reflected in an improved retail dry goods trade. It is noteworthy that this betterment is more marked in rural districts than in industrial centres. This is clearly the result of the marketing of cotton and grain crops at fairly satisfactory prices, and affords grounds for confidence that the extreme depression in the agricultural industry of the United States has definitely passed.

Wholesale prices of a number of raw ma-

facts justify conservative optimism as to the future.

Exports of wheat, cotton, copper, and other raw materials have placed the United States in a dominant position in the world commodity markets. Natural resources and modern methods of production have enabled the United States to produce more commodities of those classes than the domestic market could consume, at prices enabling the American producer to meet competitors in the international markets.

The United States is not sufficiently dependent on foreign markets to justify the belief that business recovery in this country must await recovery abroad. At prices determined in the international markets American raw materials for export will find an outlet. By far the greater part of the entire manufactured product of the country has always been sold at home and as price adjustments are completed, the domestic market will again absorb the major portion of our production.

It is true that the huying power of the domestic consumer has been much curtailed. High taxes have cut heavily into the sums which might have been spent for clothing, furniture, and all those articles which have made the life of the average American family so rich in comforts and luxuries. Declines in the prices of agricultural products and widespread unemployment have reduced the huying ability of a large part of the population, and high rents, high fuel costs, and high transportation charges have operated in the same direction. Many of these items represent temporary maladjustment, and their effects will gradually lessen and tend to disappear.

Another factor of great significance which can not be overlooked is the growing spirit of thrift. In the United States, as elsewhere, much extravagance undoubtedly resulted from the period of high wages and high profits. It is nevertheless true that large sections of the public took advantage of the opportunity to establish savings accounts and to begin the purchase of homes, while the wide distribution of Liberty bonds familiarized many with investments in securities. Except in a few areas the widespread and severe unemployment has not materially reduced savings bank deposits, while in some localities steady gains in such deposits have been made throughout the period of depression. Sharp curtailment of income has impressed the necessity of saving on many who failed to take advantage of temporarily higher incomes. Economy has become fashionable. The time has passed when any considerable section of the public will buy regardless of cost. Sales policies based on a belief that huying can be stimulated by artificial methods and that another era of extravagant huying can be induced under present conditions will not succeed.

The American consumer, however, has suffered no material permanent curtailment of purchasing power. Goods of all kinds, in large volume, can be sold in every part of the United States today, if they are staple in character, and if prices are such as to represent real values to conservative purchasers. As the volume of goods thus sold expands, employment will automatically increase and, in turn, new purchasing power

will develop. The domestic market assures the American producer of an outlet.

Judge Gary has cut the United States Steel Corporation's price of steel rails from \$47 to \$40 per ton, thus further acknowledging necessities of readjustment in the steel trade. The financial condition of the railroads generally has been very unsatisfactory, and consequently huying from this source has been reduced to a minimum. The steel trade can not prosper unless railroads huy with a certain degree of generosity, as it is their demands that consume from one year's end to another a large proportion of the steel we make.

Now there is coming about a lowering of freight rates, and this will operate to further reduce the cost of production and, consequently, will suggest the possibility of further cuts in steel prices. At the same time many steel mills are operating at a minimum of profit, to say the least, and are anxiously awaiting the time when steel will be a seller's market rather than a huyer's market. In one or two lines there has been a good deal of business hooked during the past month or so, but in most lines orders have been in unsatisfactory volume.

Copper metal, after having been marked up to above the 13-cent level, is again showing a sagging tendency. A certain amount is being produced in this country and considerable on the outside. Meanwhile, the Central European governments are not only faltering on the brink of bankruptcy, but would seem to be practically bankrupt in almost every instance. Copper people have been telling us for months that when the European demand for copper really showed itself, the surplus would vanish in a twinkling, but it seems that we must be quite patient in any such expectation.

Grain markets have at times been panicky selling affairs, owing to the railway strike threat, but, when production costs are figured, not a hush of grain can be sold at current prices except at a loss. This is an economic situation that will solve itself in due course, and those who take the huying side of some of the farther futures, especially in wheat, may reap splendid profits in a few months.

The cotton situation is growing very strong again, and it may prove dangerous to continue hearish on this market.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$11,000 Roosevelt School District, Fresno County, 6 per cent. bonds in denominations of \$1000, due serially up to October 4, 1935.

Roosevelt School District, comprising about 5760 acres, is situated in the central part of Fresno County, about five miles northwest of the city of Fresno. The district is highly developed agriculturally, being almost entirely devoted to fruit, raisins, and alfalfa. Transportation is furnished by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The bonded debt equals less than 2 per cent. of the assessed valuation.

The important part the Federal Reserve System played in bringing us safely through the inflation of war financing and the more difficult period of deflation that succeeded is now generally recognized (says John K.

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Barnes in *Century Magazine*). Even John Skelton Williams, who has come out with a bitter attack against the conduct of the Federal Reserve Board, has on record to confront him several highly commendatory statements regarding that very conduct in his last report as Comptroller of the Currency. Nowhere has it been better put than by him in his report of December 6, 1920: "Largely through the aid and excellent functioning of the Federal Reserve System the business and banking interests of the country have passed successfully through the perils of inflation and the strain and losses of deflation without panic and without demoralization which has been produced in the past at various times from far less serious and racking causes."

The part that the Federal Reserve System is playing in the present slow recovery from the period of depression is not so well known. But it is a fact that the reduction of the rediscount rates at the Federal Reserve Banks around the middle of the year marked the turn for the better in certain lines of industry. I say "marked," for it is a mistake to think that an arbitrary lowering of the interest rate for credit will result in improving business conditions. It is just as foolish to think that the advancing of the rediscount rate at the Reserve Banks after the war



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materials have advanced since September 15th, while the markets in several lines have been somewhat more active. Caution on the part of the wholesale trade has served to keep the volume of manufacturers' advance orders small, but frequent repetition of orders for immediate delivery has thus far served to render the present basis of operations fairly stable. There is no doubt that the improvement which has thus far taken place is more or less seasonal in character, but it is nevertheless true that the progress made toward normal business is sound. Such temporary setbacks as may occur after the autumn huying should, therefore, bring no discouragement. Viewing conditions as a whole, the

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financing had been completed brought on the period of deflation as Mr. Williams and others charge. Governor Harding of the Federal Reserve Board has said, "The Federal Reserve Board did not create the financial depression. It saw it coming and got ready to protect things and people ought to be grateful that it did so." That is the proper function of the directors of a Federal banking system: to see what is coming and prepare for it. At the time Governor Harding also said: "Now all we need is a cessation of pessimism, which marks had times just as foolish optimism marks good times. . . . This situation is going to work out. There is no comparison between conditions a year ago and conditions today." Such optimism from the able banker at the head of the Federal Reserve Board, coupled with the lowering of the rediscount rate, indicates that it is time for business to take heart and begin to unfurl sail after the storm. It indicates that they will be able to secure credit for their legitimate operations. The bulletin of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York for August said: "The discretion of the individual banker, keeping in mind the serious consequences of too strict a programme with regard to loans already made and still required, will no doubt lead him to follow a liberal

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policy wherever present conditions or sound expectations warrant."

Those who want a return to the war-time inflation are as mistaken as to the results that would bring as are those who think the advancing of the interest rates caused the depression. The cost of credit has some bearing, especially on speculation, but at the heights of inflation or at the opposite depths of depression it is really the supply, or apparent supply, of goods that controls prices. The advance in prices that continued after the war was due to extravagant buying, the natural sequence of war wages, and to the small visible supply of commodities. Individual hoarding of commodities helped to produce this result. Then the time came when buyers would follow the prices no

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higher, demand slackened, and the invisible supplies began to come out. From a condition of small visible and large invisible supplies it changed quickly to one of large visible and small invisible supplies. Prices tumbled precipitately.

Now we have reached the situation in many lines where the large visible supplies have been greatly reduced by the steady consumption of one hundred and five million people and an upward movement in prices has started in some lines. It is possible that the belief that there is again a scarcity of some commodities may result in another bidding up of prices that will carry them too high and there may be several swings of this character before the pendulum of prices comes to rest at what we can call a normal post-war level.

During this period conservative and fearless management of the Federal Reserve system will be good insurance of an ultimate return to sound prosperity without a relapse

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into the depression from which we are now convalescing. The Federal Reserve Board must listen neither to the pessimists who can see no improvement on the one hand nor to the optimistic inflationists who by lowering the rediscount rates would try to boom business by providing cheap credit. Such inflation as they now desire might result in a return to the wild speculation of 1919 and bring a collapse more severe than the one we have gone through, but it would have little effect in stimulating business, except of a speculative character, and would retard instead of hasten the return of sound prosperity.

It is our habit to exaggerate the importance of untried remedies and to blame our ills on the thing nearest at hand, regardless of its importance. If it is not increased freight rates, it is increased rediscount rates that caused the depression. And one element would repeal the higher freight rates (although they are not going to produce this year the average net earnings of 6 per cent. on the value of their property which Congress said the railroads are entitled to) and another would force a return to the low discount rates that the Reserve Board countenanced while our war financing had to be done. They would apply these "remedies" in the vain hope that they would bring back the "prosperity" of the war boom. So far, fortunately, there is no indication that the Reserve Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission are going to be influenced by the recommendations of these quack doctors.

During the past few months the bond field has undergone a change for the better. The most active leaders in the bond group have been the Liberties. Since the latter part of August to date the various Liberty issues have advanced from 2.50 to 5.35. Judging from the present demand, it is not at all improbable that Liberty Bonds will reach par within the near future.

In the foreign government bond group the United Kingdom 5½ per cent. (1929) and the 5½ per cent. (1937) have shown considerable strength of late, principally on account of the recent strength in sterling exchange. The most outstanding feature of foreign government issues is that they are payable in this country in United States gold at a fixed rate of exchange, such as the Argentine 5 per cent., Costa Rica 5 per cent., Uruguay 5 per cent., and the Copenhagen 4 per cent. Many of the foregoing are selling at much higher figures than their original issue price. The average advance in foreign government bond prices since the beginning of the year to date is about 5.50. Other foreign government bonds which have been in demand of late are the Canadian 5 per cent., due 1926 and 1929; the Denmark 8 per cent., due 1945; Norway 8 per cent., due 1940; Swiss 8 per cent., 1940; Zurich, due 1940.

Not since the fall of 1920 has the recovery been more noticeable than during the recent advance. High yields will soon become a thing of the past; pre-war yields are already looming on the horizon.

Next to government bonds, conservative investors will find their best choice in municipal and state bonds, public utility issues, and railroad equipments. A few outstanding purchases are still available at attractive prices, such as the following: American Telephone and Telegraph collateral 4s, 1929, the convertible 4½s, 1933, collateral 5s, 1946; Brooklyn Edison general 5s, 1949; Buffalo General Electric first 5s, 1939; Common-

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wealth Edison first 5s, 1943; Detroit Edison first 4s, 1939; Columbia Gas and Electric first 5s, 1927; Montana Power first 5s, 1943; Northern States Power first 5s, 1941; Pacific Gas and Electric refunding 5s, 1942.

In the railroad group the following represent attractive long-term purchases: Atchison convertible 4s, 1955; Atchison adjusting 4s, 1995; Chesapeake and Ohio consolidated 5s, 1939; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul general "A" 4s, 1989; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy general 4s, 1958; Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific general 4s, 1988; New York Central consolidated 4s, 1998; Southern Pacific collateral 4s, 1949; Illinois Central first 4s, 1953; Northern Pacific general 3s, 2047; Reading general 4s, 1997.—John D. Dunlop.

Mr. Thomas De Witt Cuyler, chairman of the Association of Railway Executives, authorized the following statement, as of October 17, 1921:

"The proposition of the public members of the United States Railroad Labor Board, as published in the papers of today, has not been brought formally to the attention of the Association of Railway Executives. Their only information concerning it has been derived from the newspapers, and the executives have held no meeting at which the matter could have been discussed.

"The proposition, as stated in the newspapers, is that the railroads should withdraw their plan to seek a concurrent reduction in present railroad rates and wages. The intimation of the public members of the Railroad Labor Board is that the public has had no benefit from the 12 per cent. reduction in wages authorized in July, and it is suggested that the railroads make further reductions in rates without further reductions in wages.

"In order that the public may be able to judge the merits of this proposition, the following data is submitted:

"Since the general increase in rates, put into effect under authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission, September 1, 1920, there have been, in fact, extensive reductions, most of them voluntary, in railroad rates, bringing about a large loss in earnings to the railroads. The reduction in wages made on July 1st was put into effect only after many freight reductions had previously been made.

"Since the reduction in wages of July 1st a large additional number of reductions in rates have been made. For example, there was a reduction on cargo coal from points in Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, to Lake Erie ports, affecting from August 1st to October 7th some 14,700,000 tons, on which the actual loss in revenue to the railroads amounted to \$4,116,000.

"Successive reductions have been made on grain and grain products, beginning during the summer and continuing until now, ranging from \$1.40 to \$2.10 per ton, and the export rates from Chicago to the Atlantic seaboard are actually lower than when the Interstate Commerce Commission approved the increase in August, 1920.

"Reductions have been made in rates on road-making materials, i. e., crushed stone, sand, gravel, in New England, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana, Maryland, and Delaware. The rates on these commodities were not raised in New York State. This involves reduced revenue on many millions of tons, the benefit of which goes directly to the taxpayer.

"There was a reduction in rates on export iron and steel articles, effective September 6, 1921. In 1920 the tonnage of this business amounted to 4,701,169 tons. The reduction in rates on this traffic averaged \$1.66 per ton. A reduction of 58.3 cents per ton on imported iron ore is just becoming effective. In 1920 this business amounted to 1,231,094 tons. The average railroad rate freight from port to furnace was \$2.10.


"Rates on Ex Lake ore are being reduced, a representative reduction amounting to 36.5 cents per ton. In 1920, 33,992,292 tons of ore were shipped by rail from Lake ports to Eastern iron furnaces.

"A compilation by the Pennsylvania Railroad shows that on that system east of Pittsburgh there have been, since September, 1920, a total of 3,871,236 rate reductions. These reductions are in part due to exempting certain articles from the higher class rates and making for them a lower rate. The exceptions on these articles apply from 1225 stations on the Pennsylvania and 1763 stations on lateral lines, making a total number of points of origin of 2988. The number of destination stations to which such rates were effective was 34,561.

"Through tariffs filed by the Central Freight Association Agency, territory rates have been reduced on about 662 commodities, covering approximately 4500 origin points and 10,000 destinations.

"Similar figures could be given for the railroads throughout the country. There has been a constant tendency toward readjustment and reduction of rates ever since the general rate advance of August, 1920, was authorized.

"On some railroads the reductions in rates



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have amounted to more than the reductions in wages so far made, and on many other railroads the reductions in wages allowed no net return on operations, but merely provided against the further accumulation of a deficit."

The bond department of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank is offering the following income-tax-exempt bonds, viz: 5½ per cent. Highway coupon bonds to yield 4.85

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per cent.; State of Oregon 5½ per cent. Highway coupon bonds to yield 4.90, maturing 1936 to 1939, and 4.85 per cent., maturing in 1940 to 1946; City of Los Angeles 5½ per cent. Harbor Improvement bonds to yield 5.10 per cent., maturing 1940 to 1946. Considerably more than 50 per cent. of the above issues having been placed without public offering, the unsold portion is offered strictly subject to prior sale and change in price.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Ben Thorpe.

Not to know one's parentage has been considered a misfortune from various points of view. The man without a known family seemed to the mid-Victorian novelist to be a kind of pariah, seeing that there must always be some doubt as to the reality of marriage certificates and there could not be even the least respectability without a marriage certificate. Later on we grew a little indifferent about marriage certificates with the recognition that "a man's a man for a' that," and even an admitted bar sinister did not necessarily mean exclusion from the ranks of the socially elect. But with the coming of the pseudo-science of heredity the family tree sprang to a new status. It was no longer a case of respectability, but of inherited traits. How could we associate with, still less marry, a man or a woman in whom unsuspected or unmanifested tendencies might lurk like tigers in a jungle?

Mr. Arthur Crabb plays on the heredity string with some emphasis in his new novel. Ben is a wastrel boy who is adopted by John Thorpe and who takes his name. Ben knows nothing of his parents, but he suspects a good deal. No better than they should be, it is to be feared. But Ben is a good boy and a credit to his foster father. He absorbs knowledge like a sponge, passes through school and university with distinction, and becomes a

physician of note. Then Ben wants to marry, having overcome to that extent an apparently innate dislike of women. But how can he marry so long as this spectre of heredity is in the background? He himself may escape, but how about his children? "The sins of the parents," etc. Personally we should like to tell Ben to go ahead and try not to be a donkey, but that can not be done to a novel hero, although often desirable. So we have to wait until Ben has consulted eugenicists and experts, who set his mind at rest for him about the inherited traits. We grow a little tired of Ben's scruples, although scruples are rare enough in young men nowadays. But with this exception we enjoy reading about Ben's career, sincerely hoping that he will be happy ever after and that his children and grandchildren will be all that they should be. And we believe that they will.

BEN THORPE. By Arthur Crabb. New York: Century Company.

Stash of the Marsh Country.

Harold Waldo, a young Californian author, has produced a virile first novel in "Stash of the Marsh Country," which deals with Slavic moodiness and violence and genius in a new style. The book is homogeneous, since its very phraseology reflects the fierce, staccato temperament of Stash Plazarski. The writer puts himself completely into the character; so much so that it is at times difficult for the average non-Slavic reader to follow the quaint, vigorous dashes of dialogue and description. But Stash is always alive. He grips you, though you can not always understand him, from his first appearance as a little boy with a large spirit to his exit as a saddened, chastened man with aspirations dimmed, though not one must believe—destroyed. He departs for the war world of Europe, wounded and a shade embittered by his own land's economic strife. And while his exit is dramatic, it leaves many loose ends waving in the winds of chance. Even those who have no patience with the stereotyped felicity of obvious conclusions might be grateful to the author for a bit more terminative information. But perhaps there is to be a sequel.

Here are some of Waldo's splashes of verbal color:

The rich blackness of the trees over-arched his mood with something vaulted and sighing, as if an unknown music were whispering there.

Varsh is the hero's brother, and his death while resisting arrest is described in the following manner:

From the last peak of defiance and despair he hurled himself at them. . . . Suddenly he was in the dark. . . . Then a crashing light glared through him blazing down his scorched, astonished soul. . . . But he awoke to life again—such as in a dream. . . . Something wept and sang for him! . . . Then a faint humming like infinite unknown news thinning down a dim wire . . . dimming . . . out.

The book is well worth reading. As a promise of bigger and more finished work, it is even more important.

STASH OF THE MARSH COUNTRY. By Harold Waldo. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

In Defense of Japan

A writer who maintains that the problem of Asia will be solved by the Christianization of Japan commands our interest if not our respect. Europe and America have now been Christianized for a good many years, but this did not prevent most of the Christian nations of the world from destroying each other while Pagan Asia looked on peaceful, wondering, and contemptuous.

Mr. George Gleason, author of "What Shall I Think of Japan?" has been a religious worker in Japan for nineteen years, and like most of his ilk, avid for converts, he is unwilling that political discords shall mar the fertility of the missionary field. Japan, he tells us, has made blunders. He devotes a chapter to them. But Japan means well. She has been the victim of misrepresentation. It is true that she has antagonized China—also a missionary field—but a sympathetic attempt to understand her ideas would speedily clear away the clouds that now obscure the international situation.

Without in any way impugning the motives of Mr. Gleason we can not regard his book as impartial or illuminating. It is a special plea, and a special plea made with a constant and unwavering eye upon missionary efforts which are thus made the yardstick, so to speak, for the measurement of all Asiatic affairs.

WHAT SHALL I THINK OF JAPAN? By George Gleason. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

Briefer Reviews.

There are a good many people who read essays about hooks instead of the hooks themselves, a convenient practice for those who would be always ready for a literary turn in the dinner-table conversation. Mr. A. Clutton-Brock's essays may be warmly recommended for that purpose, as well as for seri-

ous reading. "More Essays on Books," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (\$2), is a second volume of hijon writings in which appear the names of Walt Whitman, George Herbert, George Meredith, Edgar Allan Poe, and Tolstoy.

"Secrets of the Earth," by Chelsea Curtis Fraser (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60), is a discussion of economic geology for young people. The author presents the dramatic side of the mining of coal, iron ore, copper, oil, gold, silver, salt, and many others; and treats of their importance in the industrial world.

"The Soul of an Immigrant," by Constantine M. Panunzio (The Macmillan Company; \$2), is a story of Americanization. As a personal record of idealism, injustice, suffering, and final achievement, the book will appeal to all sympathies. But it has a still greater importance in the light it throws on the problems of immigration and the future of the foreigner in this country.

"Wonder Tales from Russia," by Jeremiah Curtin (Little, Brown & Co.; \$2), is a collection of Russian folk-tales written down by Mr. Curtin just as they have been told in Russia for hundreds of years. They are tales of heroes and princesses, of magic, and of adventure. Although the precision of this translation will make the book a valuable reference work, they will also be a delight to children both for their easy diction and for their difference from the ordinary fairy tale.

"One-Act Plays," by Alice Brown (The Macmillan Company; \$2.25), consists of nine plays by the author of "The Prisoner" and "The Wind Between the Worlds." Several of these plays have been produced by little theatre companies and all of them are a welcome addition to the literature of port-mantau plays. Among the new work, published here for the first time, are "Doctor Auntie," "The Sugar House," "A March Wind," "Milly Dear," and "The Crimson Lake."

"A Short World History," by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2), is not an epitome of human history. The author has assumed in his reader general knowledge of the chief events, places, and persons of history; and he does not deal with biographic, military, or political details. His object has been to trace the line of economic development throughout the rise and fall of empires, showing the general principles of cause and effect. As the study of economics should form part of every one's education, this method of interpreting history should be a welcome adjunct to the usual narrative of historical events.

"A Painter in Palestine," by Donald Maxwell (John Lane Company; \$2), is the chronicle of an impromptu pilgrimage through the Holy Land with Bible and sketchbook. The author journeyed by cart from Galilee in company with a Syrian medical student, an Italian monk, and an Armenian commercial traveler. Having reached Jerusalem by way of Samaria, he proceeded on horseback

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through the deserts of Judaea by the Kidson Gorge to the Dead Sea Cleft. Mr. Maxwell states his purpose is to throw light on many phases of the Bible whose true perspective is not generally grasped because of the prevailing ignorance of biblical typography. Mr. Maxwell's drawings are a great aid to his interpretation of Bible lore.

M. Robert Chauvelot, author of "Mysterious India," is the son-in-law of Alphonse Daudet and a cousin of Maurice Donnay. The book is said to contain more intimate accounts of the inside of high-caste native life than have ever before been vouchsafed to the many whom India perennially fascinates from afar. A Frenchman has greater freedom to discuss such matters than has an Englishman, while at the same time an entrée may be prepared for him, as in this case, by association with native rulers in Paris. Many a prince and maharajah finds his chief delight in Parisian elegance, and one of the most delightful and astonishing of the native affairs described in the book is, say the publishers, the magnificent marriage of a native prince, strictly according to native usage, but attended by a whole flock of notables from France.

Gilbert M. Tucker, author of "American English" (Knopf), has been requested by the Pure English Society of London to prepare a paper on words that are needed to supply deficiencies in English.

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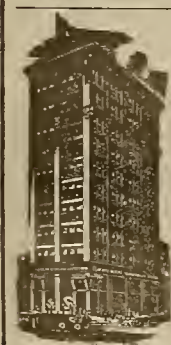
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What is Socialism.

It may be doubted if scientific expositions of socialism or scientific attacks upon it have much effect in expediting or retarding the movement at this particular stage of the game. Socialism as a concrete and alternative method of governmental economics seems to be dead in America. Even among the educated classes we find very few who are at all acquainted or concerned with the definite theories of Marx or interested in his success as a political prophet. Denunciations of capital are necessarily discounted by those who are themselves capitalists through the ownership of a savings bank account, a Liberty Bond, or a home, or who hope to reach that position. Socialism in America usually means no more than the avarice felt by those who have nothing toward those who have something, and that such elements as these should attain a certain dangerous cohesion is perhaps due not so much to the inculcation of socialism as to democracy itself.

But for those who have an intellectual interest in socialism and its fallacies there can be no better book than that of Professor James Edward Le Rossignol of the University of Nebraska. Here we have an analytic presentation of the Marxian theories and a careful survey of the facts that tend to their refutation. A valuable chapter is devoted to Russian Bolshevism and there is also an appendix on the Nonpartisan League. Professor Le Rossignol's book may be safely recommended alike to the student of economics and to the general reader.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM? By James Edward Le Rossignol. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.

Liza of Lambeth.

It is to a London unknown except to the confirmed and impenitent Londoner that Mr. W. Somerset Maugham introduces us. There is a London of mean streets wherein all the houses are precisely alike. The women sit on the doorsteps and exchange maternal confidences about babies, past, present, and to come. The men are nearly all drunken and they are usually obscene, more so than their wives, which is to say much. The children play noisily, and they have a horrid familiarity with the inner mysteries. The young women regard their virtue, not as something sacred, but as something that it will be detrimental to lose.

Liza belongs to this malodorous world. She is not at all nice in her speech. "Old Jellybelly" from her lips is no more than gentle badinage. But Liza, speaking from the standpoint of what may be called relativity, is a nice girl, the life of the street, and always ready to oblige. Indeed, she is too ready to oblige, and it gets her into sad trouble with a married man whose wife, for good and sufficient reasons, calls her a "dirty little bitch" and beats her nearly to death in the open street.

It is by no means a pretty story, although the actual happenings, stripped of their settings, are not unlike those that occur elsewhere and of which quite pretty stories are told. Here we have elemental passion, naked and not ashamed, and it is equally irresistible in all classes of the human family.

LIZA OF LAMBETH. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

Miss Lulu Bett.

When Zona Gale wrote "Miss Lulu Bett" she was applauded for her courage in drawing a portrait of the commonplace American, that is to say of nearly all of us. Her characters said nothing and did nothing that was in the least unusual. They had neither ideals nor imagination; they were neither good nor bad. We scanned them in vain for a single prismatic color. There was nothing there but the neutral tint of insignificance and banality. Dwight Herbert, the "hero," sometimes rose nearly to the level of our contempt and we detested his pest of a child, Monona, but the rest of the cast left us cold and moist. There was nothing to be said or thought about any of them. It was something of a *tour de force* to write such a story. It was admirably done because the author had evidently achieved her purpose, which was to hold up a mirror for our fascinated gaze and for the correction of our self-esteem.

The story has now been dramatized by the author herself, and it is to be played here at the Alcazar Theatre on December 5th, 6th, and 7th in aid of the funds for the Woman's Auxiliary of the University Hospital to facilitate Dr. Lucas' free clinic work at that institution. It may be said that the play was awarded the \$1000 Pulitzer Prize as the best American play of the year.

MISS LULU BETT. A Play. By Zona Gale. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75.

The Tortoise.

Why women run away from good husbands to had lovers has never been adequately explained. But they do, incidentally furnishing a living to the popular novelist.

In this instance the woman is the lovely

and ethereal Helen Chubb. Her husband is a British statesman and we are allowed to suppose that he is of an unlovely exterior, but that can hardly be considered to matter in a man, particularly when the inward graces are so marked. But Helen has fallen in love with a young French officer, Jocelyn de St. Christe, and she leaves her husband to join her lover in Paris, only to receive a curt and lying message that he has just left for the front. Jocelyn can not be bothered with women just then. It is a time, as he says, for concluding love affairs, not beginning them.

Helen, having hurned her bridges, devotes herself to works of mercy with the wounded by way of penitence and expiation. Her husband, stunned and bewildered, joins the British army as a private. Of course, we foresee the end. Not even the war is big enough to hold these two apart, while as for Jocelyn—well, we feel that Jocelyn may go to the devil, although really he is not so very much to blame as things go nowadays. The story is dramatically told, staccato style, particularly in its war episodes.

THE TORTOISE. By Mary Borden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Allen Johnson, professor of American history at Yale University, has completed the work he has been engaged upon for the last five years as editor of "The Chronicles of America," the final ten volumes of which have just been published by the Yale University Press.

Frank Stayton, the author of "Threads," an English novel just published by the Century Company, is a dramatist who has had nearly two dozen plays produced in England.

Boswell's "Life of Johnson" and "Tour in the Hebrides" will appear in a new edition this fall from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co. The work, which will be in ten large octavo volumes, will contain a general introduction by Professor Osgood of Princeton, and there will be ten separate introductions, one to each volume.

Mr. Philip Marden, author of "Sailing South," has with his brother just purchased the *Courier-Citizen* of Lowell, Massachusetts.

The Century Company announces that it is again reprinting "The New Map of Asia," by Herbert Adams Gihbons. The book has been the object of a suddenly accelerated demand, apparently in response to the general interest in Asian questions awakened by the arms limitation conference.

Dr. Owen Rowe O'Neil, author of "Adventures in Swaziland," was born in South Africa under conditions which were still characteristically pioneer. He says: "I spent my entire childhood without white playmates, except for my sister Ellen. My old nurse was a Mapor woman. She was faithfulness personified, and I led her a merry dance. Her only garment was a loin cloth made of a duiker skin, and on account of her scant clothing my older brothers nicknamed her 'Jass,' which means overcoat. Jass was the mother of several little Mapors, the scars on her forehead showing the number."

In November the Houghton Mifflin Company are publishing "Fir-Flower Tablets," a collection of translations from the Chinese poets, mostly of the Tang period. The poems are translated from the Chinese by Florence Ayscough, and the English version is by Amy Lowell. This collaboration of a lifelong resident of China, an honorary member and librarian of the North China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and a poet of such distinction as Miss Lowell results in a most remarkable volume.

It was fifty years ago last month that the famous O'Leary cow kicked over the lantern and started the great Chicago fire. And from the charred ruins of the fire sprang up the first really modern city, built in a style known the world over as "the Chicago School," and the "Plan of Chicago" was evolved. Daniel H. Burnham, more than any other one architect, was responsible for the manner in which the city was rebuilt and the "plan" on which its parks and boulevards are still being laid out. It is appropriate that a sumptuous two-volume study of his life and work should be published just fifty years within a few days of the anniversary of the great fire. Mr. Charles Moore, a lifelong friend and associate of the great city planner, has written "Daniel H. Burnham, Architect, Planner of Cities," which the Houghton Mifflin Company published on the 14th of October.

Beatrice Grimshaw is said to be the most-traveled lady adventurer of our day. After voyaging about among the little-known places of the earth, she has bought a home on an island in the South Seas, a region that furnishes the background for her latest novels.

Mr. Lennox Simpson, who writes under the name of B. L. Putnam Weale, will represent the Chinese government at the coming Washington conference. His recent book, "The



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Truth About China and Japan" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is based upon his intimate knowledge of conditions in the Orient. Of English parentage, Mr. Simpson has lived in China since childhood, and for years has been a trusted adviser of the Chinese government.

Archibald Marshall, the popular English novelist, whose host of admirers in this country is ever increasing, has spent the summer in Minnesota with relatives, in Michigan with Dr. Lyon Phelps and with the Cooper family, descendants of James Fenimore Cooper at Cooperstown, New York. After staying long enough in New York City to visit Coney Island, the playground of the metropolis, Mr. Marshall recently departed for the Berkshire Hills in Connecticut, and is now enjoying a daily game of golf with George Barr McCutcheon, his American contemporary.

Robert W. Service, the poet of the Yukon, has just reached America, to spend the winter in California with his wife and young daughter. Mr. Service's home is in Paris, but for several years he has spent his winters in Monte Carlo, studying the types of people from all over the world who pass through that unique place. This fact lends interest to the announcement from his publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., that they will issue early next year a novel by Mr. Service, which centres about the famous Casino at Monte Carlo. The story is to be called "The Purple Paradise," and Mr. Service writes, "I fear I have made my dear old Monte Carlo a sink of iniquity."

New Books Received.

THE RUIN OF THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION AND THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

With some consideration of conditions in the Europe of today.

IF I MAY. By A. A. Milne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

ANDRIVUS HEDULIO. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Adventures of a Roman nobleman in the days of the empire.

ADVENTURES IN SWAZILAND. By Owen Rowe O'Neil. New York: The Century Company; \$4.

The story of a South African Boer.

MISS LULU BETT. A play by Zona Gale. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75.

MARTIN CONISBY'S VENGEANCE. By Jeffery Farnd. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.

A pirate romance.

LOVERS AND FRIENDS. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90.

A story of love and intrigue in high society.

SOLO SOUTH. By William Almon Wolff. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

A novel of diplomatic life in South America.

AARON WEST. By John Knittel. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

A novel of the sea by a Swiss author.

THEIR FRIENDLY ENEMY. By Gardner Hunting. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

THE MINO HEALER. By Ralph Durand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

A novel.

A TALE OF A WALLEO TOWN. By B. 8266.—Penitentiary. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.

Penitentiary verses.

REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS. By British and Irish authors. Selected by Barrett H. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3.

ONE-ACT PLAYS. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

THE SOUL OF AN IMMIGRANT. By Constantine M. Panunzio. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Autobiography.

LAZY MATILDA. Written and illustrated by

Katharine Pyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Verse for children.

FORTUNE AT BANDY'S FLAT. By Camilla Kenyon. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

A novel for young people.

PEMBROKE LORRY, CAMP-FIRE GIRL. By Isabel Hornibrook. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

Juvenile.

WONDER TALES FROM RUSSIA. By Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.

Russian fairy tales.

HERO TALES OF IRELAND. By Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.

Irish mythology.

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN. By Lebbeus Mitchell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

Juvenile.

A Spanish Author.

Countess Emilia Pardo Bazan, who died in Madrid a short time ago at the age of seventy-eight, was one of the most widely known of Spanish writers, her works having been translated into many languages long before Vicente Blasco-Ibañez began to attract attention. At a time when the learned lady was still looked upon in Spain with no discoverable approval Countess Bazan achieved a reputation as novelist, historian, critic, and scholar. She is said to have written more than two thousand short stories, besides a number of historical works, books of travel, and one severe criticism of French society, which caused no little displeasure in France, coming as it did from the pen of a friend of Hugo, Daudet, Zola, and Anatole France. As a lecturer she has never had an equal in Spain. She was the first woman to draw an interested audience at the Madrid Athenaeum, and ultimately won official recognition, being appointed to the chair of modern literature in Madrid University. The students showed their disapproval of a woman's occupancy of the professorial chair by absenting themselves from all lectures. During her academic career she had but one pupil, to whom she delivered her lectures, until his death caused her academic career to end for lack of pupils. She was of aristocratic family, and supported the Pretender, Don Carlos, with her money and her pen. Even after Alfonso XII had ascended the throne, she dared visit Don Carlos in exile.

American agricultural methods, as portrayed in motion pictures, are in great demand in all parts of the world, according to the Department of Agriculture.

Forty-four hundred persons committed suicide in Hungary during 1920. In addition there were more than 10,000 unsuccessful attempts at suicide.

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BOOKS AND ART

PAVLELDER'S



SHAKESPEARE AGAIN.

The immense success of the last Mantell engagement warranted a speedy return by the Shakespearean star, who is at the Columbia Theatre for a two weeks' season of Shakespearean plays.

The Robert Mantell organization has proved that it is needed and wanted by the rising generation, who wish to see acted the plays of Shakespeare that they have studied in high school courses.

Beside these young students old stand-bys turn out, and Mantell thus has a special following who can see the Shakespearean drama respectfully if not inspiringly given.

Mantell, however, if he can not make Shakespeare pay unless he has cheap support, licks his recruits into pretty good shape. His company must be a godsend to aspiring young actors who like the feel of the Shakespearean lines on their tongues and the sound of it in their ears.

Mr. Mantell himself always gives authoritative interpretations of those great creations which seem to have won an earthly immortality, and his great skill in moulding his physical qualifications into suitable accord with each rôle helps to lend him a multiple personality.

He is probably a god to his young men, who seek conscientiously to read their lines in a manner to win his approval. Nice boys they look to be, who, after they have run their little Shakespearean enthusiasms out and embarked on other lines, will probably always recall their Mantell engagements with pleasure.

Miss Genevieve Hamper is being rather more featured than formerly, and her no doubt proud possessor sees to it that she is always costumed picturesquely and richly, as a suitable setting for her indubitable beauty.

The young lady is a conscientious pupil, and reads her lines most creditably. But her lack is the sacred spark of pronounced personality and initiative. She is the earnest, comely, and most indispensable disciple.

Mantell's audiences, however, or the youthful part of them, find nothing lacking, and Miss Hamper's Julie on Monday night and Portia on Tuesday night plainly supplied, in the estimation of the audience, the necessary element of youth, beauty, and romance.

Mantell sometimes allows his young recruits to play down to the admiring and indiscriminating youth in his audience, but generally speaking they get what they want, a creditable and careful representation of the Shakespearean drama, with a star at the head of it who knows the traditions and does his work well.

"TEA FOR THREE."

This comedy of Roi Cooper Megrue's is really a delightful play, full of wit, humor, and wholesome and agreeable sentiment. I saw it before at the then Curran, but it is very easy to forget the plot and action of a play when one sees many, and I joined with the audience in heartily enjoying "Tea for Three" all over again.

Whether or not the idea the author of the play advances, which is, apparently, that it is quite safe for a pretty young wife to maintain an intimate friendship with a nice, breezy, witty, delightful, companionable, entertaining idealist with a cynic's exterior, a discerning intelligence, and an open and avowed love for said young woman is another question. Platonic friendships are possible, sometimes, with one of a pair, but seldom with both. In this case the young woman is presumed to be safe because she loves her husband. But it is not so very difficult for a young woman who is apparently safely and snugly in love with her husband to fall out again when there is an attentive and exhilarating young man breezing around who, in spite of his manifest intentions to keep to the straight path, declares that she is, always was, and ever shall be the only woman in the world for him. Is not that so, *messieurs les maris*?

Well, anyway, the author, if he doesn't precisely prove his case, at least entertains us hugely in trying to; and incidentally creates, in the husband and the friend, two clever characterizations. For the husband is the kind of person that we can easily imagine as a compelling wooer, although he is rather too self-centered and engrossing as a husband.

Philip, the friend, is an entertaining talker, who, under the guise of cynicism, reveals himself as a man of tenderness, of constancy, and of deep sentiment. From his tongue flows the utterance of some of the author's convictions, we feel sure; little touches of a philosophy of life that makes us like Roi Cooper Megrue.

There are only two other rôles—servants—in the play beside the three main characters, but so neat, compact, humorous, yet feeling are action and dialogue that we need no more.

Ann O'Day makes a pretty and attractive young wife, her frank, blue-eyed look of innocence blending agreeably with a rôle in which the dissimulation practiced is harmless both in intention and execution.

Until Doris finds herself in the hewerment of sudden and unexpected grief in the last act Miss O'Day measurably satisfied our conceptions of the pretty and pleasing young wife who was loyal to both husband and friend. But the actress rather fell down in her attempt at expressing grief. For there, again, is another case of a young actress who has not realized the importance of learning the mechanics of stage weeping and stage laughter before she ever stepped upon the stage in a public representation.

However, the young lady was so pleasing to look upon, was gownned so prettily, and did her comings and goings, her donnings and divestings of smart hats and wraps, and her pretty warblings at the piano so charmingly that her merits well exceeded her faults.

Mr. Maitland successfully accomplished the conveyance of Philip's breezy companionableness and fundamental worth and sincerity under a superficially flippant demeanor, and deserves praise for his mastery of a voluminous rôle always pitched in a key difficult to maintain; that of steadily maintained vivacity: a rôle that must have required a lot of study.

Mr. John Fee, his leading man, gave to the rôle of the husband the comedy value resulting from the intense seriousness of an absolutely humorless man caught in lightly woven nets. Mr. Fee is always gratifyingly thorough in his work, as indicated by his free facial play and the variety of his vocal inflections.

A minor but helpful touch to the good tone of the performance was given by William Guilbert as the valet, and more particularly by Marie Dickson, a smart and pretty girl, who put snap and individuality into her work as Doris' competent maid.

LITTLE THEATRES.

The healthy, even vigorous career of the Players Theatre is being proved by the elated claim of the Players Club that the theatre is making money. Good houses of an unpaying nature supply the ocular proof, and another is the support offered the present programme, which, by request, will be continued an extra week—which will be Friday and Saturday of the present week.

Following this programme will come the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Yeomen of the Guard," which will have its première on November 11th. The management signalizes this engagement by giving a matinée performance on November 26th; a course which is warranted by the rarity of public performances of this opera. I believe that it was given in recent years during a Gilbert and Sullivan revival, but it still remains a novelty, as it was never made well known to the public even during the biggest vogue of those Gilbert and Sullivan operas best known to fame.

The healthy communal impulse of which little theatres are the expression received another impetus this week in the Sequoia Little Theatre, which is to be dedicated to the performance of exceptional plays not usually found in commercial theatres; such, for instance, as Masefield's "The Locked Chest," the two other offerings being "The Stepmother," by Arnold Bennett, and "Two Pierrots," which was translated from the French by Miss Ruth Brenner.

The young organization, which aims to offer an outlet for penned-up dramatic talent, made a promising beginning, showing excellent common sense in avoiding elaborations in sets and lighting.

The enterprise recalls that undertaken by the late Mr. Norbert Cills, whose untimely death ended efforts then being made to establish a neighborhood or community theatre. If these young enthusiasms and energies could be blended into one the gain would be proportionately greater, and it is hoped by Miss Ruth Brenner, who is heading the present effort, that such may be the case, out of which combination should result a community theatre.

LOCAL TALENT.

This talk of Henry Miller's about making San Francisco a producing centre may result in something. When two players whose rosy youth is o'er can as stars gather in \$76,000 on a short Californian engagement he sure that Eastern managers who are suffering from

the theatrical slump are gazing enviously and thoughtfully, not to say speculatively, our way, and saying, "Why not?"

But I have a persistent idea that Henry Miller has a persistent idea which is heckoning him to San Francisco. "Why not," he probably, or possibly anyway, says to himself, "give up the New York game and settle down in San Francisco, with whose theatre-going citizens I certainly am very solid, and there devote myself to developing my Pet Idea?"

And we, too, in San Francisco say enthusiastically, "Why not? Come on, Henry, we're with you!"

Well, business is business, and the actor-manager who has been so successful in the East will not come to settle here unless he sees some surety that success will crown his efforts.

It would mean much to us, slavishly dependent as we are on attractions far away, across a several-thousand-miles-wide continent. And San Francisco has always had plenty of talent here, aside from the attraction it irresistibly exercises on the artist fraternity, who feel their abilities mellow and expand in its favoring atmosphere.

If Henry Miller—or, possibly, some other big man of the theatre—should begin to produce here, not only would they polish and develop native stage talent, making it worthy to stand beside the finished artists they would import from the East, but they would very soon discover that local artists of the hush are here, ready to dedicate talent, energy, and enthusiasm to originating costumes and sets for the locally produced plays. Some such artists are already doing notably promising work now; Mr. Gerstle Mack, for instance, at the Players Theatre.

I wonder if many San Franciscans are aware that one of the most gifted New York designers of costumes and sets for the theatre is a San Franciscan who received her first art training at our San Francisco School of Design.

Albertine Randall Wheelan's name was widely known in this community, for the talent that Virgil Williams, then head of the art school, noted and encouraged had an early flowering. Very early in life the young artist passed the stage of decorating dinner and menu cards, and began to illustrate for *St. Nicholas*, her first appearance in the pages of that magazine being as an illustrator of the verses of a local writer.

But the versatile young artist speedily realized her own ability to compose verses which she herself illustrated, and then was developed her marked talent for dainty and delicate caricature. All the insect and animal world was called on for those numerous enchanting travesties of ridiculous humans that we saw in the pages of *St. Nicholas* and other periodicals. Miss Randall—as she was then—showed an ability that was near—and perhaps quite—genius for making those fine, delicate strokes and lines express a blending of the animal and the human, the finished result characterized by the most deliciously original humor.

Many who had examples of her work lost them during the fire, but to the Bohemian Club was presented, within a year or two, a cartoon by Albertine Randall Wheelan memorializing in permanent form the first "Burial of Care" ever undertaken at a Bohemian Club jinks. The idea was advanced by Mr. Vanderlyn Stow, sire for the occasion, who hit upon it for the motif of the entire jinks. Captain Robert Fletcher wrote a play to illustrate the idea, so perhaps the two men may be said to share the paternity of the annual Grove Play.

But the earthquake and fire came, and the local atmosphere was not favorable to art. Thus did Albertine Randall Wheelan go, as do so many of our gifted ones, to New York, and there for a number of years she has devoted the major part of her time to designing costumes and sets for the David Belasco, Henry Savage, and other theatrical productions.

In this work Mrs. Wheelan spared no pains to get local color, to obtain which she would travel to distant places or embark upon a time-devouring quest by correspondence for historically correct detail.

Probably her first work of this kind was in supplying plates for the sets and costumes of Belasco's "Rose of the Rancho," while some of her most recent designs were used for the elaborate and costly production of Guitry's "Deburau."

Beautiful color effects are a characteristic of her work in this line, which she is called upon sometimes to exercise in special costumes for individual artists who are not satisfied with the costume established by tradition.

To do work of this kind has meant, probably, earning more money and less fame, for the existence of the designer of costumes and sets is scarcely realized by the careless theatre-going public, which accepts everything as the work of the producer, although there is now a growing tendency to give the scenic artist credit where credit is due.

But there are many illustrated books which show the fruits of Mrs. Wheelan's industry in her earlier specialties, even during these busy years. Probably the memory of her

most original, enchanting, and daintily humorous animal travesties of humans is deeply stamped upon the minds of the present generation, who saw them in childhood when Mrs. Wheelan was employing her nimble brush and equally nimble fancy in illustrating quaint rhymes, fairy tales, and the whimsical fancies that delight both children and adults.

Hers is a unique, a delicate, and most charming talent. But under favoring condition one feels that there are others, not so gifted perhaps, but with great latent possibilities who would form one of the staff around Henry Miller as a local producer and help him in his dream of realizing that in the atirical production San Francisco may yet stand on her own feet.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Emma Calvé's is still a name to conjure with. The famous diva, once so widely heralded over the world, but who, in London, recently announced her coming retirement from the stage and her intention of training promising young singers in the principles of her art, is making her preparations for a farewell tour of the United States.

David Belasco has revived "The Easiest Way," with Frances Starr still in the cast. In spite of the play being a little weary and hlaed, Belasco has not failed to give it the usual careful investiture of scenery and costume, and so well known is the play by name that it is sure to attract the patronage of the rising generation; who, it may be added, or quite a proportion of them, anyway, may find some profit in the very obvious and rather melodramatically deduced moral it conveys.

Isadora Duncan has gone to Moscow, and is now an ardent Bolshevik; or she thinks she is, although, like Emma Goldman, she may change her mind.

Miss Duncan received from the present Russian government an offer that she considered favorably. She was to give her aid in founding a ballet school in the Bolshevik capital.

Miss Duncan, it seems, is hard up, as she was obliged to "tighten her belt" when she received and refused hase offers from the prosperous bourgeoisie to frighten their salons with exhibitions of her art. And our guess is that she will be stony broke when she gets through.

Al Jolson has a new play; a Hawaiian affair called "Aloha Lei"—"a pretty thing," says Al. "Showing how a pair of lovers would rather have a straight ticket to Paradise than die a lingering death on the leper island."

Al is learning a few things about the cost of play production. He says you pay \$500, and then it costs \$20,000 to hold on to that \$500.

Years ago a venerable play called "Heartsease" didn't get over on account of its squashy sentimentality. Then some financial genius had the inspiration to make it a costume play, and immediately it went strong, with Henry Miller's then entrancing legs in the star rôle. The public loved Henry in the

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role, and he was obliged to figure in so many revivals of it that it seemed to him as if the accursed piece of stage sugar would never die.

But there's a silver lining to every cloud. The legs finally lost their prized slenderness, and "Heartsease" lost its deadly grip.

And today "The Bad Man," which was originally designed to be red-hot melodrama, made audiences to laugh instead of to be blood-curdled. This time it was Holbrook Blinn who had the inspiration. "Since laugh they will," said he, "we will give them more occasion." And "The Bad Man" changed its name and its classification and became a foolish but financially successful comedy.

Such are the ups and downs for the writers of plays.

Here's the enterprise: To save his lordship the theatrical manager from the drudgery of reading a play the Packard Agency—a New York concern—are going to have try-outs of plays, in which curtains will officiate as scenery and the players will provide their own costumes. There will, of course, be a minimum of expense for all concerned, and the players who give their time do so on the chance of making an impression on the managerial outfit, while the playwright makes his return by yielding to the agency a slight percentage of his royalties. What happens if there are none deponent sayeth not.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Harold Ashton Rigby of Croydon has succeeded in crossing the Straits of Dover on his watercycle. Soon after leaving Folkestone at 5 a. m. Mr. Rigby encountered heavy seas, big waves frequently dashing over him. Rainstorms were also met with, but Mr. Rigby pluckily kept on and safely reached Calais. The journey occupied eleven hours. His plan to cycle back to England again had to be abandoned on account of the rough weather.

An expert restorer of ancient documents in Washington is able to split a thin sheet of paper, separating the writing on the two sides, insert a middle layer of paper, and cover the entire sheet with a thin silk gauze. This enables the document to stand considerable handling.

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The Columbia Theatre.

Two of his most powerfully dramatic characterizations, King Lear and Louis XI, are included in the second week's repertoire of Robert B. Mantell at the Columbia Theatre. In addition "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Richelieu," "Macbeth," and "As You Like It" will be repeated from the first week. His production of "Othello," new this season, has been reserved as the opening bill for the third week.

"King Lear" will be played Monday night. It was in this tragedy, the climactic work of Shakespeare's genius, that Mr. Mantell, more than a decade ago, established firmly his place among the stage immortals. He is the first important Lear since Forrest, neither Booth nor Irving having succeeded in scoring decisively in the play Charles Lamb declared beyond the powers of mortal actor. The fact that Mr. Mantell has won his most distinguished laurels as Lear is proof positive of his genius.

"Louis XI," scheduled for Thursday night, is the work of Casimir Delavigne, a contemporary of Alexander Dumas, who injected into his historical play the same sort of dash and fire that characterize such novels as the D'Artagnan romances. As the weak and shrunken Louis, Mr. Mantell, an actor of heroic build, is credited with the most amazing piece of physical acting now visible on the English-speaking stage.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Augustus Thomas' comedy, "As a Man Thinks," a play that has survived in the hearts of theatre-goers, comes to the Maitland Playhouse this next week, opening with the usual Monday night performance.

The Thomas play affords splendid opportunities for the Maitland stage and the excellent cast that will this coming week include Ann O'Day, John Fee, Arthur Maitland, and once more that charming ingénue, Marjorie Faraday.

Special stage settings have been devised for the occasion by Director Arthur Maitland, and the performance is one that all who enjoy such performances ought by all means to attend. The first matinee of the week is billed for Tuesday afternoon.

"Tea for Three," the Roi Cooper Megrue comedy, with Ann O'Day in the leading rôle, has proved unusually successful this week. It will close with the Saturday matinee and evening performance.

The Orpheum.

A chameleon changes color at will. It is, therefore, an excellent name for a revue. Corinne ("Queenie") Tilton, well known in vaudeville, is the bright star of "The Chameleon Revue." Originality is the foundation upon which this effervescent bit of mirth,



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melody, and decoration has been built. Miss Tilton is ably assisted by Benny and Western, two eccentric dancing comedians, George Phelps, Violet Follis, and a group of girls. The lyrics are by Cliff Hess and the music by Milton Schwarzwald and B. C. Hilliam.

Bob Hall is volcanically extemporaneous. Hall appears on the stage, asks any one in the audience to select a tune, and then to this tune he can apparently go on like the brook of Tennyson's, making up verse after verse about any one or anything.

Howard Anderson and Rean Graves present themselves in vaudeville's latest skit, called "Living on Air." The title explains the plot of the story. A young married couple decide to beat the high cost of living and the hard-hearted landlord, and so they fly away from the crowds above the noise, bustle, and traffic congestion of the city.

George Barr McCutcheon's story, "Anderson Crow, Detective," was one of the best sellers, and through Jack ("Rube") Clifford, he is becoming a stage favorite. Mr. Clifford is a character actor who specializes in "rube" types. His Station Agent in "Jasper Junction" was a high light in rural characterization and his portrayal of "Anderson Crow, Detective," is as fine a piece of character acting as was that.

Anderson and Yvel announce that they are "Trying to Please," and everywhere they have been seen the verdict is the same. Their attempt is realized with vengeance. Anderson and Yvel are comedy roller skaters.

They are the Follis Girls, not the Follies Girls. Follis is their name—Hazel and Vivian Follis. They are singers and eccentric dancers.

Michon Brothers offer a routine of hand balancing that is nothing short of sensational. Their work is considered among the most difficult of that ever attempted by gymnastic stars.

Whiting and Burt in their final week offer some new "song sayings" and will certainly keep up their reputation as applause winners.

"Beggars Opera."

Perhaps for the first time in the history of the theatre in America a celebrated company from abroad opens its tour of the United States in California. The "Beggars Opera," which has had a brilliant run of three years in London, comes direct to California from the world metropolis, stopping in New York only long enough to transplant company, scenery, and baggage from the docks of the steamship company to the westbound train. General business conditions in the East and the enterprise of the Elwyn Concert Bureau, a West Coast firm, are responsible for this innovation. Last year a part of the London company and their understudies came to America for a brief tour of three or four of the largest cities, which was a very great success. But London clamored and they re-

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turned to complete the run of three years in the city of fog. Now, however, the entire company, including the musicians who play such ancient instruments as the lute and the spinnet, are coming over. The "Beggars Opera" was written and produced in 1728—creating a sensation then because it shocked every one with its frankness and its habit of calling a spade a spade—and had a run that broke all records of the theatre of that period. San Francisco will hear this delicious comedy set to music for two weeks, beginning November 21st, at the Columbia Theatre. New York and Chicago critics last season said such things as "we loved it, it was so melodious, it was so witty, it was so wicked," and "not since the Daghlief Ballet have we been so stirred by a theatrical performance," etc. San Francisco will have the greater advantage of seeing the "Beggars Opera" just as it was given in old London for three years, with the same cast, scenery, costumes, and orchestra. Perhaps the "Beggars Opera" experiment of opening on the West Coast will establish a happy precedent.

"Don," a comedy written by Beserer and played most successfully in New York at the opening of the new Century Theatre, will follow the Augustus Thomas comedy at the Maitland. It will be the first performance of "Don" on the Pacific Coast.

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VANITY FAIR.

A matter for American rejoicing and British lamenting is the sale of Gainsborough's "The Blue Boy"—the most famous of the great portrait painter's works and the gem of the Duke of Westminster's collection. How the characters of James' "Outcry" would have wailed and gnashed their teeth; for that hook was written as a special protest to British owners against selling British paintings abroad. But at the time James did not foresee the war and its wake of profit and of loss. In the present case we are more or less innocent profiteers. England's terrific rates of taxation on rich men's property are certainly not our fault. And we may with a good conscience rejoice at the salutary effect to be produced on our own artless country; for "The Blue Boy" will be one of the very few paintings of first rank owned in America. The Messrs. Duveen are the purchasers at the interesting figure of £170,000, and the sale of "The Blue Boy," together with Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons," are far and away the most important international transfers of paintings of this generation. In fact, "Mrs. Siddons" alone would attract enormous attention, but the Duke of Westminster's combined sale of two such masterpieces for the very considerable sum of £200,000—in round numbers a million dollars—is perhaps unique in art history. The Gainsborough is to be exhibited three weeks in London to soften the righteous wrath of London art lovers, two weeks in Paris for no particular reason that we know of, and alas! only three weeks in New York upon arrival. The canvas of "The Blue Boy" is five feet ten inches in height by four feet wide. The slender figure of the boy is life size; the Van Dyck dress, tunic, and knee breeches are of blue satin; the head is bare; a plumed heaver hat is in the right hand, which hangs at the side, and there is a richly colored landscape background with a cloudy sky. It is supposed to have been painted by Gainsborough to disprove Reynolds' contention that blue was impossible as the principal color of a painting. Sir Joshua holding that color harmony requires a balance of cold and warm tones. It may be remarked in passing that the blue used by Gainsborough was not the cold blue probably meant by Reynolds. Be that as it may, the portrait was hailed with the acclamation it merited and has thrown lustre on the name of Thomas Gainsborough and the art of English portraiture ever since. We should be proud that it is to be housed in America, where it will at least be accessible for great exhibitions of the future.

Traveling in Europe is evidently not an ideal pastime at present, if one may believe current reports. In fact, it would be rather wonderful if it were. It is easy to imagine greater pleasures than flaunting American solvency in the wrack of the storm that is present-day Europe. Still the old resorts on the Italian lakes, on the Riviera, and at Deauville by the Sea have been in admirable working order for wealthy foreigners, and no doubt impecunious Europe has profited as a result. It is not strange that living has been expensive at the aforementioned places. It seems that many people have been lured abroad by the inviting aspect of the exchange. If Ponzi could make a fortune from it, why could they not extract lesser and less hazardous gains. But there is a curious law of compensation in the world to the effect that they who have shall pay. Especially is this true where hotels are concerned. Travelers returning home from spending August and September on the Riviera, in Venice, and at the Italian lakes report prices hitherto undreamed of. Whatever advantages might accrue from the low exchange are blotted out by the ubiquitous tax, which appears and reappears in every conceivable form—"taxe de luxe," "taxe de séjour," "taxe de tourisme," "taxe de mütiles," and "taxe de domestiques." The last-mentioned being the greatest affliction of all, as the servants, secure in their hnsky tax of 15 per cent. for service, render as little of that commodity as they possibly can. Good service, one returned traveler tells us, is a thing of the past, along with other pre-war luxuries. We certainly have to pay for the war.

Another painful phase of the threadbare topic, the high cost of living, recently came to our attention. A French explorer who has spent the last four years in Africa recently returned to France, only to find that our present variety of civilization requires more courage than does the pursuit of safety in the jungle. Our valorous Frenchman and his no less intrepid wife are said to have landed at Marseilles, successfully withstood the shock of paying eighty dollars to have their luggage transported to the railway station, and to have gotten more or less dazedly to Paris. There, however, their stupefaction was complete. With severely shaken nerves—after a day of Parisian prices—they resolved to take the next boat leaving for Africa, where they would return to the Cameroun and once more

pursue a peaceful existence, threatened only by heasts of the jungle and germs that lurk in the tropics. On the whole, rather a sound decision, for one can shoot a lion, but the best marksmanship will not protect us against a profiteer. And the death that lurks hidden in the African jungle is doubtless preferable to the deadly horedom of post-hellum regulations in civilization. We are inclined to envy the foot-free explorer. Would that more of us had his alternative.

American women should rise in a solid phalanx to welcome Elspeth Phelps as their national savior. Miss Phelps—or Mrs. Lionel Fox Pitt, according to whether you consider her professionally or unprofessionally—is a Bond Street dressmaker (we use the English word advisedly) who is coming here to free American women from the fetish of Parisian styles. Miss Phelps, who continues to design dresses under her maiden name, albeit the wife of a nephew of Lord Sheffield, has a large American clientèle, on whose account she makes an annual voyage to the States. Miss Phelps' particular distinction is her emancipation from Parisian dictates. She designs clothes to become the figures of English and American women—figures that at their best are straight, tall, and athletic, not dainty and petite as are those of typical French women. Miss Phelps deserves a special award of some sort for at last discovering this basic difference between the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races. Theoretically, the Parisian dressmakers should set the style for France and Southern Europe only. Strong as they are on flairs, they have not the flair for dressing the husky, light-completed English Juno or Diana. There is an age-old theory to the effect that English women are dowdy. And at last we have the truth of the situation. They are dowdy, of course, because for centuries they have had to wear slightly modified versions of French styles which were even originally the antithesis of becoming to them, and which were not materially improved by acclimatization in English fogs and rains. With a difference in degree it is the same principle as an Oriental dressed in Occidental clothes. Though it is our opinion that a petite olive-tinted belle of the Orient is better suited to the seductive lines of a Parisian creation than are the women of our own race.

We are informed of the Kaiser's sad condition. Reports from his refuge in Doorn say that he is having—very much after the fashion of the King of England—to cut down his household budget. Specifically, he has had to give up his head gardener as well as several other attendants. It is a hard fate to be a king and a harder one, we take it, to be an ex-king. The reported status quo at Doorn has invited attention to the actual fate of the Kaiser. According to German figures published in Germany by one Herr Heinig, the cost of Wilhelm's cottage retreat was \$540,000. That is either the original expenditure or possibly the cost up to date. Where a half-million dollars are concerned a few months more or less are not material. The point is—the world need not be distressed at the harrowing reports of Wilhelm's condition. A servant more or less is nothing in the face of the loyal support he seems to be receiving from the Fatherland.

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There is always a Blue Ribbon Serial, as well, by a standard author, and many special features of note.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Representative Longworth said in a tariff argument: "My opponent's logic reminds me of the chap who was held up by a highwayman. 'Your money or your life,' hissed the highwayman. 'Take my life,' the chap said, 'I'm saving up my money for my old age.'"

Count Georges de Falcon of the French embassy was talking at a Bar Harbor luncheon about the German indemnity. "It does seem large. But Germany is a large and successful country. She says now she can't pay, but we must remember—" And the young man smiled. "We must remember," he added, "that a couple of years ago she said she couldn't lose."

Not a hundred miles from Folkestone a few months ago a wife lay very ill. Having brought up a clever orphan girl, the sick woman called the young woman to her and said: "I shall soon leave my little children motherless. They know you and love you, and after I am gone I want you and my husband to marry." The young woman, hursting into tears, said: "We were just talking about that." The wife recovered.

"I've decided on a name for baby," said the young mother. "I shall call her Euphrosyne." Her husband did not care for the suggestion; but being a tactful fellow, he was far too wise to say so. "Splendid," he said cheerfully. "The first girl I ever loved was called Euphrosyne, and the name has very pleasant memories for me." There was a brief silence. Then: "We will call her Elizabeth, after my mother," said the young wife, firmly.

Lady Duff-Gordon was discussing the movie censorship at a tea. "Some people are against the censorship," she said. "They declare that censorship kills art. To me, though, it isn't a question of art. It's another question altogether. I know a pretty girl whose physician told her last year that she'd have to be operated on for appendicitis. 'Ob, doctor,' said the pretty girl, 'will the scar show?' 'Not unless you go into the films,' the doctor answered."

Thomson came back to the office looking very brown. He had taken two weeks' vacation directly after Easter and he had been told to add several days to his rest period. To the amazement of his boss, however, he asked for a few extra days off. "Why, you've only just had your vacation!" ejaculated the amazed employer. "What do you want the extra days for?" "I want to get married." "Why didn't you get married during your vacation?" the boss inquired. "I didn't want to spoil my vacation in that way," replied Thomson.

An enterprising tradesman sent a doctor a box of cigars which had not been ordered, with a bill for six dollars. The accompanying letter stated that "I have ventured to send these on my initiative, being convinced that you will appreciate their exquisite flavor." In due course the doctor replied: "You have not asked me for a consultation, but I venture to send your three prescriptions, being convinced that you will derive therefrom as much benefit as I shall derive from your cigars. As my charge for a prescription is two dollars, this makes us even."

The conjurer in the village schoolroom had invited any gentleman from the audience to step up on the platform, and a youth had responded. "Now, friend," said the conjurer, "I suppose you consider it a matter of impossibility for me to make the rabbit in that box on the table pass into your coat-tail pocket?" "I dunno about impossibility," was the reply. "but I wouldn't do it if I were you, sir." "Oh, you'll be in no danger, I can assure you," said the sleight-of-hand man airily. "I wasn't thinking about myself," the youth answered calmly. "I was studying the rabbit. I've got a couple of ferrets in my pocket."

Most lawyers know the troublesome rich man who, having an eternal grievance, insists on taking the solicitor's advice on every possible occasion. Such a one entered the office of a hasty man of law the other day. "Johnson of Mudtown has insulted me!" he announced loudly. "He has threatened to pull my nose whenever he meets me. What would you advise me to do?" The hasty writer did not look up from his writing. "If he really threatened to do that," he said judiciously, "my advice is that you soap your nose well; then it will slip through his fingers. Good-day; I will send my bill in due course."

An angler sat on the bank of a canal in Yorkshire, watching his float. Presently a bishop came along with his very pretty

daughter. They stopped to look on. "My friend," said the bishop, "I perceive you are a fisher." "Aye," grunted the angler. "I also am a fisher," said his lordship. "Eh, is that so?" said the man with the rod; "well, Ah'm pleased to meet a fellow-sportsman." "Ah, but there is a misconception in your mind. You are a fisher of fishes and I am a fisher of men." The angler turned around and surveyed the daughter from her head to her heels. "Aye," he said at last, "an' wi' a bait like yon' you ought to get a good hag an' all."

An actor in one of the Broadway theatres once gave the name of one of Dr. Houghton's curates as reference in a business transaction. The merchant made haste to the Little Church Around the Corner and preferred his request for particulars concerning the financial standing and reliability of his proposed customer. "Indeed," said the reverend gentleman, hastily, "I can give you no guaranty, my good sir; I have merely a desultory acquaintance with the gentleman, as he is not a member of our church." "Why, that's very strange," said the merchant, perplexedly; "he told me that he came here regularly." "He does," returned the curate, with a reminiscent smile; "he always gets me to marry him."

It was a thrilling story that Brown had to tell: Disaster, shipwreck, bravery against odds, and wisdom when all wits were scattered—except Brown's. "I had abandoned all hope," he said, when his narrative had run on for an hour. "It was the most hideous sensation imaginable and as I sank for the third time my past life seemed to rise

before me in a series of grim, realistic pictures. I saw everything I had ever done." A murmur of sympathy rolled from the lips of listening friends; but just as Brown was preparing to resume Jones, who was sitting quietly in a corner, interrupted him sharply and hopefully: "And did you happen to notice," he asked, "a picture of me lending you a fiver in the autumn of 1919?"

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, was greatly annoyed last term at Princeton by a hoary old chestnut that some jealous American poet resurrected and affixed to him. Poet Noyes, according to this story, invited a publisher's reader to come to Princeton and pass on a volume of manuscript poetry. The reader duly came and Mr. Noyes ensconced him in an easy chair and proceeded to read him the volume of poems. A half-hour passed, an hour, and Mr. Noyes, hearing an odd, gurgling sound, looked up and saw that the publisher's reader was asleep. "Here, sir," he said sharply. "Wake up, sir. I invited you to Princeton to give an opinion on my verses. How can you give an opinion when you're asleep?" "Sleep," said the publisher's reader with a great yawn—"sleep is an opinion."

She was a rather elderly woman of dusky hue of the kind who looks upon all members of the white race in a friendly, confidential way. And she was arrayed in deepest mourning from head to foot. Also the look upon her face was entirely in keeping with her melancholy array. It certainly seemed that she was dressed up within the last inch of her mournful feelings. But such, alas! was

not the case. For finally she halted before the counter she was seeking—the underwear counter. And this is the conversation that ensued: "Honey," she addressed the young woman clerk, "is you got any black underwear?" "No, auntie," replied the salesgirl, "but I have some very nice white ones. Won't they do?" "No, honey," replied the woman with such a touch of sorrow. "No, they don't do. When I mourns, I mourns clean down to de skin."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Some Epitaphs.

Of Archibald Trelawning I sing.
He stood in Cork and yelled: "God save the King!"
Hair-trigger Harry here doth lie.
The hand is quicker than the eye.
Here lies McNutt O'Boobus Skwirlie.
He put his straw hat on too early.
Here lies Jake Smith—at rest we're hopin'.
He didn't see the drawbridge open.
Bill Boyle lies underneath these stones.
He liked to roll with loaded bones.
Here lies John Timothy O'Ryle.
He thought he could swim a mile.
Alas! I weep for Henry Boot.
He trusted in a parachute.
Here lies Jim Brown, beneath the heather.
He put some TNT together.
Here lies Tom Holt, beneath the sod.
He didn't buy a lightning rod.
To Paradise our Willie went.
He monkeyed with the elephant.
A wonderful actor was Johnny O'Ryle.
He even brought tears to a crocodile.

—Yale Record.

Flubb—Do you helieve in race suicide?
Dubb—That depends on the race.—Life.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mrs. A. Herriott Small of Berkeley has made formal announcement of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marion Small, to Dr. James Eaves of San Francisco. The marriage will be solemnized November 8th at the Burlingame residence of Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Scott, daughter of the late Colonel Guy Scott, U. S. A., and Mrs. Scott, and Mr. Daniel B. Searcy, son of Judge and Mrs. Searcy of Griffin, Georgia, was solemnized at St. Thomas' Church in Washington, D. C., October 27th. An informal reception followed at the residence of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Searcy will reside in Griffin.

The marriage of Mrs. Clara Brown Halsted, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Brown of Watsonville, and Mr. William A. Doyle, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Doyle of San Mateo, was solemnized Wednesday in the rectory of St. Matthew's Church, San Mateo, Rev. Timothy Callaghan officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle will reside at Sea Cliff.

The marriage of Mrs. Florence Blyth Moore and Dr. William E. Musgrave was solemnized Monday at the new residence of the bride in Seal Cliff, Rev. L. B. Hillis officiating. Dr. and Mrs. Musgrave have gone to New York on their honeymoon, but they will be at home by December 15th.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Perkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Perkins, and Mr. Charles C. Trowbridge, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Trowbridge, was solemnized Monday at St. Luke's Church, Rev. Frederick Clappett officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge will reside on Jackson Street on their return from their wedding journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin gave a reception last Friday at the San Francisco residence of Mrs. Eleanor Martin in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Mary Martin. Receiving with the hosts and the honor guests were Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Harry Scott,

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. George Newhall, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Sue McDonald, and Miss Marianne Kuhn.

Complimenting Mrs. Lucien Brunswig and Miss Margaret Brunswig, Mrs. Alexander Field gave a tea Thursday at the Town and Country Club. Some of those present were Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. William von Phul, Mrs. Alexander Black, Mrs. Arthur Redington, Mrs. Thomas Anderson, Mrs. Ettore Avenali, Mrs. Alexander McCrackin, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Germaine Vincent, Mrs. George Lyman, Mrs. William O'Donnell, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Miss Ellen Cunningham, Miss Rosario Moran, Miss Martha Mohun, Miss Louise Braden, and Miss Frances Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee gave a dinner Wednesday. Their guests included Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., and Mr. Dudley Gunn.

Miss Betty Folger and Mr. Robert Miller were made the guests of honor at a dinner Tuesday by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Commander and Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tohin, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Leslie Moore, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Russell Wilson, and Mr. Albert Miller.

In honor of Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Margaret Buckbee gave a luncheon at the Woman's Athletic Club Tuesday. Those present were Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Betty Schmiedell, and Miss Alice Requa.

Miss Frances Lent gave a small luncheon Wednesday for Miss Hélène de Latour.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Atkinson gave a dinner Tuesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, Jr.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster entertained at an informal tea Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear chaperoned a party to their Mount Diablo home over the past week-end. Accepting their hospitality were Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Elita Adams, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Howard Spreckels, and Mr. Jerome Kuhn.

Mrs. M. C. Porter gave a luncheon last week at the Francisca Club, when she entertained Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. F. C. McCreary, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. James Hall, Mrs. William Ireland, Mrs. Wendell Hammon, Mrs. Leland Lathrop, Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson, Mrs. Robert Noble, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. William Shotwell, Mrs. Crawford Clarke, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. A. N. Buchanan, and Mrs. Edward Houghton.

Mr. Warren Leggett and Miss Louise Leggett gave a dinner Monday at the Fairmont, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nichols, and Mrs. Alla Chickering.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a small dinner at the Palace Hotel before her departure for New York. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Dr. Harry Tevis, and Mr. William Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hohart gave an informal dinner Wednesday. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, and Mr. and Mrs. William O'Donnell.

Mrs. Frank Hooper gave a tea last week, when she entertained, among others, Mrs. George Ehrignt, Mrs. Warren Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. George Wolff, Mrs. Charles Corbet, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. William Perkins, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Morse Erskine, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Jr., Mrs. Chouteau Johnson, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Frances Corbet, Miss Helen Lee, Miss Mabel Hathway, and Miss Ola Willett.

Mr. and Mrs. William Denman gave a small dinner Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Lawrence Brown and Miss Lynda Buchanan gave a tea Thursday at the former's new home. Mrs. Crawford Clarke and Mrs. A. N. Buchanan received with the hostesses and others receiving were Mrs. W. S. Franklin, Mrs. George Ehrignt, Mrs. Richard Ireland, Mrs. James Hall, Mrs. Frank Girard, and Mrs. William Ireland.

Mrs. E. W. Alexander gave a luncheon Thursday at the Marin Golf Club. Those present were Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Rex Sherer, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Gustavus Ziel, Mrs. Henry Kuechler, Mrs. George Hind, Mrs. W. T. Bottomly of Honolulu, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. W. F. Sharp, Mrs. C. F. Eckart of Honolulu, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Laura Branson, Miss Marie Lichtenberg, Miss Edith Foster, Miss Olga Korbel, Miss Martha Korbel, Miss Katherine Branson, and Miss Margaret Foster.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson was a luncheon hostess Thursday in Burlingame. Miss Elizabeth Ashe and Mr. Richard McLaren gave a small dinner Saturday at the home of the former, and later they enjoyed dancing at the residence of Miss Alice Griffith. Among those

present were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Avery Ransome, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Audrey Williams, Miss Cornelia Sutton, Miss Betty Gayley, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Evan Evans, Jr., Mr. William Grant, and Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr.

A Hallowe'en costume ball was given last Saturday night at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. William Ashe gave an informal tea last Wednesday for Mrs. Walter Seymour.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin gave a dinner-dance last week in honor of Miss Mary Martin. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Arthur Mejia, Mr. Alan Drum, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. William Crocker, and Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr.

Miss Alice Griffith gave a reception Saturday in honor of Miss Avery Ransome and Mr. William Grant. Among those receiving with the hostesses were Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ransome, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Ransome, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Miss Doris and Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Betty Gayley, Miss Audrey Williams, and Miss Cornelia Sutton.

Miss Mabel Hathway was a luncheon hostess last week at the Fairmont. Her guests were Mrs. George Wolff, Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Rupert Mason, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Mary Harrison, Miss Ola Willett, and Miss Helen Perkins.

Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mrs. Frederick Dohrmann, and Mrs. Arthur Paulsen gave a tea last Thursday at the A. B. C. Dohrmann home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee gave a dinner last week to Mrs. Harry George and Miss Betty George. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Gladys Quarré, Miss Louise Braden, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Georgia Catts, Miss Dorothy Strowbridge of Portland, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Kenneth Montague, Mr. Hugh Porter, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Dr. James Eaves, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Orel Goldacena, Mr. George McNear, Jr., and Mr. Jerd Sullivan.

Complimenting Mrs. Joseph Reeves, Mrs. Alfred Dubois, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Gustavus Ziele, and Miss Marie Lichtenberg gave a luncheon in San Rafael. Among those present were Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Eric Ord, Mrs. W. P. Horn, Mrs. Eugene Plunkett, Miss Anne Pentz, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Miss Margaret Foster, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, Mrs. George Martin, Mrs. George Page, Mrs. Sidney Cushing, Mrs. Charles Foster, Mrs. Donald Campbell, Mrs. Leslie Comyn, Mrs. W. T. Bottomly, Mrs. Pervis Vestal, and Mrs. Forrest Carey.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Naffziger are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a daughter.

A Famous Painting.

"The Pied Piper of Hamelin," Maxfield Parrish's world-renowned painting, will no longer command predominant interest in the Palace Hotel buffet.

Since the opening of the new Palace Hotel in 1909 the "Pied Piper" has graced the walls of the buffet—the famous room which in the early days was the rendezvous of the leaders of the business world when clubs were unknown in the city. Now, as a result of numerous requests, the management of the Palace has decided to place this well-known work of art in the Rose Room, which will be the future home of the "Pied Piper," where it can be leisurely inspected at any time.

Prior to the dry era, women guests at the Palace were not permitted access to the buffet, and many therefore have never had an opportunity of viewing the "Pied Piper." On New Year's Eve, however, in the days when the Eighteenth Amendment was a myth, and when the "on with the dance spirit" prevailed, it is rumored that many members of the fairer sex of San Francisco's Four Hundred besieged the buffet to obtain a view of this much-talked-of picture.

"What do you work at, my poor man?"
"Only at intervals, lady."—Houston Post.

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The Fit—guaranteed correct

The Wear—unusually long

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Commander and Mrs. George Lowrey have arrived in California on their first visit since their marriage in New York a year ago. They are at Coronado, but will come north shortly to visit the latter's father, Mr. Robert Coleman, in Burlingame.

Mrs. Selby Hayne and Mrs. Alvah Kaime have arrived in Paris. They will go to England the middle of the month for a short visit. The two matrons expect to be home by Christmas.

Captain and Mrs. John Ellicott have returned to Mare Island, after a short visit in San Francisco. Miss Kathryn Theuff accompanied them home and will be their house guest for a fortnight.

Dr. Lewis Rutherford Morris and Miss Katherine Morris of New York are visiting Mrs. C. C. Pomeroy in San Rafael. Next week they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark in San Mateo.

Mrs. Frederick Kohl has decided to remain in San Francisco throughout the winter and she has taken apartments at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mrs. Felton Elkins and Miss Marie Louise Elkins are visiting Mrs. William Neilson at the Fairmont. They will leave in a few days for France to spend the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Ernest Folger and Miss Elena Folger returned Saturday from New York, where they have been since their arrival from Europe.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy has returned from New York, accompanied by Señora Florencia Dominguez, Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown, and Don Vicente Dominguez. They are at the Murphy home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt, Jr., will come West in December to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond and Miss Natalie Hammond are spending a few days at the Fairmont on their return from Honolulu. So also are Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hammond, who came out from New York to greet the senior Hammonds on their arrival from the Islands.

Dr. Harry Tevis will go to New York the middle of the month to pass the remainder of the winter with Mrs. Frederick Sharon. The latter has arrived in the Eastern metropolis.

Mrs. George Kelham has returned from the East, where she placed Mr. Bruce Kelham at school in Lawrenceville.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerherding is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bates, who arrived last week from the East. The young couple will also be

the guests of General and Mrs. Carroll Devol in Menlo Park during their sojourn in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field will take possession of the new home they are building the week before Thanksgiving. In the meantime they are residing at apartments on Sutter Street.

Mrs. Richard Ireland and Master Kenneth Ireland have arrived from Scotland and they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Herrmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dhillée have returned to San Francisco, after having passed the warm season in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates have returned to Menlo Park from New York, where they enjoyed a month's stay.

Mrs. Erle Brownell will return to San Francisco next week. She has been in New York for the past six weeks.

Mrs. Edwin Holmes has come up from Pasadena and she is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Richard Canterbury has joined Major Canterbury in New York, after a visit in California.

The Misses Catherine and Elizabeth Vail have come up from Santa Barbara to pass the winter here. They will divide their sojourn between San Francisco and Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee have gone to the southern part of the state for a brief sojourn. Over the week-end they went yachting on the *Gloriana*, taking with them Miss Georgia Catts of Stockton, Miss Janet Winship, Mr. Jerd Sullivan and Mr. Stanford Gwin.

Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence Brown have taken an apartment on Washington Street, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wood and their family have returned from New England, where they passed the summer months.

Mrs. Alan Cline has come down from Seattle and is visiting Mr. Walter MacGavin.

Mrs. Omer Villere has returned to New Orleans, after a brief visit here with Mr. and Mrs. William O'Donnell.

Mrs. William Hincley Taylor has returned from San Rafael, where she enjoyed a week's visit with Mrs. George Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper have returned from Woodside to their Laguna Street residence, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osborne have left for New York and Europe. They will spend the winter in Rome and will go to London for the spring. In the summer they plan a trip to Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dhillée will not come to town this winter, but they will remain for the season at their home in Ross.

Mr. William Leggett and Miss Louise Leggett of New York have decided to remain here throughout the winter. They have returned to Montecito, after a brief visit to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown have returned to their apartment at the St. Francis, after an extended visit in the East, which included a month's visit to their son at Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M. Lawrence and Miss Edna Lawrence have returned from a six weeks' visit to New York and Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox have returned to London from France and are at the Hotel Curzon for the winter. Mrs. Knox entertained recently at a tea. Among her guests were members of the American and Spanish embassies, Mme. Lo of the Chinese Legation, Viscount and Viscountess Templeton, Prince and Princess Lohanof Rostovski, Lord and Lady Arthur Browne, Lady Egerton, Lady Fairhair, Sir Griffith Boynton, General and Mrs. Inglesfield, Colonel Hussey-Walsh, Mrs. Jerome Landfield of California, Mrs. Reginald Brooke, also formerly of California, and Mr. William Gillette, president of the Bachelors' Club.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. A. G. Breitweiser, Mr. C. C. Frisze, Susanville; Mr. George M. Glass, Mr. C. H. Weber, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. David Starr Jordan, Palo Alto; Mr. W. A. Bohland, Lindsay; Mr. and Mrs.

J. E. George, Sacramento; State Senator L. J. Flaherty, San Jose; Mr. Xavier de Teresa, Mexico City; Mr. H. H. Olander, Fresno; Mr. A. M. Briggs, Los Gatos; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Huntington, Oroville; Mr. W. R. McDonald, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. Utah J. Vollmer, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hagler, Fresno; Mr. Marger Blackwell, Seattle; Mr. H. H. McBride, Chicago; Miss Edith A. Goodwin, Seattle.

Hotel St. Francis recent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. William S. Plumer, Topeka; Miss S. M. Ralph, New Zealand; Mr. Charles E. Virden, Sacramento; Mr. George Snyder, Denver; Mr. L. M. Rossi, Santa Rosa; Mr. A. B. Carpenter, Venice; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pierce, Suisun; Mr. P. A. Simon, Mina, Nevada; Mr. T. W. O'Neill, Port Elizabeth, South Africa; Mr. A. H. Crafts, Boston; Mr. William Symons, Butte, Montana; Mr. C. A. Blistan, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hellner, New York; Mr. H. P. Mannen, St. Louis; Mr. F. F. Baldwin, Honolulu; Mr. W. J. Smith, Portland; Mr. E. S. Breckenridge, New York; Mr. C. H. Foley, Boston; Mr. Hague Wolcott, Seattle.

Recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel include Mr. and Mrs. Worth O. Aiken, Maui, Hawaii; Sir Joseph and Lady Ward, New Zealand; Mr. S. A. Asheda, New York; Mr. C. P. McFarland, Mr. F. Lange, Los Angeles; Mr. M. R. Colby, Seattle; Mr. Lou Anger, New York; Mr. James D. Fraser, Eureka; Mr. W. H. McInerney, Mr. R. B. Booth, Honolulu; Mr. T. S. Field, Monterey; Mr. Thomas H. Smith, Manchester, Vermont; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Beatty, Modesto; Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Opelt and two children, Los Angeles; Mr. R. M. Brown, Fairbanks, Alaska; Mr. A. R. Weigall, Korea; Mr. Kent Clark, Kobe, Japan; Dr. W. L. Ellerheck, Salt Lake City; Mr. Max Dyer, Los Angeles.

CURRENT VERSE.

In Dublin Town.

In Dublin town the people see
Gorgeous clouds sail gorgeously;
They are finer, I declare,
Than the clouds of anywhere.

A swirl of blue and red and green,
A stream of blinding gold, a sheen
From silver hill and pearly ridge
Comes each evening on the bridge.

So when you walk in a field, look down,
Lest you tramp on a daisy's crown,
But in a city look always high
And watch the beautiful clouds go by.

—From "Irish Poets of Today," by James Stephens. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Great Seducer.

Who looks too long from this window
At the gray, wide, cold sea,
Where breakers scour the heaches
With fingers of sharp foam;
Who looks too long through the gray pane
At the mad, wild, hold sea,
Shall sell his hearth to a stranger
And turn his back on home.

Who looks too long from his window,
Tho his wife waits by the fireside,
At a ship's wings in the offing,
At a gull's wings on air,
Shall latch his gate behind him.
Tho his cattle call from the byreside,
And kiss his wife, and leave her,
And wander everywhere.

Who looks too long in the twilight,
Or the dawnlight or the moonlight,
Who sees an anchor lifted
And hungers past content,
Shall pack his chest for the world's end,
For alien sun—or moonlight,
And follow the wind, stateless,
To disillusionment!

—Cole Young Rice in Century Magazine.

Virginia City.

In youth when I did love, did love
(To quote the sexton's homely ditty),
I lived six thousand feet above
Sea level, in Virginia City;
The site was bleak, the houses small,
The narrow streets unpaved and slanting,
But now it seems to me of all
The spots on earth the most enchanting.

Let Art with all its cunning strive,
Let Nature lavish all her splendor;
One touch of sentiment will give
A charm more beautiful and tender;
And so that town, howe'er uncouth
To others who have chanced to go there,
Enshrines the ashes of my youth,
And there is Fairyland, or nowhere.

Who tend its marts, who tread its ways,
Are mysteries beyond my guessing;
To me the forms of other days
Are still about its centres pressing;
I know that loving lips are cold,
And true hearts stilled—ah, more the pity!
But in my fancy yet they hold
Their empire in Virginia City.

Unhallowed flames have swept away
The structure in which I delighted,
The streets are grass grown, and decay
Has left the sunny slopes benighted—
But not for me: to my dimmed sight
The town is always like the olden,
As to the captive Israelite
Shone aye Jerusalem the Golden.

I would not like to see it now,
I choose to know it as I then did,
With glorious light upon its brow
And all its features bright and splendid;
Nor would I like that it should see
Me, gray and stooped, a mark for pity,
And learn that time had dealt with me
As hard as with Virginia City.

—Joseph T. Goodman.

Bridge Tea in the Sun Lounge

During the rush of the holiday season, it is very convenient to give your parties in the Sun Lounge of the Hotel Whitcomb, where the social hostess relieves you of all petty details. Your attention is called to the regular monthly bridge-tea to be held Tuesday, November 15.

No admission or cover charge
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An Experiment in Child Nutrition.

Nutritional problems among children of school age will be the subject for intensive study at a two weeks' Nutrition Institute to be conducted in San Francisco from November 9th to November 23d.

Dr. William R. P. Emerson of Boston, authority on nutritional problems and nutrition class methods, will direct the course, which is open primarily to doctors, nurses, teachers, social workers, and mothers.

The classes, which will be both afternoon and evening, will be held in the Redding School, corner Pine and Larkin Streets. Mrs. Helen P. Sanborn, president of the San Francisco board of education, is chairman of the local committee arranging for the institute.

Registration, which is limited to 200, may be made through Dr. Caroline Cook Coffin, 216 Pine Street, Room 206.

A German coffee company is selling coffee from which the caffeine has been extracted. It is claimed that coffee so treated is superior in quality to the bean in its natural state.

There are more than 2,000,000 girls under the age of sixteen employed in various occupations in the United States.

WELL EDUCATED and REFINED French lady, serious musician, is desirous to give piano lessons and would also be available for accompanying work. Coaching French. French conversation. Reasonable charge. Box I, Argonaut office.

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THE regular dividend, for the three months ending October 31st, 1921, of \$1.50 per share, upon the full-paid First Preferred Capital Stock of the Company will be paid on November 15th, 1921, to shareholders of record at the end of the quarterly period. Checks will be mailed in time to reach stockholders on the date they are payable.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

North—Dobbs is from New York. West—But he speaks without a trace of accent!—Judge.

Alice—Gladys never will be up to date. Virginia—Just imagine! She enjoys breakfast!—Judge.

Highbrow—Is she his fiancée? Lowbrow—Naw. That's the skirt he is going to marry. —Williams Purple Cow.

"I can swear as well as my big brother." "Pooh! That's nothin'! I can swear as well as my big sister."—Life.

"Halloa, going for a holiday?" "No—just come back." "By Jove, feel any change?" "Not a hally penny."—Lyons Mail.

Saxony has porcelain money and it is easy to get a large denomination broken at almost any corner drug store.—Los Angeles Times.

She—You interest me strangely—as no man ever has. He—Yes! You told me that last night. She—Oh, was it you?—London Mail.

"You don't object to Mrs. Peckton engaging in politics?" "No," said Mr. Peckton. "Since Mrs. Peckton began to study party platforms, great moral issues, and other questions of

national importance her field for criticism is so large that she rarely ever finds time to point out any little shortcoming I may have myself."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Daughter—He's frightfully attractive, I think. Mother—I can't see it. Daughter—Good Heavens, do you mean to say you can't see that big yellow car?—London Passing Show.

"You seem to be working hard over that composition. Trying to write a prize thesis?" "Trying to compose a letter to my father that will bring me \$10."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is meant by 'a Sabbath day's journey'?" "I am afraid, my son, that in too many cases it means twice around the golf links."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

"Do you think it sinful to play golf on Sunday?" "No," said Mr. Wadleigh, "I don't. But if a man only plays golf once a week his game is apt to be a crime."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"And I'm going to build a high, spiked iron fence around the whole estate." "To keep the public out?" "No, to keep the servants in."—Life.

"Men can make more money at anything than women can," wagers a Kansas hachelor. We'll take the bet for thirty-seven simoleons and designate manicuring as the test.—Houston Post.

"What do you think of this new feminine fad of wearing stockings with a roll in them?" "New? Why, women carried their rolls in their stockings before you and I were born."—Boston Transcript.

"That fellow Jones is a hard-headed cuss," remarked Brown. "That so?" asked Smith, "Yes," replied Brown. "Why, he could read a patent medicine almanac and not have a solitary symptom of some disease."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Old Gentleman (engaging new chauffeur)—I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character? Chauffeur—I am sorry to say, sir, each of the last two gentlemen I have been with were killed in my service.—Judge.

"Please tell me the names of your visitors," said the editor of the Petunia Argosy over the telephone. "How did you know we had visitors?" asked the social lioness. "Why, there's some foreign clothes out on your line this morning," replied the observing editor.—Kansas City Star.

"Who is that fellow talking to Senator Snortworthy?" "He's a professional lobbyist." "He's rather shabbily dressed." "A lobbyist doesn't care to advertise the fact that he's drawing \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year for doing nothing in particular."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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ANGLO-AMERICAN FAITH.

I sometimes think it would increase Anglo-American comity if the British Empire should adopt the decimal money system. Canada already has it. To say the least, it would be an exceedingly graceful action. The coins and notes should be of precisely the same content and value, though of different designs. There would be a distinct loss in having one design, in that the masses would not have the constant symbolism of two sovereign nations faithful each to each, with intimate relations. Obviously there would be a very great gain in practical efficiency in commercial transactions from such interchangeable specie, but it is not proposed for this reason primarily. Our effort is to bring the minds of the common man and woman of Britain and America to a real unity. Imagine what a direct and effective help the intercirculation of coins and notes would be—those of either nation equally valuable to the holder.

The most serious obstacle to confidence and leadership is the evident fear by many peoples of a British and American lust for empire. America has probably removed to a large extent this feeling in Latin America, the only place where it ever existed. Britain, however, has fanned the flames everywhere by her additions through the peace treaty. To speak frankly, these very large additions of territory have operated unfavorably for Britain in the mind of the average American. Many careful thinkers, including a vast number of Britishers, look on the additions as added burdens which really weaken the empire, but the popular mind can not arrive at that point of view. Apparently the British flag, already flying over a huge portion of the earth, is being carried on a wave of empire further and further, provoking jealousy, resentment, and suspicion. There is a generally held opinion that once in the British Empire, a unit must fight for its freedom as did America, South Africa, and now Ireland, with Egypt and India on the way. Britain's most serious problem will be to change the point of view of the American man on the street. The arrangement for extra votes in the league of nations merely confirmed his prejudice. The Irish question stresses it still further. There can be no complete faith between Britain and America until Ireland is at peace in the empire. Such problems are not local or internal—they are primary tests of national character. To reduce antagonism and disarm suspicion is the great task of British statesmen. The menace of a Napoleon aiming for empire was serious, but for a great democracy to be suspected of that ambition would be fearful. Britain must avoid even the "appearance of evil." Her diplomacy must be as open as that of America. In short, if Britain and America are to lead effectively, they must demonstrate to the world that in every case they are capable of thinking internationally. They must develop that unknown faculty—an international mind.

Supported by an undoubting faith in the motives and purposes of each other, the two great English-speaking nations not only could not war with each other, but also could march together in the approach to every international problem. Jointly they would be the arbiters of nations. Sympathetic and scrupulous toward each other, they would gain the confidence and faith of the others. In any

conclave of the nations their independent actions would be completely harmonious, and the moral force created would settle differences so that they would become details and disappear altogether. A long time might be necessary, and the progress might be slow and jerky. Perhaps the end is far off, but there can be no finish unless there is a start. If the world is to become really safe for democracy, an unwritten entente between Britain and America is the only conceivable first step with both nations recognizing faith in each other as their most precious possession.—North American Review.

Jerusalem has seven gates, and a transportation problem handled at present, as well as, along purely Eastern lines. There are donkeys, horses, camels—even carriages and the ubiquitous Ford, and all that traffic concentrates naturally at the gates, just as, to increase its force, water used to be made to flow through a small opening in the old fashioned tide mills at home. As for telephones, who that can shout from roof to roof and down the echoing street should trouble himself to whisper into a funnel? My windows are well placed, for I can watch the crowd thronging in and out of the Jaffa Gate. That is the widest opening the city has, since Wilhelm II of Prussia had it enlarged to permit his spectacular entry—a symbolic pageant that he staged to represent his taking possession of the Holy City by agreement with the Sultan in Constantinople. But wide is the gate which leadeth unto destruction. The real Jaffa gate is a narrow one at the side of the wide passageway; and this was the one used by General Allenby when he entered Jerusalem after its capture, modestly, on foot, carrying the cane that the British officer affects as his only sceptre of power. This gate is now closed with heavy iron bars and will not be reopened until the exact political status of Jerusalem has been determined.—William D. McCrackan in Asia Magazine.

Geologists are investigating the feasibility of manufacturing steel and iron in the state of Washington.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2329.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 12, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Symphony Programme Changed.

The Argonaut is authorized by the management of the San Francisco Musical Association to say that the programme of the Symphony Orchestra for its performance for Friday of this week has been changed. The two numbers of German authorship, Prelude to "Parsifal" and Funeral Music from "Die Götterdämmerung," previously announced "as a memorial to the unknown soldier," have been eliminated. These numbers were in the original programme as given to the public at the opening concert, October 28th. We are now informed that immediately following the concert of that date, but after the publication of the previously arranged programme, the management decided upon a change. This was due, it is frankly confessed, to realization that a mistake had been made—that to render numbers of German authorship "as a memorial to the unknown soldier" would be at least questionable at the point of taste. It is right that the public should know—and upon the authority of the Symphony management—that the change was made upon its own initiative and prior to any public criticism of the originally prepared and published programme. But it is unfortunate that this change was not made prior to the announcement in the official programme issued on October 28th.

It is hardly necessary to add that the authoritative management of the Musical Association intended no affront to the proprieties of Armistice Day or to the sentiments involved in the burial of the "unknown soldier" at Arlington. There was no thought on the part

of the authoritative management other than that of contributing to a solemn occasion musical numbers of high artistic merit. The Argonaut congratulates the management upon the modification of its programme and is glad to be assured that its action in the matter was upon its own initiative and in obedience to its own sense of propriety.

Now a word concerning the Musical Association and its relations to the San Francisco public. The Symphony Orchestra has grown into an institution here upon the basis of public liberality in alliance with musical taste and ambition. The only motive of those whose generosity sustains it is the worthy one of giving to San Francisco each year a series of orchestral performances of the highest standard. It is designed as a contribution to the artistic life of the city.

The Argonaut hopes that no prejudice on the part of the public will survive an incident which, however unfortunate, in no sense reflected a wish on the part of the authoritative management of the Symphony to violate any sentiment, still less any sanctity.

The Conference.

As we write on Thursday Washington is the scene of a ceremonious getting-together of delegations representative of the countries that have been called into conference by President Harding. This phase of the meet is likely to consume a good deal of time, possibly ten days or longer. Certainly not before the Thanksgiving holidays will anybody get down to serious work, possibly not until several days thereafter, since there applies to statesmen as well as to men in general the familiar fact that no man needs a holiday so much as just after he has had one. American hospitality is apt to be at its best at Washington and our visitors may not comprehend the danger that lies in Thanksgiving pie pepped up with home brew.

Among the fore-ordained determinations of the Conference is this, namely, that disarmament as it has been conceived by radical enthusiasts is a dream. The most that can be hoped for in that direction is a limitation of naval construction; and even of this there is no assurance. While it is true that the nations, with the exception of our own, are groaning under the cost of naval armament nobody is willing to abandon it entirely or even in a very considerable degree. By Britain it is deemed essential to the maintenance of her imperial relations and as she can not give up her ships, other countries, including our own, won't. There may come an agreement of "recess" in the building and manning of ships. This, we believe, is the utmost that may be hoped for.

The essential issue relates to the affairs of the Pacific Ocean. Reduced to the last analysis this means China. With respect to China there are two antagonistic aims. Of these one is implied in the "Open Door"; and it is representative of the wishes and the projects of the United States and of the British dominions, British America, Australia, and New Zealand. These several countries want China to remain a free commercial field in which no country may hold special rights or privileges and which none may be privileged to exploit in a special way in its own interest. The other is represented by the wish and purpose of Japan. In terms Japan is willing to concede the Open Door in China, but her interpretation of the Open Door as revealed in her practice elsewhere, and by her recent demands upon China, would permit on her part a practical military and commercial suzerainty. Under the specious demand of "Asia for the Asiatics" she would set up a virtual control of China under which she would engross to herself the physical resources and the man power of that country. To put it bluntly, Japan wants to dominate China industrially and militarily. These two projects—the Open Door and Asia for the Asiatics as Japan construes the latter formula—can not be made to work harmoniously. The attempt

to bring them into coöperation must sooner or later result in disagreement, possibly in conflict. It is to forestall and obviate a clash between national purposes that the Conference has been called.

If India could be eliminated from British calculations there would be no question as to the interest of Imperial Britain or as to the course of her representatives in the Conference. The British delegation would stand for the Open Door as interpreted under the American idea. The interest of the British dominions is clearly with us. Australia, New Zealand, and British America want freedom of trade in China. They want further to curb Japan in her project to extend a dominating hand over that country and its people. The other phase of the issue lies in the British theory that Japan may serve as a bulwark for protection of the existing status in India. It is upon this theory that England has now for a number of years maintained a formal alliance with Japan—an alliance which has vastly stimulated the imperial ambitions of the latter country and stiffened its pretensions and the spirit of its diplomacy. Renewal of the British-Japanese alliance is now and has for some months been the subject of diplomatic parleying. Japan seeks a new engagement. Britain hesitates in the knowledge that by renewing her pact with Japan she will give offense to the United States, with whom she has multiplied motives of friendly relationships. Neither Japan nor anybody else in the present posture of world affairs would dare to pursue a course openly condemned by both America and England. In the immediate situation England must choose between the one and the other; and determination becomes difficult in respect of the interests and wishes of her Pacific dominions which incline them to support the American idea. The obvious problem of British diplomacy is to find a means of compromise. That it may be found is to be doubted. Failure to find it will put upon England the necessity of choosing between formal alliance with Japan and continuation of the traditional friendship with the United States. When all the cards have been laid on the table at Washington the final issue will rest with the British delegation, which must decide whether the Conference shall be a success or a failure.

There is a general and widely expressed wish in this country that all the sessions shall be above board—in other words, that the Conference doors shall not be closed at any time. This is not the practice of international conferences; it is not the way of traditional diplomacy or of any kind of diplomacy. It would be an embarrassment to the delegations in the fact that it would make difficult the abandonment of proposals once made. The rule of give-and-take more or less obtains with all deliberative bodies and there is always hesitation to yield points or proposals that have once been publicly presented. President Harding and the American delegation would probably be willing enough to sit with open doors, but it is to be remembered that the United States is only one of several participants and that it has no authority to make the rules under which the Conference shall function.

A New Force in Politics.

A new force has come into American legislation. Unheralded and almost unnoticed it has become a factor in Congress and in state legislatures. It has by its influence broken down party authority in the Senate and is moving toward a strong position in the House of Representatives. Already it is able to advance or to retard legislation. It aims at domination of the policies of government by the agricultural interest and it has made marked progress toward this end. Speaking for it, Senator Kenyon of Iowa, its leading spokesman in Congress, says: "Organized agriculture is the strongest single force in American political, economic, and social life today. Its influence will soon be felt in every legislative hall, every business house, and every

counting room in the land." Another of its champions, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, says:

The farmer is just beginning to realize how big his business is, once he combines with his neighbor who is in the same kind of business as he is. All this presages the awakening of a giant. Maybe he isn't standing at Runnymede. But he's standing somewhere, and we're going to realize it in various ways before long.

The movement centres in the American Farm Bureau Federation, complete organization of which was effected in the winter of 1919-1920. The federation is a product of the Smith-Lever law of 1914, an act founded upon the idea of promoting agriculture under government aid. Approximately \$7,000,000 a year is paid from the Federal treasury to aid the development of scientific agriculture. This appropriation gave rise to a new professional figure variously styled "county agent," "farm adviser," etc. There are now about three thousand of them widely distributed throughout the country, paid partly out of Smith-Lever funds and partly by states and by local organizations. The county agent is theoretically a skilled, technical agriculturist who brings to the individual farmer the results of the studies of the Department of Agriculture, state experimenting stations, and state agricultural colleges. Intrinsically the county agent is a tremendous aid to the general interest of agriculture. He has in very considerable degree transformed and advanced agricultural methods and largely increased farm production.

County agents very early began the formation of local farm bureaus. The idea was new and outside the purpose of the Smith-Lever project as originally conceived. The plan was to bring the farmers of a county into association so that the county agent might deal with them in mass. Presently the county bureaus began to go in for coöperative marketing, borrowing working ideas from our Californian fruit associations. The next step was experimentation in coöperative buying. Federation of the county bureaus into state federations in which coöperative buying and coöperative selling were stressed was a natural development. Then came the war and its aftermath. Secretary Houston, then head of the Department of Agriculture, urged the farmers to use the power of the state federations to combat Bolshevism and radicalism; and out of this grew the idea of a national federation. So the American Farm Bureau Federation came into being. In a drive for membership which followed the county agents became solicitors for the new movement. High fees were established. Upon an average the farmer pays \$10 a year, of which \$6 goes to the county farm bureau, \$3.50 to the state federation, and 50 cents to the national federation. At last reports 1,250,000 farmers had joined, giving an income of \$625,000 a year to the national federation. Headquarters have been established at Washington with James Raley Howard, a farmer of Marshall County, Iowa, formerly a country banker, at its head. J. W. Cloverdale, formerly a county agent leader in Iowa, is secretary, and Gray Silver, a sheep man and Democratic politician of West Virginia, is director of legislative effort. Howard draws a salary of \$15,000 a year, Cloverdale and Silver, \$12,000. Other executives are paid liberally.

Howard and Silver appear before all congressional committees dealing with legislation that the federation deems of interest to its members, including tariff, taxes, foreign debt refunding, railroad funding, etc. Under their direction there is maintained a publicity bureau which reports each week to 2400 American newspapers. This department alone spends something like \$50,000 a year. As an offshoot of the federation its officers have formed the United States Grain Growers' Incorporation, whose aim is to control the marketing of all grain grown in the United States. Bernard M. Baruch is the financial adviser of this branch of the federation's activities.

The federation began on conservative lines. It is rapidly becoming more radical. The reason is not hard to find; it is absorbing the radical from the older farm organizations. For example, if the Nonpartisan League goes down the American Farm Bureau Federation goes up. One-third of all the farmers in North Dakota are now members of the American Farm Bureau Federation. One does not need a chart to get the meaning of that. Nor does one need to be a prophet to know that in any movement which has taken in so many radicals

radical ideas tend to supersede the conservatism upon which the movement was founded.

In recent months reference to the "farm bloc" in the Senate has been necessary to explain many of the doings of that body. This bloc has come into existence through influences of which the federation is the source. For the most part it represents the agricultural states or states in which agriculture is a very large interest. The active members of the bloc thus include:

Kenyon, Iowa (Rep.),	Norris, Neb. (Rep.)
Chairman	Ransdell, La. (Dem.)
Capper, Kan., (Rep.)	Sheppard, Texas (Dem.)
Kendrick, Wyo. (Dem.)	Ladd, N. D. (Rep.)
McNary, Ore. (Rep.)	Lenroot, Wis. (Rep.)
Nicholson, Colo. (Rep.)	Norbeck, S. D. (Rep.)

Associate members are:

Ashurst, Ariz. (Dem.)	Ball, Del. (Rep.)
Johnson, Cal. (Rep.)	Borah, Idaho (Rep.)
Jones, N. M. (Dem.)	McCormick, Ill. (Rep.)
Jones, Wash. (Rep.)	Sterling, S. D. (Rep.)
Kellogg, Minn. (Rep.)	Gooding, Idaho (Rep.)
La Follette, Wis. (Rep.)	Harrell, Okla. (Rep.)
McCumber, N. D. (Rep.)	Smith, S. C. (Dem.)
McKellar, Tenn. (Dem.)	Willis, Ohio (Rep.)

Occasional members are:

Stanfield, Ore. (Rep.)	Harris, Ga. (Dem.)
Caraway, Ark. (Dem.)	Harrison, Miss. (Dem.)
Bursum, N. M. (Rep.)	Heflin, Ala. (Dem.)
Watson, Ga. (Dem.)	Spencer, Mo. (Rep.)

These senators all come from states more or less dominated by agricultural interests. They are very directly subject to the whip of the agrarian movement, and that whip is in the hands of the American Farm Bureau Federation. In other words, the bloc is the tool of this organization. Its agents at Washington define the policies of the bloc and direct their carrying out. In truth these agents have almost suddenly become more powerful than any other of the many lobbies maintained there. For the moment at least they are directing the course of national legislation.

The following, from the *Washington Post* of November 1st, may be taken as an exposition of the spirit and the activities of the agricultural bloc:

Resumption of hearings on the permanent tariff bill, scheduled for today, was postponed yesterday until Thursday, and the Senate Finance Committee will meet today to give consideration and probably to report the resolution extending the emergency tariff measure. The emergency tariff expires November 27th and its extension to next February, already approved by the House, is strongly urged by senators from agricultural states.

Republican members of the agricultural bloc met yesterday, however, and decided to demand action on the emergency tariff immediately after disposition of the anti-beer bill, which is to follow the tax vote.

Senator Kenyon of Iowa said reports were current that an effort was to be made to send in the railroad bill ahead of the emergency tariff and the agricultural senators believed they should stand against it in view of the early expiration of the emergency tariff.

The agricultural bloc also decided on certain tariff duties, affecting farm products, which they will ask the Finance Committee to include in the permanent tariff.

Members of the agricultural bloc also decided to entrust formulation of recommendations as to import duties on lemons and other commodities competing with Pacific Coast products to a committee headed by Senator McNary of Oregon, and including Senators Johnson, California; Capper, Kansas, and Gooding, of Idaho.

Here we see the "agricultural senators" in caucus, planning openly to control legislation in behalf of a special interest. Still claiming character as Republicans or Democrats, they have practically abandoned party obligations by yielding to the dictation and discipline of an outside and special interest. A senator who holds his allegiance to his party secondary to another allegiance is no longer in good faith a party man. He has become, in fact, a traitor to the party whose principles he professed, to which he stands pledged, and through whose agency his election was brought about. The members of the agricultural bloc in the Senate have in effect subordinated their old commitments and allegiances to join in a movement whose logic tends directly to the creation of an agrarian party—none the less a party because of crafty denial of the fact. Whatever characterization it may accept or reject, a group that undertakes to possess the powers of legislation is in effect a political party.

The political history of the country records other similar attempts to control the government in behalf of special interests—and while some of them have flourished for awhile all have failed ultimately. For many years the slave-holding interest

dominated the government, but in time it came to its Waterloo. The American or Know-Nothing party similarly undertook to engross the powers of government in a narrow interest and it ultimately landed in the bone heap. The so-called money power for a time attempted to possess the powers of government through control of one of the established parties and the effort went the way of the selfish movements that preceded it. The Populist organization is another instance in point. The American people will not tolerate government at the hand of any special interest or any class. For a time, through adroit tactics, selfishly-conceived movements may possess themselves of the authority of government, but they never retain it for long. The spirit of equity is too strong in the minds of our people to tolerate this sort of thing when once its pretensions are unveiled.

One much-wished-for result may come out of this movement, and that is the breaking up of the Solid South. The Solid South has persisted long past the day when it had support in rational interest, in logic, or in morals. There is no more reason now for a Solid South than for a Solid North or a Solid West. A movement which by its appeal or by its force cuts into the fixed habit of the Southern States to support a particular party, whatever it may propose to do, whether right or wrong, whether wise or foolish, may in the end result in fusing interests and sentiments which now for nearly a century have stood apart and more or less in conflict. The things that come out of movements like this of the American Farm Bureau Federation are oftentimes—even usually—very different from the original design.

Editorial Notes.

Colonel Harvey may not have acted under the traditions of diplomacy when he declared to an English audience last week that the United States would not enter into formal alliance with Britain or any other nation. Possibly he would have done better by leaving it to the President or the Department of State to interpret American principles and policies. All the same what he said was plain truth. From the foundation of the government we have declined all invitations to entangle ourselves in international engagements. And in our recent rejection of President Wilson's project to involve us in the league of nations the voters of the country gave a verdict in confirmation of this policy unmistakable and emphatic. Whether or not Colonel Harvey spoke under direction from Washington, the fact remains that he spoke the simple truth.

Between Raisin days, Prune days, Egg days, Music weeks, and our usual holidays, the times go hard with the man whose rent and interest charges go on during all days.

One sensational newspaper announces that it will have twenty-two men, mostly humorists, novelists, and other non-journalists, at Washington during the Conference and that their "reports" will be spread daily through its columns. Other papers and syndicates have likewise assembled groups of penmen likewise made up of non-journalists. The *Argonaut* profoundly hopes that some paper will have at Washington one plain reporter who, day by day, will tell as briefly as possible, and in phrases unmarred by attempts to augment the gayety of nations, what goes on. The Conference is not a hippodrome nor a circus, but a serious meeting of statesmen and near-statesmen for a serious purpose. The intelligent public is interested in its doings and it would much rather have facts as they develop than labored and whimsical efforts to turn the whole affair into a joke-fest.

Ambitious and energetic citizens are proposing a national advertising programme in behalf of San Francisco. The movement is supported by enthusiasm and by some specious arguments. None the less the *Argonaut* holds to its opinion, many times expressed hitherto, that the best way to advertise San Francisco is to redeem its municipal government, to bring municipal taxes down to the lowest practicable rate, and to so adjust labor conditions that any man who seeks to earn a living here for himself and his family may be free to do it undisturbed and untaxed by unionism or any other selfish and irresponsible agency.

Senator Phelan has discovered at Tokyo what others

have long known, namely, that the issue of Japanese immigration to the United States will not enter into the discussions of the Conference at Washington. This Conference is not called to consider issues between particular nations. All such, if not already settled by diplomatic negotiations prior to meeting of the Conference, will be postponed to a later date. No surer method of making the meeting a failure could be devised than to attempt to introduce small issues into a conference that has been called with reference only to great issues.

Hon. Jim Ham. Lewis, he of the pink whiskers, declares that the fight between the McAdoo and Cox forces for control of the Democratic national organization will make former Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall the nominee for President in 1924. We do not forget Sam Blythe's characterization of Marshall at the time of his vice-presidential nomination in 1912. "There is," remarked Blythe, "a Tom Marshall in every county seat in the United States." A good deal of water has passed under London bridge since 1912. Tom Marshall still hails from the back districts; he still bears the unmistakable stigmata of Main Street. But he has grown with observation and service and is now a bigger man than the little Tom Marshall who went down to Washington in March, 1913. While the calibre of the man is not great his outlook has broadened and his practical capabilities have become enlarged. Looking over the available field, we can not think of a Democrat who more distinctly represents his party or perhaps more fairly represents the citizenship of the country than Mr. Marshall. The presidency, let it be borne in mind, is no man's personal possession. That theory has been tried out in practice and it has failed. A President who holds office in a spirit of trusteeship is likely to be a much better President than one who conceives himself endowed with universal wisdom and entitled by virtue of it to rule the roost. As a candidate Mr. Marshall would be an engaging figure. He has an agreeable personality, a charming frankness—these combined with loyalty and, we are glad to add, a definitely patriotic spirit. The Democrats might do much worse than to make Mr. Marshall their standard-bearer in 1923. They did worse with Cox last year. And assuredly they would do worse with McAdoo.

Our good friend, Dr. Shaw of the *Review of Reviews*—most informing of all our monthly publications—declares the opinion that "Armistice Day is destined to become a great international holiday devoted to the principles of peace, justice, and good-will among the nations and races of mankind." We would like to think so. But the manner in which other holidays are celebrated does not bear out Dr. Shaw's prophecy. We speak only for San Francisco. Here Armistice Day, if it shall become an established holiday, will be celebrated by automobile jaunts, picnic parties, hikes in the Marin hills, etc. Armistice Day, like Decoration Day, and even the sacred Fourth, will become just another of the free days when family parties will pile into the Ford and when Jack and Jill will study each other's eyes in leafy retirements. We have, we sadly confess, little hope, under the inspiration of Armistice Day or any other patriotic memory, of bringing a light-hearted people to studious attention to "the principles of peace, justice, and good-will among the nations and races of mankind."

The latest project looking to embellishment of our national capital is for a "memorial bridge" spanning the Potomac River, to form a link in a highway or boulevard connecting the Lincoln Memorial with Arlington Cemetery. This structure, of course, is to be paid for out of the national treasury. Washington has an easy method of decorating herself. Whenever it is desired to add a new embellishment to the city it is only needed to start a movement in memorial of somebody or something upon patriotic theory. Another effective trick is to propose something in tribute to a particular state or to some incident in its history. This immediately brings to bear a definite influence upon Congress and the rule of courtesy among congressmen does the rest. Other cities have to build their own monuments. Washington gets her free of cost.

The make-up of the British delegation at Washington bears witness to the new order of things in the British Empire. England alone no longer speaks the

voice of the empire. She shares with her so-called colonies—the great free dominions—the definition of imperial policies and their exposition in international councils.

Observers agree that at the moment Germany is the busiest and most prosperous country in Europe. Her industries are in full operation, her people are all employed. She is selling certain of her manufactures in England in competition with British-made goods. Even in this country she is finding a market. We are told that German-made automobile parts are being sold in Detroit cheaper than they can be produced in the local plants. Explanation lies in the deteriorated value of the German currency as compared with the currencies of Britain and this country. Germany pays her labor in marks; and while the wage rate is nominally higher than formerly it still falls far below wage rates paid in pounds, shillings, or in dollars. A British manufacturer of Sheffield told a visitor from California last month that he would not be able to compete with German products unless he could cut down his wage charge practically one-half. He could see no future for British industry while the low value of the German mark enables German manufacturers to exploit German labor.

There is another reason why Germany is enabled to produce goods cheaper than other countries, more particularly England. Approximately 88 per cent. of the soil of Germany is under cultivation, the significance of this fact being that the country is, broadly speaking, able to feed its own people. Such staples as must be imported are brought in under government supervision and sold at prices regulated by governmental authority. In England, on the other hand, only about 12 per cent. of the soil is cultivated productively. Far the greater amount of food required by the English population is brought from the ends of the earth and can only be sold at prices relatively much higher than food prices in Germany. British industry must not only pay its labor wages of higher monetary value as compared with German industry, but sufficient to pay for relatively higher prices for food. So long as Germany can pay in cheap money while England and other countries must pay in sound money, so long as food is cheaper in Germany than elsewhere, German manufacturers will have a tremendous advantage over the manufacturers of other countries. Very obviously industry in Europe will not get back to "normalcy" so long as varying monetary systems in the different countries favor the trickeries that can only be practiced under varying rates of exchange.

An extraordinary survival of the animal life of 3,000,000 years ago has been reported as still flourishing in certain parts of South America. The little animal, which looks like a sharp-nosed rat, with rounded ears, slender tail, and soft brown hair, was discovered in Venezuela by Dr. Wilfrid H. Osgood of the Field Museum of Natural History. In "A Monographic Study of the American Marsupial, *Casnolestes*," Dr. Osgood says: "This little animal is quite unlike any other now living in the world. Although it does not resemble closely any species now living, it is very intimately related to animals which flourished far back in geologic times, when the foundations were being laid for the evolution of the higher animals of the present day. All the others of the group to which it belongs became extinct ages ago and *Casnolestes* alone has survived to the present. We know this because its bones and teeth are essentially the same as those of the extinct animals. If the bones are the same it is probable that other parts are also similar. Therefore *Casnolestes* is a prize to the student, for it enables him to learn more about the ancient fossils than is shown by their bones, which of course are the only parts preserved."

Those who still maintain that an Atlantic liner may be a thing of beauty without losing anything in utility will be sorry to learn that the famous old *New York*, formerly known as the *City of New York*, has entered the last stage of her career by being sold to the Poles for use as an emigrant ship across the Atlantic. For she was the last Atlantic liner to be built with the old-fashioned clipper bow and the lines of a huge yacht. For some months the *New York* has been lying in New York harbor, her original beauty sadly marred by the removal of one of her three masts and the shortening of the other two until they were little taller than her funnels. Although she never managed to capture the west-bound record she held the blue ribbon for the homeward run until the arrival of the *Campania*.

The staff of the library of the League of Nations in Geneva is composed entirely of women.

THE REAL NEED OF CHINA.

The Second of Three Articles by Mr. C. Montague Ede.

UNION INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CANTON, LTD.

HONGKONG, September 30, 1921.

As the date set for the commencement of the Pacific conference at Washington is drawing nearer the question as to how the case of China is to be presented is becoming more and more insistent. That question must be asked and answered, not only by the Chinese themselves, but by all the nations whose representatives will sit round the conference table. It has been widely recognized that China is not only largely the author of what has come to be known as the Pacific problem, but that she dominates the whole situation. The unification of and the maintenance of peace in China is vitally necessary to the peace of the Pacific. The truism has become something like a refrain among contemporary publicists who have studied the problem and who are now seeking to clarify the task to be undertaken by those who are soon to meet under the ægis of President Harding. So vitally necessary is the unification of China to a solution of the wider problem that it has even been suggested in some quarters that open foreign intervention affecting the administrative side of China's national life should be resorted to until such time as China shows herself in a position to produce a body of enlightened statesmen. A step such as this would not only be one to be deprecated, but could not be justified morally. On China herself must fall the task of discovering the shortest road to national unity, namely, the setting up of some form of government which most naturally expresses the ideas of her people and to which they will most readily subscribe. Quite apart from the incidence of the Pacific conference and the splendid opportunity thus afforded, China must rather sooner than later settle her internal differences and assume the solidarity of a modern nation if she is to escape the inevitable penalty which has befallen her neighbor, Russia. Disintegration is a concomitant of decay; unity is the natural expression of political health. The vital question to be studied, therefore, is: "How can China most easily realize her national entity and consciousness and thus put herself in a position to qualify for the status of a great power?" The solution of that problem solves the greater part of the difficulties which confront the powers who have interests on the Pacific. There can be no question but that republicanism in China, as at present practiced, has failed and that in the years since the fall of the Manchu dynasty China has gone from bad to worse with respect to both internal administration and foreign indebtedness. The reason why republicanism has failed is that the Chinese are fundamentally unable to interpret it. They seem to fail to appreciate the possibility of the civil governor of a province being responsible solely to a superior while governing his province in harmony with his neighbors. The understanding and practice of patriotism, as Westerners know it, is necessary to the effective administration of a republican form of government as understood in the West, but the Chinese people have for centuries governed themselves without requiring this particular form of patriotism, and the unsuitability of the introduction of republicanism has been proved by the experiment tried during the last ten years; furthermore, its continuance is doomed, always having regard to the quite unique conditions which are unerradicable. Mr. Eugene Chen, the chief writer for the Canton Information Bureau, has asserted that the present disordered state of China is due to the natural evolution of reform which is common to all reform movements—the unavoidable travail of transition; but the cause of the present hopeless chaos must be looked for more deeply. China today is lacking, not only a central point of control, but her people are without a common consciousness of authority; they can not visualize the central idea of republicanism. It is foreign to their nature and their history. Authority, when widely diffused, lacks all appeal. There must be a head, a central figure, a personality—something real and tangible. The light of this central figure should be reflected from the highest point to the lowest. It should be recalled that China has never had a written constitution in all her wonderful history because her people have possessed the natural instinct to subscribe to a titular head. Writing as recently as May last, Ku Hung-ming, a scholar and a gentleman of the old school, who is well known in the north, says that the Chinese people never required a written or paper constitution for two reasons. The first was because the Chinese had a sense of honor which made them implicitly obey the man whom they had once recognized to be their emperor—a moral standard which impelled him to try his best to deal fairly and justly with his subjects. The second was because the Chinese people believed in the right of a king to govern. This latter opinion may or may not be held by the majority of thinking Chinese, but there can be no serious disagreement with the teachings of Confucius, who taught that the state was supreme and that there was at the heart of all things a fixed order.

must be found out and followed and that the true principles of statecraft were to be found in the words of the wise men of old as treasured in the nine classics. The emperor was the central figures which gave to China her unity for centuries. There never was a written constitution because the people were possessed of an instinct to revere the emperor and believed in the right of kingship. All that has been taken away from them since 1911, and they have been left without any adequate substitute. The people of a country, especially such a country as China, do not unlearn in a short time the long lessons of past ages. The history of China for the last decade is eloquent of the measure of her loss. A retrograde step was taken in the drawing up of a quasi constitution, for which in reality the people had no need. The outcome is that which the world only too plainly sees. To use again the words of Ku Hung-ming, which are significant: "The outcome so far of this constitution-securing epoch is that now in China we have one President of the Republic of China in Canton with a piece of paper in his hand called the 'constitution' and with no money in his pocket furiously gesticulating because the diplomatic corps refuse to hand him the customs surplus, and another President of China in Peking quietly sipping tea and looking very happy, although the government is bankrupt and can not even pay the professors of the Government University in China, because the University of Paris has conferred the degree upon him, while three fierce Tuchuns are doing the work of governing China quite independent of him."

Republicanism for China as understood in the West stands self-condemned, firstly, because in spirit it is contrary to the conceptions of the people, and secondly, because a ten years' trial has had disastrous results. China must get back to a modification of her old patriarchal form of government—autocratic in name only, but democratic in reality. China has nothing to borrow from the West except the organization and reform of her civil and other services. It is absolutely vital to her proper development that her officials should be paid a sufficient salary and no longer be required to divert public money to their own private use. The example thus set should have a most salutary effect upon the people in general and the pernicious system at present in vogue should in course of time disappear. China needs a reformed democratic monarchy; something which will give the old inspiration to unity where the family and not the individual is the unit, thus providing a form of administration in keeping with the views of the great mass of the people.

C. MONTAGUE EDE.

In the famous sword factory at Toledo, in Spain, absolute secrecy surrounds some of the processes employed in the making of these celebrated blades, although under certain conditions visitors are allowed to go through the factory. No one, however, is permitted to look upon the final secrets of tempering. In the first room there may be seen a curious round shield fastened against the wall, where the last test of a finished sword is made. It is thrown against this target as an arrow is thrown from a bow. If its point is perfect, well and good; it does not turn a fraction of the finest hair's breadth. If the blade makes an escape from this trial, and it usually does, it is worthy to be marked with the royal sign and the word "Artileria," that proves that it was made in Toledo. If the point wavers, even in a manner imperceptible to the unpracticed eye, the blade must go back to a renewal of its fiery discipline. At one table a man, working by aid of wax and a sharp-pointed needle-like instrument, is busily engaged in the lettering of a blade. At another table is an artisan pounding with a tiny sharp-edged sort of hammer, working out a handle pattern. There are several hundred employees in this sword factory, and a great many of them are boys under twenty, but the most trusted workers are not often young.

A new field of sculpture has been opened by Mr. Herbert Heseltine, the American sculptor of animals, in the portrayal of polo ponies and players. At the exhibition of Mr. Heseltine's work recently held in London polo pieces predominated. "Riding Off" and "Polo"—both spirited examples of realism—were the most commented on bronzes of the exhibit. Other pieces include several portraits in bronze of famous horses—King Edward's charger, Kildare; Queen Alexandra's barouche horse, Splendor; and a number of famous polo ponies, of which the best, perhaps, is a superbly modeled small bronze, "An International Polo Pony." A group of war horses called "Les Revenants" is conspicuous for its treatment of terrible realism. Mr. Heseltine received his training in Paris, where he was a student of Aimé Morot, the artist who first made use of the knowledge gleaned from instantaneous photography and reproduced this action in his studies of horses.

The wholesale price of all commodities in America for the month of August is 2 3/4 per cent. higher than for July. For the twelve month ended August 1st the price decreased 39 per cent.

Twenty-five boys of less than ten years old served as soldiers in the revolutionary war.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Sally James Farnham, noted sculptress, has completed a bust of President Harding at her studio in New York City.

Jean de Reszke, one time world's leading operatic tenor, is now a singing teacher and a coach for operatic stars. M. de Reszke was born in Varsovie, 1853. He first appeared in London in 1875. In Europe De Reszke is noted as a sportsman and horse-racer.

The champion golf professional of the United States for the current year is Walter Hagen, who won the coveted silver cup by his wonderful play over the course of the Inwood Country Club, Long Island, when he defeated Jim Barnes, the national open champion.

Alvin S. Page of the railway mail service at Fort Worth, Texas, has been called to Washington to receive the thanks of Postmaster-General Will H. Hays. Mr. Page, with the assistance of a postoffice inspector, recently fought and killed two mail robbers at Fort Worth.

Captain L. D. A. Hussey is the meteorologist on the famous Shackleton-Rowett expedition to the South Pole on Sir Ernest Shackleton's tiny Antarctic ship, the *Quest*, whose entire passenger list numbers nineteen from Sir Ernest himself to the cabin-boys—not counting, however, Questie, the black Persian kitten, mascot of the expedition.

Adolph Ochs, whose quarter-century of management of the New York *Times* has been recently celebrated, was born in Cincinnati and educated in Knoxville, Tennessee. It was in Knoxville also that his newspaper career began, first as a newsboy, later as printer's apprentice. During the years 1873-1877 he was a newspaper compositor. He became publisher of the *Chattanooga Times* in 1878, and publisher and principal owner of the New York *Times* in 1896. He is a director of the Associated Press.

Mr. Oscar Underwood, senator from Alabama, who has been appointed as one of the four American representatives to the Washington conference in November, has been chosen as Democratic ballast to Senator Lodge. Senator Underwood has had long experience in both House and Senate. As leader of the Democratic majority in the last Senate of the Wilson administration he gave steady support to Mr. Wilson's policy. During the past year he has been persistent in the support of disarmament.

Keith Preston, who is probably best known through his work on the Chicago *Daily News*, is a literary critic, a poet, and a professor of Latin—the last professionally. Mr. Preston is said to divide his time between a chair of Latin in Northwestern University and his swivel back at the Chicago *Daily News*, where he conducts a column called the Periscope. Though a successful poet, Mr. Preston still contributes to journals of philology—his specialty in undergraduate days. He received his Ph. D. in 1915, when he assumed the duties of a Latin professor, which he has held ever since. Mr. Preston's hobby is good conversation, a lost art he is trying to revive.

Miss Ida Minerva Tarbell, editor, historian, and biographer, is a member of President Harding's National Unemployment Conference. Miss Tarbell, who is a graduate of Allegheny College and Knox College and who has studied at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, has been staff editor and associate editor of various publications. She is a member of the American Historical Association, the English Society of Women Journalists, the National Arts Club, and various other organizations. She is the author of several books about Lincoln, including a two-volume biography, of a life of Napoleon, and a biography of Mme. Roland. She is the official historian of the Standard Oil Company.

Governor Nathan L. Miller of New York was born in Solon, New York, in 1868. He was graduated from the Cortland Normal School in 1887, taught school from '87 to '92, and was admitted to the bar in 1893. From 1899 to 1903 he was a member of the law firm of Dougherty & Miller. He was corporation counsel for Cortland, 1901-02; a school commissioner for Cortland County, 1894-1900, and state comptroller, 1902-03. He became justice of the Supreme Court of New York, Sixth Judiciary District, November 10, 1903—a post he held till June 1, 1913. He was associate justice of the Appellate Division, 1905-10 and 1910-13, and associate judge of the Court of Appeals, 1913-15, when on August 1st he resigned to resume the practice of law, which he recently gave up to become governor of his native state.

Henry Watkins Anderson, Republican candidate for governor of Virginia, who is striving to bring to Virginia the advantages of a two-party system which it has so long lacked, is also anxious to make the Republican party in the South a "white man's party" and at the same time a genuine opposition to the Democrats. Mr. Anderson, who is a lawyer, was born in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, in 1870. He was educated at Washington and Lee University, whence he was graduated in 1898, when he began to practice law at Richmond, Virginia. He is a member of the firm Munford, Hunton, Williams & Anderson since 1901. He is president of

the Atlantic Securities Corporation and of the Richmond-Washington Highway Corporation, as well as an officer in numerous other organizations, civil and other. In 1916 he was the guest of the British Foreign Office on a visit to the French battlefronts. He is president of the War Relief Association of Virginia, director of the Virginia Chapter of the American Red Cross, and commissioner of the American Red Cross to the Balkan States, where he has been in charge of relief work since October, 1918. He is unmarried.

OLD FAVORITES.

THE SPANISH TOWER.

By Alfred A. Wheeler.

[On hearing that Mr. Willis Polk was about to transfer the design of the famous tower of the Cathedral of Seville from Spain to San Francisco, there to be exalted to an office-building of thirty-three stories.]

Other towers have risen high—
This alone shall scrape the sky:
And Willis Polk at last is able
To announce his Tower of Bahel.

Not astronomers that wake,
And sweep the skies till morning break,
Know the stress and strain of duty
Of those ardent slaves of beauty,
The architects,—who roam the ages,
Half-distraught, to earn their wages:
Their quest a picture-hook to find,
Full of prints that suit their mind.
O the trips to France, to Spain,
Willis took, and took in vain!
Till he swore—"I'll join the Devil,
If there's nothing left in Seville."
And there the prototype he found
On that beauty-loving ground:
A thing of life, a thing of grace,
Supernal in its form and face.

So may a god your art inspire,
Willis, to the soul's desire!
(If soul's desire and gods and art
In building now have any part!)
And may no earthquake's stamping feet
Lay it low in Market Street!

SAN FRANCISCO, October 15, 1921.

To Mistress Margaret Hussey.

Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower:
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write
Of Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.
As patient and still
And as full of good will
As fair Isaphill,
Coliander,
Sweet pomander,
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may he sought,
Ere that ye can find
So courteous, to kind
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.—John Skelton.

The Nymph's Song to Hylas.

I know a little garden-close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy dawn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no hinds sing,
And though no pillar'd house is there,
And though the apple houghs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God
Her feet upon the green grass trod,
And I beheld them as before!

There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the place two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea;
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the hee,
The shore no ship has ever seen,
Still heaten by the hillows green,
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I left slip all delight,
That maketh me both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskill'd to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,
Still have I left a little heath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place;
To seek the forgotten face
Once seen, once kiss'd, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

—William Morris.

THE SORROWS OF A PRINCESS.

Princess Louise of Belgium Tells the Story of Her Life and Her Sufferings.

Princess Louise of Belgium tells us on the opening page of her autobiography that she has survived the European tempest and that all those who disowned and crushed her have been beaten and punished. It must be highly gratifying thus to perceive the workings of Nemesis in one's own vindication. None the less we may hope that all the aggrieved royalties of Europe will not think it necessary to write the stories of their lives. They are much alike, and *ex uno disce omnes*.

Princess Louise is the daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, whom she describes as a great man and a great king. There may be some doubts upon that point, but it would be ungracious to cavil at the loyalties of a daughter. It would be equally ungracious to question the author's description of herself, which has at least the virtue of candor. She writes:

They have said that I was beautiful. I inherit from my father my upright figure, and I have also something of his features and his expression.

I inherit from my mother a certain capacity for dreaming, which enables me to take refuge in myself, and when a conversation does not interest me, or if any one or anything troubles me, I instantly seek sanctuary in the secret chamber of my soul.

But my eyes betray me, and the effort I make to return to everyday life gives me the expression of a fugitive—that is a great peculiarity of mine.

The color of my eyes is a clear brown, which reflects those of the queen and the king, but more particularly those of the king. Like him, I am able to change my voice from softness to a certain hard brilliance. The golden ears of corn are not more golden than was once my golden hair; today it is silver.

I speak like the king, but somewhat slower than he did, in the two languages I chiefly employ—which are equally familiar to me—French and German.

Like him I think in French or German, but when I write, I prefer to do so in French.

Princess Louise was the eldest of the family, six years older than Stéphanie and twelve years older than Clémentine. She was not, she says, the favorite, although she was the most privileged and expected therefore to set a good example to members of the family younger than herself:

Our mother brought us up after the English fashion; our rooms were more like those in a convent than the rooms of the princesses one reads about in the novels of M. Bourget.

When I was no longer under the daily and nightly supervision of a governess or nurse, I was expected to look after myself, and when I got out of bed in the morning I had to fetch the jug of cold water from outside the door which was intended (in all seasons) for my ablutions, for neither in the palace at Brussels nor at the Château de Laeken had the "last word" in comfort attained perfection.

In spite of the author's admiration for her father she tells us that he gave his daughters much less than they needed, seeing in them only impediments to his own ambition. Moreover, his treatment of the queen was by no means what it should have been:

Clémentine came into the world; her birth was preceded by many vain hopes, but when the longed-for child arrived it was once more a girl!

The king was furious and thenceforth refused to have anything to do with his admirable wife to whom God had refused a son. What a mystery of human tribulation!

As for the daughters born of the royal union, they were merely accepted and tolerated, but the king's heart never softened towards them. At the same time we were not altogether excluded from his thoughts. The feeling of our father, so far as we were concerned, varied according to circumstances, and notably in my own case, according to various calumnies and intrigues. My sister Stéphanie also suffered in this way.

Both of us were married at an early age and, living as we did at a distance, we were deprived of the opportunity of constantly seeing the king, so naturally we could not pretend to be the subject of his constant remembrance. We therefore ran the risk of being easily maligned by the unscrupulous courtisans who had influence with the king and were in the pay of our enemies.

Clémentine was in a far better position. She received all the tenderness the king was inclined to bestow on the only one of his children who remained with him, one who showered on him a daughter's affection and who also upheld the traditions of the royal house, a duty which, in the absence of the queen, the daughter of such a mother was alone able to fulfill.

The princess gives us a somewhat ecstatic account of her marriage. Among her suitors was Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern, but the king and queen were not anxious for a closer alliance with Berlin and so another suitor, Philip of Coburg, received the preference. The results were unforeseen and disastrous:

I am not, I am sure, the first woman who, after having lived in the clouds during her engagement, has been as suddenly hurled to the ground on her marriage night, and who, bruised and mangled in her soul, has fled from humanity in tears.

I am not the first woman who has been the victim of false modesty and excessive reserve, attributable perhaps to the hope that the delicacy of a husband, combined with natural instincts, would arrange all for her, but who was told nothing by her mother of what happens when the lover's hour has struck.

However, the fact remains that on the evening of my marriage at the Château de Laeken, whilst all Brussels was dancing amid a blaze of lights and illuminations, I fell from my heaven of love to what was for me a bed of rock and a mattress of thorns. Psyche, who was more to blame, was better treated than myself.

The day was scarcely breaking when, taking advantage of a moment when I was alone in the nuptial chamber, I fled across the park with my bare feet thrust into slippers, and, wrapped in a cloak thrown over my nightgown, I went—to hide my shame in the Orangery. I found sanctuary in the midst of the camellias, and I whispered my grief, my despair,

and my torture to their whiteness, their freshness, their perfume and their purity, to all that they represented of sweetness and affection, as they flowered in the greenhouse, and lit up the winter's dawn with a warmth, silence, and beauty which gave me back a little of my lost Paradise.

A sentry had noticed a gray form scurrying past him in the direction of the Orangery. He approached, and listening, recognized my voice. He hastened to the château. No one knew what had become of me. Already the alarm had been discreetly raised. A messenger galloped to Brussels. The telephone was not then invented.

The queen came to me without delay. My God! what a state I was in when I regained my apartment; I would not let any one approach me except my maids. I was more dead than alive.

My mother stayed with me for a long time; she was as motherly as she alone could be. There was no grief which her arms and voice could not assuage. I listened to her scolding me, coaxing me, and telling me of duties which it was imperative for me to understand. I dared not object to these on the ground that they were totally different from those which I had been led to expect.

I finished by promising to try and conquer my fears, to be wiser and less childish.

I was scarcely seventeen years old; my husband had completed his thirty-first year. I had become of his "goods and chattels." One can see, alas! how he has treated me.

Who would suppose that high breeding could be displayed by such a triviality as milk in one's coffee? But so it is, and thus do we learn. The socially elect in Germany invariably add milk to their coffee. To drink coffee without milk is to prove indisputably that one is not *hof fähig*:

Our fundamental incompatibility first appeared at the Coburg Palace in the presence of the Princess Clémentine, over a cup of café-au-lait. On our honeymoon the prince had told me that a well-born person should never drink black coffee. Such is the German conviction. Germany can no more imagine coffee without milk than she can imagine the sun without the moon. However, ever since I ceased to take Nature's nourishment I have never been able to drink milk, I have never drunk it, and I never do. My husband took it into his head that he would make me drink milk, especially in coffee, as, if he failed, the traditions, the constitutions, and the foundations of all that was German would be shattered.

The discussion took place before the Princess Clémentine, who always drank milk in her coffee. But her affectionate kindness could not overcome the stubbornness of my stomach. I could see that I was offending her. Her son became furious to the extent of saying most painful and unpleasant things, and I answered him in like manner. The princess, although deaf, felt that something was the matter, and we restrained ourselves on her account, but the blow had fallen; thenceforth we both had café-au-lait on the brain!

The author is usually felicitous in the glimpses that she gives us of royal personages. For the Emperor of Austria she seems to have had unmeasured contempt, his remarks being usually so banal that they were forgotten almost before they were uttered:

But so far as actual looks went, the emperor might easily have been taken for his *maitre d'hôtel* had it not been for his uniform and his surroundings. Seen at close quarters he was a very ordinary person. Two had habits, however, were noticeable in him: at the least perplexity he pulled and massaged his side-whiskers, and at dinner he frequently looked at his reflection in the blade of his knife. As for the rest of his actions, he ate, he drank, he slept, he walked, he hunted, he spoke according to the accepted ritual laid down by the circumstances of the hour, the day, and the calendar. These mannerisms were hardly disturbed by revolutions, wars, or misfortunes. He greeted his calamities with the same expression with which he noticed if it were raining when he was about to leave for Ischl.

When his son killed himself, when his wife was assassinated, he did not lose one ounce of flesh; his step was as firm as ever, and his hair just as faultlessly dressed.

The funeral ceremonies over, nothing changed in Austria. Francis Joseph still continued to speak in just the same tones of the love of his people towards himself, and his love for them.

And that same evening he was with Mme. Schrratt. To this man, devoid of brilliance, without courage, and without justice, I owe the misfortunes of my life.

At the time when he should have filled his place as sovereign and head of the house where I was concerned, he did not do so because he was afraid.

We are told much of the Archduke Rudolph, for whom the author had an admiration untempered by his lamentable amours which led to a death almost unexampled in its tragedy. Rudolph, we are told, was suffocated by the court and was out of love with life:

Ah, if he had reigned! I knew all his plans and his ideas. Of these, I will only say, modernity did not frighten him. The most daring modern idea would have been acceptable to him. He had already destroyed, in imagination, the worn-out machinery of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. But, like pieces of invisible armor held together by expanding links, the constraints, the formulas, the archaic ideas, the ignorance, and the disillusion from which he was always wishing to escape, closed in on him. His life was a perpetual struggle against a feeble, worn-out, blind, and corrupt court, the routine of which enslaved his body without shackling his intelligence. He was compelled either to go under or to reign for a time and then to conquer, and throw off the burning garment of Nessus, open the windows, overthrow the Great Wall of China and chase away the Camarilla.

But the Austro-Hungarian monarchy would perish rather than change. It went to its death with a courier in advance!

We have another extraordinary account of Ferdinand of Coburg, Tsar of Bulgaria, who was the author's brother-in-law and who seems to have hated her, the hate being reciprocal:

I remember that in our palace at Vienna, Ferdinand would sometimes ask me to play for him when we were alone in the evening. He insisted upon the room being only dimly lit. He would then come near to the piano and listen in silence. At midnight he would stand up solemnly, his features drawn and contrasted. He then looked at the clock and listened for the first of the twelve strokes, and when they were nearing the end he would say: "Then, withdrawing to the middle of the room, he would strike a ceremonial attitude, and repeat the incomprehensible words which frightened me."

Ferdinand used to articulate cabalistic formulas, stretching out his arms with his body bent and his head thrown backwards. Amongst the mysterious phrases a word which

sounded like *Koptor, Kofte, or Cophie* was often repeated. One day I asked him to write it down. He traced letters of which I could make nothing, excepting that I seemed to recognize some kind of Greek characters.

After these séances I questioned him, because while they were proceeding I had to be silent and play the march from "Aida." He invariably answered: "The Devil exists. I call on him and he comes!"

I did not believe this; I mean to say that I did not believe in the Devil's actual visit, but I was nevertheless a little frightened, and when my brother-in-law once again began his incantations I would look round to see if there was anything extraordinary in the room. But there was nothing unusual excepting Ferdinand and my own curiosity—and, perhaps, the unrevealed vision of both our futures!

The princess naturally saw a good deal of the Emperor William of Germany and formed low opinions of his character and capacity. He was, she says, a liar, and the kind of liar who does not know that he is a liar. He lived continually in a world of fiction, always an actor and the worst of actors:

Personally he was hollow and sonorous. He did not know much. He did not at close quarters, like Francis Joseph, give one the impression of being the concierge at an embassy, but he always gave one the impression that is best illustrated by a saying which I remember having seen in the *Figaro*: "Have you seen me in the part of Charlemagne, or as a Lutheran bishop?"—(for he was *summus episcopus*)—"or as an admiral, or even as the leader of an orchestra?" His many talents have been recounted. They may all be reduced to one—the art of self-deception in order to deceive others. Under this veneer of self-deception there existed an empty soul, without a standard of honor, without poise, at the mercy of any kind of flattery, impressions, or circumstances. No sooner did he hear a speech than he gave his opinion, and assumed an attitude according to the rôle of the character to be represented.

The princess was familiar with the old court of Berlin under William I and where Von Bismarck and Von Moltke were the lions. Bismarck was noisy, but Moltke said nothing, although his piercing eyes made up for the lack of speech:

With the accession of William II, the patriarchal court of William I and the Anglo-German but ephemeral court of Frederick the Noble gave place to a court of another kind. The ceremonial of official presentations was increased and became more frequent. The new emperor wished to surround himself with warlike pomp, but the presence of Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein always reduced the most solemn ceremonies of the last court of Berlin to commonplace grandeur. At this period the empress had much trouble to gown herself and dress her hair with taste. Her presence on the throne sufficed to transform it into a bourgeois sofa. Later, her taste in chiffons improved.

When William II came to Vienna he was received with the honors due to his rank. I took especial pains with my toilette in order to do him honor.

Accustomed as I was to his ponderous sallies, I did not expect to hear him say to me in French, which he spoke excellently, even in his holdest gallicisms: "Do you get the style of your coiffure and your gowns in Paris?"

"Sometimes in Paris, but generally in Vienna," I answered. "I represent the fashion, and I design my own dresses."

"You ought to choose Augusta's hats and help her with her gowns. The poor dear always looks shabby."

The author gives us some glimpses of Queen Victoria, of whom she saw a good deal and for whom she had an admiration:

The queen did not leave much impression of her personality, although she was most impressive in her movements, her tones, and her look. Her nose had a curious way of trembling, which was almost an index of her thoughts. And how shall I describe that amazingly cold glance which she was wont to cast over the family circle? The slightest error in dress, the slightest breach of etiquette was instantly noticed. A hint or a reprimand followed in a voice that brooked no reply. Then her nose wrinkled, her lips became compressed, her face flushed a deeper scarlet, and the whole of the royal person appeared to be swept by the storm of anger.

But once the storm passed, the queen smiled her charming smile, as if she wished to efface the memory of her previous ill-humor.

In arriving or departing she always bowed to those around her with a curious little protective movement.

Of the author's account of her persecution and of her confinement as a lunatic nothing need be said here. Her own account of her misfortunes is not of a very conclusive nature, but such as it is it will be found in her entertaining pages, which, with all their defects, will be found a not unimportant chapter of history.

MY OWN AFFAIRS. By the Princess Louise of Belgium. Translated by Maude M. C. Foulkes. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$4.

The first exhibition—in modern times, at least—of prehistoric art is now in progress at Madrid. The exhibits consist of reproductions of the wall-paintings in the caves of Altamira in the Province of Santander. The Altamira paintings were discovered accidentally by the little daughter of the archaeologist, Sautuola. The attention of the world was immediately attracted by these magnificently bold drawings of almost life-sized boars and bison. Encouraged by the Prince of Monaco, in particular, and other patrons of science and art, the search for prehistoric art was carried on throughout Spain. In the last ten years thirty works in Spanish and French have appeared on the subject. The present exhibition is the result and culmination of this interest. The reproductions for it were made by the Society of the Friends of Art, under the direction of Don Elias Tormo, an eminent Spanish archaeologist. The figures have been admirably reproduced. They represent scenes of primitive life, the dance and the chase particularly. An interval of thousands of years divides some of the drawings from others, but all are very remote.

The cards containing finger-prints at Scotland number 210,000.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending November 5, 1921, were \$147,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$150,400,000; a decrease of \$2,700,000.

Jonathan S. Dodge, superintendent of banks of California, has submitted his first report to Governor Stephens. The period covered in the document is from July 1, 1920, to October 31, 1921, and discloses startling and vital facts of primary importance to the agricultural, industrial, financial, and banking groups of the state.

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banks are safe," says Mr. Dodge. "The state has passed successfully through the crisis of deflation and its banks, having met the enormous credit strain of the period, are distributing new credit upon which is being built new prosperity. Our wonderfully varied wealth of the fields and farms and orchards, of the mines and industries and manufactures, of domestic and foreign trade, is upon a firmer and sounder foundation than since the beginning of the world war.

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"We stand at the beginning of a new economic life. The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco has proved itself to be a shock absorber for the banks of the state. We have gradually and surely been changing from a period of unsettled relative values to a period of real values; from temporary, distorted conditions to intrinsic facts in our economic life. The story of the year is that we have been willing to receive a fair recompense for the economic service we render.

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The artificial expansion that was due to the war is disappearing and normal expansion, due to economic demands, is making its appearance.

"California banks, possessing more than \$700,000,000 in assets, are members of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, and this membership has taught perhaps more than anything else that gold is no longer an evil in finance. The mobilization of gold in the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco prevents its vicious use in the hands of hundreds of banks, creating an inflation of unwieldy credit. Gold is now used to manufacture credit, and when credit is not needed gold is not used. The rediscount privilege of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco is the lever that turns on or shuts off the credit of the banks of California. It is an insurance that before now we neither understood nor enjoyed.

"In ten years the crop value of California has increased from one hundred and forty-six and one-half millions to five hundred and eighty-seven and one-half million dollars. This tremendous increase is due to our use of water and water power, to irrigation, to intensified farming, to increasing the improved cultivation of our soil. We have enormous products of the fields and farms; there are immense riches on our ranges, in the seas, in our forests, and in our mines.

"We are the fifth state in the Union in banking power, as the assets in our state and national banks are more than two and a half billions of dollars. Of this immense aggregate one billion and a half dollars are in the state banks. There has been an amazing growth in our commercial state banks that now have assets of more than half a billion dollars and deposits amounting to more than three hundred and forty-six millions of dollars, these being owned by more than 700,000 depositors.

"Our savings banks possess a high economic and social value; they are organized to create habits of thrift in the people of the state and to develop California in its natural resources; to give financial support and direction to the immense problem of irrigation; to assist in the subdivision of large real estate holdings; to help in plans of drainage and reclamation; to encourage those great public utilities that harness the natural water power of the state; to give reality to natural avenues for transportation, and, in brief, to contribute to the success of every agency that is vital to the welfare and the orderly advancement of California.

"In hydro-electric development California finds one of its greatest opportunities. The development of our water power will solve two gigantic problems, those of transportation and of oil, both affecting most intimately our economic life and its future. We need, incontestably, a substitute for oil in our industries. In real estate bonds we have another immense field for legitimate savings bank investments, but these issues must again be for social and not private purposes. They must be contrived to assist subdivision into small farms. Such issues have no place in savings banks if they are simply for refunding purposes or if they are to pay the debts of the owners of large acreages of land. Such plans should be financed by private funds, and not savings bank funds.

"We possess a gigantic aggregate of savings bank assets, the total being nine hundred and ninety-eight millions of dollars. The deposits in our savings banks are eight hundred and ninety-eight millions, the number of depositors are one million, five hundred and ninety thousand, approximately one-half the population of California, while the statistics of the United States as a whole show that only one in ten persons is a savings depositor in continental America. Included in the aggregate of savings deposits are more than one million dollars in school savings deposits. Our trust companies are proving their remarkable value to the state. They have in their possession more than one hundred million dollars in a trust relationship. They enjoy the confidence of the people of the state and they are entitled to it.

"During this year of strange caprice in industry, finance, and banking, a year of danger, difficulty, and deflation, a period of hazard and of hardship in the world of production and distribution, not a single bank in the state system of California has failed. There have been tremendous effects of reaction from the fools' paradise of inflated war profits, and there has been a splendid response by the banks of California to an appeal for new and necessary standards in finance, banking, trade, and commerce."

The stock market for the past week or so has been marked up here and there, especially in the industrial list against the shorts, in most striking fashion, and, indeed, the layman looking at the tape might be pardoned for believing that the market was really merely discounting six months in advance the beginning of the resumption of industrial prosperity in this country on a large scale. It is certainly true that in the majority of cases the stock market moves ahead of developments in business, but in the present connection it would seem reasonable to judge the market from the viewpoint of the specialists on the floor.

There is no doubt that there has been within the past month a very unsatisfactory response on the part of the public, so far as buying stocks was concerned. There is also no doubt there had been built up in every section of the list a very large short interest, while many who had sold stocks short at high prices this year were still disinclined to cover.

When big interests—that is, interests who are able to manage their affairs at times more or less in their own way—find themselves loaded up with stocks in an unsatisfactory market and note willingness on the part of most professionals to sell these same securities short, it is possible for them to buy such short contracts as are offered at low prices and then, when market sentiment becomes a little bullish, they can manipulate quotations against the shorts and generally liquidate their securities to much better advantage than otherwise. Just that sort of thing seems going on in many industrials now. It is the same as in the case of a merchant who has bought commodities at very high prices and doubles up on his holdings at low prices in order to secure a satisfactory average for selling later on.

There seems to have been much more talk of improvement in business this fall than

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there has been of actual improvement. Many of our banks, and some of them exceptionally prominent, have come through a period of real stress, and there is still a vast amount of liquidation that must go on before their situations are cleaned up nicely. The Steel Corporations report for the third quarter was better than the bears expected, but was none too good at that.

Meanwhile the railway trouble looms immediately ahead. It would seem that some important labor leaders recognize the fact



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that any ambitious strike attempts now would jeopardize the standing of labor unionism in this country. What the railway men seem to be striving for is compromise that will reduce their wages to a much smaller extent than has been proposed. Any such compromise, unless accompanied by radical changes of working conditions that would permit of vastly increased efficiency, would merely postpone the day of reckoning. The Interstate Commerce Commission has taken some steps toward reducing railway rates, and much more should be accomplished in this regard. The

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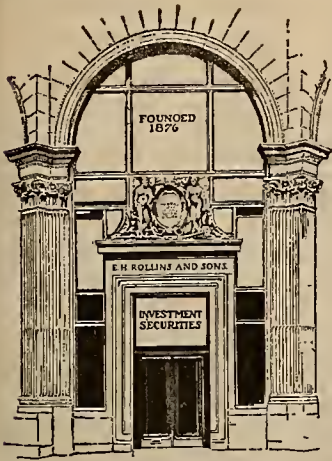
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situation is very complex and would seem impossible of solution to the satisfaction of all interests. But then such readjustments as we are going through are never satisfactory except to those who look far ahead and appreciate that these things must be effected before business can really be good.

The armament limitation conference will produce an immense amount of talk, but it is to be hoped it will not end there. At the same time it is difficult to see how any real

year, when inventories will be taken and accounts balanced. The record of bankruptcies is increasing somewhat already, and while, of course, those concerns that have gone under during the past year are not going under again during the next six months, still there will be plenty of business casualties to record during the early months of next year.—*The Trader*.

The recent reduction in rediscount rates by the Federal Reserve Bank stimulated greatly the activity of the bond market.

Since the early part of October nearly all of the Liberty issues have moved into new high levels, more particularly the Victory 3½s and 4½s. In the majority of cases the highest prices for all issues were recorded since the beginning of the year.

In the early part of 1921 Liberty Bond prices (all issues) ranged from 85.24 to 100 against present quotations of from 94.40 to 100, an increase of from 4.20 to 8.46 per cent.

In the foreign government bond group the general trend has been decidedly upward. The British 5½s, due 1929, and the 5½s, 1937, showed considerable strength. The Mexican issues moved into new high levels, due principally to the favorable outcome of the recent conference between New York financiers and the Mexican government. Among the other foreign bonds the Canadian 5s, 1931, the 5s of 1929 and 1926 showed considerable strength.

Among the railroad bonds the most outstanding were the New York Central convertible debenture 6s, 1935; Baltimore and Ohio prior lien 3½s, 1925, and the 6s, 1929; Great Northern 7s, 1936; St. Louis and San Francisco adjusting 6s, 1955; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy general 4s and the Pennsylvania 6½s.

In the public utility group the most notable were the American Telephone and Telegraph collateral 4s, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph 5s, and the Hudson and Manhattan refunding 5s.

The better grade industrials and miscellaneous group responded with the general list, together with second-grade issues. Among the most outstanding were the Good-year 8s, the Kelly-Springfield 8s, and the Bush Terminal 5s.

A word to the wise. High bond yields will soon be ancient history.—*John D. Dunlop*.

The bond market continued strong during the past month, the outstanding feature being the advance in Liberty Bonds and Victory notes, which reached new high levels. The long-term 4½s now appear to be firmly established well above 90 (says the *Commerce Monthly*).

New offerings of foreign government securities, as well as of domestic public utilities and industrial bonds, have been large, amounting to several hundred million dollars. Among the more important have been \$50,000,000 two-year 7 per cent. treasury gold notes of the Argentine Republic, offered at 99½ to yield over 7.20 per cent.; \$12,000,000 State of Queensland twenty-year non-callable 7 per cent. sinking fund external gold bonds offered at 99 to yield about 7.10 per cent.; \$13,500,000 Toledo Edison first mortgage 7s, 1941, at 96½ to yield over 7.33 per cent.; \$18,000,000 Aluminum Company of America twelve-year 7 per cent. debentures, at 99½ to yield slightly over 7 per cent., and \$25,000,000 Grand Trunk Railway of Canada sinking fund debenture 6s, guaranteed by the Cana-

dian government, sold to yield 6.50 per cent. The United States Railway Administration has sold large amounts of railway car trust certificates at par. Subsequent offerings to the public have been at prices to yield about 5.75 to 5.85 per cent. A striking evidence of the continued absorptive powers of the American market is found in the large number of recent successful offerings.

Blair & Co., Inc., investment bankers, announce that Mr. Stewart S. Lowery has become associated with the staff of their Pacific Coast organization. Mr. Lowery has had wide experience in the investment banking business.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$150,000 Coos County, Oregon, 6 per cent. road bonds in denominations of \$1000, due serially up to November 1, 1928. These bonds are exempt from all Federal income tax.

Coos County, situated in southwestern Oregon, has an area of 1628 square miles, one-third larger than the State of Rhode Island. The principal industries are lumbering, paper pulp manufacture, mining, salmon fishing and packing, agriculture, dairying, and cranberry culture. Coos County ranks second in dairying. It is also fourth in the production of apples. In natural resources it is one of the richest counties in the State of Oregon. There are more than twenty-one billion feet of standing merchantable timber in the county with Douglas fir being the predominating wood. Spruce is second in quantity, while the most valuable of the large timber is the Port Orford white cedar, which is world famous. The largest and most modern sawmill in the State of Oregon is located in this county.

Transportation is furnished by the Southern Pacific and the Smith, Powers Logging Railroad. The county has two good harbors affording anchorage for sea-going vessels and practically all of the lumber shipments go by water. The harbors are Coos Bay and the Coquille. The county has thirty towns, the largest of which are Marshfield, North Bend, Coquille, Myrtle Point, and Bandon. Marshfield, the largest town, is the metropolis of southwestern Oregon. There are eleven banks in Coos County with deposits totaling \$4,633,000.

The offering of \$3,000,000 Paraffine Companies first mortgage 7½ per cent. gold bonds made by a syndicate headed by Ryone & Co. were eagerly taken up by investors. Participants in this syndicate are Stephens & Co., Girvin & Miller, and Schwabacher & Co.

Messrs. Girvin & Miller, Inc., and Hunter, Duin & Co. are offering \$470,000 West Tulare Land Company first mortgage serial 7½ per cent. gold bonds. This issue is secured by a first closed mortgage on 9546 acres of high-grade agricultural land, located about eight miles southwest from the town of Stratford, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The net earnings of the company for the last three years have averaged nearly twice the interest charges on this issue.

The lands of the West Tulare Land Company, together with the improvements, have been appraised by Mr. John C. Moore at ap-



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proximately \$1,007,000, which shows an equity above the bond issue in excess of \$536,000. The maturity of the bonds range from 1926 to 1935 inclusive. Application has been made to certify these bonds as a legal investment for California savings banks.

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agreement can be reached, and it is possible that in the last analysis it will be the economic stress in the individual countries that will determine armament limitation. The world must get to a basis of practical economy in management of the several communities of peoples, and until it does so the spectre of national bankruptcies will be cause for increasing worry, and certainly there can be no prosperous international intercourse.

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Under the Maples.

John Burroughs may not be allowed to rank as a great scientist, but he has probably done as much to popularize science as any man alive. He was completely unfettered by orthodoxy, and orthodoxy is quite as rife and quite as mischievous in science as in religion. The received opinion had no weight with Burroughs, nor had he ever a genuflection for authorities or dogmas. His mind was always that of a child in its eagerness to see and to understand, in its demand for literal truth. And withal he had that touch of mysticism that comes from humility, from a recognition that the incomprehensible enwraps and challenges us. And perhaps that is the highest of all forms of religion.

These exceeding graces are to be found in full measure in this last volume of essays, entitled "Under the Maples." There are

twelve of them in all, and while there are many readers who will enjoy "A Sheaf of Nature Notes" most of all, there will be a wide audience for the "Ruminations," including such topics as Marcus Aurelius on Death, and the beginnings of life. Here one finds no technical profundities nor displays of erudition, but there is not a page that does not in some strange way make for happiness, and for the greatest of all causes of happiness, which is wonder.

UNDER THE MAPLES. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

The Basque Country.

Every one was interested in the Basques even before General Foch gave new lustre to a military renown already great. The mysterious is always interesting, and the Basques are a mysterious people. Katharine Fedden, who writes this latest and best of Basque books, gives us a list of ten theories of Basque

origin, all of them advanced with confidence, mutually destructive, and ranging from Tuhai Cain to the lost Atlantis. She tells us that we may take our choice, but she herself pictures them as the offspring of a patriarchal race that set forth thousands of years ago from Asia on the long journey that brought them to their present home. They had relations with the Celts, the Phoenicians, the Carthaginians, the Gauls, and the Romans, giving friendship for friendship and blow for blow, but always unconquered and always independent. Today there is only a sentimental bond between the Basques on the two slopes of the Pyrenees, but the Basque is always first a Basque and secondly a Spaniard or a Frenchman.

The Basque language is as mysterious as the people who use it and who are so reluctant to aid in its study. It is unrelated to any other known language and is believed to be a mother tongue. It contains no words for modern utensils, Latin, French, or Spanish words being used with a Basque termination.

It would be difficult to speak too highly in praise of this competent and beautiful work. We feel that we have here as complete a presentation as it is possible to give, and in its most attractive form. The book is enriched by twenty-four colored illustrations by Romilly Fedden as well as numerous illustrations in the text.

THE BASQUE COUNTRY. By Romilly and Katharine Fedden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$6.

Brief Reviews.

The effect of a circus upon the life of a little hoy is well described by Leheus Mitchell in "The Circus Comes to Town," just published by Little, Brown & Co., with illustrations by Rhoda Chase. A good book for a present, this. Price, \$1.75.

Among recent stories for girls—outdoor girls—is "Pemrose Lorry, Camp Fire Girl," by Isabel Hornbrook (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75). The heroine has all sorts of adventures, including some that are incidental to her father's attempt to invent a rocket that shall reach the moon.

Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler is among the best known of our writers for boys, his latest work being "The Boy with the U. S. Secret Service," profusely illustrated from official photographs. This is the thirteenth volume of the U. S. Service Series now in course of issue by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Price, \$1.75.

In "Work-a-Day Heroes" the author, Mr. Chelsea Curtis Fraser, gives us an account of some of the more dangerous avocations of civilization, such as that of the structural iron-worker, the steeplejack, the fireman, and the diver. There are thirteen of these sketches done with anecdote and energy and with interesting illustrations. The book is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Mr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler is responsible for a new series of stories for boys to be known as "Round the World with the Boy Journalists." The first volume, published some little time ago by the George H. Doran Company, is entitled "Plotting in Pirate Seas," and now comes a second volume, "Hunting Hidden Treasure in the Andes." Mr. Rolt-Wheeler has so skilled a hand that his name on a title-page is sufficient recommendation.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company has published an admirable book for the ingenious hoy. It is entitled "Boys' Home Book of Science and Construction," by Alfred P. Morgan, and it deals with a wide variety of such subjects as chemistry, mechanics, liquids, sound, heat, light, and electricity. Mr. Morgan writes clearly and practically and with very numerous illustrations that add largely to the value of his book. The price is \$2.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The centenary of Flaubert's birth is commemorated in France by the announcement of a new edition of his complete works, which is being published by the Librairie de France. Modern French illustrators, such as De Segonzac and B. Naudin, are illustrating the edition, which will consist of twelve volumes.

Georges Carpentier has made his debut as a writer for boys with his "Brothers of the Brown Owl," which concerns the struggle of a young French boxer to gain the first place in his profession. The book has not been published yet in this country.

Another novel by Vicente Blasco Ibañez has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title "The Torrent." This title has been chosen in preference to "Among the Orange Groves," the literal translation of the Spanish title. The book is said to be the most romantic of all its author's novels, differing somewhat from his other works in that a love story forms the chief theme.

George Wharton Edwards, author of some beautifully illustrated books on the architectural grandeur of France and Belgium,

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was decorated but a short time ago by Albert, King of the Belgians. Now France has honored this artist-author, and he has received the golden palm of officer of public instruction. M. René Viviani, former French premier, conferred the decoration on behalf of the French government, adding that it was given "as a reward for your great works of art and patriotism." The Golden Palms Order is the highest decoration given by the French Academy (Institute of France).

Seven years have gone into the making of Samuel Hopkins Adams' latest novel, "Success" (Houghton Mifflin Company). Like its big forerunner, "The Clarion," it deals with the powers of the press. Mr. Adams was for ten years after graduating from college a reporter on the New York Sun—one of the best schools of journalism the country affords.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Jeffery Farnol Romance.

When Charles Kingsley wrote "Westward Ho" he pointed out a field for romance that would have been more generally explored but for a certain unwillingness to tread upon religious corns. For the Elizabethan wars against Spain were essentially religious wars, and religious animosities are not yet extinct nor the story of the Spanish Inquisition forgotten.

But Jeffery Farnol has no such scruples. Indeed he seems to have had "Westward Ho" in mind while writing his latest novel. Martin Conishy, marooned on a desert island, finds himself the unwilling companion of that terrible maiden, Joanna, whose ferocities have made her a leader of pirates without wholly extinguishing those softer feminine characteristics that she was wont to deplore. Rescued by a pirate ship, Joanna finds herself at the top of the tree, while poor Martin becomes the butt of the savage crew, but the rôles are reversed when the pirates are captured by Sir Adam Penfeather, after one of those grim sea battles for which the Spanish Main was notorious. Martin eventually falls into the hands of the Inquisition, where he meets his old enemy, Sir Richard Brandon, and becomes his friend and rescuer, being himself rescued for the second time by Sir Richard Penfeather, who has lost his own ship and seized another after the fashion of the gentlemen adventurers of those days. And Sir Richard, being a ship's captain, has the right to perform the marriage ceremony, a point unaccountably overlooked by the rather dull Martin until the lady—of course there is a lady—reminds him of it after having herself made the necessary arrangements. Mr. Farnol has written a capital romance, and one full of warm red blood, a good deal of which is spilled on decks and elsewhere.

MARTIN CONISHY'S VENGEANCE. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Tree of Life.

Modern scholarship is often the ruthless foe of tradition. Mr. James A. B. Scherer in his "The Tree of Life" tells how Caradoc, a British prince, goes to Rome, becomes a convert to Christianity, and returns to England to convert the Druids and to tell them the story of Christmas. But Christmas was a religious festival ages before the coming of Christianity, which did no more than adopt the occasion from Paganism. The astronomical-significance of Christmas was too obvious to be overlooked at any time and it must have been well known to the Druids, as it was certainly well known to the men who built Stonehenge long before the Druids. But those who find a solace in religious myth will enjoy Mr. Scherer's little story. It is told with poetic skill and well illustrated.

THE TREE OF LIFE. By James A. B. Scherer. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.35.

New Books Received.

THE TORRENT. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
A novel.

AND EVEN NOW. By Max Beerbohm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
Essays.

PEACOCK'S FOUR AGES OF POETRY, SHELLEY'S DEFENSE OF POETRY and BROWNING'S ESSAY ON

"A Masterpiece of Modern Fiction."—Boston Transcript.

IF WINTER COMES

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SHELLEY. Edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Percy Reprints, No. 3.

GUIDE BOOK TO WOMEN. By James James. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
Essays.

THINGS SEEN IN FLORENCE. By F. Grierson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

ROUND ROBIN. By Abbie Farwell Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
A story for girls.

THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON. By Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

ROMAIN ROLLAND. By Stefan Zweig. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$4.
The man and his work.

FISHING WITH A BOY. By Leonard Hult. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$2.
The tale of a rejuvenation.

SWORD OF LIBERTY. By Frank and Cortelle Hutchins. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

An historical romance of the American and French revolutions.

MCGILL AND ITS STORY: 1821-1921. By Cyrus Macmillan. New York: John Lane Company.
The history of a Canadian university.

WASHINGTON CLOSE-UPS. By Edward G. Lowry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.
Sketches of our national leaders.



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FRENCH DRAMA.

Some of the cleverest technicians in the world are among the group of well-known French dramatists who preceded and have survived the war. They are, or the majority of them, no doubt, men who have lived and more than probably still live the lives followed by the high-class Bohemians of Paris, lives of comfort or luxury, according to their means, and still further brightened by contact with the brightest male minds, and with the fascinations of the prettiest and most disillusioned and immoral women of Paris.

No doubt, like the *Bohemiens* in Henri Murger's priceless work, some of them have joined the ranks of bourgeois respectability. But, if we may deduce from their plays, they write cynically, entertainingly, brilliantly of a life from whose sparkling brink they have drunk deeply.

Yet how little this fiction and drama of illicit loves reflects the France away from Paris, which is just a big, cosmopolitan patch-work.

The centralized drama of France is, therefore, a superficial thing, and does not reflect the soul of France. Some of the more thoughtful critics of contemporary French life—Bordeaux, Brissot, Flaubert—recognize and deplore this tendency to misrepresent the French people. But a society in which the social restrictions for women are, or have been, so strict does not furnish as many stories about virtuous women as about those of irregular lives.

This is the Frenchman's best excuse, and he even has apologists among men of other nationality: Henry James and Arnold Bennett, for instance.

Still, when the finely-tempered spirit of the French shone so bright and stretched so

steely strong in war-times Frances friends said, "Now we shall have a literature and a drama worthy of such a nation!"

Alas, that such a change of heart and mind has not developed! The drama of the French still remains lightly, cynically degrading to the morals just as ours, in large part, remains—we must confess it—lightly and merrily disintegrating to the mind.

What we must concede to the French is skill in construction, the very best of stagecraft, and an ease and wit to the dialogue that far outshines that of the plays of other nations. Also, there is a finish and a unified effect to French acting that all intelligent visitors to the theatres in French capitals can but immensely appreciate.

American habitués of French theatres, however, finally reach to one of two states of mind: either a tired satiation of the purulent motives, or else a dismal inability to enjoy any other kind.

Henri Bernstein is a moving example of the class of French playwrights whose skill is so great that his play always win the most extreme interest, while leaving the heart absolutely untouched. This writer seems, indeed, to be curiously insensible to delicacy or tenderness of sentiment. Witness "The Thief," "The Secret," "The Claw," the latter, with its unlovely theme, still riding on the crest of success.

But in "La Tendresse," the latest play of Henry Bataille, who stands among the most brilliant group of contemporaneous French dramatists, the author has sought to strike a new note.

There is, of course, an irregular household in "La Tendresse," of which Marthe is the loved and laughing centre. Marthe is a delicious, provocative, and highly improper young singer and actress, and the protégée of Barnac, an inspired play-writer who is "Maitre" to the reverent younger generation. Barnac is a middle-aged man, and knows life. Therefore in all of Marthe's walks abroad she is attended by "Miss," who gives Barnac a full account of all their movements.

The calamity is precipitated by a friend's mention of meeting Marthe and "Miss" in some spot not regularly specified in these reports.

Several previous interviews between Marthe and two or three infatuated young men have admonished us that Barnac's precautions are in vain. Yet Marthe histles whenever any of her more irregular worshippers cast even a thought, an inference of criticism toward the divergence in her and Barnac's ages, and it is made plain that the seductive Messalina has an immense tenderness for her elderly protector.

However, Barnac's discovery breaks up the ménage, and two years after we discover the lover still unconsoled and unconsolable.

Or, no; there is but one consolation; Marthe herself. And here Mons. Bataille brings in his point. "For," says Barnac, when he forgives Marthe and installs her as a loved friend, although he renounces the tenderer relation, "Why can we not cling to that spiritualized tenderness which survives love?"

So he plans to pick up again the pen that was discarded when the laughing Marthe disappeared from his life.

"I am so used," he says, "to take an interest in the dear child's affairs: to be useful to her, to write her rôles, to delight in the hits she makes, to see her happy, that I will be merely resuming an old habit. And all I ask is an occasional friendly pressure of the hand, a kind 'good-morning,' a burst of laughter in the hall—for who can ever guess at the dismalness of the solitude to which we older ones are condemned."

And so there it rests; a delightful friendship, a semi-hemi-demi-but thoroughly circum-spect protector.

As to Marthe, ever since the esclandre she has been sitting on the lap of circum-spection. No more flirtations, no more lovers.

But Barnac amiably waves all that away. Marthe shall have her lovers, so she shall; "le nécessaire lien de la jeunesse à la jeunesse." Only, when Barnac is alone, he hursts into sohs over the little lace handkerchief that Marthe has left.

And that's the Parisian of it. When they're not cynical they're sentimental, and when they're not sentimental they're cynical. And rarely, most rarely, do they create situations of universal interest.

In this play Bataille has lavished all his wit, all his knowledge of the "femme galante" of Paris on the character of Marthe. She is irresistible, with an uncanny mastery over male susceptibilities. But after all, it is but a phase of Parisian life, of which the great, wide world knows little or nothing. And it is for the people of Paris only that the French dramatist writes. Other men of France have begun to realize that there are points of interest in other countries. Several great Frenchmen have traveled this way since the war ended.

But the French dramatist—harring such exceptions as Rostand—is unchanged and unchangeable. He writes for Paris. All the rest of the world can go hang.

THE THOMAS DRAMA.

There was a time when Augustus Thomas was, if not the leading, at least one of the leading and most popular dramatists of America. He it was who had the happy thought of dividing the country into sections and writing plays founded primarily upon the standing of women in those sections. Since those days woman has rather taken things in her own hands, in that respect, and her standing is very much the same all over the country.

But the South long preserved the Victorian tradition about woman, plus a considerably larger admixture of gallantry and chivalry than the more stolid Briton exhibited.

Augustus Thomas' day is almost over, although two of his plays are being performed on our local stage this week.

"As a Man Thinks," generally regarded by his appreciators as his best play, is being presented at the Maitland. It is Thomas in his romantic and ethical vein. By that, perhaps, the public best remembers him. And yet, in the long list of his plays, there are a number of light, humorous comedies, such as "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "The Education of Mr. Pip," and "Chimmie Fadden," the titles of these last two showing what a representative part was taken by Thomas' plays in the theatrical life preceding the present epoch.

"The Copperhead," the other play that is on local boards this week, is a piece that attracted so much attention from the critics when it was put on in New York about a year ago that it seemed as if it must be Mr. Thomas at his best.

But, although the Alcazar is giving it a careful production, and the leading rôle, that of Milt Shanks, the presumable copperhead, allows Dudley Ayres, the leading man, an opportunity to show himself at his best, yet there is a sadness, the sadness apparently of old age, over the play. Mr. Thomas is not really an old man yet, certainly not old enough to have lost that spontaneous if some-what quiet humor that used to characterize his work. But there is little humor and little of the spirit of youth in "The Copperhead."

The story, indeed, is most pathetic, chronicling as it does the long martyrdom of Milton Shanks, who, adhering strictly to the secret pact made by him to Lincoln, pretended to be a Copperhead in order to receive secret information from enemy quarters that would aid the Northern cause.

The audience is not in the secret, but it feels the worth and sincerity of the man, and only in the last scene of the last act is the story of Milt's simple, unpretending heroism laid bare; heroism the harder to practice because the hero had to live his heroism, suspected, unhonored, and estranged from his own people; those whom he loved with unobtrusive fidelity and tenderness.

When, quite a number of years ago, the failing ranks of the Grand Army had their convention in San Francisco, it was the older people who really entered most deeply into the emotions roused by the occasion. A stream of reminiscences bubbled from their lips; newly freshened memories left on childish minds of parental emotions roused by the war. And how the tears streamed when the old battle flags, faded, tattered, almost gone, were borne along past cheering thousands in our sunlit streets. Even youth wept at that sight.

It seems to me that "The Copperhead" is a play that should make a particularly strong appeal to those who really remember something of the emotions through which the country passed in the 'sixties. Gray-headed seniors, women who remember faintly some-

thing of that wonderful era of national exaltation, members of the local Grand Army posts, should dig themselves out and go to the play in order to feel if only a faint recrudescence of those emotions so long past and gone. Since that era two wars have transpired, and the events and emotions of the 'sixties seem very, very remote. Both the risen and the rising generation seem to have fallen away from the idealism of the romantic past that formerly characterized youth, which now, in its newly-acquired freedom and independence, lives ardently in the present, or looks with intense expectancy into the future. Truly, the poor old past, once "the splendid, glorious past," has been knocked out.

And yet there is Drinkwater's "Lincoln," which we shall have an opportunity of seeing this winter. But Lincoln has never lost his hold on the admiration and affection of the American people, and I do not doubt that the English authorship of the play added to its interest. The Americans were interested in seeing how a Briton would handle such a theme.

While other productions are just staggering along on the Eastern circuit or being withdrawn, "Abraham Lincoln" drew \$18,000 to a Buffalo theatre during the month of October.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Sothern and Marlowe's return to the stage—which took place October 31st, when they opened in "Twelfth Night" at the Century Theatre, New York—will gain considerable prestige on account of the scarcity of Shakespearean players and companies. Included in their company are Alma Krueger, Sydney Mather, Roland Buckstone, Albert Howson, Frederick Lewis, and Frank Peters. And so once more, with such names to help on its original lustre, the Shakespearean drama looks up.

The Brooklyn Theatre Guild begins its season with a production of Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," which, it announces, has never been produced in this country by "a little theatre group." Whether or not that term applies to the Maitland players remains open to doubt, but certainly the Maitland Theatre is a "little theatre," and as certainly last year "Hindle Wakes" was acted on its stage.

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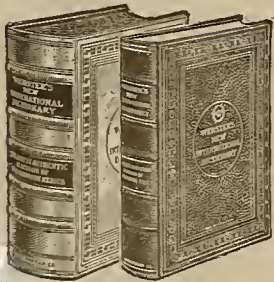
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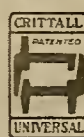
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The Columbia Theatre.

At the Columbia Theatre next Monday night Robert B. Mantell will give his first performance in half a dozen seasons of "Othello." For this fine old tragedy Mr. Mantell has built a new scenic production, to be displayed on the stage of the Columbia for the first time. The new production is said to rank with those he is carrying for "Richelieu," "Julius Caesar," "As You Like It," and "Louis XI," all of which have been built within the last half decade. A new system of stage lighting gives a warm glow suited ideally for the Italian atmosphere of "Othello."

As the Moor, Mr. Mantell was ranked by the late William Winter supreme among Americans actors. Mr. Winter, dean of New World critics, considered his Othello superior in the more subtle phases of art even to his King Lear, generally held Mr. Mantell's masterpiece. Miss Genevieve Hamper will be seen as Desdemona, a rôle for which she is considered the ideal type of beauty.

"Richard III," not yet seen at the Columbia during the present engagement, will also have a place in the final week's repertoire. The order of plays is: "Othello," Monday night; "King Lear," Tuesday night; "As You Like It," Wednesday afternoon; "Richelieu," Wednesday night; "Macbeth," Thursday night; "Hamlet," Friday night; "Julius Caesar," Saturday afternoon, and "Richard III," Saturday night.

"The Beggar's Opera," with the complete London cast and production, will be the un-

usual attraction at the Columbia Theatre beginning with Monday night, the 21st.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Don," a comedy by Beserer and produced successfully at the Haymarket Theatre in London and at the Century Theatre in New York, will be given for the first time in San Francisco when it opens Monday night at the Maitland Playhouse for the week's run.

Although new to the Pacific Coast, followers of worth-while plays are familiar with "Don" through criticisms and will welcome an opportunity to see a play that is exceptional in every particular and that at the same time will afford a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

"As a Man Thinks," the Augustus Thomas drama, is drawing good crowds this week at the Maitland and will close with the Saturday matinee and evening performance.

The Orpheum.

Jane and Katherine Lee are recognized as the greatest juvenile stars of the day. It is not only as films stars that they are at home, Jane and Katherine Lee act as well. They are therefore, in vaudeville, offering a comedy skit by Thomas J. Gray called "The New Director." Every one who has seen them on the screen will want to see them in person.

Few comedians understand the art of burlesque as does Billy Arlington. He is broad, but never rough or coarse. Mr. Arlington is assisted by Elinore Arlington, C. I. Taylor, and E. F. Hennessy, and the quartet presents an absurdity called "Mistakes Will Happen." Avey and O'Neil is a new partnership, formed from the previous acts of Swor and Avey and Alexander, O'Neil and Sexton. They are blackface comedians.

Kara, the European eccentric juggler, recently arrived in this country to amuse the American audiences with his humorous manipulations of various articles. His eccentricities really remove him from the strict classification of a juggler. He is a comedian.

There is a good deal new under the vaudeville sun, and William Ebs is providing some of these things. Mr. Ebs is a ventriloquist and departs from anything that has ever been done before in ventriloquism.

Everybody who goes to vaudeville knows Ed Morton—a big, fine-looking chap with a splendid voice. He has the ability to sing a song so that the melody and the lyrics sink in and linger favorably, indefinitely.

Ollie Young and April offer a real novelty. Dressed as Pierrot and Pierrette, Ollie Young and April cavort about and blow soap bubbles. San Francisco may well be proud of her daughter Corinne ("Queenie") Tilton, who during the last week has shown Orpheum audiences one of the finest revues ever seen in vaudeville. Miss Tilton's own work needs no comment, as it speaks for itself. Her act is to be held a second week.

"The Soul of America."

In presenting Captain Paul Perigord, the distinguished Frenchman, who will speak on "The Soul of America" before the regular monthly gathering of the University Fine Arts Society on November 16th, this unique association is but carrying out its announced policy of providing national authorities on topics of vital interest to thinking men and women. The lecture will be delivered in the Colonial Room of the Hotel St. Francis.

Captain Perigord holds numerous degrees from both French and American educational institutions, repeatedly distinguished himself on the field of battle, acted as military instructor in the camps of this country, and has now been called to the Washington conference as a member of the French High Commission.

His lecture is peculiarly in keeping with the purpose for which America entered the world war. And if Captain Perigord is able to make his hearers believe—as reports from other places indicate that he has been able to do—that America has indeed a soul of idealism, something above lust, materialism, and the greed for money, he will have performed a valuable service for this country. His service will consist in helping to keep to the fore the idealism that actuated the United States to enter the conflict and to refuse to reap any material advantage from the spoils of war.

The last time Johanna Galski sang in San Francisco war emotions had all but wrecked her voice. Even her technique was affected, for her breathing went back on her. Five years' rest, apparently, has set her up again, and she is singing in German opera at the Metropolitan and receiving demonstrative welcome—from the German contingent.

Again there is talk in New York of reducing the price of theatre tickets. Lee Shubert is the producing manager who believes in meeting the apathy of the theatre-going public by "keeping down prices as low as we can, and yet maintain the Shubert criterion."

Astronomical Lectures.

The Astronomical Society of the Pacific announces five lectures to be given at Native Sons' Hall, 430 Mason Street, as follows:

Friday, November 11, 1921—"The Dimensions of the Stars," by Dr. J. S. Plaskett, director of the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, Victoria, B. C. Dr. Plaskett is the foremost astronomer of Canada and an authority of international reputation on solar and stellar photography.

Friday, December 16, 1921—"The Structure of the Universe," by Dr. J. H. Moore, associate astronomer in the Lick Observatory. Dr. Moore is known as one of the leading spectroscopists of the country and is an authority on questions relating to the radial velocities of the stars.

Friday, January 13, 1922—"Seeing the Invisible," by Dr. R. A. Millikan, director of the physical laboratory and chairman of the executive committee, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena. Dr. Millikan is one of the leading physicists of the world, especially known for his studies on the electron, on the constitution of matter, and on the radiation of light.

Friday, February 17, 1922—"Chemistry in the Service of Astronomy," by Dr. G. N. Lewis, dean of the department of chemistry, University of California. Dr. Lewis, in addition to his reputation as a practical chemist, is specially known for his theory of the structure of the atom, which has a significant bearing on our theories of chemical reactions and on the origin of spectral lines.

Friday, March 17, 1922—"Comets," by Dr. A. O. Leuschner, director of the students' observatory and dean of the graduate division, University of California. Dr. Leuschner is specially known for his mathematical researches upon the motions of bodies in our solar system.

The hour is 8 p. m. in each instance and the public is invited to attend. No charge for admission.

One War Quickly Settled.

What little Professor Van Tyne left of substance in the charge by Charles Grant Miller, that the American histories used in our public schools are written by men who love England and hate the United States, was utterly destroyed recently by C. H. Ward of the Taft School in a particularly interesting and informative letter printed on this page. Not content with denying the Miller accusations, Mr. Ward conducted a vigorous offensive against the accuser. Adequately and accurately to characterize what he proved as to the nature of Mr. Miller's attack on our school histories would require the use of language harsher than the *Times* likes to employ except in emergencies and controversies of more importance than this one, but no reader of Mr. Ward's letter could have failed to see by just what methods of quotation and interpretation a semblance of support was given to the assertion that our children are being victimized and their Americanism impaired by British propagandists.

So long as nobody took, as Mr. Ward did, the trouble to look up Mr. Miller's quotations, they were very likely to gain credence from Americans who never had read the books he assailed, but now, that trouble having been



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taken, the indictment disappears without leaving even a puff of smoke behind.

It is true, of course, that our school histories no longer are devoted either largely or at all to the perpetuation of ancient animosities against England—a change which Mr. Miller, for reasons unstated but imaginably deeply resents. Instead they tell, or try to tell, the exact truth about the formation of our nation and the happenings of its early years. If real, 100 per cent. Americanism will not survive that process, it is a poor thing, not worth saving. Several of the later English historians attained as nearly to fairness in their treatment of our revolution as is humanly possible, and certainly it behooved our own to do as much. They have done their best in this direction, and well.—*New York Times*.

Absinthe was at first used by the French only as a flavor for other beverages.

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VANITY FAIR.

Many of us use the familiar term cocktail daily—even now—without giving a thought to its origin or actual meaning. We associate it with a cocky feeling. It has a racy sound and seems to fit and that is sufficient. If any one has the curiosity to look it up he will probably be rewarded with the negative information—"origin obscure." But though the dictionaries dispose of our great national invention in this fashion, its origin is not a complete mystery. Martha McCulloch-Williams, writing in the New York Herald, gives the problematic origin of a cocktail, both name and drink, in an interesting anecdote. She first explains that a cocktail, according to the horse hooks, is the English county equivalent for the American "quarter horse," and that a quarter horse was the particular sort used for racing in the old days in the South. "To run like a quarter horse," says our informant, "was a colloquialism of my upbringing, the synonym of rapid flight. This since the quarter horse knew the business in band was going from the word 'go.' Quarter racing was the favorite Saturday afternoon diversion of backwoods sports." Having thus got a fairly vivid idea of a quarter horse, we have simply to hear in mind that the cocktail was the English equivalent to appreciate the anecdote which Miss Williams gives, as follows: "As to how the name came to fit also a drink here is a theory, not so far fetched as some, with a few facts behind it. When Washington fought the redcoats for possession of New York town he and his staff rested at a house of call in what is now The Bronx, and were there waited on by a huxom landlady, a widow who had a fine hand at mixing things spirituous. One day she tried a new brew, sipped, then swallowed, then passed the potion as a stirrup cup to her guests, already in saddle, saying: 'Drink hearty, gentlemen. It's good! I say so.' 'Twill make ye each feel as sassy as a cocktail.' She, no doubt, knew quarter horses under their English name, and could think of nothing sassier than such a creature in a whipping finish." The story is evidently authentic—the question remaining is whether or not Washington's landlady was the first to use the term. Might it not have been unrecorded slang of the army before then? Ernest Weekly in his vivacious dictionary of etymological English states that cocktail was first recorded about 1800 and quotes Washington Irving—"Those recondite beverages, cocktail, stone-fence, and sherry-cohler." We have heard of sherry-cohlers; but, alas, what has become of the stone-fence?

The French are urging the abolition of passports. The wonder is that the French did not long ago agitate for the abolition of this mediæval anachronism, for the French are essentially a logical race; and a passport is a worn-out tradition. It is a survival of an age that was not notable for its logic, but which was conspicuous for hostile international relations. Some one has now evolved a theory, which would seem so obvious as to scarcely need evolution, that the abrogation of passports will soothe economic irritations and remove an unnecessary embargo from the already stifled trade of Europe. However, tradition dies hard. The apparently simple relation between barriers artificially raised to promote a state of war and the state of war itself seems to be lost on the subtle mind of the European. The fact remains that passports are poor things even in their natural realm of war. For it is only the innocent and well-meaning traveler whose progress is delayed by lack of passports. The professional spy will always be well supplied.

He who dances must pay the piper. We have now the amusing spectacle before us of the dancer's choice. The question is—will the latest medical dictates on the subject of feminine smoking and drinking kill with one fell blow the "long white serpent" that the W. C. T. U. confessed to have only partially scotched. It is a great problem. There will doubtless be women who will dance, i. e., smoke, and pay—for an electrolysis treatment. For what the Parisian physicians are threatening is not a debilitated future generation, nor even a short life for the present one, but something much more awful—the increase of heads and mustaches among women of

unbecoming masculine habits. Doctors have raved before of the danger of nicotine and alcohol to the feminine constitution. But they are raving more effectually this time. What is the hypothetical damage to a potential generation compared with the necessity of being in the swim and of doing as Paris does whether in Paris or not? What indeed! If there were anything in the theory it could be disposed of with another maxim—"Let the pleasures of the present take precedence over the sorrows of the future." There must be some such proverb, somewhere, for it is a principle that is put in practice every hour by practically everybody. But this is beside the point. The real issue makes the old-fashioned eugenic one look about as effective as a toy pistol. A doubt will rise, of course, in many minds, namely—are the doctors right? Are they perchance in the pay of the unscrupulous reformer? We know reformers are unscrupulous; but unhappily the doctors in the present case are Parisians and there are no reformers in Paris. Any who ever went to reform Paris speedily succumbed to conversion by Paris. At least, Paris remains unreformed and we fear that the doctors are speaking their honest convictions. The only flaw in their reasoning is historic, not scientific. They ignore the fact that more women employ electrolysis today because woman are getting more particular of the niceties of their appearance than they were in an age when moles were simulated and deformities cultivated. May it not be that women consider a smooth skin more becoming to a cigarette than the old-fashioned kind where nature was allowed to reign unimproved. And again—we wonder if men had heard before the discovery of alcohol. Since no one has any data on that period we shall have patiently to wait till prohibition becomes general in order to see a rise of smooth-checked manly beauty.

M. Peru, a favorite pupil of Chopin, is dragging out a miserable existence in a Paris garret (says Reuter's correspondent). He is over ninety years old, sleeps on a pallet-bed, and is slowly dying, not from old age, but from want of food. His only consolation is a piano which has been lent him by a well-known pianoforte maker. When eighteen years of age M. Peru was a pupil of Kalkbrenner. Chopin one day heard him play two of his Nocturnes, and told him to come and see him. During two years he gave the young musician priceless advice and instruction. M. Peru recollects Chopin as "a strange being—pale, distinguished, generous, and crabbed—constantly preoccupied about his health. He was wretchedly housed, and incapable of keeping for a single day the money he earned. But the papers were always speaking of his elegant cane and of gloves à la Chopin. He was an artist of genius. He never executed a piece twice in the same way. When I played to him he used to listen stretched out on a sofa. Often he jumped up angrily exclaiming, 'Who on earth taught you to play like that? Get away.' And then he would take my place, and the piano became a medium of enchantment. One did not breathe, and lost count of everything."

John Burroughs says that while an elephant may not think, he at least reflects. He cites to prove this the fact that the elephant covers himself with mud to keep insects from biting, and uses branches like a fan to brush flies away from him.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bishop W. S. Anderson during his visit at the Edison-Ford-Firestone camp in Maryland said apropos of a recent society wedding: "There are women, it is true, who make fools out of men, but I am happy to know that the majority of women make men out of fools."

General Coleman Du Pont, Delaware's new senator, was lunching in the Senate restaurant. "This magazine here," he said, laying a periodical aside, "contains a long article on the best way to stop hiccupps. Now it seems to me——" And General Du Pont chuckled. "It seems to me," he added, "that a good many readers would rather know the best way to start them."

The two ladies were very hot and tired as they seated themselves at the restaurant table, and to the waiter who bustled up and asked for their order one said as she fanned herself. "Oh, just give us a little respite, please." The waiter looked puzzled. "Ah aint shuah we got any today, lady," he said after a moment, "but Ah'll ask de cook. An' will you have tea with it or coffee?"

"Daughter," said the old man, sternly, "I positively forbid you marrying this young scapegrace! He is an inveterate poker player!" "But, papa," tearfully protested Alicia Hortense, "poker playing is not such an awful habit. Why, at your own club——" "That's where I got my information, daughter. I'll have no daughter of mine bringing home a man that I can't beat with a flush, a full house, and fours."

Colonel George Harvey was discussing the outlook at a farewell dinner. "We must consider the outlook fairly and squarely," he said. "We must get at the truth. Optimism is no good. Pessimism is no good either. Both make for inaction. The truth alone works. The optimist," Colonel Harvey added, "orders a dozen oysters and expects to find pearls in them. The pessimist expects to find typhoid fever germs."

Mrs. Barton French told at a dinner in Newport a story about the Kaiser. "The Kaiser," she said, "liked to talk to Americans about Theodore Roosevelt. Once, at Kiel, he told how, when he first met Roosevelt, he said to him: 'Mr. Roosevelt, if you were a German, I should certainly make you my prime minister.' 'If your imperial highness,' said Roosevelt, bowing and smiling, 'were an American, I should make you my press agent.'"

A woman no longer in the blush of her first youth was trying to overcome the reluctance of a little girl to retire for the night. "Being six years old," she said, "you should go to bed at 6. When you are seven you will be able to stop up till 7, and when you are eight you can keep awake till 8." The child gazed thoughtfully, with a mental arithmetic look at the kindly face, with its crown of gray hair, and remarked: "Then I suppose you never go to bed at all?"

The scientist, Sir Archibald Geikie, although a Scotchman, was not above thoroughly enjoying a joke, even though it was against his countrymen. One he told himself is about an Englishman and a Scotchman who went to Egypt together and paid a visit to the pyramids. The Englishman was lost in admiration of the wonderful sight, and presently asked his companion for his opinion. The Scotchman shook his head sorrowfully. "Ah, mon," he said with a sigh. "What a lot of mason work not to be bringin' in any rent."

"Pussyfoot" Johnson said to a New York reporter: "Did you ever see stout? They swear by it over the water. It is as black as ink, rich and smooth like cream, and as alcoholic almost as whisky. One day in Peebles, as I was pursuing my prohibition campaign, a Peebles workingman held a pint pot of stout under my nose. 'That's the stuff, Pussy-foot!' he yelled. 'Rare good stuff, I tell ye! Better'n all yer—hic—tea! I tell ye, it's meat and drink to a man!' 'Yes,' said I, 'and sometimes lodgings, too, if he takes plenty of it.'"

William Allen White, the Kansas editor, told a homestead story at a Topeka dinner. "Along a hot and dusty Kansas road," he began, "a homesteader was pursuing his way towards one of Uncle Sam's free homes in the Cherokee strip. His family and furniture were in a shabby wagon drawn by a pair of shabby nags. 'Whar ye bound?' a farmer asked him when he halted to water up. 'Bound? Why, bound fer a hun'erd an' sixty acres o' gov'ment land in the Strip,' the homesteader answered enthusiastically. Some two or three months passed, and then the homesteader stopped once more at the

farmer's to water up, this time traveling north. 'Wot ye done with them hundred and sixty acres?' asked the farmer. 'See them mules?' the homesteader answered, pointing to the sorry animals that were harnessed to his prairie schooner. 'Well, I traded eighty acres of my claim for 'em.' 'Wot ye done with the other eighty?' 'Don't give it away till I get further on,' said the homesteader in a low voice, 'but the feller was a tenderfoot, and I run the other eighty in on him without his knowing it.'"

Bishop Penuhurst was talking in Boston about charity. "Some charities," he said, "remind me of the cold, proud, beautiful woman who, glittering with diamonds, swept forth from a charity ball at dawn, crossed the frosty sidewalk, and entered her huge limousine. A beggar woman whined at the window: 'Could you give me a trifle for a cup of coffee, lady?' The woman looked at the beggar reproachfully. 'Good gracious!' she said. 'Here you have the nerve to ask me for money when I've been toddling for you the whole night through! Home, James.'"

"We will take as our text this morning," announced the absent-minded clergyman, consulting his memorandum, "the sixth and seventh verses of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs." Never suspecting that his vivacious son and heir had found the memorandum in his study on the previous night, and knowing that his papa had composed a sermon celebrating the increased severity of dry law enforcement, had diabolically changed the chapter and verse numerals to indicate a very different text, the absent-minded clergyman

turned to the place and read aloud these words of Solomon: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his past poverty, and remember his misery no more."

The two flappers at the Strand seemed barely in their teens, yet their conversation stamped them as seasoned film fans. They were discussing titles of pictures in general, and the tiny blonde expressed regret that the recent German importations had had their titles changed for American consumption. "If they had only called that picture 'Du Barry' instead of 'Passion,' think what a hit it would have made!" Her bobbed-hair companion tossed her head and scoffed: "Don't you believe it. There's millions of folks never heard of Du Barry, but every one knows about passion."

The famous Caruso had two hobbies, he practiced ventriloquism and he made caricatures. Of the former hobby a story is told. Caruso had sung in a garden party in Tuxedo, and afterwards he agreed to give an exhibition of his ventriloquial powers. Standing under a huge oak tree, he peered up into the foliage and said: "Young man, what are you doing up there." "I aint doin' nothin', mister," a childish treble faltered. "I jes' climb up to see the fun." Caruso was amazed. Of course he had no idea that there was really any one in the tree. As he stood there, peering up, there was a great outburst of applause from the assembled guests. They agreed that they had never witnessed such a superb display of ventriloquism before. See-

ing how the land lay, Caruso smiled to himself. Then, still peering up, he called: "Will you behave yourself, boy, if I let you stay?" "Oh, yes, mister—sure," said the frightened little voice, and again there was frantic applause. "Well, stay then. But hold on tight." "Oh, I will, mister." Renewed applause. "Don't fall!" "No, sir!" Then Caruso turned to his audience and smiled and bowed. They clapped him to the echo. It was the most successful ventriloquial exhibition of his career.

THE MERRY MUSE.

That "Hawallan" Phonograph Record.
The first time that I heard it played,
I thought of nights of tropic splendor,
And dreamed I saw a girl who swayed
Across a white beach, little and slender.
I dreamed of pirates, pearls, and palms,
And lips that in imperious fashion
Kissed, without any Freudian qualms,
And breathed the very soul of passion.
The fiftieth time I heard it played,
I wished the fellow who invented
The thing could pay the price I paid,
And occupy the flat I rented
Just for a week. I wished his dad
Had died while still a small and dumb thing,
Or that his lady mother bad
Gone in for birth-control, or something.
The thousandth time I heard it played,
I took an ax, I took a bludgeon
And did with righteous wrath invade
The flat beneath, and wreaked my dudgeon.
I laid about me, blithe and brisk,
Committing riot, crime, and murder;
And that particular rubber disc
Won't trouble anybody further.
—John McClelland in Life.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Marion Small, daughter of Mrs. A. Herriott Small of Berkeley, and Dr. James Eaves of San Francisco was solemnized November 8th in the Burlingame residence of Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Zohrlaut, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Zohrlaut of Milwaukee, and Commander William H. Lee, United States Navy, was solemnized November 5th at Grace Cathedral, Dean Wilmer Gresham officiating. Commander and Mrs. Lee will go to the Orient in February, but in the meantime, on their return from their wedding journey, they will occupy apartments on Sacramento Street.

In honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Helene de Latour, Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour gave a reception Saturday at their Pacific Avenue home. Receiving with the hostess were Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Celia O'Connor, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Yvonne Romer, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Marion Bird, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Sue McDonald, and Miss Edna Taylor. Later in the evening the party was augmented by a group of the young married set and some of the younger girls and men, including Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker, Mr. and Mrs. William Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. James Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and

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Miss Louise Porter, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter, was formally presented to society last Friday at a reception given by her mother at their Vallejo Street home. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Cullen Welty, Mrs. E. D. Chipman, Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mrs. James Watkins, Mrs. Bradley Wallace, Mrs. Anson Herick, Mrs. Walton Hedges, Miss Carol Klink, Miss Margaret Cheney, Miss Evelyn McGaw, and Miss Elizabeth Houston.

Miss Josephine Grant gave a dinner Friday in Burlingame for Miss Betty Folger and Mr. Robert Miller. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Vincent Dominguez, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Albert Miller, Mr. Richard Schwerin, and Mr. Edward Dulacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch gave a luncheon Sunday in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. William Fullam.

In honor of Miss Edith Grant, Miss Elizabeth Magee gave a dinner Friday last at the Fairmont. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Doris and Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Helene de Latour, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Marianne and Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Lawton Filer, and a complement of men.

Mrs. George Howard gave a luncheon Friday in San Mateo for the Misses Rosemonde and Margaret Lee. Others present were Miss Edith Grant, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, and Miss Lawton Filer.

Complimenting Mrs. Carroll Graves, wife of Commander Graves, U. S. N., Mrs. Gerald Brant gave a tea Thursday afternoon.

In honor of Miss Katherine Morris of New York, Miss Francesca Deering gave a luncheon Monday at the Woman's Athletic Club. Among her guests were Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Helene de Latour, Miss Marion Bird, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Frances Pringle, and Miss Virginia Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery gave an informal dinner last Friday for Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton Moore gave a dance last Thursday in Oakland in honor of Miss Elizabeth Moore. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Salem Pohlman, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fenon, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Gladys Little, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Doris Rodolph, and Miss Flora Edwards. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Harry Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moller, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. John Okell, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Hale Luff, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Roberts, Miss Ernestine Adams, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elizabeth Howard, Miss Jean Searles, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Louise Braden, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Schatz Adams, Miss Betsy Payne, Miss

Helen Perkins, Miss Jane Howard, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Mary Harrison, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Janet Knox, Miss Janie Ewer, Mr. John Boyden, Mr. John Knox, Mr. Tallant Ransome, Mr. Brooks Walker, Mr. William Rheem, Mr. William Waste, Mr. Henry Nichols, Mr. Arthur Adams, Mr. Egbert Adams, Mr. Everett Gray, Mr. Adpheus Bull, Mr. James Pullian, Jr., Mr. Randolph Walker, and Mr. Robert Beale.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade gave a dinner Friday of last week, when they had as their guests Miss Helene de Latour, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Mr. Hugh Porter, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Edward Harrison, and Mr. Gerald Herrmann.

Admiral Alexander Halstead gave a luncheon Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Miss Laura Miller gave a tea Thursday in Oakland in honor of Mrs. Monroe Greenwood. Her guests included Mrs. Fitzgerald Marx, Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. John Okell, Mrs. Herriott Small, Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mrs. Frank Moller, Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Flora Edwards, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Janice Ewer, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Jane Howard, Miss Janet Knox, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Elizabeth Magee, and Miss Katharine Maxwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith gave a bridge party last Thursday in Ross, when they had among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster, Miss Avery Ransome, and Mr. William Grant.

In honor of Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Martha Mohun gave a luncheon Thursday. Her guests included Miss Helene de Latour, Miss Marion Bird, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Libby Smith, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Rosario Moran, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Ruth Whitley, Miss Catherine Mohun, and Miss Marguerite Brunswig.

Mr. Richard Tobin gave an informal tea Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club. Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Major and Mrs. Kenyon Joyce, Mrs. William Kuhn, Miss Constance Beardsley, Mr. Hugh de Haven, Mr. Edward Tobin, and Mr. Archibald Johnson.

Complimenting Miss Helen Pierce, bride-elect of Mr. Victor Cooley, Mrs. John McNear gave a luncheon Thursday at the Francisco Club. Her guests were Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Swift Train, Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Elizabeth Magee, and Miss Ellita Adams.

Miss Betty Folger was the guest of honor at the luncheon given last week by Mrs. Donald Campbell. Others present were Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Christian Miller, Mrs. Leslie Moore, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Mrs. Harry Fair, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Howard Park, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Cornelia Clappett, and Miss Josephine Grant.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster extended her hospitality Wednesday at a tea. Mrs. William Perkins, Mrs. Rupert Mason, and Miss Helen Perkins assisted in receiving the guests, among whom were Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. George Wolff, Mrs. George Ehrig, Mrs. Edward Corbet, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Morse Erskine, Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Harold Casey, Mrs. William Hathaway, Mrs. Warren Hunt, Jr., Miss Ola Willett, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Mabel Hathaway, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Miss Isabelle Jennings.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopkins were dinner hosts Wednesday, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, and Major and Mrs. Philip Wales.

Miss Frances Lent gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Woman's Athletic Club. Those present were Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Helene de Latour, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Marguerite Brunswig,

Lest we forget

In gratefully acknowledging our obligation to four million Americans who were under arms November 11, 1918, werejoice that each succeeding year has found our Nation more soundly and triumphantly established.

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Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Virginia Loop, and Miss Marion Bird.

Complimenting Mrs. William Wright, Mrs. Richard Derby gave a luncheon Tuesday. Among those present were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. William Younger, Mrs. E. H. Palmer, Mrs. D. M. McRae, and Mrs. A. M. Ramsay.

Complimenting Miss Marguerite Brunswig, Miss Frances Sprague gave a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club.

Colonel and Mrs. Herbert Shaw gave a bridge party Tuesday at their home in the Presidio. Accepting their hospitality were Colonel and Mrs. Percy Kessler, Colonel and Mrs. Moor Falls, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Sharpe, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Clay, Major and Mrs. Frank Griffith, Captain and Mrs. Frankliu Ogden, Mrs. A. M. Graham, and Colonel K. J. Hampton.

Mrs. Richard Ireland was the guest of honor at a luncheon and theatre party given Wednesday by Mrs. A. M. Buchanan and Miss Lynda Buchanan.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. William Fullam has arrived from Washington, D. C., and she will spend the winter in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch. Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery returned to Burlingame Monday from Europe, where they have been passing the summer.

Mrs. J. P. Whitney, Jr., has returned to her home in Rocklin, after a visit in Maine. Mr. and Mrs. James G. Blaine accompanied her West and they will spend the winter at Rocklin.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker have returned from New York, where they have been sojourning since the arrival of Mr. Crocker from France.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent have decided to remain in California until after the New Year.

Colonel Thomas Rees and Miss Margaret Rees sailed today for the former's new station in Honolulu. They will be joined there in December by Mrs. Rees and Miss Frances Rees, who are lingering in Europe.

Major and Mrs. Laurence Redington will come to California in the summer en route to the Orient, where the former will be transferred on the conclusion of his detail to the national capital.

Mrs. Leonard Wood and Miss Louise Wood are en route to Manila, where they will join General Wood. They sailed from this port last Saturday.

Mrs. Armstrong Taylor and Mrs. James Corrigan will sail for home November 20th. They have been in France for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali will shortly take possession of their home on Russian Hill, which Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., have been occupying for the past four years.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wilkes have come up from Monterey for a brief visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike have returned from the East, where they visited for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Fuller have gone to Burlingame, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering and Miss Francesca Deering will leave for the East and Europe November 28th. Mr. Deering will return in April, but Mrs. Deering and Miss Deering will be abroad throughout the spring and summer.

Miss Anne Peters is visiting friends in Burlingame.

Mr. Daniel Jackling and Mr. Thomas Eastland have gone to New Mexico to be away a month.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn have taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Drum on Broadway for the winter season. Their daughters, the Misses Marianne and Katherine Kuhn, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., spent the week-end in Burlingame.

Commander and Mrs. George Lowery will arrive shortly from Southern California for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde have gone to New York after a short stay in Chicago where they placed Miss Beatrice McBryde in boarding school.

Mrs. Claire Sheridan of London is in Los Angeles where she will be for several weeks before leaving for the East.

Miss Helen St. Goar has returned from a visit to Santa Cruz where she was entertained by Miss Josephine Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker and their children have returned to town for the winter. They passed the summer at their Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent arrived last week from Europe.

Mrs. Randolph Whiting left last week for Virginia to visit her niece, Mrs. Robert Blake.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Thompson have taken a house at Long Beach for the winter.

Major and Mrs. Charles Norris returned Thursday from Los Angeles where they have been stay-

ing for two months and will be at their home in Saratoga until the close of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Miller are visiting in Los Angeles from their home in Maricopa.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent and Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker are spending the week-end in Pebble Beach.

Recent arrivals at the Palace are Mr. Charles J. Pierce, Liverpool, England; Mrs. Beatrice Hubbell-Plummer, Los Angeles; Mrs. Gaston Kahn, France; Mr. R. O. Deacon, Fresno; Mr. Charles T. Early, Portland; Mr. W. J. Kahman, McCloud; Mr. C. H. Daggett, Klamath Falls; Mr. E. C. Ducommun, Los Angeles; Mr. A. Matter, Jr., Mr. John Gilbert, Fresno; Mr. George A. Campbell, Reno; Mr. C. B. Ackerman, Washington, D. C.; Mr. A. Barnhill, Mr. M. H. Whither, Mr. S. A. Guiherson, Los Angeles; Mr. Lewis F. Byington, Taft; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Broderick, Seattle; Mr. W. O. Winston, Minneapolis; Mr.

F. L. Cranford, New York; Mr. E. J. Harding, Washington, D. C.; Mr. H. J. Horganston, San Diego; Mr. Charles J. Canfield, Chicago.

Hotel St. Francis recent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Ahern, Brisbane, Australia; Mr. F. E. Moskovics, Cleveland; Mr. H. W. Sartorius, Mr. and Mrs. George Purver, New York; Dr. George Knapp, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Alling Woodruff, New York; Mr. B. M. Baldwin, Santa Anita; Colonel R. S. Chenery, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.; Mr. E. O. Wattis, Ogden, Utah; Mr. J. H. Ackerman, Los Angeles; Mr. J. E. Roberts, Chicago; Mr. John Crohn, New York; Mr. G. W. Tape, Paso Robles; Mr. Frank E. Dunn, Stockton; Mr. C. A. Mauler, Los Angeles; Mr. Hugh J. Ward, Sydney, Australia; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wilson, Sacramento; Mr. Jack Harris, Fresno.

Among those recently registered at Hotel Whitcomb are Mrs. G. B. Bockee and her son, Mr.

Invest in a Worldwide Business

During the past twelve years, almost unnoticed by the public, a great industry has grown up and become firmly established on the Pacific Coast. Beginning in Seattle in 1909, with half a hundred customers and a yearly business of \$20,000, REID BROS., INC., manufacturers, jobbers and exporters of hospital supplies, have expanded until now, with world-wide branches, the annual business amounts to one million dollars.

The demand for hospital supplies is steadily and rapidly increasing. In the United States in 1873 there were but 149 hospitals. Today there are over 9000 (with a total bed capacity of over 750,000 persons), an increase of over 6000%. In 1920 there were over 8,000,000 patients of hospitals with an average stay of 18 days each. The investment in hospital grounds and buildings is over \$3,000,000,000. Purchases for equipment and supplies exceeded a billion dollars last year, more than the sales of cigars and cigarettes or candies and confections.

The business of furnishing these institutions with supplies has taken equally rapid strides. REID BROS., INC., is the foremost hospital supply company in the world. Its goods are now standard throughout the United States and 83 foreign countries. So rapidly is the available business increasing that the company finds its manufacturing and distributing facilities inadequate to handle it. To take advantage of these possibilities the company is now building at Irvington, Alameda County, one of the largest hospital supply factories in the world.

A new issue of 2000 shares of REID BROS., INC., common stock is now being offered at \$100 per share. Each share has full voting power and is non-assessable. Dividends are payable quarterly, have never paid less than 8%, and are free from Normal Individual Federal Income Tax.

Securities of Reid Bros., Inc.

DIVIDEND-PAYING RECORD: With steadiness and consistency that have won public and private confidence, the securities of REID BROS., INC., have paid not less than 8% since the establishment of the company. Its common shares, offered in this issue, have paid as high as 12, 14 and 18%. This consistent dividend-paying record has been maintained in good times and bad, evidencing the stability of this organization.

SECURITY OF PRINCIPAL: The present book value of REID BROS., INC., common stock is approximately \$200 per share. Net earnings have been more than sufficient to care for dividends declared, with provision for a substantial annual reserve fund besides.

MARKETABILITY: Stock in REID BROS., INC., is readily marketable. Owners of this stock have been able to borrow from banks as high as 80% of its face value. Stockholders desiring to convert their shares into cash are able to do so within 30 days through the company's securities department.

Send now for further information. Ask how you can earn 6% interest while paying for your shares on monthly payment plan.

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Harold Bockee, Santa Rosa; Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Gould, Mountain View; Mr. F. M. Blanchard, Fresno; Mr. C. L. Montgomery, Merced; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin W. Tuttle, Stockton; Captain C. A. Shepherd, U. S. A.; Mr. F. D. Fleming, Los Angeles; Mr. Charles W. Wilson, Fresno; Mr. C. H. Kromer, Sacramento; Mr. R. F. Bishop, Pacific Grove; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Bishop, Modesto; Mr. L. W. Stoecker, Portland; Mr. Jack Calder, Fresno; Mr. J. H. Vandiver, Los Angeles; Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph Everson, U. S. A., Vallejo; Mrs. John Dawson, Wellington, New Zealand.

Bridge-Tea.

Hotel Whitcomb will entertain with a bridge-tea on the afternoon of Tuesday, November 15th. These teas, given monthly by the hotel, are delightful affairs. Card tables are arranged in the magnificent Sun Lounge, which overlooks the city and bay.

Nearly twice as many girls as boys were graduated from the high schools in Louisiana this year.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Millions are at stake in this case." "Millions? We'll put two of our best men on it." "It isn't a divorce case—just a government contract." "Oh, well. We'll send our assistant

utility man, if it's only public business."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Alice—Are you engaged to Fred? Virginia—Goodness, no! I've merely got an option on him!—*Judge.*

Bobby—Daddy, look! There's an aeroplane. Absorbed Daddy—Yes, dear—don't touch it.—*London Tit-Bits.*

He (indignantly)—You married me for my money! She (sweetly)—Well, dear, what else had you?—*Chicago News.*

Browne—There is a lot of satisfaction in living up to our ideals. Towne—Yes, if we can afford to remain poor.—*Judge.*

He—It is my principle never to kiss a girl. She—You can't expect any interest from me then.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

"What makes you think Jack is going to propose?" "Oh, he groaned all last evening about his income tax and having no exemptions."—*Judge.*

"Is Mrs. Nexdore a well-informed woman?" "I should say so. Her cook has lived with all the other families in the neighborhood."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Wot's the good o' goin' back? We shall only have to strike again." "Well, 'ow the 'ell are yer goin' to strike again if yer don't go back?"—*London Mail.*

"In Illinois 'toddling' is not allowed, so they have a new dance—the Bevo Glide." "What's Bevo got to do with it?" "No hops in it."—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

Young Wife—The postoffices are very careless sometimes, don't you think? Sympathetic Friend—Yes, dear; why? Young Wife—Huhhy sent me a postcard yesterday from Brockville, where he is on business, and

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they've put the Montreal postmark on it.—*Toronto Goblin.*

Fair Creature (reading announcement of lecture on sun-spots)—Oh, I say, Dickey, let's hear this lecture—you've no idea how I suffer from freckles.—*London Opinion.*

Mrs. Crabshaw—That old lady across the street said you used a lot of cuss words to her. Willie—I didn't use a lot, mamma. I don't know hut two or three.—*Judge.*

"Would you convict a man on circumstantial evidence?" they asked the lady juror. "I would," she replied. "I've convicted my husband that way dozens of times."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Boggs—Well, I have to toddle on now. Can't be late for dinner. Joggs—Afraid of your wife, eh? Boggs—Oh, dear, no; it's the cook's feelings I'm thinking about.—*Columbia State.*

"You seem very friendly with Farmer Lehmann!" "Oh, yes. I occasionally ran over one of his ducks or geese and so, by degrees, we got to know each other."—*Berlin Der Brummer.*

"Did you try to console the widow of the man who was killed in that automobile accident?" "Yes. I told her she could remember always that her husband had the right of way."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Liza, I hears 'at yoh daughtah's church weddin' was some sho' nuff skrumphus function." "I'll say 'twas. 'At 'ere gal oh mine flang a wicked nuptial, ef I does say it myself."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

"Glipping is a conservative motorist." "How so?" "He tells me he has never driven his car more than thirty miles an hour." "He's only had it a week. Give him another week."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Excited Servant—Oh, mum, I believe the master's 'ad a fit; he's lying groaning in the 'all, with a large box beside 'im, and a piece of paper crushed in 'is 'and. Mistress—Oh—My new hat has arrived at last.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"Well, Bloom," a physician asked a young colleague who was just starting in, "how's your practice?" "In the mornings practically no one comes," was the reply, "and in the afternoons the rush falls off a bit."—*Stockholm Kasper.*

"Why are you always quarreling with your wife?" "She's always arguing with me." "But you needn't get angry. Just explain to her gently wherein she is wrong." "I know, hut, darn it, she never is wrong."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Mrs. Baring—Do you know, Mr. Jolly, that your wife is the most tactful woman I ever met? Mr. Jolly—She's a marvel. You'll hardly believe it, hut she has managed to keep an Irish cook and an English housemaid for four years.—*Life.*

"Why is it you never get to the office on time in the morning?" demanded the boss angrily. "It's like this, boss," explained the tardy one; "you kept telling me not to watch the clock during office hours, and I got so I didn't watch it at home either."—*New York Sun.*

The Purest Natural Light.

The scientists tell us that the firefly's light is the purest in nature; almost all other sources of illumination give forth a mixed form of energy that is only in part illumination, to the human eye at least. But the firefly gives forth light and nothing else. An ordinary gas flame, for instance, contains but 3 per cent. of light rays. Sunlight itself is only 35 per cent. pure. It is no wonder, then that many a child has discovered that when a firefly crawls over a book in the dark you can read the type behind him, provided he is accommodating and you read rapidly. The illumination is said to come from a photogenic plate of fatty substance supplied with profusion of fine tracheal branches, which carry a rich supply of oxygen to the fat cells and cause, at the insect's will, a rapid combustion. Probably it is fortunate for the firefly that this combustion does produce pure light, and not 45 per cent. of heat waves!

There are two theories to explain the reason for this luminosity. One finds the explanation to be an aid to sexual attraction the other a defense against birds and other insect-eating foes. It is certainly true that birds will not eat fireflies, and, after one attempt, will not thereafter even snap them up. The firefly, as he flits about over the meadow and through the trees, may well be protecting himself by his constant golden flashes. "Don't gobble me by mistake," he says. "I'm n good to eat." If he is attempting, rather, to attract the female of the species, he certainly would seem one of the most amorous of God's creatures.—*Walter Prichard Eaton in Harper's Magazine.*

Mrs. Uptown—This magazine looks rather the worse for wear. Mrs. Downtown—Yes it's the one I generally lend to the servant on Sundays. Mrs. Uptown—Doesn't she get tired of always reading the same one? Mr. Downtown—Oh, no! You see it's the same hook, hut always a different servant.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

"Smith was educated at Oxford, wasn't he?" "No; he merely went there."—*London Opinion.*

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2330.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 19, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Death of Sidney Coryn.

At the hour of going to press there comes from Auburn this shocking message—"Sidney Coryn died here last [Tuesday] night."

Mr. Coryn left San Francisco last Saturday under medical advice in hope of relief in the lighter airs of the Sierrra foothills from an affliction variously diagnosed as "asthma," "bronchitis," "incipient tuberculosis." Though in a manner oiling he seemed in no sense a sick man. Only the evening before going away he attended on evening company, and he carried with him to Auburn schedules of important work planned to be done in a period of temporary retirement.

A brave, a brilliant, a lovable man was Sidney Coryn. At this moment under the shock and grief of his unexpected death we can say no more.

The Argonaut and the Bonus.

Monday morning's mail brought to the editor of the Argonaut this letter:

HOMER, MICH., November 8, 1921.

MR. ALFRED HOLMAN—Dear Sir: I have just received from your office a printed slip notifying me that my subscription to the Argonaut expires the 30th of this month, with the request that I renew the same.

Now, before taking action I want to know definitely where the Argonaut stands on the bonus issue. If it is for a national bonus, me for another year. If not, well—I will take the matter under consideration.

For several years I have been a reader of your paper,

which I have valued as the most independent and sane of all our journals. It was forwarded to me in France and its visitations were veritable letters from home. I should hate to lose the pleasure and inspiration derived from the Argonaut. All the same I don't want to support, even to the extent of five dollars per year, an agency that antagonizes a proposal which I regard as founded in justice.

Hoping to hear from you favorably, I am,
Yours truly,
RANDOLPH HARRISON.

If Mr. Harrison's "several years" reading of the Argonaut had given him understanding of its motives and practice he would know that its views on public questions do not reflect the private interest, the timidities, or the complacencies of its editor. He ought to know that its thinking—such as it is—comes from its head, not from its stomach. We hope Mr. Harrison will continue to read the Argonaut and to find "pleasure and inspiration" in it. But it is just as well that he should know that its views with respect to the bonus bill or anything else will not be seasoned to any personal taste. The Argonaut tries to be honest; and its idea of honesty is to present its judgments without reference to the interests of anybody, including the editor. Rarest of the many phases of honesty is that of mind. The constant effort of the Argonaut is to attain it and to hold fast to it, no matter how that course may affect its subscription list. For close up to half a century it has pursued this policy, if it may be styled a policy, and its continued vogue at home and abroad, while in volume nothing to boast of, is evidence that there are a good many people who respect intellectual integrity to the point of tolerating some things that may not jibe with their own judgments, prejudices, or interests.

Approximately four million young Americans were drawn into military service during the period of our participation in the world war. Approximately half this number "got across." The other half, to a man eager for war service, did not leave American soil, therefore had no part in the conflict other than that of preparatory training. Of those who crossed the ocean not more than one-fourth actually came under fire, and by far the greater number returned home uninjured. What really happened was that about three and a half millions of American youth were participants in a great adventure in which they endured some discomforts, but no vital hazard. Their service was in effect a privilege of tremendous value and advantage as related to experience of men and things. Their pay, if reckoned in money, was relatively small; if reckoned in opportunity for development of character and in preparation for life it was beyond price. No one of these young men who did not get to the front has any right in equity—in other words in morals—to ask the government for special compensation. It is true that in the period of our participation in the war others who stayed at home and found employment in shipyards, and even in private employments, at wages largely in excess of normal, gained a certain "edge" over those who were drawn into military service. But they missed an experience worth many times more than the paltry dollars that they received. We think it not too much to say that at the end of the war period the stay-at-homes—the receivers of abnormal wages—had vastly less tending to their real advantage than those who went to the camps or to the front.

Now a word as to those who got across, who saw something of foreign lands, and who returned home whole. Their part in the war makes them envied among their fellow-citizens. To the credit attaching to them for service in a great and worthy cause there was added an experience which enriches their lives. Surely none among them who has any conception of real values would be willing to discount the mental and moral increment of his service by measuring it in dollars; and as surely none would be willing to exchange his memories for the excess pay received

by workers—and shirkers—in the shipyards or other employments at home.

The Argonaut believes that the government owes much to men who suffered vital disabilities. To them the bounty of the government should be generous and sustained. The government should make up so far as it may what was lost in personal efficiencies. It should hold the men injured in their working capabilities as wards of the nation to be guarded, not to the degree of making them paupers, but to the end of establishing them in conditions of self-support. It should do this, not only with generosity, but with indulgence—the sort of indulgence that discriminates between what is morally good for a man and what tends to moral deterioration.

In the judgment of the Argonaut the bonus project as it relates to men who suffered no disability by their military service, either in the camps at home or in actual warfare abroad, is ill-considered and essentially wrong. It takes no account of higher as distinct from a lower order of values; it substitutes the measure of the dollar for the measure of spirit; it minimizes to the vanishing point the dignity and the honor of a service that should give to each man who rendered it a lasting inspiration.

The blanket bonus proposal is essentially a project devised and promoted for political effect. Its main support is at the hands of politicians who seek a cheap individual advantage by acclaiming themselves friends of the soldier. He is no friend of the soldier who would rob his service of its dignity, its inspiration, its glory.

The Conference.

There is no need to multiply phrases in commendation of a procedure at Washington that has already won acclaim throughout the world. In the sphere of international dealing our President and our Secretary of State have set a new pattern for the nations. They have substituted directness, promptness, and candor for subtlety, ceremonial procrastination, and diplomatic craft. They have made open, straightforward dealing the fashion. The trickeries of traditional diplomacy are cast into the discard by a precedent which must serve as a standing rebuke to anybody who may in future attempt their practice. The achievement is a mighty one, none the less mighty because of the simplicity of the means by which it has been brought about. In effect it augments the spirit of civilization and marks a forward step in the march of human progress.

That the concrete proposal made by Secretary Hughes will be accepted in unrevised and precise form is not likely. There was no such expectation in its presentment. It was put forth as embodying a principle and as looking to an end desired by the United States. It was intended to serve as a basis of negotiation; and as such it has met with cordial and frank acceptance by the participating nations. Upon this basis—upon the Hughes proposal in spirit and in principle—the Conference will now set to work, and out of its discussions there is every reason to hope for a result in the form of practical limitation of naval armaments. There are yet to come proposals relating to land armament; and there remains in the offing the more complicated questions relating to the Far East. That these issues will be approached in a spirit similar to that embodied in the matter of naval armament is now an assurance; and this assurance stimulates hope for satisfactory adjustments.

Already it is obvious that the position of England regarding the matters to be taken up in their order is one of substantial accord with that of the United States. This was indicated some days before to

ference in Washington came together. At a lord mayor's banquet in London on the 10th Mr. Lloyd George, repeating his previous remark that "the Washington Conference is like a rainbow in the sky," declared significantly that "every man who is a man of British blood has been taught to regard a serious quarrel with America as unthinkable. That attitude is in itself a guarantee of peace between the two countries." We have the further testimony of the editor of the London *Times* in the statement that "the American government has known for months past that the British government would be ready to accept the principle of equality of naval strength and to accept, likewise, the adoption of the capital ship strength as the standard of measurement." These expressions, with their implications, make plain the fact that the two governments of Britain and America are working together in practical and cordial understanding towards the same ends.

This assurance carries with it the further assurance that when the Conference shall come to deal with the issue of the Far East—the status of China—Great Britain and the United States will stand in substantial agreement. The open door in China, as that phrase is interpreted in the Western world, will be maintained. There will be no consent or allowance that any nation shall establish itself in a position of suzerainty over China and arrogate to itself privilege of exploiting that country industrially or militarily. That adjustment to this end will accord with the projects and hopes of Japan is not to be expected. Her hand has already been extended in a movement to bring China under her direct authority and to make the resources of that country her own. But though she may be disappointed in the denial of her aims she will, under the moral forces illustrated and emphasized in the Conference, be compelled to yield. For all her imperialistic ambitions and for all her hardihood, Japan will not adventure against the dictum of combined Britain and America. She will not go to the extent of sacrificing the position she has attained in the community of nations; and if even if she should be willing to do this, she dare not pit the forces at her command against the allied authority of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

Now that they have been cast aside the world may note the vacuity of the trappings and ceremonies that hitherto marked international gatherings. It may now be seen that much that has been deemed essential to the dignity of such meetings has tended only to confuse and to obstruct. Every circumstance attending this Conference is under the restraint of simplicity. The hall in which the Conference meets, while sufficient in all ways, is no palace. There is about it nothing of the tawdry splendour so in evidence at Vienna, at Versailles, at Paris, at every other capital since time out of mind where international conferences have assembled. The social elaboration that has traditionally attended diplomatic meetings is not imitated at Washington. Up to now all such meetings have in one degree or another harked back to the tradition established four centuries ago when the then great royalties of the earth met upon the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. Appropriately the new diplomacy, in discarding the spirit of the old, likewise cast aside its fripperies and vanities. And in so doing it gains rather than loses in moral impressiveness.

The spirit of the new diplomacy is illustrated in the practical openness of this Conference. If all the sessions are not to be "open," at least all of them are not to be closed. Consideration of tentative proposals will not be subject to the embarrassments of publicity, but all the essential doings and the means by which they are done are to be above board. Neither the people of our own country nor of any other will be compelled to accept narrowly reserved official statements in lieu of full reports. Mr. Hughes set the pattern and fixed the rule when in the face of the delegates and of the whole world he presented in full detail the American project for elimination of naval armaments. Thus was made a precedent of high moral authority, not only in regard to the immediate Conference, but to all future and similar meetings. Mr. Hughes' action, following the noble appeal of President Harding, sounded the death knell of a practice of infinite mischief in the past

career of mankind. Henceforth secret diplomacy is outlawed.

In no other of his many utterances since he came to the presidency has Mr. Harding risen to so high a plane as in his address to the Conference preceding its organization. Matter and style were alike admirable. Obviously there was upon the man the spell of an inspiring purpose. No personal note, no selfish suggestion marred the nobility of his appeal. By no trickeries of phrase was there attempt to clothe and conceal the vanities of art or the vice of ambition. There was no confusion of thought, no melodramatics, no unction, no waste of words. Plainly what the President said came from a mind possessed of an inspiring hope and nobly subordinated to it.

Fear that the Conference might come to naught has been widely entertained. There have been those to prophesy, upon the possibility of its failure, a new era of distrust with increased energy in the preparation for war, heavier burdens of taxation, a more onerous handicap upon human welfare. By the start that has been made these gloomy suggestions are already nullified. It is now certain that whatever adjustments may be made the Conference will not be a failure. Already there is assurance of restriction of naval armament; and herein, if nothing more shall be achieved—and more will come—there is a pledge marking the beginning of a new and better era in international relations.

Secretary Mellon.

One day last week Senator La Follette of Wisconsin let loose the ready and habitually overflowing vials of his wrath in a savage attack on Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon. In the normal order of things Mr. Mellon should have been warmly defended by some senator of the Administration group; in fact there was a weak pretense along that line, but it was perfunctory and ineffective and those who witnessed the performance from the galleries got the impression that La Follette's strictures gave to many Republican members of the Senate a measure of edification. Explanation lies in the fact that Mr. Mellon is heartily disliked by many Republican senators, especially by those of the strictly political type.

Mr. Mellon is a very able financier and is so recognized. He has brought order out of chaos in the Treasury Department and has installed system. He has cut down extravagances and introduced economies. No Secretary of the Treasury since the civil war has given to the work of his department closer attention or brought to bear upon it a higher degree of intelligent initiative. All the same Mr. Mellon is not liked by the Republican politicians in Congress. There is a reason. Mr. Mellon is as innocent of politics as a ten-year-old child. He has no taste for the political game, does not know how to play it, and does not want to know. He does not want to fill up his department with political appointees and has found a way not to do it. Instead of finding places for friends of Republican senators, political workers and the like, he has retained almost intact an organization inherited from his Democratic predecessor. Thus his chief assistant, now dubbed under-secretary by virtue of recent law, is the same gentleman who was the principal assistant secretary in the Democratic régime—namely, S. P. Gilbert, Jr., of Georgia. The assistant to the secretary is George R. Cooksey, a Democrat, brought into the department originally by Secretary McAdoo as private secretary and subsequently promoted by him and Secretary Houston to his present position. While Republicans have been installed at the head of the principal bureaus, the department divisions are headed generally by chiefs who were originally placed by Democratic secretaries. Thus members of Congress having business with the Treasury Department, oftentimes involving delicate political considerations, find themselves obliged to transact their business with officials known to them as partisan Democrats, although now professing to be neutral.

Therefore the unpopularity of Secretary Mellon at the Capitol. During the making of the tax revision bill Senator Mellon sent to the Finance Committee the same so-called tax experts that Secretaries McAdoo, Glass, and Houston were accustomed to send in a period of Democratic control of the government. Senator Moses declared in committee and later on the floor of the Senate that a Republican administration ought not to be dependent upon Democratic advice in

preparing an Administration measure. The point was well taken, but the protest came to nothing.

All this may serve to explain the periodical reports that Secretary Mellon is about to resign. For all his acknowledged ability and his fine disinterestedness, his administration of the treasury has not been successful because he lacks the political instinct and the personal tact that bring about results. He has made too many enemies for comfort, and he is vulnerable to attack through both the magnitude and diversity of his private interests. Sooner or later he is likely to find his position at the head of the treasury untenable. It is unfortunate because Mr. Mellon has a kind of ability seriously needed in the working of the government at this time. But in the position of Secretary of the Treasury it is not only important that a man must have ability, but that he should have the personal qualities that would enable him to make his talents count.

Editorial Notes.

Alexander Morrison, dead within the week, belonged to the highest level of our citizenship. His personal and professional abilities were large and always exercised in legitimate and worthy causes. Honesty of mind was the keynote of his character and was reflected in his daily walk during the forty and more years of a semi-public career.

Governor Stephens could not have made a better choice for the Chief Justiceship. Judge Lucien Shaw has the logical mind, the temperamental steadiness, the experience, and above all the intellectual honesty that go to the make-up of an ideal judge. For him transition from an Associate Justiceship to the post of Chief Justice will be scarcely more than a nominal one. It will involve no alteration of habit other than acceptance of a somewhat enlarged responsibility. What it does involve is abandonment on the part of Judge Shaw of the long term for which he was elected for the shorter period of Chief Justice Angellotti's unexpired term. If at the expiration of the term to which he is now committed the new Chief Justice shall seek a new mandate we suspect that the people of California will know how to recompense the sacrifice he has made.

The daily papers announce that Horace Wade, a twelve-year-old boy, is to give a public address in this city under the auspices of the "Women's Irish Education League." The announced subject is "The Spirit of '76." No doubt the Women's Irish Education League brings this child before the public in the spirit of good intent. None the less there is both absurdity and mischief in it. It is absurd because this little lad can know nothing about the "spirit of '76" that is worth hearing, and can have no reflections of value. The mischief of it lies in the stimulation of a child's vanities beyond what is normal or wholesome. At twelve years of age a boy would much better be spinning tops and rolling marbles than presuming to address an assembled multitude with respect to matters of which he can have no sort of knowledge and no possible message. True, there is a story of some credit to the effect that the age of twelve Jesus Christ was disputing with the Doctors of the Temple. It may be true, but we have always had our doubts.

In the course of an interview relative to events at Washington President Barrows makes this reference to the "Far Eastern question" on the programme of things to be considered by the Conference at Washington:

If the proposed reduction of armament is agreed to Great Britain, Japan, and the United States renew former treaty engagements to respect the integrity of the countries of Asia, and preserve the open-door for trade and economic development, and if as a consequence of this the Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance is annulled, the basis should be laid for a settlement of the Far Eastern question and the removal of the danger of war. Japan has obviously had the aim since the armistice of building a navy sufficiently powerful to deny American interference in her aggressive policy upon the continent of Asia and to terminate American support of China in defense of Chinese rights. Japanese determination to press her authority over China and Siberia, and American unwillingness to admit such a policy of Japan, has endangered our relations. Under the tripartite agreement anticipated above, Japan would be compelled to suspend her aggressive action on the continent of Asia because she would not be equal to opposing the combined diplomacy and naval power of Great Britain and the United States.

The Sailors' Union of the Pacific accredits itself by dismissing from its membership one Thompson, editor

of the *Coast Seamen's Journal*, and six other convicted radicals, as aiders and abettors of the I. W. W. This procedure followed inquiry into the character and utterances of the men and reflects the sentiment of an organization which does not intend to be led into policies of disloyalty to the government.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Get Ready First.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Do you think that San Francisco is a position to be advertised in the East at this time, either as an industrial centre, a summer resort, or a watering place?

Don't you believe that we should make an effort to keep the industries we have before buying costly space in an attempt to attract new ones?

We are in the advertising business. Naturally, we are in favor of advertising—sensible advertising. But we believe that before goods can be profitably advertised they must be as near right as possible—ready for the market.

Is San Francisco, at this time, "ready for the market"? We believe not. But we do believe that every dollar spent locally to amalgamate divergent interests would do more good than every hundred dollars spent in advertising in the East.

When San Francisco is ready to be advertised, we'll be heart and soul behind any practical advertising campaign.

But we say, "Let's get ready first!"

CAHILL ADVERTISING COMPANY.

An Arraignment of the Argonaut.

STOCKTON, November 12, 1921.

MR. ALFRED HOLMAN, EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have read your articles on the railroad strike, and they are so obviously railroad propaganda that no comment on that point is necessary. It is but another piece of evidence that no working man need expect or hope for anything but abuse and malignant misrepresentation by you and others of your kind and that small and petty tricks are not confined to a roughneck on the water-front.

If as you seem to say it would be a crime for men to strike, why was it not a crime for the Pennsylvania Railroad and other railroads to ignore and strike against the orders of the Railroad Labor Board? And why should the government be so anxious to proceed against the men for striking against it and remain silent and wholly inactive when the Pennsylvania and other railroads struck?

Why be a demagogue?

Your hero worship of the man in the chair at Washington (referring to Harding) is more demagoguing. The real President at Washington has his desk in the Department of State (Hughes).

Yours for more Americanism in the *Argonaut*,
C. L. KING.

Observations made from August, 1920, to February, 1921, by Professor William Henry Pickering of Harvard, who is one of the world's leading astronomers and an authority on lunar and Martian phenomena, tend, he asserts, to prove beyond doubt that life exists on the surface of the moon. The professor bases his assertions on a series of telescopic photographs of a crater with a circumference of thirty-seven miles. Hundreds of photographic reproductions have, it is stated, proved irrefutably the springing up at dawn, with an unbelievable rapidity, of vast fields of foliage, which come into full blossom just as rapidly, and which disappear in a maximum period of eleven days. The plates also show that great blizzards, snowstorms, and volcanic eruptions are frequent. "We find," says the professor, "a living world at our very doors where life in some respects resembles that of Mars—a world which the astronomical profession has in past years utterly neglected and ignored."

M. Troubert, director of health at the French Ministry of War, has published an interesting study on the statistics of the French killed and wounded in the war, limiting himself to the army. The total losses of the French army in the war numbered 1,325,000. Of these 674,700 were killed in action, 225,300 were reported "missing, presumed killed," 250,000 died from wounds, and 176,000 from disease. Among M. Troubert's conclusions are: The enemy accounted for six to seven times more men than did sickness, this being unique in war. One man was killed to every four wounded. In the early days of the war 75 per cent. of the casualties were caused by bullets, but this proportion rapidly fell to 16 per cent., shells and grenades accounting for 70 per cent. In 1918 bullet casualties rose to 20 per cent. Of men treated in hospital, 79 per cent. recovered and were sent back to the front.

A Paris Reuter telegram says that the French government has received several letters from Germany written by two German veterans of the war of 1870, who say that they can solve the mystery as to what became of the Empress Eugénie's jewels after the pillage of St. Cloud. According to these letters the writers themselves carried off the jewels as booty, afterwards throwing them into the Seine. The writers add that if the French government will guarantee them a safe conduct they are ready to come to France and to indicate the exact spot in the river where they sank the jewels and render any assistance they can towards their recovery.

The Egyptian High Commissioner's report states that murders in Egypt have reached the total of 1300, an average of 100 murders a month in a population of 13,000.

Lake Victoria, in Africa, the second largest freshwater lake in the world, is almost exactly circular.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

GERMAN LABOR IN FRENCH RECONSTRUCTION.

A German syndicate acting in agreement with the French Labor Confederation laid before Louis Loucheur, the French Minister of Reconstruction, last week a proposal to rebuild with German labor twelve destroyed villages of the Somme district. M. Loucheur invited his visitors to meet him again Monday next, by which time he will have had an opportunity of discussing the suggestion with his colleagues in the government.

The German syndicate which called had made a preliminary investigation of the problem some months ago in collaboration with the leaders of the Labor Federation and on Sunday they submitted to the federation concrete proposals which, it is stated, met the federation's requirements as to how German labor could be employed in the "red" zone, where the destruction of property was so complete that the task of rebuilding has been left till now unattempted. To the conference delegates from among the people of the Somme district were invited and a majority of those from villages in question decided that if the government approved they would take advantage of the offer.

The whole of the rebuilding is to be done by German builders with German workmen and German material, but the people whose houses are to be built will be able to choose their own architects and dictate the style in which they wish their property rebuilt. As the proposal is being made experimentally buildings will be charged for at cost price and credited to the indemnity account. All the villages are within a twenty-mile zone and the German syndicate states that with the 2500 workmen they would import they could finish the job in a year's time.

To this plan there will possibly be some opposition, but it will certainly be less in the country than it was a year ago, when feeling was strong against allowing Germans to participate in reconstruction. M. Loucheur himself has admitted that if conditions can be arranged so that German labor will not be in opposition to French labor he will offer no objection.

It is understood that the German workmen will be paid in marks on the same scale as in Germany, and will be fed and housed by the contractors while the work is in progress.

If the proposal is accepted and the experiment carried through successfully it may lead to big developments in reconstruction throughout the whole red zone.

GERMANY'S DUTCH CREDITS.

A press dispatch from The Hague declares that Dutch banking business men in close touch with the German industrial world are skeptical regarding the statements of unfavorable pecuniary conditions prevailing in Germany.

Although the German government doubtless lacks funds to meet the Allied indemnity, it is well known here that German industries have enormous sums. The fact that of the Dutch government export credit of 200,000,000 guilders only 40,000,000 have so far been touched, whereas one large Dutch concern has recently applied for and obtained a 1,000,000-guilder credit from the Berlin banker Mendelssohn, sufficiently illustrates the magnitude of German financial resources.

Because of the fact that German merchants are now generally invoicing exports to Holland in Dutch currency in order to insure obtaining the proper value of their products enormous amounts of Dutch currency have been paid into Dutch banks for German account, which the Germans have not withdrawn. This explains the large accumulation of German capital in Holland, enabling German bankers to open credits to almost any amount in Dutch or other currency that favors German trade.

This procedure, although well known to the German government, is intentionally ignored, as the government is to draw on the nation's industrial resources in favor of the Allied indemnity.

END OF SOVIET RULE IN RUSSIA PROPHESED.

Paul Miliukov, leader of the Constitutional Democratic and Social Revolutionary parties of old Russia, now in this country, declares that all economic, social, and political affairs in Russia point to a speedy end of the Bolshevik rule. "There are only three ways in which the end of the Soviet might come," he said. "One would be the evolution of the Soviet system into something else which would be lasting. That is impossible, as has been shown. They did not expect to rule as long as they have and were only able to do so because of the disorganization due to war. Another possibility of an end would be overthrow from without, the imposition of armed force, intervention. That also is excluded as something which could not take place. There is left only overthrow from within, and that is surely coming. It is a matter of months. The great cause, the final force which can be seen as leading to that end, is famine. Famine is not an incident in Soviet rule, it is the direct result, and the people know it. Recently there have been two great revolts, one in the Don region and one in the Volga region. They have been constantly appearing, these revolts, and although always unsuccessful, have been significant."

Professor Miliukov touched briefly on the Japanese question as it affects Russia, and said that rather than see Japan gain control of some parts of Siberia he would prefer Bolshevik rule there. "Japan has attempted to get great concessions in the iron and coal fields of Siberia to the exclusion of other nations," he said. "When they went into Siberia they said that it was merely temporary and that they would get out when it became convenient. But they constantly put off the day. They do not want it for colonization purposes, they want its mineral wealth, whereas Russia has colonized Siberia for centuries."

As a result of excavation in Syria the fortifications, the canal, and a number of Roman, Greek, Syrian, and Babylonian remains have been laid bare at Tell-Nabî-Ned on the ruins of ancient Kadesh. At the deepest point of the excavations an exceedingly interesting discovery was made, that of an Egyptian obelisk, bearing a carving of the celebrated Pharaoh Seti, who reigned in 1310 B. C. and who carried on the long war between Egypt and the Empire of the Hittites. The Pharaoh is represented in a posture of adoration before the Syrian god who gave him the victory.

The city of Winnipeg, Canada, boasts of having the largest individual railway yards in the world, and the cheapest electric light, the finest transportation facilities, and widest streets in America.

The Asiatic buffalo is a very valuable animal, its milk containing three and a half times as much butter fat as that of the cow.

THE SALVATION OF CHINA.

A Third and Concluding Article by Mr. C. Montague Ede.

UNION INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CANTON, LTD.

HONGKONG, October 7, 1921.

It has already been shown that China is unfitted for the republican form of government, that it is foreign to her national instincts, and that her people lack an appreciation of its principles and obligations. The suggestion has been made that China—in order to gain that unity, peace, and prosperity she has so long lacked—must make a return to the monarchical form of government, a form at once appealing and of benefit to her millions of subjects. And to suggest a monarchy for China is not to be guilty of an act of retrogression. Even under the old Manchu régime, sadly deficient in benevolent legislation though it may have been, things were not all bad. Giles, in his well-known work, "The Civilization of China," in discussing what it was that then held the people together, says that a considerable share of the credit must be allowed to the spirit of personal freedom which seems to breathe through all Chinese institutions and to unite the people in resistance to every form of oppression. The Chinese have always believed in the divine right of kings; on the other hand, kings must bear themselves as kings and live up to their responsibilities as well as the rights they claim. Good government exists in Chinese eyes only when the country is prosperous, free from war, pestilence, and famine. The Chinese assert their right to put an evil ruler to death. . . . The highest positions in the state have always been open, through the medium of competitive examinations, to the humblest peasant in the empire. China, then, according to a high authority, has always been at the highest rung of the democratic ladder, for it was no less a person than Napoleon who said: "Reasonable democracy will never aspire to anything more than obtaining an equal power of elevation for all."

China had that reasonable democracy, eminently suited to her, which the more "forward" of her politicians wholly destroyed when they set up what they thought was a republic, condemning at the same time the teaching of the sages. It is ironical to note that the "republic" has never functioned as one and that government since 1911 has proceeded by first one clique of officials and then another, all failing equally to give expression to the central idea of republicanism. Nevertheless the people as a whole have retained their original attitude on matters of government, both in spirit and outlook. China can not hope for unity until her form of government captures the spontaneous support of the people, and it is only by setting up a titular head—a king or an emperor—that such will be accomplished. The old system, in which the family and not the individual is the unit, can be reinstated with improvements suggested by suffering, and the greatest of these, in fact practically the only serious blemish in the age-long system of the past, was the encouragement of all officials to convert the public moneys to their own private use by reason of the fact that they were never paid anything like sufficient salaries to maintain their positions. This evil growth gradually permeated the whole body politic of China and must be eradicated if China is to become really great and respected by all. It is certain that there are many highly-placed individuals who would be willing to forego monetary advantage to the good name that would accrue to their actions. In short, many of the present military leaders must of necessity place their present ambitions on the steps of the altar of patriotism, and out of this sacrifice there would undoubtedly arise a very precious reward—that of a good name—to go down to posterity, and an example of true greatness which would have untold effect for good of the young generation.

China in remodeling her government could scarcely do better than to turn to the most democratic monarchy of the age—Great Britain—for guidance and example. There is a peculiar appropriateness in this, seeing that China and Britain share the distinction of having no actual written constitution—in China it was never needed; in Britain it was always taken for granted. It is necessary to outline what is meant by a constitutional monarchy and to that end a brief review of the example chosen seems apposite. England was governed for hundreds of years just like China was before 1911—by a king. He had his council of advisers just as had China, and although these councils functioned in different ways they served the common purpose of protecting the people against harsh rule. The old kings of England were not always mindful of what was best and right and then it was that the people rose against them, as the people of China have done time and again against harsh rulers and officials. In English history there are big landmarks at which the people took a definite stand for democracy. Beginning with the Great Charter (Magna Carta) in 1215 A. D., there follow the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights, the Habeas Corpus Act, and the Act of Settlement. I explain these in detail and the events which led up to

them would be to write the constitutional history of England, but as a result of them every man enjoys the fullest personal freedom; all classes are equal in the eyes of the law; no man can lawfully suffer except for a distinct breach of the law; no man can be imprisoned without being brought to trial; and every man has freedom of speech and worship. In England there has grown up around the central figure of a monarch a parliamentary system embodying all the known principles of true democracy. Constitutional parliamentary government, as Britain knows it, means government by the king, the Lords and the Commons, and it has been deemed by all deep thinkers, both in Britain and abroad, to be the finest balance between authority and freedom that the world has ever seen. True and beneficial government must always be judged by the balance it holds between authority and freedom—the two greatest needs of China today. In Britain the king is the titular head, who, acting on the advice of his ministers, signs laws and makes high appointments, giving to the people at the same time a central point for their patriotism. In Britain there is built up a system of government fully representative of all the varying interests and in which the best-fitted people of the country take a part. The very cornerstone of it all is the personality of the king; the whole edifice is the expression of democratic authority.

Here is a pattern ready to hand peculiarly fitted to China's need. The task of China's best friends should be to advise her aright in this vital matter of administration. By the adoption of a similar form of constitution and aided by the combined friendliness and help of foreign powers China could prepare the way for her rise to the eminence of a great power. Her people, now wandering aimlessly under a strange and misunderstood political system, could re-grasp a concrete vision of government; her politicians could unite in rehabilitating the finances of the country; and China could shake off the shackles of chaos and disorder all the better for her past experience and purged of false political ideas.

The form of the constitution outlined above must be stabilized. There must be behind the king a powerful and respected nobility who will by the weight of their prestige automatically insure the acquiescence to this power in the provinces. This nobility must be of a semi-permanent nature, more fitted than a temporarily elected legislature to the major needs of the country owing to their long association with the larger aspect of government. In the first instance it is obvious that this nobility would consist of the present Tutchuns, who, relinquishing their military power, would congregate at the capital, forming a House of Peers qualified to discuss the greater needs of the country. The lower house should be obtained by election, but in China, for some years to come, there is bound to be a certain tendency towards the election of the wealthy rather than the educated; this tendency would, however, disappear as the people gradually realized their responsibility.

It would seem wise that the provinces should be governed by governors assisted by a council partially appointed, partially elected. From the ranks of the governors and other high ranks the nobility would be filled, but not by heredity. The elevation to the peerage, if it may be so termed, would, however, carry with it ancestral elevation and the elevation of the sons during the lifetime of the peer. It might be possible that a proportion of the revenues of the province providing the peer should be paid to him for his own use; there would then be a direct incentive for the peer to care for the interests of the province which he represented, while aggression between provinces would be minimized by the same process which shapes the pebbles of the sea. The humblest member of a community could thus rise to any height and an enhanced degree of prosperity at each step in his career. Those under him would look up to him as an honored superior; he himself would have his ambitions confined to legitimate channels by the direct influence of his superior. However distant the province from the capital, it would have its double form of interest in the affairs of the nation, and its own development, and there would be ready to hand a means of cultivating a flower of patriotism which is so essential an addition to the flora of the Flowery Land.

C. MONTAGUE EDE.

Mrs. Charles Calvert, widow of Mr. Charles Calvert, whose Shakespearean productions in Manchester achieved great fame, has died at the age of eighty-four, at her home in Battersea Park, London. Mrs. Calvert had a long and successful stage career, towards the close of which she appeared in Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" at the London Avenue, now the Playhouse, with a company which included York Stephens, "Bernard Gould" (Bernard Partridge), and the late Jimmy Welch.

The daring French aviator, De Romanet, flying at a speed of 187½ miles an hour at a height of 200 metres, crashed to the ground and was fatally injured in a trial flight.

The New Testament was first divided into verses by Robert Stevens, a French printer, in 1551.

Portuguese is the language of about 30,000,000 people.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Princess Arthur of Connaught, wife of the governor-general of South Africa, is chief guide, an office to which she has been recently elected by the Girl Guides of South Africa.

Charles W. Pugsley, former professor of animal husbandry at the University of Nebraska and editor of a farm paper in that state, has been selected by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, Ambassador from Belgium to the United States, will head the delegation from his country to the disarmament conference. He has been on leave of absence and will return with the Belgian delegates.

Major Thomas L. Clear is the new treasurer of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. He was an assistant of General Goethals during construction of the Panama Canal and served abroad during the war.

Giuseppe Trotta is the Italian portrait painter selected to paint Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes' portrait to be presented to the Italian government. The picture will be the gift of 100,000 citizens of the United States of Italian extraction.

Veterans of nine marriages and six battles with the Sioux Indians is Ka-Be-Nah-Gway-Wence, Cass Lake, Minnesota, said to be 134 years old. He came out of the Canadian Northwest and located at Cass Lake ten years ago. He is there known as John Smith. John is believed to be the world's oldest man.

Captain John A. Macready, chief of the flying section, United States Army Air Service, has broken all previous aerial records by his altitude flight of 40,800 feet. The record flight was made from McCook field, Dayton, Ohio. The world record was previously held by Major Schroeder from his ascent of 35,800 feet, made in February, 1920.

Dr. John R. Gillin, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, recently has been appointed national director of educational service for the American Red Cross. In this position he will be charged with the responsibility of outlining policies for the training of Red Cross workers—not only in the national organization and local chapters, but also in educational institutions throughout the country. Dr. Gillin is the author of "Poverty and Dependency," which, according to Dr. Edward Alsworth Ross, is unqualifiedly "the greatest book in any language on the subject."

Edward G. Lowry, author of "Washington Close-Ups," was a Washington correspondent for sixteen years, with time off now and then to serve as a soldier and a diplomat. In 1914 Mr. Lowry was pressed into service by the State Department to go to England on the battleship *Tennessee* to aid in the work of speeding homeward war-leaguers Americans. This work finished, Walter H. Page, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, drafted Mr. Lowry to look after the German interests in England, which had been turned over to the American Embassy. He did this work so well that both the British and German governments praised him. As soon as the United States entered the war Mr. Lowry volunteered. He served in the A. E. F. for more than a year, a large part of the time being spent at the front. A considerable part of Mr. Lowry's soldiering was done in the British sectors, and the War Office gave him the Military Cross for conspicuously efficient service.

Lewis Einstein, who has just been appointed United States Minister to Czechoslovakia, has been long prominent both as a diplomat and as an author. He was at Constantinople as a special agent of the State Department in 1915 and in his book, "Inside Constantinople During the Dardanelles Expedition," which was published two or three years afterward, he gave a view of affairs in that city and of the Turkish government under expectation of early attack that is essential to full understanding of the course of the war in the Near East. Mr. Einstein was born in New York, 1877, and was educated at Columbia University, whence he was graduated, 1898, and where he was given the degree of A. M., 1899. His diplomatic services have taken him to Constantinople, Peking, Bulgaria, and other odd corners of the world. For his services during the world war he was rewarded with the order of the Legion of Honor and was made grand officer of St. Maurice and Lazarus.

Lieutenant Sir Arthur Whitten Brown, navigator of the Vickers-Vimy transatlantic flight plane, is an American, born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1883, while his parents, both Americans, were living there. His father was an engineer with the British Westinghouse Company. He was reared in Scotland and England, but when he had reached twenty-one he came to this country and took out citizenship papers. The family is of old Brooklyn stock and two generations of it lived in the same house on Rogers Avenue. Lieutenant Brown is a professional engineer and is now associated with Vickers, Limited. He studied aerial navigation as applied to surveying and later turned to problems of aerial navigation. In 1914 he enlisted in the University and Public School Corps and later was

transferred to the Manchester Regiment, Second Battalion, with which he crossed to France and served in the trenches. After a few months he received a commission in the Royal Flying Corps for observation work. In December, 1916, Brown was repatriated and reached England June, 1917, when he took up aer engine work with the ministry of munitions.

OLD FAVORITES.

Love and Age.

I play'd with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wander'd hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touch'd as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
O, then I thought my heart was breaking!—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another;
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row;
My joy in them was past expression;
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely;
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glister'd
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christen'd;
But that was twenty years ago.

Time pass'd. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandiose gray;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flower'd meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure;
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassion'd blindness
Has pass'd away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

—Thomas Love Peacock.

My Bonnie Mary.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rank'd ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!

—Robert Burns.

Meeting at Night.

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

—Robert Browning.

Love's Grave.

Mark where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like,
Its skeleton shadow on the broad-back'd wavel
Here is a fitting spot to dig Love's grave;
Here where the ponderous breakers plunge and strike,
And dart their hissing tongues high up the sand:
In bearing of the ocean, and in sight
Of those ribb'd wind-streaks running into white.
If I the death of Love had deeply plann'd,
I never could have made it half so sure,
As by the unhealthiest kisses which upbraid
The full-waked sense; or failing that, degrade!
'Tis morning; but no morning can restore
What we have forfeited. I see no sin:
The wrong is mix'd. In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betray'd by what is false within!

—George Meredith.

Colorado's deposits of ores containing metals of the radium group are the largest known in the world.

POLITICAL PROFILES.

Mr. Herbert Sidebotham Writes a Volume of Characterizations from British Public Life.

One wonders at the number of current books on the larger figures of governmental and parliamentary life. The public interest that these books would seem to evidence can hardly be due to the special intellectual gifts of the men into whose hands it has pleased an inscrutable Providence to commit the destinies of the world. For mediocrity and the commonplace in public affairs were never quite so rampant as they are today. There may be great men lurking somewhere in the backwoods, unknown and unsummoned Lincolns, but certainly there is none upon the stage. Everywhere there are small men, mean men, incapable men, men whose chief credential is their "cleverness," but we look in vain for the giants. The Cavours, the Gambettas, and the Beaconsfields are not in sight. We have a certain amount of honesty in high places, with industry and intelligence. But there are no blazing stars in the firmament to capture the imagination or to command our allegiance.

Most of the books of political characterization are anonymous, and there is a certain virtue in anonymity. It permits of a frank acidity otherwise impossible, a candor alike lively and irresponsible. But Mr. Herbert Sidebotham asks for no such refuge, and it may be that for that reason his pen is not quite so sharp as those that gave us the "Mirrors" of Washington and of Downing Street. One does not say all that one thinks of the men whom one may meet across the dining table. The phrase with wing and barb may turn upon its sender, and it is only anonymity that can defy caution and the proprieties.

Mr. Sidebotham deals with the statesmen of Great Britain, and one may suppose that his coin of vantage is the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons. Englishmen take their government and their Parliament quite seriously. The reports of debates must be nearly verbatim and they must be served hot to the waiting public. Parliamentary reporters work in fifteen-minute shifts, and it may easily happen that the first part of the speech is being read in Edinburgh while the orator has his peroration still ahead of him.

Mr. Sidebotham tells us a good deal of the arrangements of the House of Commons and of a procedure that has remained unmodified even by the advent of women. To put one's feet on the table is usually supposed to be an American rather than a European practice, but it seems that this is one of the peculiar privileges of British ministers:

It is one of the privileges of ministers (and also of the Front Opposition bench opposite) to put their feet up on the table, but when their legs are short they have to get their shoulders well down to reach it, giving the impression of men trying to stand on their heads. It is curious to watch the various mannerisms of ministers listening to criticism. Mr. Lloyd George shows by his face and an affirmative nod or negative shake of the head what is passing through his mind—the clouds and sunshine chase across his face; Mr. Churchill will often lean forward with his elbows on his knees, make paper triangles, and twirl them round industriously on his joined thumbs. Sir Gordon Hewart sits Sphinx-like and expressionless; Mr. Bonar Law used to show that he was paying attention by opening his eyes wider; Sir Eric Geddes by lifting up a leg and nursing it.

Mr. Lloyd George, says the author, has been in politics for thirty years, and for fifteen years he has straddled right across the path so that no one has been able to get past him either way. Mr. Lloyd George is one of the "clever" statesmen. He does not make his way, like Gladstone, by force of character, but rather by his power of "rigging" and "fixing up":

He is very human, amiably so as a rule, but not always. He draws his refreshing drink from springs that are pure, but the wells of politics are situate in muddy and trampled fields, and some of his people often have noticeably dirty boots. He avoids Gladstone's mistake of leaving human nature out of account, but tactics, at any rate since his rupture with the official Liberals, have had too great an influence on his policy. He is Welsh in his desire to please, and in his power to put himself at another's point of view, and for that reason he will both talk down to a very low common measure of intelligence in a crowd, and talk up to the views of one who is seeing him privately, and this last will often go away leaping for joy to have found his spiritual affinity, whereas before he is many yards away Mr. Lloyd George may be exhibiting the same power of charm and understanding to one who holds exactly the opposite views. Some call it duplicity; rather it is the vacillation of the water-diviner's rod. In public and private utterances he exhibits the same combination of simplicity and subtlety—simplicity in the general aim and proposition, subtlety in the choice of the particular instances and of the means for the fulfillment of his desire. Neither social rank nor reputation makes any difference to his estimate of a man, and he always judges for himself. Flouting the conventions, but extremely sensitive to criticism; despising the forms and ceremonies of high place, but a lover of power who can at times be Napoleonic in his decisions; his genius for understanding others has been often, by raising false hopes, encouraged misunderstanding of himself. He is as often the victim of his own charm as the exploiter of it.

Mr. Lloyd George's genius for war, says the author, was like a gift from heaven. He had more strategy in his little finger than the average general in his whole body. This is certainly high praise, but it is not undiscriminating praise, as witness the strange assertion that "at a time of life when monogamic bliss yields the solid blessings, he finds himself distracted amid a seraglio of affinities."

Lord Curzon is not so interesting a figure as Lloyd

George. He is an aristocrat and wholly without the flair for popularity. None the less he has "a passion for service that is almost a religion":

It is said to have been some glowing words of Sir James FitzJames Stephen heard at Eton that kindled the enthusiasm of Lord Curzon for Asia. Certainly it possessed him early and never left him. There is a ridiculous story about how certain people belonging to different nations set about writing a treatise on the elephant. The Russian shut himself up in a room with a million cigarettes, and at the end of a year produced a book entitled "The Elephant: Does He Exist?" The Pole interviewed all the chancelleries and newspaper offices in Europe and finally produced a massive tome on the "Elephant and the Polish Question." The Frenchman published a charming book on "L'Elephant et ses Amours." But the Englishman went to where elephants live wild, and finally produced a bashful ten-page brochure of "Hints on the Methods of Capturing Elephants." Except in his lack of bashfulness, Lord Curzon was true to type. His enthusiasm for the East took the characteristically English form of determining to see and learn everything about it for himself. He climbed the Pamirs, visited the Court of Afghanistan, wandered in Persia, and wrote a great book about it which has every quality but charm, studied Russian methods in Central Asia, French in Cochinchina, and the Japanese at home, and came back to English politics with a fervent belief in the sacredness and grandeur of the British mission in Asia.

Mr. Asquith, says the author, is the scholar in politics, and scholarship makes minds like clocks, useless until they are wound up. It was others who did the winding up with Mr. Asquith, first Gladstone, then Lloyd George and Lord Haldane:

A story is told of a consultation between counsel at the close of the Parnell Commission, when Mr. Asquith was asked by Lord Russell what he should say next day. Mr. Asquith began to sketch an admirable summary of the points in the evidence, when Lord Russell, who had good reason to respect his intellectual calibre, broke out impatiently, "Asquith, I am ashamed of you; I shall talk the history of Oireland." The spare relevancy, so becoming to the scholar, breaks down at moments of crisis. In genius there is always a tangential quality. The lack of it has been Mr. Asquith's great limitation, for without it there can be no creative power, and he has none.

There is nothing mean nor ungenerous about Mr. Asquith. But he is not a leader. The divine fire is not there. He is sensitive and shy, and there are those who will say that no man has suffered more severely from the blight of matrimony:

It is usual nowadays to shed tears over Mr. Asquith, and even to read moral sermons over his career. But there is no obvious reason for treating him like a Decline and Fall. His success has not been below his abilities, and a man who was at the head of affairs in the first half of the war, whatever his faults may have been, may one day walk with Pitt in Elysium. The sensitiveness and reserve with which he himself would wish to hide the life that is his own is worthy of admiration and ought to have been respected more than it has been. Intellectual men all have their sharp reactions, and it is the chief fault in his philosophy that it gives too much room in life to pure intellect, and so makes for a stronger reaction which has sometimes puzzled his more straight-laced admirers. But in public affairs his personal character has often shown nobility, and has always been pure from the grosser and meaner motives.

Lady Astor is placed, somewhat ungallantly, toward the end of the book. As the first woman member of the House of Commons she has won a place in history, but "her place in the House itself is less certain":

Her parliamentary manners lack the intellectual sexlessness of, say, women deputies in Finland, nor do they imitate the studied somnolence of the British male legislator, who, when he wants to look the part, crosses his legs, closes his eyes, and tilts his hat (if he is wearing one) on to his nose. She is restless and animated as she listens, and approval or disapproval is shown in her face, and sometimes signified *sotto voce* to her neighbors. She has adopted a kind of parliamentary uniform, consisting of a dark blue skirt, a white blouse, and white gloves, which she often wears about her wrists, leaving her hands bare the better to handle papers. She has acquired the parliamentary habit of leaving the House when bores are up, but not the trick of asking questions which with her leave the interrogative and acquire the hortatory or reproachful mood, and get her ruled out of order. She speaks rarely, and not attractively. Her voice is, in its upper notes, a little harsh (a common fault amongst fashionable women in England), has one or two good deep notes, but no intermediate tones. There are faint traces of an American accent, and dropped final g's, like flies in amber, show that she must have entered English society about twenty years ago, when the smart set boycotted this letter. She pleads and coaxes (like a missionary to an assembly of inebriates), but does not argue. She has learned not to address her remarks to one member, but to the Speaker, who, however, is often visibly embarrassed by buttonholing exhortations to combat the evils of strong drink.

Women, says the author, are much more direct in politics than men, who love to compromise and to reconcile irreconcilable courses. It was Lady Macbeth who said, "Give me the dagger," and it is because Mr. Asquith is a compromiser that Lady Astor so dislikes him:

The influence of enfranchised women on political affairs is one of the chief elements of doubt in modern English politics. They are more tangential and less stable than the male elector, and less under the control of the party machine. The old fear that they would vote as women in opposition to men has turned out to be groundless, as sensible people always prophesied that it would do; but the masses of women voters are easily carried away by an agitation, and when their sympathies are once aroused, they have no party ties and no old political traditions to hold them back. They pass easily from one side to another, and there is reason to think that the remarkable turnover of votes in recent by-elections, especially in the Home Counties, was due in great measure to the women electors. *Varium et mutabile semper*. They are certainly not going to be the politically Conservative force in the electorate that was once thought, and their enfranchisement has undoubtedly increased the power of the agitator (within certain well-defined limits, however, for most women are socially, though not politically, Conservative). If these views be sound, the change may still be for the better, for it is possible even for the ship of state to have too much ballast, and they are certainly no argument against enfranchisement which, like earlier enfranchisements of men, was given as a right and not in expectation of the

results, good or evil, that might be expected to follow. But they do increase the interest that Lady Astor has as the first woman Member of Parliament.

Lady Astor's parliamentary services have not been great, yet she has served to indicate the most important function that women may render in Parliament. The most useful women are not those who can discuss men's politics like men, but those who can introduce new subjects that men have overlooked and new points of view not even suspected. These are among the achievements of Lady Astor. She has made herself the representative of women's interests in home life, rather than in public life, and she brings to this task a certain inspiration that is noticeable in her speeches:

Lady Astor's real influence in politics is exercised outside the House as a hostess. The Astor salon in London, and still more her house parties in the country, are the occasion of many meetings between men of different parties, and undoubtedly did much to make coalition easier. Lady Astor is not an intriguer, neither are her own political views either deep or subtle. But she has a keen eye for ability, and it is her delight to know able men and to make them know each other. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George were of her circle, and the esteem which these two men, temperamentally so different, undoubtedly have for each other may have originated or been confirmed at her parties. She has the woman's gift of realism when she is meeting men and not dealing with principles, and she is an ideal hostess, who loves to be kind to merit while it is still obscure.

Lord Carson, says the author, has been misjudged. He is not a mean man and he is free from the religious bigotry that is the curse of Northern Ireland. In fact he is not an Ulsterman and his brogue is not that of Belfast, but of Galway:

The most dramatic apparition to be seen in the House of Commons has until the other day been that of Lord Carson at the door when an Irish debate was proceeding. Especially now, with the Irish Nationalist party a mere twittering ghost of its former greatness, there is always an element of theatricality in Irish debates; some one said once that there ought to be a row of footlights all round the Irish coast. It may be the theatricality of Irish debate, or there may be some positive suggestion in the tall, lank figure, the straight black hair, the hollow cheeks, and the lengthened chin, but one could not help thinking of Mephisto in the play at such times.

And the impression is not removed by the rich brogue and is deepened by the corrosion and negation of what he says. Nothing in politics seems worth while when he speaks; Irish ideals are balloons blown up with gas; a new thought or hope is treated like a hostile witness; the great world pines to the dimensions of a poky court of justice, and nothing seems to matter but what is concrete enough to be put into an affidavit. It is all magnificently done, for Lord Carson has not risen on nothing to the position of perhaps the most famous of living advocates. He has in a supreme degree the faculty of dissolving a state of mind into little crystals of fact and holding each up to the light that is appropriate to his purpose. No one in our time at the bar has had his power of unexpected thrust and stab in cross-examination, and he has so cultivated the habit of always speaking at the greatest common measure of intelligence in a jury that he has lost the power of rising above it. Outside Irish affairs—for example, on labor topics—he speaks occasionally with flashes of originality and sentimental insight, but ordinarily in politics he is a barrister whose rare distinction of manner can not disguise the mediocrity and dullness of what he has to say.

Lord Carson, says the author, is not a truculent man. His show of truculence is only the protective hardening of a skin that is more tender than most people's. There are those whose devotion to those who depend on them takes the form of distrust and ferocity towards every one else, and Lord Carson is one of these.

Many other clever characterizations must remain unnoticed here, but they will amply reward alike the casual reader as well as the student of world politics. The public men of today may be lacking in the supreme abilities that we should like to see brought to bear upon world affairs, but at least they have the distinctions conferred by the duties of government at a time of supreme crisis. To know something of them becomes almost a duty at a moment when a common distress brings with it the obligations of sympathy and cooperation.

POLITICAL PROFILES FROM BRITISH PUBLIC LIFE. By Herbert Sidebotham. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.

Sir Ernest Cassel, whose death is announced, was one of the greatest financiers of modern times and also one of the greatest philanthropists. He was born at Cologne in March, 1852, the son of a small Jewish banker, and went to England at the age of fifteen. His greatest work was his part in the financing of modern Egypt and in the efforts that, as Lord Cromer said, "arrested bankruptcy, increased the revenue, controlled the expenditure, and raised Egyptian credit to a level only second to that of England and France." Sir Ernest Cassel, who was a keen sportsman and an owner of racehorses, became very intimate with King Edward. Among Sir Ernest Cassel's large public gifts were: 1902, £200,000 for a sanatorium for consumptives at Midhurst; 1910, £200,000 to the poor in memory of King Edward; 1921, £225,000 for the foundation and endowment of a hospital for the treatment of nervous disorders at Penhurst. In 1912 he remembered the country of his birth by a gift of £200,000, which was invested for the benefit of necessitous Germans in this country and necessitous Englishmen in Germany. In 1919 he gave £500,000 for the development of adult education under the W. E. A., the establishment of scholarships, and of a Faculty of Commerce in London.

Tennis balls for shipment overseas are sealed to prevent them from going dead.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending November 12, 1921, were \$108,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$150,700,000; a decrease of \$42,500,000.

Investment bonds continue strong and it seems likely that further advances will be recorded before the year-end and reinvestment demand comes into the market and hoists quotations still higher (says *Forbes Magazine*).

Investors should keep in mind that bonds are fundamentally cheap and that the present

such yields as prevail in the bond market will not be obtainable much longer. Commodity prices, which measure the real income from investments; that is, what the money income will buy, have also declined steadily in the past year.

Despite the slight betterment which is fairly general, financial observers appear no better able now than they were a month ago to determine whether the increase in activity marks a definite turn in the industrial tide, or whether it is merely a temporary movement, such as might well be influenced by seasonal demands and the replenishment of depleted stocks (says John Grant Dater in *Harper's Magazine*). Upward reactions are an ever-attendant feature upon industrial depressions, and they really mark the progress of remedial and curative processes. The historic reaction which followed the panic of 1873, for example, was, according to one writer on the subject, "an alternating series of mountain peaks and valleys." The sequence of events upon that occasion was substantially as follows: Stocks of merchandise became depleted; then a demand to supply actual necessities sprang up and production increased, but the consumers' wants were speedily satisfied and activity diminished again.

This process was continued over several years, in the course of which practically every important line of manufacture and production—iron and steel, textiles, drugs and chemicals, lumber, leather, coal, farm products, live stock, and the like—enjoyed spasmodic activity, from time to time, followed by periodic reactions. But general business was finding firmer ground underfoot all the while and was moving steadily toward improvement; and no student of the situation can doubt that the industry of the country now is moving in the right direction.

If the present depression in industry had originated in and was confined to this country alone no one would hesitate long in subscribing affirmatively to the theory, not only of a very speedy recovery, but to that also of a degree of commercial activity in the near future unprecedented in our commercial annals. For although, as a nation and as a people, the United States made many serious mistakes during the war, was wasteful and extravagant beyond any other of the powers engaged in the struggle, indulging in an expansion of indebtedness so heavy and an inflation of credit so large that they are likely to continue as an influence for generations, it is true, nevertheless, that the country is in a far better position than any of the others to withstand the consequences of its economic sins, and it is better circumstanced, also, than any of the others to lead the way toward recovery.

All the gold in the world appears to be headed in this direction now, which is not wholly surprising, perhaps, in view of the fact that the United States is not only the one great creditor nation on earth today, but also the chief source of supply for many articles which are necessary in the economic life of other peoples. Of the precious metal—since January 1st last—we have imported upward of \$500,000,000, no fewer than fifty-nine nations or colonies or dependencies contributing to what has now become an unnecessarily large or idle store. In addition

to every large and important country such small, obscure, or stricken nationalities as Austria, Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia, Salvador and every Central American republic, Bolivia and every South American country, Dominica, Palestine and Syria, Abyssinia, Portuguese Africa, Chosen in Asia, and all the Australasian and East Indian possessions of Europe have contributed to our hoard.

The time was, and not so long ago, either, that an engagement of \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 of gold for import would throw the financial markets into a frenzy and stimulate general business, but under existing conditions the daily announcements of additional receipts of gold pass without comment in Wall Street, or, possibly, evoke an expression of apprehension or regret over the continued drain by this country of the world's metallic resources, for the European nations and "the countries beyond the Jordan" stands in far greater need of the gold than do we, to serve as a basis of credit or as a reserve against their emissions of circulating notes and the like. Although the steady influx of the precious metal is a direct consequence of our commanding economic position as the leading creditor nation, the further augmentation of our already unwieldy store is a misfortune rather than a blessing, for we are exhausting our debtors needlessly.

That our industry, though surrounded by abundance, should languish—like a man starving in the presence of an overloaded table of food—appears highly anomalous, but the explanation, readily at hand, is not difficult of comprehension. The case can be no better stated, and never has been, than in the following extract from a recent issue of the *London Times Trade Supplement*:

"The world's credit system has broken down, and until it is restored there can be no general trade revival. That is the simple explanation of today's phenomena. The United States has ample gold, yet her wealth and her credit can not save her from the prevailing depression because it is not sufficient for one party to a deal to be able to deliver the goods; the other must also be in a position to give an equivalent. Export credit schemes, as we have pointed out again and again, can only be of value in serving to set the machinery of commerce and credit in motion again. The extraordinary spectacle that the world presents today is of nations tinkering up schemes to give artificial assistance to export and simultaneously raising obstacles to import trade."

A casual observer might infer that any criticism contained in the above excerpt was leveled at this country, and so in truth it may be, in part, for the United States has been conspicuous in pursuing conflicting policies in reference to foreign trade. We have expended—and lost—hundreds upon hundreds of millions upon a government-owned and administered merchant marine, for example, and resorted to all sorts and varieties of expedients, including the resurrection of the War Finance Corporation, to facilitate exports, and then we enact laws which render the profitable operation of the ships impossible, and set up an emergency tariff to exclude certain commodities and make it even more difficult for the ships to obtain return cargoes. And the emergency tariff is to be

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followed in due course by the enactment of a permanent tariff which, in the form in which it has been passed by the House, contains many prohibitively high duties and embodies provisions regarding valuations which leading authorities assert will interfere with our imports and with the liquidation by Europe of her indebtedness to us in merchandise rather than in gold.

Not since the depression of 1917 has the investment barometer pointed to more favorable conditions than it has done during the past month or so.

Less than two years ago many large indus-



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trial and railroad companies were compelled to pay 7 and 8 per cent., while today new bonds issues are being successfully floated to net from 5½ to 6 per cent.

As late as May this year the Federal Reserve rate stood at 7 per cent. Last week the rate in New York was lowered to 4½ per cent., a total reduction of two and a half since the beginning of this year. Other important reductions in rediscount rates to date

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opportunity to purchase mortgage securities is the sort that comes once in a lifetime, and no sacrifice should be too great which will enable the forward-looking investor to add one or two more choice securities to those he already has in his strong box or has already selected for purchase.

Buying bonds is equivalent to buying income; and you can get a larger income now for less money than at any time within the memory of the present generation. The American investor is apt to forget that he is first of all seeking an income, for the reason that in this country it is customary to order bonds according to description and denomination. In America the investor asks for a \$100, \$500, or \$1000 bond of such-and-such

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description, issued by such-and-such a company, bearing interest at a certain rate. In France, where thrift is taught from the cradle, the investor asks for a 50-franc or a 100-franc bond, meaning a bond which will pay that much income in a year. The Frenchman has always sought for income, and, perhaps for that reason, he has sought more persistently and held more tenaciously than the average American investor.

A fixed income from bond investments is more or less desirable according to the rise and fall of money rates and commodity prices. Money rates have been steadily declining—the government has only recently sold debt certificates on a 4¼ to a 4½ per cent. basis for the first time in a year and a half—and this development indicates that

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are Boston and Philadelphia, from 5 per cent. to 4½ per cent.; Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, from 6 per cent. to 5 per cent.; San Francisco, 5½ per cent. to 5 per cent.; Richmond and Atlanta, from 6 per cent. to 5½ per cent. The effect of these sweeping

issues, and the Brazilians. The Swiss 8s established a new high record, advancing to 109. The long-forsaken Liberty issues, which have been selling at a discount for some time, were in great demand at par.

The effect of these sweeping reductions of rediscount rates will not be fully appreciated until most of the higher-grade bonds cross par.

During a period of readjustment such as the present far-sighted investors should take every advantage of market recessions and exchange their short-term bonds for issues of more distant maturity. Those who bought short-term bonds during the latter part of 1919 have little or nothing to gain in holding these high interest bearing bonds. As most of these issues are subject to call within thirty days, the high yield privilege is more liable to be shorter than most investors bargained for.

Short-sighted investors unwittingly buy short-term bonds at the wrong time. Many short-term bonds that were selling at tempting prices in the latter part of 1914 are no longer in the bargain class today. But many long-term issues are lying on the bargain counter today and have been since May, 1920. Meantime the high bond yields are gradually vanishing.—John D. Dunlop.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is participating in an offer of \$10,000,000 State of Rio Grande do Sul (Brazil) twenty-five-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, external loan of 1921, due October 1, 1946. Repayable through sinking fund at maturity at 105 and accrued interest. The price is 99½ and interest, yielding more than 8.10 per cent.

These bonds are the direct obligation of the State of Rio Grande do Sul, in addition to which they are secured by a specific lien upon the property transfer taxes, legacy taxes, inheritance taxes, and port taxes of Porto Alegre. Total revenues from the specifically pledged taxes alone are at the rate of more than the total \$1,200,000 maximum combined annual requirement for interest and sinking fund of this issue.

The city of Porto Alegre, with a population of 122,697, is the capital of Rio Grande do Sul. The national banks of this state are the largest in total assets of those of any state of Brazil. There is no record of default in any funded debt of the State of Rio Grande do Sul or its cities.

De Witt & Ledbetter are offering participating preferred stock of the Seritterre Company at \$100 per share, non-assessable. Capital expenditures of \$200,000 will completely equip the Seritterre Company with necessary buildings and machinery and other essentials for the production of raw silk. The company owns 805 acres of land ideally situated for silk culture. Excellent water supply is located on the property. Roads, irrigation ditches, and a mulberry plantation of 150,000 three-year-old trees marks its present development. All dividend estimates are based upon the total authorized capitalization of \$300,000. Messrs De Wit & Ledbetter have made an exhaustive study of the history of silk culture in California and other states, as well as a careful examination and survey of the experiments and accomplishments of the Seritterre Company, and upon the basis of this survey highly recommended the preferred stock as an excellent investment.

The Anglo and London Paris National Bank bond department is participating in an

offer of \$50,000,000 New York Telephone Company refunding mortgage twenty-year 6 per cent. gold bonds. Price 97 and interest, to yield about 6.27 per cent.

New York Telephone Company, owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, operates throughout the State of New York, including New York City, and also the northern part of New Jersey. The company's physical property is largely in excess of \$400,000,000, whereas the total bonded debt, including this issue, aggregates less than \$142,000,000. During the last twelve years net earnings averaged over four and one-half times interest charges. The company has paid annual dividends of not less than 6 per cent. on its stock since 1896, and for the past eleven years at the rate of 8 per cent.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. and the First Securities Company are offering a new issue of \$350,000 Mid-State Horticultural Company first mortgage 7½ per cent. gold bonds, due serially January 1, 1924 to 1933 inclusive. These bonds will be secured by a first closed mortgage on approximately 1694 acres of rich productive farm lands that have appraised by the well-known John C. Moore of Fresno at \$711,620. Four of the five properties of the company are located in the neighborhood of Sanger, Clovis, and Selma, Fresno County, California, about twenty miles easterly from the city of Fresno, and are planted to eight varieties of grapes, deciduous fruits, and alfalfa. The remaining unit is to be developed immediately and is in the Delano District, Kings County. Net earnings of the company, which includes the income from only three of the five properties, have averaged \$106,203 per year for the last three years, which is at the rate of over four times interest requirements of these bonds. The facilities for marketing the products of the company are unusually good, as the stockholders of this company also own the entire capital stock of the California Growers and Shippers, Inc., well-known distributors of California fruit products. The proceeds from this issue of bonds will be used to retire present indebtedness and for corporate improvements. The bonds are exempt from California property taxes, and are offered subject to certification as a legal investment for California savings banks. The offering price is 100 and interest to yield 7.50 per cent.

The amendments made by Parliament this year in the Canadian customs regulations, which were to become effective on October 1, 1921, will not be put into force until January 1, 1922. It will be recalled that these amended regulations required the marking of the place of origin of all goods coming into Canada, and received a good deal of adverse criticism from manufacturers in Great Britain, the United States, and elsewhere. A number of influential commercial bodies in Canada have interested themselves in the matter, with a view to devising some more practical method of attaining the objects of the original amendment (says the Canadian Bank of Commerce in their November monthly letter).

Harvesting operations and preparations for marketing field products did not result in any material increase in loans in Canada during September, the actual change being from \$1,331,000,000 to \$1,343,000,000. The note circulation increased by \$3,000,000. A further decrease took place in deposits by the public in Canada, the total falling from \$1,807,000,000 to \$1,798,000,000. On the other hand government deposits increased \$15,000,000. Foreign deposits declined substantially.


The possibility of a general railway strike overshadowed the security markets during the month of October and speculative activity was noticeable only in the stocks of a limited number of specialties; prices of railway stocks, however, remain about the same as they were at the beginning of the month. Successive advances in the price of crude have been reflected in considerable activity and strength in the oil market, the most spectacular rise in the list having been that of Pacific Oil, which has advanced from about 34 to 47 just before the end of the month. United States Steel has had about a seven-point advance; copper stocks have been strong, and a few of the independent industrials have moved upwards, noticeably Baldwin Locomotive. Money has remained plentiful and the

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banking situation in the United States could not be better.

The conspicuous feature in the bond market has been the advance in practically all classes of long-term securities, amounting in the case of the newer issues bearing 7 per cent. and 8 per cent. coupons to as much as ten points above the offering price. As has been pointed out many times during the last year, interest rates are declining and the high

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interest obtainable of late will soon be a thing of the past. Recent issues are being heavily oversubscribed, although offered at prices to yield from 1 per cent. to 2 per cent. less than ruled a year ago. Demand now in fact considerably exceeds supply and investors must reconcile themselves in future to a much lower return from high-grade issues.—Strassburger & Co.

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reductions was the outstanding feature of the bond market last week.

Following these sweeping reductions the entire bond market moved into a new high level for the year. In many instances some of the higher yield bonds crossed par. In the foreign bond group many issues moved into new high levels, such as the United Kingdom 5½s, the Norwegian, Belgian and French

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Great Deception

What was the meaning of the Republican success at the last presidential election? May we interpret it as a mandate, and, if so, of what sort? Did it prohibit American entry to the league of nations, either as the league was then or as it might be modified by reservations and amendments? In other words, was it a blanket prohibition or a specific one?

Mr. Samuel Colcord believes that we have misunderstood the situation. A little band of noisy malcontents have forced upon us a false interpretation of the popular will. The election was in no sense a veto upon American participation in a league of nations. It may have been a condemnation of the particular league presented to us, but it was an approval of the league principle, of the establishment of some sort of an association of nations intended to prevent the recurrence of war. Mr. Colcord seems to establish his case without very much difficulty. Indeed we may suppose that it would hardly be seriously disputed. The presidential election was a rebuke to Wilsonism rather than to any special feature of the Wilsonian policies. As a matter of fact the coming international conference at Washington is in itself a sort of league of nations, seeing that all the participating powers will be inferentially bound to sustain whatever agreements they may jointly reach. None the

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June 30th, 1921.

Assets.....\$71,383,431.14
Deposits.....67,792,431.14
Capital.....1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,591,000.00
Employment Pension Fund.....357,157.85

on the subject. There is even an interesting history of famous yachts and a discussion of modern versus earlier designs. The hook is brought up to date, its calculations being based on post-war costs. The many illustrations will be valuable to yachtsmen.

"Famous Dogs in Fiction," by J. Walker McSpadden (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60), has the double advantage of being an introduction for young readers to a number of classics and standard novels and of being an anthology of good dog stories for canine lovers. Several of the shorter stories are reprints, the rest being adapted from longer works.

"Poems of the Dance" is an anthology of poems inspired by dancing from all periods of history from the ancient Hindu, Chinese, and Mediterranean classics to the very modern poetry of Arthur Symons. The collection is chosen and edited by Edward R. Dickson (Alfred A. Knopf, publisher), who has also made the pictorial photographs that illustrate this very handsome book.

"The Passing of the Old West," by Hal G. Evarts (Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50), will appeal to all lovers of animals as well as to readers addicted to Western lore. The subject has particular reference to the passing of the animals of the old West—the beaver, the buffalo, and the wild pigeon. Robert S. Yard, the executive secretary of the National Parks Association, calls "The Passing of the Old West" a most powerful presentation for the cause of conservation.

"Trading with Mexico," by Wallace Thompson (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.50), is a story of present-day Mexico and its problems. The author finds the crux of the "Mexican situation" in her business conditions, which are the result of the application of political remedies for economic ills. Mr. Thompson's suggested solution to the problem is intelligent

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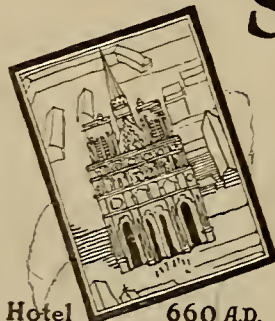
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coöperation on the part of American and Mexican business men. Some topics of interest discussed are "Mexico and Her Bolshevism," "The Romance of Mexican Oil," and "Our Bill Against Revolutionary Mexico."

Paris in 660 and
San Francisco
in 1921



Hotel 660 A.D.
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Capacity 194 Beds
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Typifying the hospital of mediaeval ages, Hotel Dieu, built in Paris in 660 A.D., is representative. In those days, wards were heated with charcoal stoves; patients slept on mattresses of straw thrown over a network of ropes; pillows were knots of twisted cloth. Hospitals were few, poorly equipped and sanitary conditions deplorable.

Progress in hospitals was negligible until late in the 19th century when their use became more universal. In the United States in 1873 there were but 149 hospitals. Today there are over 9000, an increase of over 6000%. In 1920, there were over 8,000,000 patients of hospitals. The investment in hospital grounds and buildings is over three billion dollars. Purchases for equipment and supplies exceeded a billion dollars last year, more than the sales of cigars and cigarettes, or candies and confections.

The business of furnishing these institutions with supplies has taken equally rapid strides. REID BROS., Inc., the foremost company in the world manufacturing, jobbing and exporting hospital supplies, has grown from a business of \$20,000 in 1909 to one of one million. Its goods are now standard throughout the United States and 83 foreign countries. So rapidly is the available business increasing that the company finds its manufacturing and distributing facilities inadequate to handle it. To take advantage of these possibilities the company is now building at Irvington, Alameda County, one of the largest hospital supply factories in the world.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Blood of the Conqueror.

The decadence of a nation is faithfully represented by the decadence of the individuals composing it. Ramon Delcasar is an aristocratic Mexican with all the pride of his birth and lineage, but without any corresponding ideals of mind or morals. When he enters a train his first thought is to select a woman likely to permit his advances. "Every man," he says, "wants pretty women and money. He gets them if he has enough nerve and enough sense." Here we have Ramon's philosophy and the boundaries of his mentality.

The conflict of Ramon with the gringos for whom Mexico is either a sanatorium or a trading post is the story of Mexico itself. Ramon is worsted all along the line, and as a result he disintegrates before our eyes. He has neither the knowledge nor the energy to maintain his property against the encroachments of his American rivals, and even the American girl with whom he falls in love and who falls in love with him finds that she can not face the "spectre of the salt" evoked by her betrothal to a Mexican. And so Ramon sinks to the level of a peon, squatting on his heels with his back to an adobe wall and with nothing hut his traditions for solace and comfort.

The story is excellently told, with clear vignettes of Mexican life and of the contrasts and conflicts between the old and the new. Fiction, if only it be good, is the best of instructors in national politics, and here we have a picture of Mexican conditions that adds definitely to our comprehension of a difficult problem.

THE BLOOD OF THE CONQUERORS. By Harvey Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

Privilege.

A book that is a curious amalgam of fine writing and bad taste is "Privilege," by Michael Sadleir. Not that there is a single line in that novel that would offend, by itself, the most exacting taste. The morals of the book are idealistic. Written as an exposé of immoral high society—what would the novelists do without the picturesque sins of that interesting body?—it is nevertheless a thesis of unflinchingly fine morals. The spectacle of a quixotic hero fleeing precipitately from the dishonor of an unwelcome thought may be considered fitter material for a Freudian lecture than a novel, but it is in any case an edifying sight.

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Viewed as the squeamish reaction of a morbid invalid, "Privilege"—which would seem to be named on the principle that a title should sound well even though it means little—has its interesting niche in letters. Much of literature is morbid anyway. Most people are morbid, as every observer of newspaper readers can testify. So that we have no objection to the morbidity of "Privilege," which is, after all, redeemed by a good hit of wholesome cynicism. But we do object to its breach of taste. If superlatives are good advertising material we have one to donate to the cause of "Privilege." It is without doubt the most snobbish book that it has ever been our lot to read. It wreaks with factitious *noblesse oblige*. In the light of its really decorative—though obviously cultivated—style, it would pass as a Thackeravian parody of manners. As a satire, pure and simple, it would be a *tour de force*. We say "would be," as we are given to understand that "Privilege" is not a parody of a social novel, but the social novel itself; and as the latter form, it is lacking in the genuine something that makes a book vital. As a study of the English upper classes as presumably viewed by one of themselves, incapacitated by nature to be an active member of that privileged set, it is arrantly artificial. The author fairly revels in his holiday of vicarious snobbery.

But it may be that this reading of the book is unjust to Michael Sadleir. If we had come to it uncontaminated by the publishers' notices we should have hailed it as an exquisite parody.

PRIVILEGE. By Michael Sadleir. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Gospel of Books and Authors.

An English translation of Anatole France's "Monsieur Bergeret in Paris"—the last volume in the series of contemporary history, of which the preceding volumes were "The Elm-Tree on the Mall," "The Wicker-work Woman," and "The Amethyst Ring," is soon to be published by the John Lane Company.

A new translation of the early English poem, "Beowulf," which dates from about the beginning of the eighth century, has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The translation is the work of C. K. M. Scott Moncrieff, whose translation of "The Song of Roland" the Duttons published not long ago. This new volume has an introduction by Viscount Northcliffe.

Payson J. Treat, whose "Japan and the United States" was published this month by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is now in Japan, giving a course of lectures at four of the universities. His subject there will be the same as his book—the diplomatic relations of Japan and the United States, from 1853 down to the disarmament conference. Professor Treat has spent fifteen years studying this subject. Before beginning his lec-

tures he traveled through Southern Manchuria and Shantung—two of the disputed regions which will come up for discussion at the conference.

The John Lane Company announces the twenty-ninth edition of "India's Love Lyrics," by Lawrence Hope, and the tenth edition of "Last Poems," by the same author; the twenty-first edition of "The Need of Change," by Julian Street; the ninth edition (illustrated) of "The Golden Age," by Kenneth Grahame; the twelfth edition of "Behind the Beyond," by Stephen Leacock, and the twenty-eighth edition of "Nonsense Novels," by the same author.

In "Washington Close-Ups" Edward G. Lowry makes public for the first time the exchange of letters in which President Taft offered the late Senator Knox a place in the Supreme Court. Mr. Lowry points out that both of these men were offered this supreme judicial honor three times. Mr. Knox steadfastly refused. Mr. Taft accepted his third offer.

New Books Received.

CALES COTTONTAIL. Narrated and illustrated by Harrison Gadsby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

Juvenile.

CLIFFORD AND JOHN'S ALMANACK. By Clifford Raymond. Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company.

Calculated for the year 1922, but good for any year.

THE PACIFIC TRIANGLE. By Sydney Greenhieb. New York: The Century Company; \$4.

LESCHETIZKY AS I KNEW HIM. By Ethel Newcomb. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.50.

A memoir.

THE DAY OF FAITH. By Arthur Somers Roche. Boston: Little Brown & Co.; \$1.90.

A novel.

FULL UP AND FEO UP. By Whiting Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

The worker's mind in crowded Britain.

THE BIG FOUR. By Robert Lansing. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50.

Portraits of the Big Four and impressions of others at the peace conference.

ROMANCE TO THE RESCUE. By Denis Mackail. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.90.

A novel.

HUNTING HIDDEN TREASURE IN THE ANDES. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

A story for boys.

JULIA TAKES HER CHANCE. By Concordia Merrel. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$2.

A novel.

MANHOOD OF HUMANITY. By Alfred Korzybski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

The science and art of human engineering.

DIET, DAUGHTER OF MAN. By Martin Anderson Nexö. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.

Translated from the Danish by A. G. Chater and Richard Thirsk.

VERSES OF LOVE, SENTIMENT AND FRIENDSHIP. By Clay M. Green. San Francisco: Privately printed.

PLOTTING IN PIRATE SEAS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

A story for boys.

BOYS' HOME BOOK OF SCIENCE AND CONSTRUCTION. By Alfred P. Morgan. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$2.50.

Science and mechanics for boys.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. SECRET SERVICE. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

For older boys.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE EGG. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; \$2.

Short stories and poems.

TOPELSS TOWERS. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A romance of Morningside Heights.



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A BACKWARD GLANCE AT EIGHTY. By Charles A. Murdock. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. Reminiscences of a long life.

WESTWARD HOBBOES. By Winifred Hawkridge Dixon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$4. Ups and downs of frontier motoring.

HUMAN NATURE IN POLITICS. By Graham Wallas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Revised edition.

DOWN HERE THE HAWTHORNE. By Thomas Moulton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

Verses.

THE GREAT DECEPTION. By Samuel Colcord. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$1.50.

"Bringing into the light the real meaning and mandate of the Harding vote as to peace."

JOURNEYS OF JOHNNY JACKRABBIT. By Mary Craig Harris. Indianapolis: The Bohrs-Merill Company. Juvenile.

PARIS DAYS AND LONDON NIGHTS. By Alice Ziska Snyder and Milton Valentine Snyder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

Letters written during the year 1918.

The toughest town in all the U. S. A.—

A town in which the saloons and dance halls were the only industries, and dry bones and empty bottles the leading exports—

A town in which the sheriff had hung up a record of killing one man a day—

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A PARISIAN INGENUE.

English cynicism, however, is not to be mentioned in the same breath with that calmly detached philosopher's brand with which Anatole France surveys the men and women of the Parisian theatre. The mind of this twentieth-century scholar and philosopher, as we are made acquainted with it in tales and sketches which reveal his intimate acquaintance with the character of the Parisian Thespian, is that of a man who has lost his last illusion, and yet has borne the parting so well that he retains a benevolent good will toward the human family of whom he has so low an opinion.

These men and women of the stage he portrays as beings of insatiable vanity, and their only relief from the perpetual harry and tease of their histrionic ambition is in a continual series of amours. For them friendship does not exist. They backbite their comrades, try to undermine them both professionally and in their love affairs. They seem incapable of a generous emotion.

It seems a dreadful, desiccated sort of life to live, aside from the occasional triumphs in art with which we can sympathize. But one understands how a life-long service at the feet of the histrionic muse in Paris might wear out hope, standards, ideals, and all capacity for generosity of emotion.

But there is something almost daunting in the fixed, settled materialism of the young girl of the theatre, as painted by M. France, before whose revealing pen all doors, even the most closely guarded, open to uncover thoughts, words, deeds; a revelation of the candor of an author whose philosophy of life scarcely admits the need of existence of our dull Anglo-Saxon propriety. The Anglo-Saxon reads these intimate records aghast, crying inwardly, "Are American girls of the theatre like this?"

For, in spite of increasing adjurations to be liberal, to survey life with an open mind, to understand that the spirituality in the normal human must of necessity be balanced by that animalism which is one of our component parts, yet the Latin, as depicted by Anatole France, is almost wholly a creature of appetite. Félicie Nanteuil, for example, with her beauty, her talent, and her youthful bloom all showered upon her in such generous measure, has no correspondingly generous movements

of the soul to match these gifts. True, we can say the same of a due proportion of our own young women of the stage. There is always an immense deal going on under the external decencies of which we numerous innocents suspect nothing until the lid flies suddenly and unexpectedly off. And at least we can say for Nanteuil that she meant to be normal, in spite of the sorry destiny that was threatening.

What it all comes to is the intrinsic difference between the Anglo-Saxon and his reserves and the Latin, who has none. The Latin is the more logical of the two, and he is jarred, in conscience, by fewer mental shocks.

But it looks as if we Anglo-Saxons needed our pruderies, our reserves, even those head-turnings with which we evade facing unpleasant facts.

Who knows? Perhaps these faults in the Anglo-Saxon make-up, so condemned by the enlightened Continental, are some kind of a help to our youth, both male and female. Perhaps the little screen which they form between them and their worse selves helps to serve as a deterrent. At any rate it is soothing to think so.

MERRIMENT AT THE MAITLAND.

"Don," a farce-comedy by Rudolph Besier, is amusing all hands at the Maitland this week with its sprightly humor and lively action. The success of the piece at the Haymarket, London, and the Century, New York, is well accounted for, the humor being genuine and spontaneous and of a kind that challenges a company to do its best.

Miss O'Day has disappeared from the cast, but several attractive girls are in evidence, and Messrs. Maitland and Fee, each in a fat rôle, do themselves proud by the success of their appeal to the mirth of the highly amused audience.

"THE CIRCLE."

Everybody in New York is going to see "The Circle," and all confirmed theatre-goers out of it who can get the book are appeasing their curiosity by reading the printed play. W. Somerset Maugham, the author, had already arrived, but he has reached a new and more difficult goal with "The Circle."

San Franciscans will remember Ethel Barrymore in his "Lady Frederick" and John Drew in his "Smith." Both plays were lightly entertaining and served very well to make an American holiday, but neither was so constituted as to make more than a passing impression on the mind.

"Lady Frederick," it will be remembered, generously disenchanted an enamored junior by showing herself in her morning dishabille, unmade-up, and then, with him and a deeply attentive audience as witness, she built up the lovely result that had captured his susceptibilities.

"Smith" showed a young Colonial, home on a visit, turning against the purely ornamental eligibles that are martialed before him

by his solicitous family and throwing the handkerchief to a humble pearl of a waiting-maid who rejoices in beauty and unegotistic efficiency.

But "The Circle" goes a little deeper than these purely light-minded plays. Since they were born Mr. Maugham has advanced far in a peculiarly cold-blooded cynicism, as evidenced in "The Moon and Sixpence." He has abjured sentimentality and a benevolent attitude toward his public. In fact, there are signs of a profound and congenial submergence in the drama of Paris, in spite of the purely British flavor which characterizes "The Circle."

But this later play is more astute, more brilliant, and its action more assured and inevitable than in his other plays. It is written for the smart social element in any city, in spite of the London atmosphere, since it has made such an unqualified hit in the East. Its atmosphere—that of the British upper class that lives entirely for comfort and enjoyment—is what women deeply enjoy. The dialogue is thoroughly in keeping: easy, spontaneous, witty, and to the point. It tells the story, reveals character, builds atmosphere, interests and entertains extremely, and never wastes a syllable.

Added to all this, Mr. Maugham, placidly disregarding the usual appeal to conventional sentiment, logically works out his idea.

Woman he regards as a romantic, impulsive, selfish animal who, when in love, is apt to be entirely inaccessible to practical considerations. With feminine illogic she is unaware, when in the grip of the love-madness, that all the commonsensical and practical considerations of life will appeal to her with overwhelming force when the glamour dies away. As to the suffering her rashness inflicts on others, she is superficially compunctious, but unmoved.

He makes an excellent entrance for the sinner by preparing us in advance to realize her young loveliness and charm thirty years earlier. Also by having her romantic daughter-in-law, Elizabeth, give her fancy sketch of the chastened sinner: white hair, white lace, black silk, a sad expression, and all the rest.

Lady Kitty, however, has merely developed in frivolity. She is true to type. She is gushing, sentimental, insincere, a mere scrap of painted fluff. The tragedy in her story can not be found in her life, for, except for an inevitable perversion of morals, due to the sorry continental companionship upon which an English *déclassé* must depend, she is very much the same kind of person she would have been if she had stayed in harness.

Lord Porteous, the luckless companion of her thirty-year-old bolt from social grace, is the one who lost most heavily, since for the entrancing Kitty he sacrificed practically assured prospects and a fine political career.

But not for a moment does the author throw a sentimental aura around his head. He has become a hearty grumbler; a profanely-expressed grouch would best indicate his attitude toward the world. But the reader, or spectator, as maybe, likes him thoroughly. He has accepted the consequences of his act and played the chivalrous part toward the pitiful, shallow little wisp of human nature that had imperiled her illicit tie just as lightly as she had fractured her marital bond. This is the ironic situation. The complication in the situation is that history is repeating itself.

There are some kinds of men who, when they are born rich and important, insist on marrying the kind of women they never can hold. They are sometimes just dull and good, sometimes prigs. Lady Kitty's husband, although sufficiently astute to have known better, was, in his youth, a prig. His son Arnold became a prig after him.

Elizabeth, the portionless young beauty whom he married, frank, romantic, yet genuine, is trembling on the verge of repeating Lady Kitty's experience. Pathetically they try to save her, those two disillusioned rebels against social laws. Lady Kitty, however, temporarily sojourned out of her constitutional frivolity, and telling of the world's cold front, does not offer so horrible an example as Lady Kitty relapsed into her true self, an immoral, raddled old hussy, complacently admitting to several deviations from fidelity to her thirty years' companion.

Perhaps the most striking point made by the elderly sinner is when she says: "In those circumstances one's got to keep a man's love. It's the only thing one has."

The point of the whole play is that, for certain temperaments, no example can serve as a warning. Imperiously they grasp at the destiny they desire, sure that their and their man's love will be eternal, their happiness inviolable, and they themselves invincible against the bitter snaps of that wolf the world. Life moves in a circle. There you have it.

The play, which is expressed in the slangy, not to say profane, vernacular of the smart set, reads like a bit of genuine life, the only false note being struck when Lady Kitty, in her moments of keener perceptiveness, strikes too marked a contrast to Lady Kitty whose soul "is as thickly roughed as her face." "Who would have thought," said the now white-haired husband whom she had deserted,

and who takes an impish enjoyment in witnessing the frequent spars of his wife and his successor, "that that animation would turn into such frivolity and that charming impulsiveness lead to such a ridiculous affectation?"

Perhaps, on the whole, it is not a very perfect brand of cynicism in an author when love makes the lovers he depicts so headstrong that they disregard all the disasters that common sense, a knowledge of life, and the counsels of friends admonish them are going to attend their path. But of sentimentality there is not a grain. And, indeed, the young lovers, feeling themselves in the grip of a strong and genuine emotion, instinctively try to escape the manifestation of it by expressing themselves in language that tends to show how greatly the children of the century who belong to the rich and worldly class regard the language of sentiment as priggish, insincere, and affected.

Probably we will not see "The Circle" acted here. Many's the big Eastern success that we have never seen. But in its printed form the play is exceedingly interesting, and it seems to have won considerable vogue with professional readers. It certainly offers excellent opportunities for the professional reader, for its dialogue is that of a group of people who dare to be strictly natural. For who dares to be more natural than those independent beings of wealth and standing who are only terrified into being stiff and conventional when their servants appear upon the scene?

"THE YOEMEN OF THE GUARD."

The Players Club, which is steadily growing in numbers and ability, has accomplished the feat of producing another Gilbert and Sullivan opera with an almost totally renewed cast. While the newer recruits, lacking the experience of the more sophisticated members, showed crudities and inaccuracies in the earlier phases of the performance, facing the public lent them needed assurance, and the performance improved as it went on.

As a laughter-producer the opera is making good. Benjamin Purrington and Carl Kroenke, who are better than many alleged professionals, have made the two hits of the performance, and Misses McComb and Hart also found favor with the approving audience.

The opera will continue with Friday and Saturday night performances for a month, and on November 26th there will be a matinee given. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY.

The Friday afternoon concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, coinciding with Armistice Day, at the Columbia Theatre, began with appropriate reference to the day. Four army buglers filed onto the stage, swung into position, and swept the audience to its feet with the opening notes of "taps." This stirring reminiscence of war-times was followed by the national anthem, a gorgeous crash of sound that surged about us and through us—a veritable emotional experience.

The programme proper began with Wetzler's overture to "As You Like It," presented on this occasion for the first time in America—an esthetic experience, this. The overture

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with its charming grace and delicate verve is an interpretation of "As You Like It," as well as a symphonic prologue. The motif of the overture is the page's song from Act V—a song that symbolizes the pastoral and at the same time worldly gaiety which is the essence of the comedy.

Variations on a theme of Tchaikowsky by Anton Arensky—that most facile adapter of the work of the elder Russian composer—was the second number of the programme. These variations are based on Tchaikowsky's "Legend," a song from a collection of children's songs; and are expanded from Arensky's quartet in A minor, originally written for violin, viola, and two 'celli. Its adaptation to symphony proportions is a *tour de force* of successful orchestration.

Dvorak's Symphony No. 5, "From the New World," was of particular interest. Something of its dark-folk quality gave it significance and appropriateness for this American ceremony. Cadman's Indian music might have been more literally in keeping, but strange to say the native Indian and his arts are more exotic than the imported African. To many of us darky music is a thing that rings of homely tradition. Dvorak's Slavic interpretations may sometimes fall short of our own memories of strummed banjoes and rich negroid baritones, but there is a funny little lilting phrase that happily recurs frequently and which runs true to darky form—amazingly so. As largo followed adagio and was followed in turn by the scherzo and dance melted into lullaby, and lullaby into march, the essentially folk quality of this music asserted itself. There is nothing so satisfactory as folk music because it is sincere—that is, nothing except possibly military music. Our symphony began with martial vim and ended with these old-time negroid melodies. It was a well-nigh perfect arrangement.

R. G.

Although the wild hison is supposed to be practically extinct, herds of 2000 or more have been discovered in Far Northern Canada.

Until American business houses began to establish branches in Argentina women were practically unknown in office work in that country.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

"The Beggar's Opera" opens Monday evening, November 21st, at the Columbia Theatre, for a two weeks' engagement. This famous opera is brought direct to the Pacific Coast after a three-year sensational run at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, London. The opera was written and first produced by John Gay, the brilliant English satirist, in 1728. With a hawling tavern and a debtors' prison for a background, with criminals, knaves, and harlots for heroes and heroines, small wonder that numerous attempts were made to suppress the opera. It was first produced in America in 1751, and old records tell us that it was George Washington's favorite play. There is also evidence that the famous quarrel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr was precipitated by Polly Peachum of the company then playing the opera.

Arnold Bennet has revamped the modern version of "The Beggar's Opera," halting well on this side of prudery, maintaining its wit and sparkle, but removing that which would have been a bit too unvarnished for modern consumption. Its wildfire success has parallels only with the triumphs a century and a half later with "Pinafore." It became a parent of the hallad opera, which, in turn, was a forerunner of the musical show of today. The entire company, including an orchestra of ancient instruments, comes direct to Los Angeles from the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, London. London, New York, Chicago, all ring with the praises of this highly diverting and delightful old production.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Patrons of the Maitland Playhouse will be interested in the announcement that George Bernard Shaw's satirical comedy, "The Doctor's Dilemma," will open at the Stockton Street house next Monday night and continue for the week.

"The Doctor's Dilemma" has never been presented on a San Francisco stage, but it is one of the most widely read of the Shaw dramas and there is a sufficiency of material to afford a most delightful evening's entertainment. Shaw, as always, is biting in his treatment of the story he is giving the public, but with a satire that can not but hold the attention of his audience. It is a play particularly of interest to physicians. "The Doctor's Dilemma" continues all next week, with opening matinee Tuesday afternoon.

"Don," that unique and unusual comedy by Rudolph Besier, which opened last Monday night, is attracting much attention and exceptionally large audiences have been attending the performances. "Don" closes Saturday night with the usual Saturday afternoon matinee.

The Orpheum.

Starting, as many artists in the American theatre have started, in lesser roles of the Jewish stock companies on the lower East Side, Vera Gordon finally arrived on Broadway, successfully playing the mother part in Emily Stevens' production, "The Gentle Wife." More recently she played the part of the Jewish mother in the screen production, "North Winds of Malice." Then she played Mommer Kantor in the sensational picture "Humoresque." Her portrayal of this character was so powerful and appealing that she was immediately recognized as a great emotional actress. Miss Gordon is assisted by a capable company in a playlet called "Lullaby," from the pen of Edgar Allan Woolf.

"You Know What I Mean" is the title Jim Toney and Ann Norman have given their amusement notions. The only thing definite in their performance is the fact that it is generally entertaining.

Maurie Diamond and Helen McMahon are America's premier eccentric dancers. Mr. Diamond and Miss McMahon are assisted by Florence Gast, and their potpourri of songs and dances is called "Snapshots of 1922."

Joe Bennett was the "skipping nut" of the team of Bennett and Richards. His steps were glides, slides, and shuffles, and probably it was the newest and most effective dancing in years. Bennett now presents himself in a skit called "Dark Moments."

"The Three of Us" is an act new in the musical-comedy line. In Charles Harrison and Sylvia Dakin the personality and versatility end is well taken care of, and when Billy Hogue sits at the piano that is all that is necessary.

In her character studies and poses Miss Robbie Gordone is a real treat. She is not only an artist, but a beautiful woman as well, and her poses are carefully studied replicas. The Rios present an athletic novelty that can only be described as daring. It is replete with sensational feats.

The Lee kids, Jane and Katherine, will remain another week, so that their many friends made on both stage and screen may get a chance to see them.

The Players Club.

The Players Theatre is presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful opera, "The Yeomen of the Guard," under the direction of

Reginald Travers. The opening performance was Friday evening, November 11th. This opera will continue every Friday and Saturday evening during the months of November and December, with the following cast of singing principals and chorus of forty: Nelson McGee, Easton Kent, Len Barnes, Sylvester Pearson, S. W. MacLewee, Joseph Sturgis, Benjamin Purrington, Carl Kroenke, Albert Walker Meyer, Lenore Cochrone Hart, Miriam M. Elkus, Alice McComb, Ruth Bates, Ruth Scott Laidlaw, Lillian S. Dwight, Anita Cook, Adele Hicks, J. D. Hamilton. Elaborate scenery and costumes for this opera are designed by Gerstle Mack.

Sousa's Band.

Word comes from the office of Manager Frank W. Healy that the first on his list of coming musical attractions for this season is Sousa and his band of nearly 100 musicians besides soloists, which will give six concerts here on December 25th (Christmas Day), December 26th, and December 27th, afternoons and nights, at the Exposition Auditorium. Lieutenant-Commander John Philip Sousa has probably trained and led more hand musicians than any other handmaster in the history of the world. He is known as the most exacting of hand leaders, but this season he has broken his habitual silence to admit that his present organization is at once the finest and the most American group of artists that ever assembled at one time under his baton.

In a recent interview Lieutenant-Commander Sousa stated that the American musician of today is the most versatile of all artists. Men of all races and nationalities have come under his direction. He has lifted his baton above the devoted heads of scores of illustrious individuals from almost every country of Europe. But Sousa considers this year's assemblage of instrumentalists in his hand to be the finest aggregation he has yet commanded.

Additional verve and impetus are added to the organized excellence of this band by reason of the ambition which characterizes both the individual components and the unified personnel of this remarkable organization.

Following Sousa and his band, Mr. Healy has hooked Leopold Godowsky for two recitals at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on March 19th and 26th. Then comes John McCormack, the popular Irish tenor, who will give one concert at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday, April 9th, and Fritz Kreisler will give one concert at the same place on April 16th.

Ihsen enthusiasts will have their innings shortly at the Maitland, for "The Pillars of Society," by Henrik Ihsen, is to follow the Shaw comedy at the Stockton Street house. "The Pillars of Society" is typical of Ihsen and promises a great performance.

IS THE NEGRO PASSING?

Some time ago, at the time the census figures for the country by races were published, the *News* and *Courier* called attention to the fact that these figures disclosed a net gain in population for the South of 3,586,107 whites during the decade as against only 162,832 negroes. In other words, for every negro added to the population of the South between 1910 and 1920, there were added twenty-two white persons. It was shown further that with a total negro population of 10,463,013 the net gain in negro population for the last census decade had been only half as great as the gain between 1890-1900, and that it had been smaller by over 135,000 than the net gain between 1840-1850, when the total negro population was only 3,638,808.

So rapid and progressive has been the decline in the rate of increase of negro population in the past thirty years that the *News* and *Courier* was moved in the article referred to to ask: "Is the negro in America dying out?" The same question is now raised by the Raleigh *News* and *Observer*, which declares that "records of the United States census together with records from the Registry of Vital Statistics maintained by the state board of health of North Carolina indicate that the answer may be affirmative." The Raleigh newspaper declares that in North Carolina the ratio of negro population in the state has been declining slowly but steadily for the past forty years and that there is now "a wide gap between the net gain per thousand white population and the net gain per thousand negro population annually."

North Carolina was one of the first states in the South to inaugurate records of births and deaths for negroes, and while these records date back only five years, their value is already apparent. For last year they show that the white birth rate in North Carolina was 333 per 100,000 against the negro birth rate of 318 per 100,000, a margin of fifteen per 100,000 in favor of the whites. On the other hand the death rate per 100,000 white people in North Carolina last year was 116, whereas the death rate among the negroes per 100,000 was 189, the death rate among

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the negroes per 100,000 being 63 per cent. higher than that among the whites. The net gain in births over deaths by whites was 217, whereas the negro population showed a net gain of only 149 per 100,000 of population.

"Pursued mathematically," says the *News* and *Observer*, "the continuation of the widening ratio of racial divisions, the decline will reduce the negro population to less than 15 per cent. of the whole within the next 100 years, and will carry it to the vanishing point within two centuries. Many conditions enter into the situation that can not be reckoned with until they develop, but figured on a mathematical basis alone, the figures are apparently against the permanency of a negro population in the South."

Perhaps the most interesting statement in the *News* and *Observer's* article is the assertion that in North Carolina, where tuberculosis has received more attention than elsewhere in the South, it has not been found possible thus far to check the ravages of this disease among the colored people. "The unfavorable death rate among negroes in the state," the *News* and *Observer* says, "is believed to be due to inferior resisting powers of their race for certain diseases that are prevalent in this country. Tuberculosis, for instance, kills 260 negroes per 100,000 every year in North Carolina, while only ninety-nine white people die from the cause. The contention that living conditions among blacks are unfavorable in the treatment of tuberculosis is apparently answered in experiments that have placed whites and blacks under the same institutional care with the result that the ratio of deaths is maintained."—*Charlotte News* and *Courier*.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Manchester *Guardian* gives the following pleasant picture of Queen Alexandra: "She lives very quietly at Marlborough House and in the country, in a decreasing circle, but still keeping in touch with the survivors of the old Marlborough House set, and with many of the interests that have come into her life in the present century. The Prince of Wales is her chief favorite and interest, and the relation between that young man and his grandmother is one of the most beautiful things in English social life. Her goodness and sympathy have naturally resulted in an ever-increasing flood of correspondence from strangers, mainly appeals for help. This correspondence is dealt with expertly by the household staff, with assistance, and naturally a large part of the correspondence is found to be fraudulent. It is characteristic of Queen Alexandra that she is always indignant with her people who have found out the fraud and not with the culprit. Her interest in animals and birds still brightens her days, and she keeps her unusual gift of making friends with the most difficult horses and dogs and birds. She is very fond of flowers, pink carnations being her favorites. She continues to play cards, but it is usually 'patience.' She never was a good card-player, and that was one of the things in which she was out of sympathy with King Edward. Her difficulty of hearing, which has troubled her for many years, has tended to shut her off from many of her old pleasures, but her extreme quickness in understanding others, which comes through her unflinching sympathy, has made the infirmity of much less account than it would be with nearly any one else. It has, however, cut her off from the enjoyment of the theatre, which was one of her pleasures. She retains her magical gift of being always picturesque and never conscious of it—the gift for which she is most envied by other high social personages."

The Portland *Oregonian* makes the following cryptic comment on the present or golf era: "So the insurance companies, observes the new York *Herald*, are offering to write golf insurance—have been able to assess in dollars the risk a golfer assumes when he goes on the links. But this, perhaps, is less grotesque than scoffers will assume. Golf has its hazards, as every duffer knows. Bunkers, traps, ponds, brooks, ditches, swamps, and bramble bushes—that's what up-to-date links are made of, it seems to the 24-handicap man. There are other hazards. Any one who has intercepted a drive with his skull can testify that a golf ball is a dangerous missile. And the back swing of a brassie resembles in impact the kick of a Missouri mule. A round on one of the congested public links is often a bit of trench adventure. When thousands of persons are chasing one another from tee to tee with irons and baby cannon balls somebody is likely to be hurt. But certainly life is becoming complicated when even the sport that the physicians commend for its health-giving qualities gets tangled up in the actuaries' mortality tables."

When a Chicago tailoring firm announced, in a full-page advertisement, that it was prepared to make knickerbocker suits for women in the latest style and at reasonable rates (remarks the *Literary Digest*), the gentlemen of the nation who have to fill a certain number of editorial columns every day discovered something new to talk about. Some of them viewed the new knickerbockers with approval, some with distaste, and some expressed themselves as troubled by the intrusion of the subject on their editorial horizons. "When the public isn't worrying over business conditions, unemployment, and winter coal, it is asked to worry over women's wearing apparel," we read in the "Editorial of the Day," which the Chicago *Tribune* copies from the Peoria *Transcript*. "Let the women wear what they will and let the agitation cease," concludes the Illinois editor. That is precisely what they will do, without any assistance or advice from the Illinois editor or any other, remarks an editorial writer in the *Illustrated News* (New York). Some editors are advising women to wear knickerbockers, observes the New Yorker. Some are even saying that eventually all ladies will be wearing them. "Maybe," concedes the writer, but—"If they do wear 'em it will be because they want to, and not because they are being urged to by any writing gentleman. Women don't wear clothes to please editors, or to please men especially, but to look well in the eyes of other women. They know that other women know. They know that men don't know. Women like to have men admire their clothes, but never in your life did you hear one of them telling a man how a new frock was to be made, with details as to fichus and insets and georgette sleeves and the like. A woman will stand for a few minutes when she comes into a room where the men can see her. They will fall for the *tout ensemble*, as they say in the Boulevard Italiens, but not for the technique. She gives the women time to take that in

later, and if they are pleased, or piqued, as the case may be, she is satisfied. If the time ever comes when a chic set of short trousers knocks the other woman dead, short trousers will be the fashion. It won't make any difference whether editors enthuse or preachers hold up their hands in horror. It won't make any difference whether the knickerbockers are more sanitary or more comfortable. Long skirts were never sanitary. Corsets were never comfortable. Yet women of all ages and stations wore both for many years, serenely oblivious to anything that was said about them. Perhaps in the fullness of time a few ladies at Deauville and a few others at Biarritz and a few others at Ascot will appear in knickerbockers. The news will get around. It always does. . . . Then the skirts will vanish for a time, as corsets did and as long skirts did.

An interesting theory has been advanced to account for an epidemic of lost pearls that the New York *Times* says is prevalent. It is the fault of the pearls themselves that they get lost, according to M. Roumassi, a Paris pearl expert, who has been consulted about the epidemic of lost pearl necklaces, which has recently become more acute here than ever. Another case was added to the list when a jeweler from Nice reported to the police that he had left three packets, with 80,000 francs worth of pearls, in a cab. M. Roumassi, who is acknowledged on the pearl market as one of the best authorities (continues the *Times*), declares that there passes from the pearl to its bearer a fluid which causes temporary forgetfulness. Pearls, he says, in some way or other get lost more frequently than any other jewels, and always in the same apparently reasonless way—by forgetfulness of the bearer. Even men who are accustomed to carrying jewelry constantly are subject to this loss of memory, and M. Roumassi himself admits that he has been a frequent sufferer in the past. When it happened he could never understand the reason, he said, so he began to suspect the pearls themselves. Soon he discovered that there were moments while he was carrying pearls when his memory suffered a complete eclipse and he had no consciousness of what he was doing. Now M. Roumassi shuts his pearls up in a lead-lined case when he is carrying them around, and this, he asserts, has proved a remedy.

The Case for Animals.

The animal trainers who have been on their defense before the select committee of the House of Commons that is inquiring into the practices of their trade did not strike a happy note of self-justification (says the Manchester *Guardian*). The vital point at issue is surely not whether any actual trick is cruel in itself or the result of previous cruelty. This is simply to abstract a moment from a lifetime and to carve up reality with the minute hand of a clock. It should be sufficient to realize that the life of the performing animal is unnatural and abominable. We have only to remember the long journeys, the close and constant confinement, the dingy quarters at the back of most music-hall stages, the glare of lights and clash of music to realize the inherent wrongness of subjecting any animal to such a mockery of its proper life. We believe that public opinion is steadily strengthening in favor of an animal's charter. The passing of the Plumage Bill was a great step forward. Our second step should carry us on to the liberation of the performing animal.

An Aeronautic Race.

The eagle, according to aeronautists, remains not merely the king of birds, but in flying quality the swiftest of all birds. A French "flyer" from the French naval station at Salonica in February, 1916, had a match with an eagle near Mount Olympus. The eagle competed of his free will. "I was followed by the eagle," writes Commander Larrowy, "at a distance of about 100 feet. Our machine was making her full measured sixty nautical miles an hour. In comparison with the bird seemed so perfectly at a standstill that I was able to photograph it with an exposure of half a second, as the sky was cloudy, and the plate gave an absolutely neat reproduction. For two minutes the bird practically did not move its wings, and seemed to glide, except ten or twelve seconds, when it made a very slight and careless sort of rowing motion as if to keep fit. When the bird abandoned all thought of attacking its strange rival it went full speed ahead, and covering much more than sixty miles an hour soon disappeared."

American films, which have been the favorite in England for the past five years, are suffering a slump due to the fact that certain producing concerns have been sending over films of an inferior character.

The mines of Peru contain vast resources of nearly all known minerals, and the stores of copper, silver, gold, vanadium, coal, and tungsten have been especially developed.

Sacramento Short Line.

Traffic Manager L. H. Rodebaugh announces special Thanksgiving holiday fares, on sale November 23d and 24th, between all points on the Sacramento Short Lines and the Sacramento Northern. These tickets will be good for returning November 25th, the day after Thanksgiving. Mr. Rodebaugh says that the new dining-car service on the Meteor, leaving San Francisco daily at 4:40, and returning leaving Chico at 6:10 a. m. and Sacramento at 9 a. m. daily, has proven an unusual success.

According to official figures, in 1921 Germany must import 3,000,000 tons of grain, 1,500,000 tons of fodder, 1,000,000 tons of raw material for manufacture of oleomargarine, and 150,000 tons of meat and bacon.

Queen Victoria of Spain was at one time an enthusiastic amateur actress and was said to possess dramatic talent of a high order.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

M. Paderewski is said to be amusing himself in his new home in California by practicing card tricks. As he can also play the piano he should be the life and soul of many an evening party.

"Well, Alice," said a Southern woman to a colored girl formerly in her employ, "I hear that you have married." "Yassum, Ah done got me a husband now." "Is he a good provider, Alice?" "Yassum. He's powerful good provider, but Ah's powerful skeered he's gwine git caught at it."

During the filming of a moving picture in England the director said to the leading man, "Mr. Blank, I have borrowed a real live lion for this scene and it will pursue you for 500 feet." "For 500 feet?" said the actor. "Yes," replied the director. "No more than that. Understand?" The hero nodded dubiously. "Yes, I understand, but—does the lion?"

The night cashier overheard a peculiar conversation in Beaver Crossing the other day. A farmer was in a store buying some groceries. "Want any flour?" asked the grocer. "No, flour's too high. I can git along without it." After a while the grocer said: "Sold your wheat, Bill?" "Nope; I'm going to hang onto mine; they aint payin' nothin' for it yet."

The skipper was examining an ambitious gob who wanted to be a gunner's mate. "How much does a six-pound shell weigh?" he asked. "I don't know," the gob confessed. "Well, what times does the 12 o'clock train leave?" "Twelve o'clock." "All right then, how much does a six-pound shell weigh?" "Ah," said the youthful mariner, a great light dawning on him. "Twelve pounds."

"I met Barrie," said an editor, "at a dinner party in London. What a big head he's got, to be sure. 'Sir James,' I said nervously, toying with the stem of my wine glass, 'I suppose, Sir James, that some of your plays do better than others? They are not all successes, I imagine?' Barrie leaned his big head on its little thin neck toward me. His saucer-like eyes twinkled. 'No,' he said, 'some Peter out and some Pan out.'"

A Midland golfer was accompanied round the links by a very shabbily dressed caddie. Rather touched by this, he generously gave the boy sufficient money to buy a new outfit. The recipient tried to express his gratitude. "Oh, that's all right, my boy!" said the benefactor, cheerily. "Say nothing. Be a good lad, that's all." But the caddie could no longer restrain himself. "Please, sir," he burst out, "I'm sorry you're such a rotten player!"

The defendant, accused of stealing chickens, had been duly examined in court and at the conclusion the judge said: "As I understand it, Sam, you entered the hen-house and then, deciding to resist temptation, left it. Is that correct?" "Yessuh, jedge. Dass about right." "In that case, can you explain how two of the hens were missing?" "It was jes' dis way, jedge. I took 'em. I reckoned I was entitled to dat many fo' leavin' de res'."

Guy Oyster, Samuel Gompers' brilliant secretary, was talking to a Washington reporter about a strike. "The employers take the usual stand," he said. "And the usual stand of the employer reminds me of the farmer who never rose till 9 o'clock in the morning, always saying to his wife when the alarm clock struck 4: 'You get up and milk and feed the stock and do the chores, my dear, while I lie here and think out the day's work.'"

"I hear tell that a feller driving along in an automobile run over your least boy, Bearcat, in the big road tuther day?" interestedly insinuated an acquaintance. "What did you do about it?" "Well, the feller wanted me to pay him b'cuz Bearcat bit a hole in one of the tires while he was golng over and over," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Arkansas. "But I says, 'Unh-uh! If you don't want your tires bit you needn't—p'tu!—run over my kids.'"

Rex Beach, who has forsaken the profession of novelist for the more lucrative one of scenario writing, said recently: "It is a common enough thing for a good man to dash off a scenario in a week or so and get \$10,000 for it, but scenario writing, nevertheless, isn't all beer and skittles. There's an English poet in our midst who recently decided to make his debut in the film world. The other day as I was lunching with him the bell rang and the servant brought in a bulky envelope. The English poet examined it. Then he ground his teeth. 'This is what I call rubbing it in,'

he snarled. 'I sent the Star Film Corporation four scenarios last week, and blamed if they haven't returned me nine.'"

"My good friends," began a temperance orator in an English town, "drink is the curse of the world. All the crimes, all the wars, all the heartaches of the universe can be laid at the door of intoxication." He paused significantly and gazed around at his audience. "Oh, my friends," he continued at last, "what causes more misery than liquor?" Not receiving any reply to his query, he repeated the question, adding: "Can any one tell me that?" The silence was broken by the little man at the end of the hall. "Thir-r-st!" he yelled.

Not all good cooks are married, and, though it seems to be generally accepted that the "way to a man's heart is via his stomach," there are many men who marry pretty faces and eat out. It was at the Girls' Polytechnic High School. A rather flashily dressed woman brought her daughter, about fourteen, to the domestic science teacher. "I want her to learn to cook and sew so that she can get a husband." "Oh, I don't know about that being so sure a way," the teacher observed, as her eyes twinkled. "You see, I teach both, and I am not married."

When an elbow, vigorously used in debate, hits the edge of a plate of soup, the soup splatters. Also, the tablecloth suffers. It happened at Giesenheimer's Hungarian restaurant on the East Side. Giesenheimer was mad. He strode to the offender's table. "Aint you ashamed of yourself? Aint you

got no honor? Suppose you would do such a thing in the Ritz-Carlton or the Biltmore, what would they say to you?" "What would they say to me?" repeated the owner of the elbow. "They would say: 'If you want to do such a thing, go down to Giesenheimer's.'"

Edsel Ford was talking to a group of Hancock villagers at the Edison-Ford-Firestone camp. "The average man," he said, "is as ignorant of machinery as the young lady from the city is ignorant of natural history. This young lady, who was visiting a farmer uncle, stood one day on the edge of a pond and gazed down intently on the thousands of tadpoles in the shallow water. 'Look at those tadpoles,' she said in a hushed, reverent voice. 'How wonderful is great nature's plan! To think that some day every one of those horrid, wriggling things will be a gorgeous butterfly sipping honey from flower to flower!'"

In a London club, when the Chinese minister happened to be present, a rather tactless speaker referred to the position of women in China and how they were debarred from so many of the privileges of men. He meant no ill, but what he said was indiscreet and led to a moment's embarrassing silence, after which the conversation was resumed on other subjects. The minister did not speak for a while, but presently, during a pause, he turned to the man who had made the critical remark: "This is a very beautiful club you have here, sir." "Yes, I believe it is the finest." "Much finer than your ordinary private houses?" "Certainly. None of our private houses is so large and beautiful as this,"

was the response. "I suppose you have your women here—your mothers and sisters and wives and daughters. Of course, you must have them here to enjoy your beautiful house with you." "Why, no. It is against the rules. They are not allowed here at all." "Why not?" said the minister. And the clubman saw the point.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Beauty's Best Revelation.

In riding rig, I found it hard
To take my eyes from her;
She looked so fetching and so chic
From derby hat to spur!

In tailored suit, with gloves and boots
And hosiery to match
She made me want to woo her with
The uttermost dispatch!

I found her quite bewildering
In chiffon, frills, and lace—
A thing, it seemed, from fairy land,
All daintiness and grace!

Her regal beauty stunned me when
One night, before the play,
I called—to find her waiting in
Bejeweled décolleté!

But all her charms stood best revealed
Nobody can dispute,
That day she met me on the beach,
Clad in her bathing suit.

Wisconsin Octopus.

"It is said that your hired man walks in his sleep." "Well, dad-burn him, I s'pose he thinks he's got to take a little exercise now and then," grimly replied Farmer Hornbeak. —Kansas City Star.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ruth Lent, to Mr. Hermon Leonard Underhill, son of Mrs. Sidney Winter of Oswego, New York. The marriage will be solemnized February 7th. The news of the betrothal was told last Saturday at a luncheon given by the bride-elect at her home, when she entertained, among others, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Dolly Payne, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Doris Fagan, Miss Rosalie Howard, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Cornelia Gwynn, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Barbara Sesson, Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Beulah Pollok, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Hélène de Latour, and Miss Helen Hawkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander F. Douglas have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Kate Darragh, to Mr. William Herbert Tannehill Douglas of Toronto, son of Mrs. John Cameron Douglas. The marriage will be solemnized in April.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emily Doyle, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Doyle of San Mateo, and Mr. James Hilary Finn of New York, son of Mr. William P. Finn of the Eastern city. Their marriage will take place in the spring.

The marriage of Miss Betty Folger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, and Mr. Robert Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, was solemnized Tuesday at the bride's home, Rev. Charles Ramm officiating at the services. Miss Elena Folger was her sister's maid of honor, Mr. Alfred Montgomery was the matron of honor, and the bride's other attendants included Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Josephine Grant, and Miss Cornelia Clamptt. Master Bobby Moore was the ring-bearer. Mr. Tallant Tubbs was the best man. The ushers were Mr. Paul Fagan, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Albert Miller, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Bernard Ford, and Mr. Algernon Gibson. Mr. and Mrs. Miller will be at home at 1865 Clay Street after December 15th.

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Linne Parker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Conrad Parker, and Captain Clark Woodward, United States Navy, was solemnized November 11th in Coronado. Captain and Mrs. Woodward will reside in San Diego at the conclusion of their wedding trip.

The marriage of Miss Constance Hart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benno Hart, and Mr. Cameron Ellsworth Wyllie was solemnized November 10th. A dinner followed at the bride's home on California Street, which was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and

Mrs. Swift Train, Commander and Mrs. William Glasford, Miss Helen Foster, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Louise Braden, Mr. Donald Lewis, Mr. James Jackman, Mr. Edward Maltby, and Mr. George McNear, Jr.

Miss Inez Macondray, the debutante daughter of Mrs. Atherton Macondray, was formally presented to society last Wednesday, when Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre gave a dance for her at the Century Club.

Miss Edna Taylor was the guest of honor at a dinner given Wednesday by Mr. and Mrs. James Flood. Those present were Miss Mary Martin, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Marianne and Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Jane Carrigan, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Atherton Eyre, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Harris Carrigan, and Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr.

Armistice Day was observed last Friday at the Bohemian Club by a dinner in honor of Major-General Hunter Liggett. Captain T. T. C. Gregory presided and others present were Captain Courtney Ford, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Dean Witter, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. George Leib, Mr. William Leib, Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Harry Perry, Mr. Marshall Hale, Dr. Stanley Stillman, Dr. W. H. Winterberg, and Dr. Frank Topping.

Complimenting Miss Katherine Vail, Mrs. Macondray Moore gave a tea Thursday. Mrs. Herman Phleger and Miss Inez Macondray assisted in receiving the guests who included Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Elizabeth Vail, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Betty and Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Rosemonde and Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Margaret Scheid, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Elita Adams, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Marian Bird, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Celebrating her seventieth birthday, Mrs. Sherman Stow gave a luncheon at the Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara Tuesday.

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a luncheon Saturday at Alma. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and Mrs. Sadoc Tobin.

Mrs. Reginald Brooke was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Monday at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club by Miss Jennie Blair. Accepting her hospitality were Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Edward Lowe, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Elise Drexler, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Gregor of Canada, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Ritchie Dunne, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Robert Noble, Mrs. George Cameron, Miss Mary and Miss Frances Joliffe, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Lily O'Connor, and Miss Celia O'Connor.

Complimenting Captain Ernesto, Bursagli and the officers of the Italian cruiser *Libia*, Captain and Mrs. Joseph Bryant Reeves entertained at a tea-dance on board the receiving ship *Boston* Wednesday. Miss Charlotte Ziel assisted in receiving the guests, among whom were Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Deborah Pentz, Miss Edith Pentz, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Marjorie Pittman, Miss Catherine Pittman, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Helen Lichtenberg, Miss Cornelia Sutton, Miss Elizabeth Stouth, Miss Margaret Sharp, Miss Pauline Sharp, Miss Catherine Kraft, and Miss Barbara Beardsley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall entertained at a luncheon and bridge party Saturday in Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. P. K. Brown gave a reception Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hillyer Brown. Receiving with them were Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Gregory Jones, Mrs. Julius Waybur, Mrs. Luther Holton, Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Baldwin, and Miss Edith Grant.

In honor of Sir Archibald and Lady Williamson, who will leave shortly for France, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson gave a dance Saturday in San Mateo.

Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., gave a luncheon Friday at the Francisca Club. Her guests were Mrs. James Cooper, Mrs. George Kelham, Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, and Mrs. Stetson Winslow.

Mrs. Walter Dillingham of Honolulu was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Friday in Burlingame by Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery. Others present were Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. John Drum, and Mrs. Arthur Vincent.

Mrs. George Howard gave a luncheon Thursday in San Mateo in honor of Miss Rosemonde Lee and Miss Margaret Lee. Her guests included Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Inez Macondray, and Miss Martha Mohun.

Mrs. Walter Filer gave a luncheon last Saturday in Burlingame.

Last Monday Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner for Sir Archibald and Lady Williamson. Other guests were Lord Gainford, Mrs. Reginald Brooke, Mr. Joseph E. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant.

Miss Jane Carrigan was a luncheon hostess last Saturday, when she entertained, among others, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Miss Rosemonde Lee,

Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Katherine Wigmore, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Marianne Kuhn, and Miss Margaret Lee.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott of Burlingame last week entertained at luncheon for General Leonard Wood and Mrs. Wood.

Mrs. Harry Alderson gave a tea Thursday. Her guests were Mrs. Oliver Dibble, Mrs. Herbert Schmidt, Mrs. Otto Grau, Mrs. Henry Morris, Mrs. Marvin Higgins, Mrs. L. E. Chapin, Mrs. Edgar Bishop, and Mrs. George Willcutt.

Mrs. A. B. Ford was the guest of honor at a tea given Wednesday in Piedmont by Mrs. John Moon and Miss Annie Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a small dinner Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott gives a dinner on Saturday, the 19th, entertaining twenty friends, who will afterwards attend a dance given by Mr. William Prescott Scott for Miss Mary Martin.

In honor of Mrs. Morrison Ireland of Edinburgh, Miss Edna Lawrence gave a tea Friday afternoon at the Town and Country Club. Her guests were Mrs. Otto Grau, Mrs. John Breuner, Mrs. Lawrence Brown, Mrs. Harold Mann, Mrs. Léon Roos, Mrs. Hamilton Murray, Mrs. Frederick Blackburn, Mrs. Charles Lewis, Mrs. Studer Johnson, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Mary Bates, Miss Lynda Buchanan, Miss Olive Hyde, Miss Gladys Emmons, and Miss Edith Mau.

GIVING MARS THE ONCE OVER.

All that we know, or think we know, of the red planet Mars is thickly sprinkled with qualificative doubt (says the Portland *Oregonian*). Our chronicles of this planetary neighbor abound with "whereas" and "on the other hand." Greatly do we desire to know if in the infinity of stars we mortals have some kindred beings, our distant cousins, as it were, from the common stock of the sun. Because Mars, an elder sister of the earth, is favorably situated for observation, and in addition presents certain phenomena that lend energy to our quest for inter-planetary relatives, we woo her from a distance of 35,000,000 miles. At least she will have approached that near to our own planet in 1924, when all terrestrial telescopes will be trained upon her. It is more than probable that our astronomers will then acquire a mass of new and instructive information, but it is far less likely that we shall know whether our celestial companion is inhabited. Doubt will remain.

Yet there are those whose optimistic predictions include the settlement of this very question, and who assert that it will be possible so to magnify the red planet that its surface will seem not more than a mile and a half distant, and its most intimate secrets will be known. A mile and a half is not far. Lest this anticipation should grow too real, however, it should be said that the scheme which fosters it has not the support of conservative astronomers, and is perhaps no more than a visionary dream. But the proposal itself is so revolutionary and intriguing, our recollection that scoffers sometimes err is so persistent, that it will bear portrayal.

It is proposed to utilize a deep, abandoned mine-shaft in Chile as the tube of a giant telescope, sixty-five feet in diameter, with a magnifying disc of whirling quicksilver, sixty feet in diameter. The principle of such a mirror has been tested and found to be sound and effective, yet its application—or that of any other telescopic device—to such a colossal purpose is seriously doubted. The first and most apparent obstacle rests in the fact that such a telescope would of necessity be stationary, revealing but a small area of the planet under observation. And if it were possible so to magnify this area as to bring it within less than two miles the rotation of Mars would blur the vision of the observer. The Martian landscape would stream past at the rate of ten miles a minute, and though magnified 25,000,000 times, its surface would prove to be monotonously uninteresting. Still another obstacle to such a project is said to be the fact that our own atmosphere fixes an outside limit to magnification.

Marconi claims that he has intercepted wireless waves 100 miles in length, far beyond the compass of any artificial sending mechanism known to man. He has not claimed that these were signals from the voyagers of Mars, but he has asked if it may not be possible that the Martians are attempting to gain our attention. Various phenomena pertaining to Mars have hitherto been hailed as signals, only to be discarded through scientific investigation. Each was traced to its probable origin in nature. But they haven't trailed Marconi's century-length wireless wave to its source. We have planned again and again to signal the Martians. If such there be, why should they not entertain the same design?

Mars was a planet millions of years, or a billion—it's all guess work—before the infant earth came from the fiery womb of the sun. If ever peopled by sentient beings, and if these beings survive, their civilization is that much older than ours. Even now they may be fretting at mortal dullness, vexed by our inability to reply, and wondering why Providence gave them so stupid a neighbor in the lanes of space.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Frank Carolan has arrived in France, where he will visit Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Carolan in Paris.

Mr. Maurice Hall left last week for the East and Europe, where he will be for several months. He will go directly to Paris to visit Mr. and Mrs. King Macomber.

Mr. Paul Verdier returned last week from Paris, where he has been all summer. Mme. Verdier did not accompany him to San Francisco, but will remain in the French capital for several months longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery have taken possession of the Frank Deering residence on Larkin Street, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, and Miss Emily Carolan have returned from Santa Barbara, where they visited last week with Miss Sarah Redington.

Mrs. Lucien Brunswick and Miss Marguerite Brunswick will return tomorrow to Los Angeles, after a six weeks' visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard have taken apartments at the Hillcrest for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have returned from a visit to Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Robert McMillan has been visiting in Los Angeles en route to New Orleans, where she will join Colonel McMillan.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens has gone to Satiticoy to spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Butler.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham have sailed for the Hawaiian Islands, after a brief visit in San Francisco and Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hammond and Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hammond will leave shortly for Santa Barbara for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Atherton Macondray has been entertaining Miss Sara Collier at her home on Octavia Street. Miss Collier returned the middle of the week to Monterey.

Judge and Mrs. James Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper have taken an apartment on California Street for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have returned to their homes in Burlingame, after having visited for several days at Del Monte.

Mrs. Katherine M. Sperry and Miss M. L.

REFINED YOUNG LADY with practical nursing experience, also excellent cook, would like to act as companion to convalescent. Box 4, The Argonaut.

REFINED YOUNG LADY would like position to cook dinners for gentleman or family; good manager; references exchanged. Box 5, The Argonaut.

Mitchler have gone to Pasadena for a six weeks' visit.

Mr. Dixwell Hewitt is en route to New York for a month's sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have returned from a month's visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent will spend the winter at their home in Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto have returned from the Russian River, where they passed the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer will return shortly from Europe and will pass the winter in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron have postponed their return from Burlingame until a few days before Christmas.

Miss Mary Gorgas has gone to Honolulu to visit Admiral and Mrs. Edward Simpson at Pearl Harbor.

Mrs. P. C. Wheeler and the Misses Katherine and Pauline Wheeler will leave for Honolulu early in December to remain throughout the winter.

Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., and Miss Beatrice Lund are visiting at the Palaza Hotel in New York.

Mr. Howard Spreckels will be at the University Club until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and his sisters from Burlingame.

Mrs. Edward Selfridge is enjoying a several weeks' visit in New York.

Miss Marianne and Miss Katharine Kuhn have concluded their visit with Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill and have joined Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn at their Broadway residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Jenkins are visiting Miss Louise Bradbury in Los Angeles.

Miss Julia Van Fleet and Mr. William Van Fleet have left for Mexico to be away a month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Werner Lawson have returned from an extended sojourn in Idaho.

Among those recently registered at the Palace are Mr. P. C. Drescher, Sacramento; Mr. George H. Garry, Tonopah; Mr. Fred H. Hall, Bakersfield; Mr. C. Z. Herbert, Salinas; Mr. David Rodgers, Seattle; Mr. H. E. Cole, Los Angeles; Mr. Francis Nelson, Toronto; Mr. Charles F. Smith, Mr. A. M. Chaffey, Los Angeles; Mr. W. D. Buckley, Stockton; Mr. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles; Mr. Percy A. Smith, Portland; Mr. Jack Beaty, Modesto; Mr. E. R. Gillis, Los Angeles; Mr. Albert H. Hayes, Mr. W. H. Whitesides, Pasadena; Mr. Alfred Holt, Peoria, Illinois; Mr. C. F. Thomas, Woodland.

Recent arrivals at the Whitcomb include Mr. Charles Mackrill, Stockton; Mr. D. C. Moore, San Jose; Mr. T. E. Fritz, Santa Rosa; Mr. G. H. Van Seiden, Martinez; Mr. A. L. Wisker, Grass Valley; Mr. H. Y. Davis, Stockton; Mr. C. M. Barney, Monticello; Mr. H. A. Campbell, Chicago; Mr. E. E. Boiserman, Los Angeles; Mr. George W. Kingsbury, Watsonville; Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Hobson, Acampo; Mr. Philip Busingul, Salt Lake City; Mr. C. W. Heinecke, Carson City; Mr. G. A. Fulton, Eureka; Mr. Angus F. Green, Los Angeles; Mr. C. A. Eastman, Seattle; Mr. John Martin, Sacramento; Mr. C. H. Gertridge, Santa Rosa; Mr. A. H. Briggs, Los Gatos; Mr. and Mrs. Roy D. Wilson, Fresno.

Included amongst the arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis are Mr. F. E. Thompson, Honolulu; Mr. B. B. Stone, Fort Worth, Texas; Mr. C. A. Zahriskie, New York; Mr. Morris Heiner, Salt Lake City; Mr. Lewis Pierce, Suisun; Mr. R. H. Wurlitzer, Cincinnati; Mr. Henry Agate, New York; Mr. Martin Brenner, Los Angeles; Mr. F. B. Fletcher, El Paso; Mr. A. Rosenberg, Seattle; Mr. Charles E. Virden, Sacramento; Major W. S. Drysdale, Captain J. L. Ready, U. S. A.; Mr. J. J. Karger, St. Louis; Mr. Clyde Hagler, Hanford; Mr. Ace Berry, New York; Mr. Julius C. Wolff, New Orleans; Mr. W. S. Stephens, Cincinnati; Mr. Arthur Rubenstein, New York.

Nexdore—Heavens! is your house afire? **Naybor**—No. Just sent for the department to come and water the plants, that's all. My wife will be home tomorrow.—*Boston Transcript.*

Joseph Bonaparte, who was forced on the throne of Spain by his ambitious brother, Napoleon I, resided in the United States, near Bordentown, New Jersey, for sixteen years.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Poet to the Birds.

You bid me hold my peace,
Or so I think, you birds; you'll not forgive
My kill-joy song that makes the wild song cease,
Silent or fugitive.

Yon thrush stoit in mid-phrase
At my mere footfall; and a longer note
Took wing and fled afield, and went its ways
Within the blackbird's throat.

Hereditary song,
Illyrian lark and Paduan nightingale,
Is yours, unchangeable the age long;
Assyria heard your tale;

Therefore you do not die.
But single, local, lonely, mortal, new,
Unlike, and thus like all my race, am I,
Preluding my adieu.

My human song must be
My human thought. Be patient till 'tis done.
I shall not ever hold my peace; for me
There is no peace but one.

—*Alice Meynell in London Mercury.*

Outre Mer.

I've never visited that land
Of slow sweet things
Beyond the sea;
Her shores with stores of memories rich and grand

Still wait for me;
Yet I need only close my eyes
And I can see
Her honey-colored planets rise in skies
Where day's delight to night still clings,
And shadows falling like a dream
Along some Andalusian stream
That sleeps and sings;
And I can feel the airs that steal
Like heavy bees above some garden wall
Where orange trees stand tall and all
Their gold reveal,
And watch the hours like flowers that bloom, and fall

In old Castile.
O loveliness that must be Spain,
Why do you rise for me so plain
And call my fancy so?
Familiar always and all fair,—
Is it because once long ago
I had a castle there?

—*Anne Goodwin Winslow in the North American Review.*

Water Lilies at Sunset.

Mine eyes have seen when once at sunset hour,
White lily flocks that edged a lonely lake
All rose and sank upon the lifting swell
That swayed their long stems lazily, and lapped
Their floating pads and stirred among the leaves.
And when the sun from western gates of day
Poured colored flames, they, kissed to ruddy
shame,
So blushed through snowy petals, that they
glowed

Like roses morning-blown in dewy hovers,
When garden-walks lie dark with early shade.
That so their perfumed chalices were brimmed
With liquid glory till they overflowed
And spilled rich lights and purple shadows out,
That splashed the pool with gold, and stained its
waves

In tints of violet and ruby blooms.
But when the flashing gem that lit the day
Dropped in its far blue casket of the hills,
The rainbow paintings faded from the mere,
The wine-dark shades grew black, the gilding
dimmed;

While, paling slow through tender amber hues,
The crimsoned lilies blanched to coldest white,
And wanly shivered in the evening breeze.
When twilight closed—when earliest dew-drops
fell

All frosty-chill deep down their golden hearts,
They shrank at that still touch, as maidens
sbrink,

When love's first footstep frights with sweet
alarms

The untrod wildness of their virgin breasts;
Then shut their ivory cups and, dipping low
Their folded beauties in the gloomy wave,
They nodded drowsily and heaved in sleep.
But sweeter far than summer dreams at dawn,
Their mingled breaths from out the darkness
stole,

Across the silent lake, the winding shores,
The shadowy hills that rose in lawny slopes,
The marsh among whose reeds the wild fowl
screamed,
And dusky woodlands where the night came down.

—*In Henry A. Beers' "Poems."*

Thanksgiving
Dinner
at the
Hotel Whitcomb

Thursday, November 24

Bring "the family" to the Whitcomb for Thanksgiving—a real old-fashioned turkey dinner with all the "fixings."

Thanksgiving Dinner,
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Special Thanksgiving Dance,
Saturday Evening, November 26

J. H. van Horne, Manager

Thanksgiving Dinner.

In the calendar of special events at the Hotel Whitcomb for November the Thanksgiving dinner is the most notable. The true home hospitality of the old-fashioned family entertaining which characterizes the Whitcomb affairs will make of this special dinner an occasion of unquestioned delight.

To commemorate their world tours with the Prince of Wales, members of the Royal Marine Band have received the privilege of wearing the prince's plumes as cap badges.

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November 20 — December 1 — the
ROSE ROOM will be closed, but there
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Dancing Thanksgiving night in the Ball Room.

Special Concert Thanksgiving night in the
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Dancing Saturday, November 25 in the Palm
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Otherwise, we ask your indulgence,
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The New ROSE ROOM is Ready for You December 1

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bill—How do you distinguish the children from their mothers at the beach these days?
Phil—I always say, "Hello, kiddies, enjoying yourselves?" and if they don't resent it and

there are any husbandish looking men around, I heat it."—*American Legion Weekly*.

Highbrow—What was that charming thing that Herr Schlitz just played on the piano?
Lowbrow—Havoc!—*Yale Record*.

The Duke (shooting on moors)—What is it, Binks? Binks—The grace, your grouse.—*London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

"The slump in business doesn't seem to worry MacTavish in the least." "On the contrary, he's tickled to death because he has so much more time for golf."—*Judge*.

The Hostess—I got a new maid coming to see me to-morrow. The Guest—How delightful! What are you going to wear?—*London Passing Show*.

"I don't feel a bit like working today, Mary. When are you going to get luncheon?" "I haven't the faintest idea, Oswald. I'm waiting for inspiration, too."—*Life*.

Guide—It took nearly two thousand year to build his pyramid. Dear Old Lady—I can quite believe you. Our workmen at home are just as had.—*London Sketch*.

"And would you love me as much if father lost all his money?" "Has he?" "Why, no." "Of course I would, darling."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"Yes, we acquitted the woman." "You stretched a point." "I know we did. She wasn't very good looking."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The Flopper—Of course I'll have lunch with you, old thing. That's an awfully good place across the street. The Nut—It looks like a fearfully wide street. Let's take a taxi.—*Life*.

Mother (socially inclined)—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you. Daughter

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He—Darling, do you love me? She—Yes. He—Are you willing to live on my income? She—Yes, if you get another for yourself.—*Oregon Ag. Orange Owl*.

"Must be some millionaire in our neighborhood." "Heh?" "He throws golf balls at cats. Picked up four in the alley this morning."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Why do you object to children in your apartment-house?" "As a matter of kindness. People who are raising families can't be expected to pay the rentals I require."—*Washington Star*.

"Whom does the baby resemble?" "Well, he has my wife's eyes and my nose, but I can't imagine where he got his voice, unless it was from my motor siren."—*London Opinion*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2331.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 26, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Funeral of the Late Sidney Coryn.

In obedience to his often-expressed wish, the body of Sidney Coryn will be cremated. It will be brought in affectionate custody from Auburn, where he died on Tuesday of last week, to the Oakland crematory, where funeral services will be held at 3:30 p.m. Friday of this week—25th instant. Those attending from San Francisco should take the 2:40 Key Route boat, transferring at the pier to the Piedmont train, leaving the train at its terminus, thence by Piedmont car to a point one block from the crematory. The funeral service will be under the auspices of friends associated with Mr. Coryn in the Theosophical faith.

Harding and Debs.

There is a curious slant to the mind of our worthy President. It was illustrated some months ago in his attitude towards former and defeated candidates of his party for the presidency. Since defeat came to them, not by the action of the party, but of the opposing party, he held both Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes to be entitled to be regarded as "officials of the party," and in that character entitled to special consideration at his hands. That in both cases his favor was wisely bestowed is aside from the point, which was that Messrs. Taft and Hughes held with respect to the party certain positive rights to consideration. Now we find a somewhat similar attitude of mind on the part of Mr. Harding towards Eugene V. Debs. In a recent conference with a group of journalists at

Washington, and in connection with consideration of administrative policy towards certain political prisoners, Mr. Harding remarked that the case of Debs would be considered "apart from the others." He expressed himself as being deeply conscious of the fact that Debs was one of his opponents for the presidency. Here is another instance of the President's characteristic chivalry. He regards Debs as the choice of a considerable number of the American people for the presidency, and as such entitled by courtesy to the consideration due to an honorable opponent. The conception under the circumstances is a bit whimsical, yet there is in it something of recognition or concession to the spirit of democracy. That there is in the matter of Mr. Harding's attitude toward Debs any political calculation we do not believe. Not for a moment can the thought be harbored that he proposes any appeal to the radical element. None the less his expressions indicate a state of mind that looks to the liberation of Debs upon consideration "apart from the others."

The Late Sidney Coryn.

Sidney Coryn was born in Cornwall (England) fifty-four years ago. By blood-inheritance he was a Celt. His father was a physician in good circumstances. His mother, from whom came his mental gifts, was a woman of very considerable literary culture. In Coryn's early youth the family migrated to London. There he grew up in attendance upon a school whose courses were arranged to prepare boys for the British civil service. Before his twentieth year he had mastered half a dozen languages with general studies qualifying him for foreign service under the government. It was a grievous disappointment that just prior to his readiness for the service examinations the age limit was changed, cutting him out of hopes that had been the inspiration of his educational career.

After a period of drifting, mainly spent in omnivorous reading, Coryn took up the study of plastic art. He spent a year in a studio at Paris. Finding the life not to his liking, he sought and found employment in the London office of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and there had the fortune to be assigned at recurring periods as general secretary to Lord Strathcona of Canada, whose habit it was to spend part of each year in Europe. With Strathcona, Coryn made many journeys to the Continent, thereby acquiring the familiarity with the material and social conditions of many countries that served him so well in his later career. He made, too, many voyages to and from Canada and innumerable journeys to Germany, Russia, France, Italy, Egypt, the Balkan States, and elsewhere upon errands for his employers.

While still a very young man Coryn became interested in theosophy and grew into close affiliation with Mme. Blavatsky, a famous figure in the theosophical movement of thirty years ago. With Mme. Blavatsky and others, in the course of three or four years he visited every considerable city in Europe on speaking tours; and it was through this experience that he gained powers of oratory that have entered so largely into his American career.

About twenty years ago Coryn came to California. After brief sojourns in San Diego and San Francisco he found employment at Sacramento with the *Union* newspaper. When a year or two later the publisher of the *Union* took over the *Argonaut* Coryn came with him to San Francisco and he has ever since been associated with this journal. He made its spirit his own; and in dedication of his powers to his work and his home he became an American citizen.

There is little need to inform readers of the *Argonaut* of his work here. It has covered the past fifteen years and stands recorded in nearly every number of this paper within that period. Mr. Coryn had special charge of the literary features of the paper—

book reviews, "Vanity Fair," the selection of "Current Verse" and "Old Favorites," etc. At the beginning of the war he entered a wider field in the study and presentment of matters of international significance under the heading "The Theatre of War." From the invasion of Belgium to the armistice, and for many months after, Mr. Coryn contributed each week a signed article which, regarded as a series, has been appraised by critics as the clearest and most consistent commentary upon the war and its aftermath that has appeared in any newspaper. His articles were so valued by several journals of the East and of Canada that they were regularly carried by telegraph and printed concurrently with their publication in San Francisco. In the meantime Mr. Coryn was a regular and voluminous contributor to all departments of the *Argonaut*, and during absences of the editor he was in full charge of the paper.

During the war period Mr. Coryn was in constant demand as a lecturer on current military movements; and into this work he put the enthusiasm characteristic of him in all the interests and activities of his life. From the storehouse of a mind saturated in world history, from geographical and social acquaintance with the participating countries, from the conclusions of careful military studies, he gave from a hundred platforms that which assisted the intelligence and stimulated the moral ardor of thousands. His public lectures with his presentments through these columns—his discussions of the war and of matters related to it—were widely read, not only in our own country, but in Europe. Even from the trenches many letters came testifying to the inspirational value of his work, giving to him the satisfaction of knowing that, though himself denied the privilege of the fighting front, he was a vital force in the great conflict.

There was in Mr. Coryn's nature a deep religious element. In his later life as in his youth he was a Theosophist, and in enthusiasm for his faith a propagandist. For years in San Francisco and elsewhere in California his has been an insistent and inspiring voice in the cause that was perhaps nearest his heart.

Mr. Coryn's multiplied labors—he could never be induced to rest—bore heavily upon a frail constitution. Four months ago he became seriously ill for the first time in his life. A few weeks in the Santa Cruz foothills apparently restored him to normal health. Early in the current month, upon evidences of fatigue, he was urged to go to the lighter airs of the Sierra foothills for relief from asthma, from which he was at all times more or less a sufferer. Persuasion failing to move him, he was finally ordered to cease work and seek rest. Laughingly protesting that he was being "driven into exile," he left us on Saturday of last week for Auburn, where three days later he died it is fondly believed painlessly. There is pathos in the reflection that one who owned the friendship of many hearts passed out among strangers.

A truly noble man has gone out of the world. He who writes from the intimacies of daily contact with Sidney Coryn during many years is bowed with grief. Memory, harking back through all these years and touching a thousand chords, finds nowhere a false note.

The Conference.

The Conference at Washington has reached a stage clearly indicating what are to be its broad effects. First, it has definitely established the rule of "open covenants" in international affairs. Not for long to come will any nation dare to do violence to the new spirit of diplomacy by entering into secretly negotiated engagements. Assuredly so long as the moral momentum started at Washington lasts—and it should last so long as civilization lasts—concealed bar gains between nations are outlawed. No nation that in the respect of other nations will now attempt to act under cover. Thus there has already been attained a

distinct advance step in the moral progress of the world.

Another outcome clearly foreordained is substantial reduction in naval armaments, implying tremendous saving of national resources all around, with diversion of energies heretofore dissipated in competitive preparations for war to productive account. Here again is an achievement of tremendous value to mankind, of special value at a time when all the nations are staggering under oppressive burdens of debt and under onerous systems of taxation. While the scheme of naval limitation is not yet completed and while many modifications of detail as related to Secretary Hughes' original proposals are likely to be made, there remains no doubt that universal acceptance of the project, "in spirit and in principle," will ultimately be worked out.

It is still too soon to forecast the result of the Conference relative to limitation of armaments. The problem here relates directly to the position of France. France conceives herself—not without reason—to be menaced by forces that in times both remote and recent have shown themselves to be remorseless. Reduction of the military establishment of France to a peace basis is in the view of the French statesmen to invite or at least to open the road to aggression and destruction. In its approach to this phase of its general purpose the Conference has developed sentiments and in effect pledges that can not but prove a moral defense to France. Expressions made by representatives of Great Britain and the United States before the Conference on Monday of this week approached nearly to the degree of establishing an alliance for the protection of France. As in the recent war both England and America rallied in defense of France, so they will again if her national liberties are assailed. There will be no formal alliance. But in its stead there is already established an understanding—a moral alliance—as binding and effective as any written treaty. Under this assurance France stands already pledged to reduce her land armament by one-half.

Under pledges already laid upon the table at Washington there is assurance that the geographical and political integrity of China will be respected. Whatever ambitions or pretensions Japan may have had, all are now abandoned. Whatever advantage Japan may have over other nations in dealing with China will rest upon her proximity and upon her enterprise; and to these advantages she is fairly entitled. But China is not to be an open field for Japanese exploitation. Neither Japan nor any other nation is to be permitted to organize China's industries in selfish interest or to exploit her population in a military sense. It is not to be permitted that districts of China, here and there, shall be taken over and possessed by other countries or that her territories shall be parceled out in "spheres of influence." Thus, although details are yet to be defined, there is in prospect an adjustment of what has been regarded as the problem of the Far East.

The question of the British-Japanese alliance has not come before the Conference and it may not appear in the course of future proceedings. But plainly that engagement is scheduled for discard. The effect of the alliance in times past has been wholly bad—bad for Japan, disturbing to the peace of the world. Under its influence there was developed in Japan an unreasonable imperial ambition. Japan's ill-concealed intentions towards China, now in a way of nullification, were a direct product of commitments that Britain should never have made.

Perhaps when all is said and done the most important development of the Conference is the cordial working accord exhibited by the English-speaking nations. Great Britain, her great free Dominions, and America are working together to common purpose. Together they are sustaining that which at various times recently has appeared in hazard, namely, the leadership and direction of the world under Anglo-Saxon standards of civilization.

Sex in Politics.

Mrs. Max Sloss, member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, and a woman highly endowed with common sense, is quoted as saying, "I would not vote for a woman just because she is a woman." Since the sex line has been extracted from our laws it ought not to reappear in politics. Politics founded in consideration of sex may be as vicious as politics based upon any other narrow and selfish interest. There are no differences between men and

women tending to make that which is good for one bad for the other. A very common idea is that women in politics should specialize in matters relating to women and children. Obviously a wrong conception. If there is special need of anything in the way of legislation for women and children it is quite as much the concern of men as of women. Whatever is for the welfare of any element is the business of all, and those to whom community interest are committed are obligated as much in one phase of community need as of another.

In this connection the *Argonaut* confesses a certain disappointment in the case of Miss Margaret Mary Morgan, within the month made a member of the Board of Supervisors by popular election. Miss Morgan in a public interview is quoted as saying "the women of San Francisco elected me"; and under the implication of special obligation to women she announces a plan of official action that is wholesome so far as it goes, but narrow. Apparently Miss Morgan conceives herself in her character of member of the Board of Supervisors as representing the women of San Francisco. Now, Miss Morgan was not elected by the women of San Francisco. The *Argonaut* voted for Miss Morgan and members of its staff—mostly men—did the same. They voted for her because she was represented to be a person of character and business capability. Let us hope that upon further consideration and instructed by experience Miss Morgan will take a broader view of her official responsibility—that she will come to understand that her position is a representative one quite apart from sex lines and that her duty does not relate to any special interest, least of all of any interest presumably founded in the welfare of one class of citizens as distinct from another.

The Administration and Federal Taxation.

When a member of the Cabinet goes upon the hustings and declares himself in respect to matters of public or administrative policy he is fairly presumed to speak for the President. What he says may be taken, and in fact is taken, as presenting the opinions or desires of the Administration. Herein there attaches both interest and significance in a speech made last week by Postmaster-General Hays before the Fifth Avenue Association in New York City. Mr. Hays' subject was taxation. He supported vigorously the principle of the consumption tax, which is a modified sales tax. "I do not speak for Congress," he said, "but I can point out the things that are ahead of us, out of which any man can infer what our programme for the reduction of taxation should be." We quote:

The physical and material mechanism of civilization is in bad order. For seven years it has not had adequate maintenance and upkeep. Not only did the emergency of war compel us to take our attention from the repairs and additions which normally would have been made year by year. Further than that, the world's available capital, out of which the appropriation for upkeep and maintenance must come, has been depleted. It has been consumed in the war; and being consumed in war, it has not been available for repairs.

In saying that "the plant" has run down, that the physical mechanism of civilization is in bad repair, I refer not merely to the fact that our railroads are in bad condition, that our streets and roads are suffering from lack of adequate upkeep, and that the buildings which civilization requires for housing and business are below our requirements. All that is obvious. You see it about you every day. But in ways which are more remote, which less easily press themselves upon your attention, that intricate mechanism of institutions upon which civilization rests has fallen behind.

Our schools and colleges and our churches, which depend largely upon endowments, have fallen behind because men who might be inclined to give money to them have not had so much money to give. Furthermore, the funded endowments upon which these institutions live do not now provide as much income as they formerly did. The dollar, although it has recovered considerably from its low point, is still worth in purchasing power only about 60 or 70 cents compared to its worth before the war. The consequence is that the salaries of teachers and professors and clergymen, which were barely adequate before the war, now fall seriously short. The same thing is true of medical schools, of hospitals, of asylums, of libraries, of the pension funds of great corporations, of the returns from life insurance policies, and of all those charitable and educational institutions which form the physical framework through which man expresses the better part of his nature toward his neighbors and toward the future generation. In all these respects the material basis of our civilization is below what it was. This makes it less possible for the moral and intellectual parts of civilization to express themselves as adequately as the will of average human nature would like to.

Now the cure for this condition, stated in the broadest terms, is that business shall be made more remunerative and more fruitful. The money which flows into the treasuries of these benevolent institutions comes directly or indirectly

from men who have amassed that money in business. If we are to have an increase in that surplus of funds which is available for all these charitable and educational purposes, we must achieve it through making business more fruitful. An attack or an unfair treatment of business is an assault on the maintenance of our schools, colleges, hospitals, and churches.

These expressions leave small doubt as to the President's views. It is not difficult to gather from it the President's idea of the general principle upon which the taxing system should be formulated. It is clear that the Administration regards the tax bill now in conference merely a stop-gap. The measure does not conform to the Administration's original proposals. It has emerged in badly mangled form. For this responsibility is due to the manner in which the agricultural bloc has operated upon it—by methods to which the bludgeon and the meat-ax bear a symbolic relation.

Out of Propriety and Legality.

The proper business of the police is to maintain public order. It has no other legitimate function; and when it steps aside to become an agency of solicitation in the interest of any organization or cause, no matter how worthy, it becomes an impertinent meddler—more a disturber than a maintainer of peace. These remarks are inspired by the circumstance that on Sunday last members of the police force at many points "held up" motorists and even pedestrians appealing, or rather demanding, money for the Red Cross. At its best it was an impertinence. If officially authorized it is just another of the many discredits attaching to a municipal administration which in many ways exhibits its ignorance or contempt alike of propriety and legality.

Similarly out of order and propriety has been the employment within the week of public school children in a Red Cross "drive." Here again there was an exercise of what at its best was an impertinence quickly moving on to imposition. Our schools are maintained for the education of youth in the city, and not as collection agencies. Their employment as such is highly improper in that it involves the children in a distracting activity and puts upon their parents that which may be embarrassing. There is far too much of this sort of thing in the schools—too many attempts to use the system as a reformatory agency, as a public clinic, as a source of vital statistics, and what-not other excrescences and superfluities. If the school authorities sanctioned the employment of school children in the Red Cross drive they are guilty of an impropriety. If it was unauthorized, and if it is not rebuked, there is dereliction of duty.

The agencies of police, education, or what-not are organized each for special purposes. When diverted from their true functions, those functions must suffer. Devotion to specific duty, concentration of purpose—these are the conditions of efficiency. From utilization in the interest of one charity it is easy to move on to another. Once the door is opened to outside activities, degeneration as related to the main and essential purpose begins and it may easily be carried to the degree of demoralization. Whether or not the particular cause sought to be promoted is good or bad, matters not at all. The police and the schools may not in propriety be diverted to any causes outside those for which they are organized and maintained.

Let nobody get the impression that what is above said is in criticism of the Red Cross or its work. There is no better organization for charity; there is no better work than that done by the Red Cross. But the business of the Red Cross should stand on its own legs. It should not make of a policeman a highwayman privileged to hold up persons who are quietly pursuing their own interest or their pleasure. It should not draw from the energies or break in upon the work of school children. There are legitimate ways of appeal, and whatever lies outside of these ways is essentially wrong, essentially vicious.

Editorial Notes.

Postmaster-General Hays' project for employing the postoffice in its ten thousand ramifications as an agency for discovering the whereabouts of persons lost to their families or friends—to their "loved ones" as the Secretary puts it, with true Indianese unctious—is more commendable upon considerations of sentiment than of practicability. The business of the postoffice is to carry and deliver the mails. To impose upon it any other duty is to introduce confusion, to increase ex-

pense, to militate against efficiency. The postal service will not be so good an agency for transporting and delivering the mails if there shall be added to it the function of the "Lost and Found" column. Nothing serves two purposes with 100 per cent. of efficiency. Witness the bed-lounge upon which nobody can sit in comfort or lie at ease. Good brother Hays, better let the postal service attend to its legitimate and prescribed duties, leaving searchers for "loved ones" to pursue traditional means!

The experience of Dr. Annie Lyle, recited in a letter to the editor printed in another column, is illustrative of what unfailingly happens when public authority, without legal sanction or with it, steps beyond its proper business and pursues a policy of meddling in private affairs. If a physician is not worthy to be trusted to respect the laws to whose obedience they are specially obligated by professional oath, then he or she ought not to be licensed. The point of restriction should be at the licensing office, and not in respect to details that are essentially personal and within the scheme of prescribed authority. It becomes an indignity—little less than an outrage—when an ignorant, uncivil, and unclean "inspector" holds authority to insult a medical practitioner and to fumble over with dirty hands materials that must thereafter be unfit for the uses for which they are designed. Dr. Lyle's letter is a proper protest against this kind of impertinence. Incidentally, it is an indictment of a law founded on the principle of meddling and subject to enforcement at the hands of impudence and incompetence.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Sample Instance of Official Impertinence.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 21, 1921.

DEAR MR. HOLMAN: Friday I received a notice from the Internal Revenue Office to mail them my Federal Narcotic Order Form Book for inspection. This book consists of large, rarely-used, poppy-engraved blanks for narcotics for the doctors' professional use, and a stub on which a duplicate is retained by the doctor. This book was received by me in 1915. I have found it not only unnecessary to renew it, as is my privilege, but have blanks to spare. In these six years \$10 would more than cover the narcotic drugs used by me, and this is the book I am mailing under protest for inspection.

I object to such inspection as humiliating and un-American. But this order by mail is vastly an improvement on the previous system of inspection which has obtained. Some time ago a man calling himself Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue called at my office, demanding to be shown what narcotics I had on hand. I produced the little tubes of heroin, codeine, morphia, and apomorphia which I had in my hand-bag, and those which I carry in my obstetrical bag, and showed them to him. These tubes were not full. He demanded that I count the individual tablets. I had no time for such foolery and told him to list them as whole tubes. This he refused to do. He deliberately turned out the tablets, fingered them, counted them, listed them, and signed his name to the list. Indignantly I threw all of the tablets away, saying to him that hypodermic tablets which had been fingered in such a way were not sterile and unfit to inject into any patient without serious danger of infection. His visit consumed nearly an hour's time and was ignorant, insolent, and costly. I have mailed this gentleman's list, over his signature, to the Internal Revenue Office with suitable comments.

I have similar Federal prescription books for prescribing alcoholic beverages, for which I also pay the government a fee. Here also I am subject to inspection. It seems pitiful that the American public can not use pure, unadulterated grain alcohol for toilet purposes, without the prescription of a doctor. It also seems all wrong that a doctor who uses much fewer prescriptions than is allotted should be put to the annoyance of inspection. Every prescription sent by a doctor to a drug store is on file with the druggist, open to inspection, and yet we must submit to this private inspection, which in my opinion is altogether unnecessary.

Furthermore, I have to pay the City Hallites a quarterly fee for some kind of license to practice my profession, although I passed creditably the State Board of Medical Examiners, and long ago paid my fee for the license to practice medicine, which my education, training, and experience entitled me to. Most of us doctors are too busy and overworked to bother protesting. When we do so, it usually falls on deaf ears, and comes to naught. May I ask you to use your voice and your fluent pen to say something about the humiliating way that so ancient and honorable a profession is treated?

Very truly yours,
ANNIE G. LYLE, M. D.

Appreciation.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 21, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I wish to thank you, in the name of mental equilibrium as against ill-considered emotionalism, for your leader upon the bonus in your last issue. I am glad to know that there is one paper which has a standard not measured by dollars.

You have doubtless heard, as I have, young men say that their experience abroad during the war woke them to the realities of life, and you must have observed that they returned changed to a gravity discernible even under the breezy exterior that we love in the American youth. To have had even fleeting glimpses of foreign countries was a boon to thousands of boys, but they brought back a vast deal more than the memory of a sight-seeing tour.

Can not the (doubtless) well-meant efforts of the bonus apologists be turned toward the wounded and disabled, who must be feeling that America's memory is short? Can those boys who are "out of the running" help feeling bitter? Do you know how very far toward encouraging them in an almost hopeless struggle an effort in your paper would go? Will you not ask America to do, for her own pride's sake, something substantial for the mere boys who did "get across" and who were at the front, and who have come home maimed and crippled in body and broken in spirit? L. H. WILSON.

JOURNALISTS AS STATESMEN.

A prominent journalist, the other day, in giving his impressions of the opening of the Armament Conference, paid a compassionate tribute to the declining star of William Jennings Bryan, whose long candidacy for the presidential chair he mentioned as having, in earlier days, been the subject of countless newspaper columns, but who now sat obscurely among the press men at the Conference, jotting down, in the humble capacity of reporter, the words of more successful statesmen. This, at least, was the picture the writer conjured up before one's willing eye. And by way of the moral, without which no such picture is thought complete, he added something rather inarticulate about the American viewpoint and the spirit of service, which meant, as nearly as one could gather, that among the stars and garters and the glitter of ceremony surrounding the delegates from Europe here was a plain American, once a giant in the affairs of state, but now performing a humble service in a quiet, unostentatious, and honest way. There was a subtle intimation in all this that the European delegates might find here an object lesson in democracy and a token of the dignified spirit in which an American statesman sustains eclipse.

Now no one who has had to produce copy at the rate required by a modern daily, or who has had to spur his flagging midnight thoughts through jungles of fatigue, will look too critically at that final paragraph in which the writer of every feature story is expected to sound a profundity, open a radiant vision of thought, and voice a mellow note of sentiment, all at once. With fairness, one can only say of the journalist in question that he must have been very tired, or have dined extremely well, not to have noticed that reporters are the commanding figurs of this Conference, and that the world is lending a more heedful ear to them than to the official speakers. When he implies the existence of a wide gulf of social importance between the statesman and the journalist, and suggests that the latter occupies a lower level of utility, he is entirely at variance with the trend of modern opinion.

The meeting of statesman and journalist on a common ground, if not, indeed, in the same person, is an outcome that the whole tendency of democratic government, both in Europe and America, has foreshadowed. The apparent paradox of Bryan, statesman-reporter, quite vanishes when we reflect that as far back as the eighteenth century, to name the greatest journalists of England meant naming some of her most prominent statesmen. In France, during the latter part of the same century, it almost meant naming them all, from the best journalist and the worst statesman, Desmoulins, to the best statesman and far from the worst journalist, Danton. While the number of statesmen in England has greatly increased since then, there has been no falling off in the percentage of journalists among them. It is not an uncommon sight in London, during any important public event, to see members of Parliament taking notes for later use in newspaper "leaders" or special articles. Prior to the recent date when England put her parliamentarians on a salary, many an impecunious member in office turned an honest penny by writing political and other gossip for the London dailies. In reporting the proceedings of the Washington Conference, Bryan is therefore doing nothing very new, or exclusively American.

To follow that path a little further, how many men, both in England and America, have stepped from journalism into the national councils? Their number is certainly not so limited that one need go back to Cobden or Franklin for instances. Two of the best known in England at present are Northcliffe and Winston Churchill. Both reached parliamentary eminence through the daily press, and at last accounts they were still "reporting." Northcliffe was owner first and contributor afterwards, but then Churchill, who began his public career merely as a diffident war correspondent, attained higher ranks of office. The number of other names is, to use a French idiom, embarrassing. There is T. P. O'Connor, described by Bernard Shaw as being "plunged up to his neck" in the social, economic, political, and literary affairs of his time—by virtue of being a journalist. No one could very well be deeper in the counsels of his country's government than is this newspaper reporter, editor, and owner. Sidney Webb, Hilaire Belloc, Herbert Sidebotham, to mention a few at random, are some of the more recent followers in the footsteps of Labouchere, Milner, and Disraeli. If one misses a journalist in the records of English public life it generally means colliding with a lawyer, and few members of this profession have not been connected in some way with the press. During the long period which, for most English lawyers, intervenes between their admission to the bar and their acquisition of a client the newspaper furnishes an invaluable means of subsistence and growth. Sir Alfred Milner belonged to this group of legal journalists, and Robert Harcourt is one of its contemporary members.

As for Irishmen, the daily press of modern Ireland might almost be said to constitute the core of its national life, and the universal vehicle of its thoughts and sentiments. In the conception of such constructive and

deep-visioned journalists as A. E., journalism and statesmanship are coextensive.

The solitary and pathetic figure of Bryan becomes decidedly less solitary and dejected as one turns to the journalist-statesmen of America. Whitelaw Reid was diligent in the business of Poor Richard, who made Solomon's proverb famous, and Reid stood before kings. John Hay, his colleague on Greeley's *Tribune*, is also worth remembering. Greeley himself was at least nominated for the presidency, and set up many statesmen. Henry Watterson, Walter Hines Page—but why linger among mere cabinet ministers, ambassadors, and *would-be* Presidents? Hamilton and Jefferson were both proud of having written for the press. The present chief executive of the United States is a newspaper man, and will not improbably return to his profession when he has filled his appointed terms of office. And if it be objected that most of these were editors rather than reporters, ponder the fact that many a star reporter takes precedence over his editor in salary and prestige. During the war practically all the executive officers of the government became journalists by proxy through their concern with the censorship. It may well be that Mr. Josephus Daniels, who is now a reporter also, reacts to the smell of printer's ink like a veteran war charger that sniffs once more the familiar odor of battle.

There is also an august example in the person of Mr. Wu Ting Fang, who hails from a country where ceremonial surely reaches its loftiest expression. Mr. Fang is at present writing for the press. He is the honored recipient of some of the most brilliant decorations the celestial republic can bestow. Is some weary writer on the Shanghai *Shih Bau* or the *North China Times* now exclaiming, "Among the figures at the Disarmament Conference that bring a reluctant but not unmanly tear to the eye of the spectator is Mr. Wu Ting Fang, once a great ambassador of China, but at present demeaning himself as a writer for the daily press"? Surely not. With the strong logical sense that puts her at such a disadvantage in international debate, China doubtless considers reporting a conference as quite as important, and rather more dignified, than participating in it.

But this is giving the tired feature writer's misstatement more detailed consideration than it calls for. The interesting point about journalism and the Conference is that the proposition of open diplomacy has given the journalists an altogether new dominance in the discussions. Their views, though not delivered on the floor of the convention, reach it quite as effectively, in words that echo along the cables of two hemispheres.

It is not hard to explain this augmented influence of the journalist. In a broad way, he has always been better informed in human affairs than the statesman—that is to say, than the statesman who is not also a journalist. Hitherto the sole advantage of the statesman has been his direct access to the inner secrets of government. In general, he has been chiefly interested in concealing what the journalist has been most anxious to discover. But if, as the statesmen now declare, and the people desire, matters of diplomacy are to be made open and public, the statesman loses his thin margin of advantage, and the opinion of the journalist takes precedence. Something of this sort is actually occurring at the present Conference. When statesmen have made their proposals, the world turns to the journalists for advice. Most of the significant things thus far have been said by the press. The bull's-eye of public interests shifts to the statesman only when he is suspected of carrying cards up his sleeve, according to the usage of the old game. In delivering the messages of their respective nations the statesmen have the floor of the Conference chamber, but in reporting, analyzing, and commenting on these the journalists have the floor of the world.

The reasons for the popular reliance on the press are many. Having schooled themselves to talk a frank language that every one will understand, the journalists are intelligible, which the statesmen very frequently are not. The former, by the very nature of their calling, understand the hopes, inclinations, and prejudices of the common people, which many of the latter do not. The concern of the journalist has always been the interests of the many, whereas the statesman has too frequently represented those of the few. The journalist is not dazzled by externals, or bound by secret agreements, or hampered by fixed ideas. His viewpoint is independent. He does not smother his meaning in a wrapping of words. And when everything has been said about his tendency to overstatement, the public is accustomed to the tendency and can interpret his speech more accurately than the veiled equivocations of the professional diplomat. His ethics are known to average higher than those of the members of any other business or profession. While he sometimes publishes things that had best be left unsaid, many books could be written of the occasions when, having it in his power by revealing certain facts to break individuals and ruin communities, he has refrained in the interests of the common good. With all their railing at the press, the people dimly understand this, and appreciate it. And the journalist's principle of bringing every legitimately instructive fact into the open makes him the logical keystone of the new system of government expressed in the phrase "covenants openly arrived at."

Charles William Eliot, former president of Harvard University, once made a comment on the press that

apposite here: "Many people are in the habit of complaining bitterly of the intrusion of the newspaper reporter into every nook and corner of the state, . . . but in this extreme publicity is really to be found a new means of social, industrial, and governmental reform and progress. . . . So new is this force in the world that many people do not yet trust it, or perceive its immense utility. In the case of real industrial grievances and oppressions, publicity would be by far the quickest and surest means of cure—vastly more effective for all just ends than secret combinations of either capitalists or laborers. . . . As a means of publicity, the newspapers visibly improve from decade to decade, and taken together with the magazines and the controversial pamphlet, they shed more light on the social, industrial, and political life of the people of the United States than was ever shed before on the doings and ways of any people. This force is distinctly new within the century, and it affords a new and strong guarantee for the American Republic."

The principle is equally true when applied to the country in its foreign relations. If the policy of open diplomacy endures, it may be that an increasing number of journalists will be asked to condescend so far in the interests of the nation as to assume the duties of statesmanship. If they consent, their accession to government office will assuredly mean no lowering of its ethical tone. The "openness" will be such as to confound the lawyers, whose preference for closed windows, secrecy, and finesse has hitherto helped dictate the tone of diplomacy. And as they enter this field in growing force the newspapers may become, in fact, the courts of international adjustment, the forums of national debate, and what Desmoulins once called them in a high-flung phrase, "temples of the public conscience."

AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 22, 1921.

King Haakon VII of Norway was born August 3, 1872, as the second son of the then Crown Prince Frederik, later King Frederik VIII of Denmark. He is a brother of King Christian X, the present Danish monarch. Originally he was called Prince Charles and he received a thorough education as a naval officer, his training enabling him to command any kind of naval craft. When Norway in 1905 dissolved the union with Sweden the Christiania government offered the throne to Prince Charles. He accepted it, stating that he would adopt the old Norwegian royal name of Haakon, calling his son by the equally ancient name of Olaf. Since that day King Haakon VII has been the ruler of old Norway, and a popular ruler. The people have learned to know and appreciate his cheerful disposition, friendliness, openness of mind, and thoroughly democratic spirit. The king has everted himself to be a genuine Norwegian and the people consider him one of their own. He is nearly as tall as his brother, Christian X, athletic, fond of outdoor life, an enthusiastic yachtsman, and a leader in the winter sports, of which the Norwegians are so fond. In the very democratic country of Norway the political power of the king is greatly restricted, nevertheless his personal influence is great and his duties are of much consequence.

One of the war aftermaths in France is a controversy as to who first invented machine-guns. Lyons puts forward the claim of a M. du Perron, who in 1775 is said to have submitted to the young King Louis XVI a military "orgue," which worked on a crank system and could fire 240 bullets almost simultaneously, "and consequently could annihilate a whole regiment in a few minutes," according to a contemporary record. The new arm seemed so murderous to the king and his ministers, Malesherbes and Turgot, that it was rejected, and its inventor was held up as an enemy to humanity. The powers hostile to France tried to secure the invention, but for patriotic motives Du Perron refused to sell it to them, and he died in poverty.

One of the strangest gifts offered by one great city to another was recently sent from New York to Paris. Owing to the urgent necessity of food economy the zoological section of the Jardin des Plantes became sadly depleted during the war, and the New York Zoological Park authorities are making a present of a number of reptiles to replace those which had to be destroyed. These include two boa constrictors, six alligators, sixteen turtles, and an ant eater, as well as a number of snakes, including two rattlesnakes.

Statistics show that for the first six months of 1921 31,885 births were registered in Paris, as compared with 24,300 and 27,906 in the corresponding periods of 1913 and 1920 respectively. The marriages celebrated in Paris during the first half of 1921 numbered 26,282. The total for the whole of 1913 was 31,916, and for the whole of 1920, 53,829.

The Norwegian Lagthing has adopted by 18 votes to 14 the prohibition bill forbidding the importation of spirituous liquors and wines of over 14 per cent. alcoholic strength. As the bill has already passed the Oslathing, it now becomes law.

The United States treasury has advanced \$4,150,000 for the export of cotton and tobacco to Europe.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Hanford MacNider of Mason City, Iowa, has been recently elected national commander of the American Legion, at the Kansas City convention. He was decorated by Governor Charles H. Brough of Arkansas.

Sergeant George Richardson, ninety years of age, of Toronto, is the world's oldest V. C. hero. He placed a wreath on the grave of America's unknown soldier on Armistice Day in behalf of Canada's veterans. Queen Victoria decorated him with the V. C. for his heroism in the Indian Mutiny of 1858.

Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, recently officiated at the opening of a Hungarian university at Szeged. The famous University of Kolozsvár in Transylvania, one of the oldest in Europe, was forced to close when Roumania absorbed Transylvania, and its students could not be admitted to the University of Budapest because of crowded conditions—hence the new institution came into being.

Chief Torpedo Man James Delaney of Malden, Massachusetts, was the navy's chief mourner at the Armistice Day services for America's unknown soldier, and headed the body-bearers representing the navy at Arlington. Delaney wears the Navy Cross (for conspicuous gallantry in an engagement with an enemy submarine), the Victory Medal, Mexican Campaign Badge, and a Good Conduct Medal.

Dr. Livingston Farrand, one-time president of the University of Colorado and prominent Red Cross worker, is the new chief of Cornell University. Dr. Farrand was born in New Jersey in 1867, and was educated at Princeton, Columbia, Cambridge, England, and Berlin. He has been chairman of the Central Commission of the American Red Cross since March 1, 1919. Dr. Farrand was director of the tuberculosis work in France of the International Health Board, 1917-18; executive secretary of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 1905-14; treasurer of American Public Health Association, 1912-14. He is a member of American Psychological Association, of the American Anthropological Association, and of the American Folk-Lore Society. During the years 1912-14 he was editor of the *American Journal of Public Health*. He is the author of "Basis of American History."

G. R. Stirling Taylor, the author of "Modern English Statesmen," is a barrister of law of the Middle Temple, London. He was for several years a fellow-member with Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and Sidney Webb on the famous Fabian Executive Committee, but, unlike them, he has now taken the logical next step from bureaucratic state socialism to the guild idea. In England his "Modern English Statesmen" was, quite rightly, regarded as a serious attack on the inefficient political ruling classes of England, and the *Times* immediately published (in its literary supplement) a violent attack upon the book. The *Athenaeum*, the organ of the educated and literary class, promptly replied next week by declaring that "every line he writes is almost violently interesting"; and the *Outlook*, another of the cultured journals, wrote that the book showed "an analytical astuteness which is almost uncanny" and was a "brilliant display of combined rapier and jujitsu."

Warrington Dawson, whose recent novel, "The Gift of Paul Clermont," has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co., began his literary career early. His father, Captain Dawson, the energetic editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, who was made a chevalier of Saint-Gregoire-le-Grand by Pope Leo XIII because of his campaign against the duel in South Carolina, began young Warrington's training in journalism by printing his impressions of the juvenile books which came to the paper for review. At sixteen young Dawson was publishing signed articles in the *News and Courier* and at nineteen he was sent to Spain as war correspondent for that paper. He was later made French director of the United Press and handled the telegraphic news of the Russo-Japanese war and The Hague Peace Conference. In 1907 Dawson accompanied Theodore Roosevelt on his hunting trip in Africa. In the world war he served as accredited war correspondent on the French front and since the armistice he has been an attaché of the American embassy in Paris. Now for the first time Mr. Dawson has the leisure to transmute the rich impressions of an unusually full life into literature.

Brand Whitlock, Ambassador to Belgium and author of "Belgium" (Appleton), has recently had conferred on him the title of "Honorary Member of the Grand Serment des Arbalatriers de Sainte Georges," a dignity of ancient traditions as pointed out in Brussels papers. Mr. Whitlock was born in Urbana, Ohio, in 1869. He was educated at Brown University, Western Reserve, and took the degree of Docteur en droit in Brussels, 1919. He married Ella Brainerd of Springfield, Illinois, in 1895. Brand Whitlock began his professional career as a newspaper reporter in Toledo in 1887, was on the *Chicago Herald*, 1890-93, still later studied law, and was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1894 and the Ohio bar in 1897. He practiced law at Toledo from 1897 to 1905. About this time he went into politics

and was elected mayor of Toledo on the independent ticket in 1905 and reelected 1907, 1909, and 1911. He declined a nomination for a fifth term and was appointed United States Minister to Belgium in 1913 and Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, September 29, 1919. Mr. Whitlock is a member of American Academy of Arts and Letters, of the Poetry Society, and of the Authors' League of America.

OLD FAVORITES.

Hymn.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

—Joseph Addison.

A Dedication.

My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare;
By my own work, before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compell'd it, Master, Thine;
Where I have fail'd to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offense;
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, he excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade
And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
O, whatso'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need!

—Rudyard Kipling.

Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, he with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, he with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far-call'd our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, he with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

—Rudyard Kipling.

Dominus Illuminatio Mea.

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart heats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—
The power of the Lord shall lift this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—
The Angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

—Anon.

THE REAL BRET HARTE.

Mr. Charles A. Murdock's Recollection of an Enigmatic Genius.

The friends of any great man whose reputation is clouded by a discreditable rumor, should remember, when they yield to the demand for an intimate and personal sketch of his life or character, that if such a sketch is to be just, it must either reveal all the circumstances regarding the point in question, or none. And if the latter course is chosen, no mention should be made of the fact that his integrity has been questioned.

The reason for this is simply that the testimony of a personal friend has the weight of authority, and if the friend as biographer raises such a question and fails to answer it, he strongly confirms the impression that the evil report is well founded. Moreover, if, with a mistaken sense of loyalty, he alludes to the matter in a delicate, vague, and reticent way, he arouses in the mind of the reader who is entirely ignorant of the facts, a darker suspicion than they warrant.

All this bears rather obliquely on the essay on Bret Harte in Charles A. Murdock's "A Backward Glance at Eighty." This essay contains an admirable appreciation of the California author's literary achievements, and several interesting anecdotes, but it will quite definitely, though inadvertently, strengthen the case against him among those readers who are unfamiliar with the pathetic story of his closing years. The charge against him is scarcely even hinted at, but a letter and a random anecdote create an unfortunate impression as the sternest enemy of Bret Harte could wish.

Here is the first encounter of Harte and Murdock:

It was early in 1857 that Bret Harte came to Humboldt County to visit his sister Margaret, and for a brief time and to a limited extent our lives touched. He was twenty-one and I was sixteen, so there was little intimacy, but he interested and attracted me as a new type of manhood. He bore the marks of good breeding, education, and refinement. He was quiet of manner, kindly but not demonstrative, with a certain reserve and aloofness. He was of medium height, rather slight of figure, with strongly marked features and an aquiline nose. He seemed clever rather than forcible, and presented a pathetic figure as of one who had gained no foothold on success. He had a very pleasant voice and a modest manner, and never talked of himself. He was always the gentleman, exemplary as to habits, courteous and good-natured, but a trifle aristocratic in bearing. He was dressed in good taste, but was evidently in need of income. He was willing to do anything, but with little ability to help himself. He was simply untrained for doing anything that needed doing in that community.

He found occasional work in the drug store, and for a time he had a small private school. His surviving pupils speak warmly of his sympathy and kindness. He had little mechanical ability. I recall seeing him try to build a fence one morning. He bravely dug postholes, but they were pretty poor, and the completed fence was not so very straight. He was genial and uncomplaining, and he made a few good friends. He was an agreeable guest, and at our house was fond of a game of whist. He was often facetious, with a neatness that was characteristic. One day, on a stroll, we passed a very primitive new house that was wholly destitute of all ornaments or trimming, even without eaves. It seemed modeled after a packing-box. "That," he remarked, "must be of the *Iowan* order of architecture."

In October, 1857, he removed to the Liscom ranch at the head of the bay and became the tutor to two boys, fourteen and thirteen years of age. He worked in the forenoon and spent the afternoon hunting in the adjacent marshes. During this period he kept a diary which has recently been discovered. It reveals the very simple life of a clever, kindly, clean young man who did his work, enjoyed out of doors, read a few good books, wrote a few good stories, and retired early. His entries are brief and practical and do not express his feelings except when he deplores the gloomy forebodings that unfit him for enjoyment of social pleasures and make him, as he thinks, a spectacle for "Gods and men." At the close of the diary he writes: "In these three hundred and sixty-five days I have again put forth a feeble essay toward fame and fortune. I have tried literature, albeit in a humble way. I have written some passable prose and it has been successfully published. The conviction is forced on me by observation, and not by vain enthusiasm; that I am fit for nothing else. . . . God help me! May I succeed!"

Mr. Murdock was responsible for securing him his first journalistic connection:

Many of the occurrences of those far-away days have faded from my mind, but one of them, of considerable significance to two lives, is quite clear. Uniontown had been the county seat, and there the *Humboldt Times* was published; but Eureka, across the bay, had outgrown her older sister and captured both the county seat and the only paper in the county. In frantic effort to sustain her failing prestige Uniontown projected a rival paper and the *Northern Californian* was spoken into being. My father was a half owner, and I coveted the humble position of printer's devil. One journeyman could set the type, and on Wednesday and Saturday, respectively, run off on a handpress the outside and the inside of the paper, but a boy or a low-priced man was needed to roll the forms and likewise to distribute the type. I looked upon it as the first rung on the ladder of journalism, and I was about to put my foot thereon when the pathetic figure of Bret Harte presented itself applying for the job, causing me to put my foot on my hopes instead. He seemed to want it and need it so much more than I did that I turned my hand to other pursuits, while he mounted the ladder with cheerful alacrity and skipped over several rungs, very promptly learning to set type and becoming a very acceptable assistant editor.

In a community where popular heroes are apt to be loud and aggressive, the quiet man who thinks more than he talks

is adjudged effeminate. Harte was always modest, and boasting was foreign to his nature; so he was thought devoid of spirit and strength. But occasion brought out the unsuspected. There had been a long and trying Indian war in and around Humboldt. The feeling against the red men was very bitter. It culminated in a wanton and cowardly attack on a tribe of peaceful Indians encamped on an island opposite Eureka, and men, women, and children were ruthlessly killed. Harte was temporarily in charge of the paper and he denounced the outrage in unmeasured terms. The better part of the community sustained him, but a violent minority resented his strictures and he was seriously threatened and in no little danger. Happily he escaped, but the incident resulted in his return to San Francisco. The massacre occurred on February 5, 1860, which fixes the approximate time of Harte's becoming identified with San Francisco.

The year 1864 found him on the staff of that brilliant weekly, the *Californian*, whose contributors included Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Prentice Mulford. It is the period of some of his best stories and poems, and of by far the best of his parodies. By 1868 he has become an editor—controlling the *Overland Monthly*, a paper modeled in a way on the *Atlantic Monthly*, with Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Ina Coolbrith among its bright galaxy of contributors:

It was in September, 1870, that Harte in the make-up of the *Overland* found an awkward space too much for an ordinary poem. An associate suggested that he write something to fit the gap; but Harte was not given to dashing off to order, nor to writing a given number of inches of poetry. He was not a literary mechanic, nor could he command his moods. However, he handed his friend a bundle of manuscript to see if there was anything that he thought would do, and very soon a neat draft was found bearing the title "On the Sinfulness of Ah Sin as Reported by Truthful James." Harte demurred. He didn't think very well of it. He was generally modest about his work and never quite satisfied. But he finally accepted the judgment of his friend and consented to run it. He changed the title to "Later Words from Truthful James," but when the proof came substituted "Plain Language of Truthful James."

He made a number of other changes, as was his wont, for he was always painstaking and given to critical polishing. In some instances he changed an entire line or a phrase of two lines. The copy read:

Till at last he led off the right hower,
That Nye had just hid on his knee.

As changed on the proof it read:

Till at last he put down a right hower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

It was a happy second thought that suggested the most quoted line in this famous poem. The fifth line of the seventh verse originally read:

Or is civilization a failure?

On the margin of the proof-sheet he substituted the ringing line:

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,

—an immense improvement—the verse reading:

Then I looked at Nye,
And he gazed unto me,
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor!"
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

The corrected proof, one of the treasures of the University of California, with which Harte was for a time nominally connected, bears convincing testimony to the painstaking methods by which he sought the highest degree of literary perfection.

One of the most amusing typographical errors on record occurred in the printing of this poem. In explanation of the manner of the duplicity of Ah Sin, Truthful James was made to say:

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-one packs;

and that was the accepted reading for many years, in spite of the physical impossibility of concealing six hundred and ninety-three cards and one arm in even a Chinaman's sleeve. The game they played was euchre, where howers are supreme, and what Harte wrote was "jacks," not "packs."

Three years of successful work on the *Overland* brought him many tempting offers from Eastern publishers, and in 1871 he left San Francisco for the East. But he was disappointed in some of his plans and under pressure of financial difficulties reluctantly took to the lecture field with "The Argonauts" and "American Humor" as his subjects:

His letters to his wife at this time tell the pathetic tale of a sensitive, troubled soul struggling to earn money to pay debts. He writes with brave humor, but the work was uncongenial and the returns disappointing.

From Ottawa he writes: "Do not let this worry you, but kiss the children for me, and hope for the best. I should send you some money, but there isn't any to send, and maybe I shall only bring back myself." The next day he added a postscript: "Dear Nan—I did not send this yesterday, waiting to find the results of last night's lecture. It was a fair house, and this morning — paid me \$150, of which I send you the greater part."

A few days later he wrote from Lawrence, the morning after an unexpectedly good audience: "I made a hundred dollars by the lecture, and it is yours for yourself. Nan, to buy minxes with, if you want to."

From Washington he writes: "Thank you, dear Nan, for your kind, hopeful letter. I have been very sick, very much disappointed; but I am better now and am only waiting for money to return. Can you wonder that I have kept this from you? You have so hard a time of it there, that I can not bear to have you worried if there is the least hope of a change in my affairs. God bless you and keep you and the children safe, for the sake of Frank."

Charles A. Dana and others came to his rescue, securing him an appointment by President Hayes as commercial agent at Crefeld, Prussia. "In June, 1878," writes Mr. Murdock, "he sailed for England, leaving his family at Sea Cliff, Long Island, little supposing that he could never see them or America again." Forebodings counted for much in Harte's life, and he seems to have had a premonition of the length of his exile.

On the day he reached Crefeld he wrote his wife in a despondent and homesick strain, and later a lugubrious letter to his little young son, about "fields that

seem to cry out with the remembrance of bloodshed and wrong" and where the ghosts of people who have suffered seem to throng the roads under the clear moon. But this mood soon gave way to interest in his surroundings as warmer hospitality was accorded him.

In 1880 he was made consul at Glasgow, Scotland, and lived there for five years. Afterwards he went to London, and with the exception of visits to the continent, continued there for the remaining seventeen years of his life. He died as the result of a surgical operation for cancer of the throat in March, 1902.

The substance of Mr. Murdock's closing remarks, which are in many ways an admirable epitome of Bret Harte's qualities, is as follows:

His deficiencies were trivial but damaging, and their heavy retribution he bore with dignity, retaining the respect of those who knew him.

As to what he was, as man and author, he is entitled to be judged by a jury of his peers. I could quote at length from a long list of associates of high repute, but they all concur fully with the comprehensive judgment of Ina Coolbrith, who knew him intimately. She says, "I can only speak of him in terms of unqualified praise as author, friend, and man."

Experience teaches the plodder, but the man of genius, supremely typified by Shakespeare, needs not to acquire knowledge slowly and painfully. Sympathy, imagination, and insight reveal truth, and as a plate, sensitized, holds indefinitely the records of the exposure, so Harte, forty years after in London, holds in consciousness the impressions of the days he spent in Tuolumne County. It is a great gift, a manifestation of genius. He had a fine background of inheritance and a lifetime of good training.

He was the artist, not the prophet. He was a delightful painter of the life he saw, an interpreter of the romance of his day, a keen but merciful satirist, a humorist without reproach, a patriot, a critic, and a kindly, modest gentleman. He was versatile, doing many things exceedingly well, and some things supremely well. He discerned the significance of the remarkable social conditions of early days in California and developed a marvelous power of presenting them in vivid and attractive form. His humor is unsurpassed. It is pervasive, like the perfume of a rose, never offending by violence. His style is a constant surprise and a never-ending delight. His spirit is kindly and generous. He finds good in unsuspected places, and he leaves hope for all mankind. He was sensitive, peace-loving, and indignant at wrong, a scorn of pretense, independent in thought, just in judgment. He surmounted many difficulties, bore suffering without complaint, and left with those who really knew him a pleasant memory. It would seem that he was a greater artist and a better man than is commonly conceded.

In failing to honor him California suffers. He should be cherished as her early interpreter, if not as her spirit's discoverer, and ranked high among those who have contributed to her fame.

But the essay concludes without a specific mention of "the trivial but damaging deficiencies" and the "heavy retribution" they entailed.

Those familiar with an old controversy will need no rehearsal of the facts to which Mr. Murdock so delicately alludes. They are very briefly these. In his twenty-two years' residence abroad Bret Harte severed all ties with his family and all but a fitful communication with his friends in America. His proud reticence and peculiar habit of detachment provoked numberless conjectures which he did not deign to comment on, except, as Pemberton records, by quoting the old Scottish motto, "They say. What say they. Let them say." Continuing resolutely in this attitude, he refused for many years to be interviewed, till unwisely consenting, he replied to certain questions with answers that enveloped the problem in greater mystery.

Much has been made of this uncertainty. Such trifles in his early life as that he read the "Pilgrim's Progress" with no feeling save amusement at what he considered a group of ludicrous characters, have been used to prove him destitute of moral sense. That he had little interest in religions or churches is taken by certain literal critics to indicate a lack of reverence for sacred things. That he was a poor correspondent is interpreted as implying a heartless neglect of friends and of domestic duties, and as proving him an irresponsible sentimentalist and egoist.

Mr. Murdock has indirectly answered much of this chatter, but he might have stressed his dissent to the specific charges that have been leveled at Harte. We do not know the unhappy cause of the latter's estrangement from his family, or of any of the attendant difficulties. On the other hand we do know that Harte introduced to the knowledge of Great Britain a truer model of Americanism than the country had theretofore known. He is remembered abroad as representing what before his advent had not been considered as even potential in the American character: dignity, modesty, and what Chesterton has called in his praise of Bret Harte the rarest qualities in American humor, "sympathy and reverence." At a time when a mere handful of his countrymen were living in London, and when the accepted notion of our national character was based on Dickens' "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," Bret Harte introduced to the respect of Europe, America and the West. Confronted by these traits that we can admire, we should be content to ignore the phases of his life that we can never hope to judge with the justice of full knowledge.

Mr. Murdock's very interesting volume includes chapters on the Humboldt Bay towns and the life of Old San Francisco, which will be reviewed in a later number.

A BACKWARD GLANCE AT EIGHTY: RECOLLECTIONS AND COMMENTS. By Charles A. Murdock. San Francisco: Paul Elder.

Graphite from which pencils are made is in part from Mexico and Ceylon.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending November 19, 1921, were \$152,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$182,100,000; a decrease of \$29,900,000.

It is quite natural that more attention is paid in financial quarters the world over to what is going on in Washington than to anything else. The remarkable definiteness and candor displayed by our Administration in announcing its policy in connection with the limitation of armaments struck the diplomatic world between the eyes. The whole attitude of our government and the American delega-

tion to the Conference is calculated to bring about really important results. If any iron hand is concealed in the velvet glove that Japan has been extending to us, it is just such policy as that disclosed at Washington that will reveal it and, presumably, in short order. It would seem a reasonable anticipation that, whatever else is accomplished, the spectre of another big war will be laid for a long time to come.

Business interests in this country and throughout the greater nations of the world will take new heart of hope if drastic armament limitations are to be finally announced. The proportion of money that our own gov-

will bring reduced prices, and here and there the market is softening.

There seems to be a much better sentiment among the large producers of copper than for some time past, although the current price tendency is not particularly favorable; and it would seem that, until the steel trade is really prospering again, one can not expect much in the copper metal market. This particularly as Europe is in no condition to buy largely from us as yet.

There has been a tendency on the part of shorts in the grain market to cover of late, and at times these markets have shown a great deal of strength. Certainly, if anything is cheap, most of the grains are cheap.

Coffee is one of the commodities that has for a long time been selling under pre-war levels, which latterly have developed very decided strength, helped by obvious manipulation on the part of the principal producing country. Coffee, however, in the last analysis will be, as ever, a supply-and-demand proposition, and crop developments will determine largely whether any big advances can be maintained in the market.

There has been a rather lively trade in cotton and wide fluctuations recently. The statistical position is definitely bullish, and any attempt at a bear campaign in this commodity would be dangerous, to say the least.

The United States Department of Labor, through the Bureau of Labor Statistics, has completed the compilations showing changes in the retail cost of food in eleven principal cities of the United States.

During the month from September 15 to October 15, 1921, there was a decrease in nine of these cities. In Milwaukee there was a decrease of 3 per cent., in Chicago, Detroit, and Indianapolis a decrease of 2 per cent., in Peoria and St. Louis a decrease of 1 per cent., in Newark a decrease of one-tenth of 1 per cent. In Columbus there was no change during the month, and in Mobile there was an increase of 1 per cent.

For the year period, October 15, 1920, to October 15, 1921, there was a decrease of 26 per cent. in Mobile, 25 per cent. in Detroit, 24 per cent. in Minneapolis and St. Louis, 23 per cent. in Chicago, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and Peoria, 22 per cent. in Bridgeport and Newark, and 21 per cent. in Columbus.

As compared with the average cost in the year 1913 the retail cost of food on October 15, 1921, showed an increase of 54 per cent. in Detroit, 53 per cent. in Chicago and St. Louis, 52 per cent. in Milwaukee, 50 per cent. in Newark, and 47 per cent. in Indianapolis and Minneapolis. Prices were not obtained from Bridgeport, Columbus, Mobile, or Peoria in 1913, hence no comparison for the eight-year period can be given for these cities.

In the past month we have witnessed a recall of the threatened nation-wide railroad strike; a further decline in rediscount rates at most of our Federal Reserve Banks and the Bank of England; further recovery in average commodity prices, which showed a gain of 2 3/4 per cent. over July 1st, when low level was reached for the present period; a continued decline in the number of idle freight cars, showing an improvement in railroad traffic; heavy buying of United States government bonds, which advanced the Victory 4 3/4 per cent. issue to par for the first

The outstanding feature in the steel trade has been the announced reduction by the Steel Corporation in the price of rails from \$47 to \$40 a ton. One fairly large-sized order has already been placed following this reduction, and it is probable that railroad requirements for next year will be filled around the \$40 figure. There is still, however, a great deal of room for reduction in the price of rails, especially if freight rates are reduced. In the trade generally there has been a slackening in the demand in most lines, on the theory that reduced freight rates

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time this year. These are a few of the signs that indicate progress in a slow, up-hill fight to regain our industrial equilibrium (says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in their November monthly letter).

Business men everywhere are operating conservatively and avoiding undue risks. The policy of hand-to-mouth buying that has so long prevailed is still followed in most industries. The reduced purchasing power of the people, due to wide unemployment, has led to slower retail trade in some sections; but the strike epidemic seems to have reached a convalescent stage, resulting in some reduction of unemployment and spotted signs of moderate revival. There has been some increase in the production of iron and steel, as well as in textile branches. New building operations throughout the country reflect fair activity and an improving outlook. The liquidating process is going on and the general credit strain steadily reducing.

The railroads are making some headway. While preliminary figures indicate that gross receipts for September, 1921, were 19.2 per cent. less than for September, 1920, a reduction of 26.2 per cent. in operating expenses



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left net earnings for September of this year at \$79,484,000, as against \$70,022,000 a year ago. The Eastern railroads alone cut expenses more than 29 per cent. The carriers are benefiting by more intelligent management and the increased efficiency naturally resulting from surplus labor. Recent advices indicate that a 10 per cent. cut in wages of railroad employees will be made effective as soon as practicable and that this saving will be passed on to the public through reductions in freight rates. Some of the roads have given out good-sized orders for rails, equipment, and rolling stock. These purchases promise to become a factor of large importance in the steel market, as the roads are badly in need of new supplies of various kinds.

The present market for high-grade bonds is the broadest, best organized, and strongest that has developed since the world war began. This undoubtedly is accounted for by the combined effect of lower money rates and a continued diversion of capital from the usual channels of business as a result of high wages and excessive taxes. The sharp rise in Liberty Bonds has been of immense assistance, for there are more United States government bonds in the hands of investors today than bonds of any other description. Demand for good foreign government bonds continue broad and active. Within the last seven years

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ernment has spent since its organization for actual and potential war purposes and as the result of wars is so enormous as compared to the total amount raised by people for government purposes as to startle one when he considers the figures and thinks what might have been had all this money been used for constructive rather than destructive purposes.

So far as the stock market is concerned, however, harring some jubilation that might possibly occur, we do not think the effects even of the acceptance of the proposals by all parties concerned will result in any immediate very early changes in general business, and consequently it would be policy to take advantage of any such opportunity to get rid especially of those stocks that have been advanced a great deal during the past month or so against the short interest and on buying

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the American people have absorbed \$2,869,000,000 of foreign government bonds and notes. These represent straight purchases and do not include our government credits to the Allies, or the bonds sold by foreign provinces, states, or cities. Nearly all of these investments have given satisfaction. Something less than half of the original flotations are still held here, allowing for the issues that have been paid off or return to the other side.

Mr. J. H. Vinter, local manager of the

South American Bank earned gross profits during their last financial year just ended of £2,169,294, which sum is only £80,000 less than in the previous twelve months of prosperity.

During the three weeks prior to November 15th the market generally showed a strong upturn in which oils, industrials, and coppers were the principal participants, in the order named. During the first part of the upturn the public in general kept out, anticipating a reaction such as had been the rule after every previous upturn this year. When the reaction failed to materialize, however, many investors and traders began to fear that they had "guessed wrong," came into the market, and their buying, coupled with some short covering, carried a strong market well along into the middle of November. On the 15th, 16th, and 17th came some reaction, creating new buying opportunity (says A. W. Coote in the *Market Bulletin*).

Reduction of rediscount rates; indefinitely setting aside a labor war between the railroads and their employees; advances of Pennsylvania grades of crude oil to \$4 per barrel as compared with a low of \$2.25 for 1921 in July; a substantial betterment in the statistical position of copper metal, and better volume and increased optimism in business circles, all played their part in the market improvement shown. We see no reason why the bulk of the news coming henceforth should not be of a constructive nature. Continuance of good news relative to finance and commerce, coupled with still further declines in money rates, should cause the markets to do much better than they are now doing. They seem to be gathering force for a long upswing.

Any too rapid advance can hardly fail to bring its good reaction, but it may be that frequently when reactions are expected the market will but flatten temporarily, then begin to creep up, leaving behind those who expected to buy securities lower. This especially applies to investment bonds, preferred and common stocks. When "flat" places occur, we suggest that it may be the part of wisdom for those expecting declines to make part of their purchases on the dull spots, and be prepared to buy on a scale down if they go lower. Should they fail to go lower, the purchaser will not be left entirely out in the cold.

These issues have lacked "ginger" since the strike was called off; partly because many feel the trouble is but delayed, and partially because of fear of pending rate cuts. In the meantime earnings generally are very favorable, and the time is nearing when the roads will be given funds due from the government. High-class investment rails seem to be on the bargain counter.

Strassburger & Co., 133 Montgomery Street, have displayed in their windows cards of a most interesting and instructive character. These cards contain valuable information dealing with the disarmament conference from week to week, with maps and much statistical information.

Carstens & Earles, Inc., are offering \$3,205,000 City of Seattle, Washington, municipal light and power 6 per cent. gold bonds, in denominations of \$1000, exempt from all Fed-

eral income taxes, maturing yearly from November 1, 1927, to November 1, 1931.

Seattle, the water and rail gateway to and from all the northwestern portion of the United States, having one of the two most important harbors on the Pacific Coast, with terminals of four transcontinental railways—Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and Union Pacific—is a substantially built, growing city. The commercial importance of a city the size of Seattle, whose manufacturing and industrial activities are extensive and widely diversified, is greatly added to by its constantly increasing Oriental, South and Central American, Alaskan, and coastwise trade. These are factors that make Seattle, not only one of the greatest distributing centres in America, but the metropolis of the Northwest.

They are also offering a new issue of \$150,000 Calipatria Union High School District, Imperial County, California, 6 per cent. general obligation gold bonds.

The Calipatria Union High School District consists of 114 square miles situated in the fertile Imperial Valley twenty miles north of El Centro, the county seat of Imperial County. It includes a well-developed irrigated agricultural section and the town of Calipatria.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is offering, in denominations of \$500, \$10,000 City of Enterprise, Oregon, 6 per cent. improvement bonds, due September 1, 1931.

Enterprise, the county seat of Wallowa County and the commercial and financial centre of its section, is situated in the northeastern corner of Oregon, 365 miles east of Portland. It is a modern, progressive city with good water, sewer, and electric light systems, paved streets, excellent schools, complete business facilities, including large stores, warehouses, grain elevator, two banks, and a large sawmill, the monthly payroll of which is in excess of \$40,000. Transportation is furnished by the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company (Union Pacific system).

Wallowa County, much of which is tributary to Enterprise, is a large producer of grain, alfalfa, livestock, and lumber. There are 5,000,000,000 feet of standing timber in the county, one of the most extensive bodies of pine timber in the state.

Reid Bros. of this city, manufacturers and exporters of hospital supplies, are pioneering an industrial movement by the development of a major manufacturing enterprise at Irvington across the bay in upper Alameda County. Heretofore in the main industries have shown a tendency to crowd together in the Potrero or along the Estuary in Oakland, the popular understanding being that superior advantages were thereby gained.

In discussion of the matter President M. L. Reid of the company says that greater advantage is offered by moving out into the country, provided there are transportation facilities, water, and power, and that he is only following the example of many enterprises throughout the Middle West.

By going out into the country, says Reid, land is available for the most efficient factory planning, and the workmen are somewhat remote from the industrial turmoil. He is building a large number of bungalows, each provided with half an acre of land, which will be sold to workmen on easy payments, and is of the opinion that between his employment, the growing of a garden, and the tending of poultry the workman will have little time for the discussion of labor issues and little interest in them.

Reid Bros. is the only firm on the Pacific Coast manufacturing hospital supplies. The territory has over 1200 hospitals and the business has grown to an annual sales record of over \$1,000,000. Branches are maintained in many foreign countries and their salesmen travel over all the world.

Delegates from the California Lumbermen's Association with headquarters in San Francisco returned recently from a convention of the Southern California Retail Lumber Dealers' Association, which was held at Los Angeles, Saturday, November 12th, Mr. R. A. Hiscox, a prominent lumber dealer of San Francisco and a director of the state association, and J. Hal Hunter, secretary-treasurer of the California State Association, being among the principal speakers of the day. Mr. A. Hubbard, a prominent lumberman of San Jose and a director of the state association, was also a delegate.

The main topic of the day was the building up of the new state association, and scarcely a speech was made in which it was not mentioned favorably.

The result of the discussion of the California State Association of Lumbermen was a motion of hearty endorsement by the Southern California dealers' organization which was unanimously carried.

Mr. Weaver, president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, was introduced by Toastmaster Davies, a well-known Los Angeles lumberman. As the principal speaker at the banquet, Mr. Weaver acclaimed Los



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Angeles the logical shipping centre of the West Coast, but had to include Mexico to justify his statement.

Mr. George Cornwall, editor of the *Timbermen*, a lumber trade paper published in Portland, Oregon, took exception to Mr. Weaver's statement, however, by reminding him he should not forget that Canada was on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Cornwall's talk at the morning session of the convention was

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to the effect that if we as associations and lumber dealers want publicity through the press we can find no more effective way of securing the same than by having our names on the advertising account of the various daily newspapers and trade journals. He urged each member who hadn't an account with their local newspaper to start one immediately on their return from the convention.

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Commercial Bank of Spanish America, Ltd., recently returned from a trip to England and other financial centres. During his stay in London he had occasion to interview the directors of the Anglo-South American Bank, Ltd., as well as the Commercial Bank of Spanish America, Ltd., and taking into consideration the great difficulties of South American trade during the past year, he says it seems a great tribute to the efficiency of the management of our institution that the Anglo-

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It is the custom with the younger school of British novelists to exhibit an amazing candor for the delectation of their readers. In the Victorian age literary men concealed everything from women; in the present epoch, nothing. Of course the result is a lot of spicy reading. Choose books by authors of the strictly modern school—J. D. Beresford, Alfred Swinerton, D. H. Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie, Michael Kennerly—and one can considerably trim up their knowledge of life.

W. L. George, however, seems to be the author of least reserves. He can give more kicks to a chapter than most of the ultra-moderns because he has the least sense of literary reticence. It is very plain that he follows the methods of Anatole France, who has long since found out that if you are a man of mind and the world knows it you can write or say anything you please; but particularly write.

"Ursula Trent," Mr. George's most recent novel, affords a speaking example of how far an author can go. It is the life-story of an English girl of county family, who, hored to extinction by the dullness following directly after the war, abruptly left home and people and threw herself on London for a living. She wrested it from destiny and kept straight for awhile. But the insidious effect of poverty, loneliness, and the examples all around her finally wore out her resistance.

From this period in Ursula's life until she is finally moored, at the age of thirty, in a calm haven that she didn't deserve, the book reads like a leisurely revision of the recollections and experiences of a lifetime.

The novelist has made his Ursula write in the first person, and possibly it is true that he shows "an uncanny knowledge and understanding of what women think and feel"; thus it is put in the publisher's printed comment on the book; but uncanny? Is it uncanny for a writer to utilize everything he knows of the underside of life in order to shed illumination on a woman's character? That, very plainly, is what the author has done. Ursula is a curious combination of man and woman, because of the method that has been used. She lacks charm. If she didn't have looks one would wonder why the men bothered her so much.

I have an idea that both men and women will have a fastidious distaste for Ursula; the women because of the elements of uncompromising, rather brutal truth in the portrait; the men because the novelist ruthlessly grinds their woman-idealization to small bits.

Mr. George keeps the vision of his reader pretty strictly limited to the flesh, and as the book is long and leisurely, those who like the occasional gleam of a skyey horizon will end with a horrid sense of satiation. He gives his readers too prolonged, too intimate, too detailed an acquaintance with these tawdry denizens of the unreal world of pleasure in London who belong to a sort of in-between layer composed of rich women-stalkers, film actresses, and kept women. Their society, which gives a fillip at first, does not remain stimulating, and the reader, unless given to an inordinate taste for a flesh-bound horizon, will be apt to resent the author's leisureliness.

One great barrier against a sympathetic rapprochement between Ursula and the reader is the constant perception that her bolts from the straight life are not caused by actual need. And thus, in the book, you miss the sense of struggle.

Ursula is really one of the fruits of the war. We must concede truth in the depiction of her character and acts, and truth, they say, is beauty. But a too-insistent dwelling on unpleasant truths causes the beauty to deteriorate into ugliness. And somehow the record doesn't seem worth while. We don't like Ursula, we don't like her lovers. Our sympathies have no exercise, and the best part of the book is confined to some very true reflections, in the first half-dozen chapters, perhaps, concerning the thoroughly flabby part played preceding the war, and possibly since, by the upper class of England in helping along in the world's work.

Perhaps the mental indigestion we feel about Ursula's life when we close the book is intended by the author so that we may realize that there should be no purely leisure class, but if so we are unable to overlook Ursula's moral derelictions after she joined the working class. Nor are we able to free ourselves from a suspicion that these exceedingly up-to-the-minute novelists are animated by a keen desire well recognized by the psychologist: an irresistible itch, particularly experienced by salacious-minded urchins, to pass on to others a knowledge of the vices and corruptions of human life and character.—J. H. P.

URSULA TRENT. By W. L. George. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

Topless Towers.

An experience that most of us have tested at some time or other is the rather unusual theme of "Topless Towers." Familiar as the phenomenon is in daily life, it is still one of the ideas that are carefully kept out of fiction, on the principle, no doubt, that a novel should remove us from the sordid plane of existence as it is.

The plot of "Topless Towers" is the familiar triangular one, with a difference. But the thing that gives the book quality is not plot or even characters, but atmosphere. Margaret Ashmun has caught the spirit of what Bennett calls "greasy domesticity" in a manner that marks her as an artist and her work as serious fiction. She is a realist in a manner all her own. She does not emphasize sordidness. In fact, there is about her accurate chiaroscuro something that would tempt a perfunctory criticism of "photographic." But if it is photography, it is artistic photography and deserves praise for acquitting itself creditably in its own field. We suspect, however, that "Topless Towers" was written as a psychological study, rather than a realistic one. For its theme, which we have strayed away from, is the peculiar effect of one positive personality upon an equally positive other. The idea could have been perfunctorily presented, and often has been, with the protagonists husband and wife. We think it was a particularly happy thought of Miss Ashmun to endow her two personalities with the same sex. By choosing two young women for her principal characters the author has removed her book in one sweep from all classification of sensationalism. To refer once more to Arnold Bennett—he would probably say that "Topless Towers" was lacking in a first-class theme. For our own part, we

do not share his penchant for primary colors. "These Twain," which rejoices in the same theme as "Topless Towers"—that of domestic friction—is needless to say a more powerful hook. But we do not hesitate to say that "Topless Towers" is a more accurate one. As a painstaking though never laborious study of the effect of action and reaction "Topless Towers" ranks as high as any psychological novel we know. As an artistic whole, its effect is somewhat marred by too great subservience to details. It is an unmistakable feminine novel in its cataloguing of dress, furniture, and so on. If Miss Ashmun can keep intact her gift of delicately measuring the emotions of men and women and at the same time acquire a greater freedom of draughtsmanship, she should become a factor in American fiction.

TOPLESS TOWERS. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Brief Reviews.

"McGill and Its Story, 1821-1921," by Cyrus Macmillan (John Lane Company), is the history of a Canadian university that began as a small college intended for the use of the local community and that has grown in one hundred years to serve the world. The story is one of epochs rather than of individuals and biographic material has been reduced to the minimum consistent with giving the development of an educational centre which reflects the development of the Dominion itself.

"A Loiterer in Paris," by Helen W. Henderson (George H. Doran Company; \$5), is the third of the author's loiterer volumes. It is not a guide book to Paris so much as an interpretation of some of the more characteristic aspects of Paris. The author describes Roman monuments, transition churches, Gothic Paris, and the French architecture of the Renaissance. The illustrations will be a delight to all lovers of architecture and sculpture.

"Producing in Little Theatres," by Clarence Stratton (Henry Holt & Co.), is an up-to-date book on the technique of the little theatre from the production standpoint. The scope of the book is very wide, ranging from the organization of amateur and educational dramatists to the most precise details of setting, costume, make-up, etc. An appendix includes a list of one hundred full-length plays and one hundred one-act plays. The numerous illustrations will be very interesting to students of the little theatre movement.

"Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors," edited by Barrett H. Clark (Little, Brown & Co.; \$3), is a collection of twenty one-act plays, representative of the work of modern British and Irish playwrights. The volume is a companion to "Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors," edited by Margaret Mayorga and published in 1919. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the little theatre and an interesting collection of one-act plays for readers interested in this phase of dramatic art.

A very handsome book and an interesting chapter of American history is a "Maritime History of Massachusetts, 1783-1860," by S. E. Morison (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5). It is a story of maritime enterprise, of the shipping and fishing belonging to one American commonwealth. The author says he has chosen to "catch the story at half flood, when Massachusetts vessels first sought Far Eastern waters, and to stay with it only so long as wind and sail would serve. For to one who has sailed a clipper ship, even in fancy, all later modes of ocean carriage must seem decadent."

The Century Company says that comments provoked by "Sword of Liberty," recently published by them, has impressed them with the fact that the average American seems never to have heard of George Washington Lafayette. It seems strange that his story was not exploited during the war-time resurgence of enthusiasm about Lafayette and his noble friendship for this country; yet how many Americans know that Lafayette had a son named after his fast friend, General Washington, or that the boy was at one time a refugee in this country? The story is part

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of the background of the account of two revolutions—American and French—contained in the book. Following the earlier phase of the French Revolution, during which Lafayette was so immensely popular, and after the hostility to his moderation had developed which drove him into exile, he sent his son to America, to the care of the American George Washington for whom he was named. It was this boy, according to the authors, Frank W. and Corielle J. Hutchins, who, on returning from America, dug up from the garden of the Paris residence where they had been buried, the two swords given to Lafayette by the American Congress and the French Republic in recognition of his services in the two revolutions. This Georges Washington Motier de La Fayette was born in 1779; he was therefore but thirteen when he fled to America in 1792 and his distinguished father to the neutral territory of Liège.

Mark Twain's Birthday.

The 30th of November is Mark Twain's birthday. The beloved humorist would have been eighty-six on that day, if he had lived. His biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, in writing of Mark Twain's passion for playing billiards, a hobby which endured to the last, comments upon his great physical endurance and perpetual youth. "I was comparatively a young man, and by no means an invalid," Mr. Paine writes, "but many a time far in the night, when I was ready to drop with exhaustion, he was still as fresh and buoyant and eager for the game as at the moment of beginning. He smoked and smoked continually, and followed the endless track around the billiard table with the light step of youth. At 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning he would urge just one more game, and would taunt me for my weariness. I can truthfully testify that never until the last year of his life did he willingly lay down the billiard cue, or show the least suggestion of fatigue. He played always at high pressure. Now and then, in periods of adversity, he would fly into a perfect passion with things in general. But in the end it was a sham battle, . . . and we went on playing as if nothing had happened, only he was very gentle and sweet, like the sun on the meadows after the storm had passed by." Mr. Paine recalls that after one of these clouds had dispersed, Mark Twain said: "This is a most amusing game. When you play badly it amuses me, and when I play badly and lose my temper it certainly must amuse you."

The word nicotine is derived from the name of Jean Nicot, French Ambassador to Portugal, who brought seeds of the tobacco plant to Catherine de Medici.

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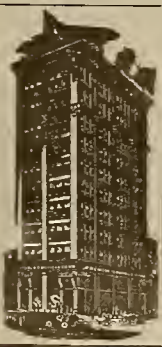
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The Sport of Our Ancestors.

Dedicated to the art of fox-hunting is the particularly attractive book edited by Lord Willoughby de Broke and which he has called "The Sport of Our Ancestors." The book is a collection of sketches and poems taken from old English sporting annals, and is a literary curiosity in addition to being a joy to lovers of hunting and horses. As a gift book to one of the latter "The Sport of Our Ancestors" could not be rivaled. The beautiful illustrations by G. D. Armour, with their happy atmosphere of old English prints, are in themselves a treat to the discerning. And the author's collection of sporting lore is exhilarating reading to even the uninitiate.

THE SPORT OF OUR ANCESTORS. Edited and selected with an introduction and appreciations by Lord Willoughby de Broke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$10.

San Francisco Vignettes.

Almira Bailey by her own confession is a "Connecticut Yankee," now in San Francisco and communicating her impressions of the West to the columns of the *Journal*, which, it may be said, they adorn. Miss Bailey has published some forty-five of her clever little vignettes in volume form, and the word clever is far from being only a figure of speech. A somewhat jaded reviewer has read them all, not from a sense of duty, but *con amore*, and he suggests that there could be no better present to absent Californians, who will then experience an access of the homesickness that may bring them back again.

VIGNETTES OF SAN FRANCISCO. By Almira Bailey. San Francisco: The San Francisco Journal.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

J. C. Snaith, whose new novel, "The Council of Seven," has just been published by the Appletons, is addicted to cricket, and his ardor for the game sent him this fall on a fortnight's tour in England. One of the other members of the team was another novelist, Ralph Straus, whose most recent work is "Pengard Awake" (Appleton).

Stephane Lauzanne, famous editor of the Paris *Le Matin* and author of the recently published "Great Men and Great Days" (Appleton), has arrived in this country to report the International Conference for the Limitation of Armament for his paper. M. Lauzanne's shrewd observation and able pen can be counted on to provide some of the most valuable and understanding comments upon

the conference. There are still hopes that he will encounter once more Mr. Lloyd George, whose appearance in Washington has been delayed. The pen portrait of the English prime minister is among the most brilliant in "Great Men and Great Days," where M. Lauzanne speaks of "the ebullient and fluid statesman" as "a political eel." Concerning M. Aristide Briand, France's premier, who heads the delegation to the present conference, "Great Men and Great Days" contains the following: "Our constitution," M. Aristide Briand exclaimed one day, with his illuminating irony, 'resembles a porcelain dinner service of very fine quality, beautifully decorated, every piece of which is cracked.'

The Harold V. Harnsworth chair of American history at Oxford University has been offered to S. E. Morison, lecturer on history at Harvard. Mr. Morison has a reputation for distinguished scholarship, especially in the sea-faring nations. He has recently written a "Maritime History of Massachusetts" (Houghton Mifflin Company), in which he covers the period from 1783 to 1860. It has a brilliancy as well as scholarship which promises well for his success at Oxford.

"A Shepherd's Life," by W. H. Hudson, which has been out of print for years, has just been reissued by the Duttons. The earlier edition has been very hard to get in this country. It is exactly the same volume, except that it has a different frontispiece, already known to those fortunate few who made its acquaintance eight or ten years ago. The illustrations, mainly head and tail pieces, from pen drawings by Bernard C. Gotch, are not only beautiful and interesting, but seem also to be peculiarly in harmony with the spirit of the text. A new and rather sad interest attaches to the book, since it deals chiefly with that Salisbury Plain that paid its toll to the war and under the feet of hundreds of thousands of training men gave up so much of its beauty.

William Dean Howells and the "wof," a word coined by him to describe a certain type of fiction, figure prominently in the columns of the *Liverpool Courier*. It seems that a young and enterprising English publisher, Jonathan Cape of London, has declared that the "wof" is flooding the English bookstalls, and that this objectionable form of the novel is being dumped into England "after America is tired of it." Mr. Cape quotes at length Mr. Howells' description of the "wof," contrivances which have nothing to do with life, unless to falsify it, and which have lay figures as characters, picturesquely appareled, endowed with inhuman characteristics of either diabolical villainy or idiotic kindness.

An interesting pen picture of the great Marshal Ferdinand Foch appears in Charles H. L. Johnston's "Famous Generals of the Great War," published by the Page Company in their Famous Leaders Series. According to Mr. Johnston, "Foch is thoroughly of a Gallic turn of mind; that is, he is vivacious and imaginative. He is a pure type of the Frenchman or the Gaul, whom Caesar fought, and who has been characterized as of 'indomitable spirit and ready for any emergency.' He is as pure a type of his nation as General Pershing is of the United States or General Haig of Scotland; a lean, quick-gestured, intellectual, aggressive 'priest of offensive warfare.' He moves alertly upon his feet, and is, according to his friends, seen at his best when mounted upon his favorite horse, for he then looks much more than his 5 feet 6 inches of height and much less than his sixty-six years. . . . Every man has some bad habit, or there is a general fault about him, and it is said, to his detriment, in a land where smoking is often practiced to excess, and at a time when there is more of it than ever before, Foch is one of the champions. He is never without a cigarette between his fingers, but generally this cigarette is allowed to go out."

In Gerald Friedlander's "Shakespeare and the Jew," brought out last week by the Duttons, the author shows what were the historical sources of Shakespeare's Shylock and of the story of the pledge of the pound of the flesh. The latter he finds to have had its origin in tales of the feudal ages in which Jews were not introduced. He explains also why the story finally came to be given that connection. Other chapters deal with the Jew in pre-Shakespearean and post-Shakespearean drama, while still another makes a careful and penetrating study of Shakespeare's portrayal of Shylock, into which is introduced full evidence from history of the position occupied at that time by the Jews in Europe and of the attitude toward them of the English and other peoples. The present work, which is at once scholarly and interesting, sets forth the social and economic life of the Jew in Europe during the feudal ages.

New Books Received.

THE TECHNIQUE OF PAGEANTRY. By Lidwood Taft. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$2.

A LOITERER IN PARIS. By Helen W. Henderson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$5. Impressions of Paris.

THE GREATEST AMERICAN. By Arthur Hendrick



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Vandenberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

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THE MARGIN OF HESITATION. By Frank Moore Colby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Essays.

THE LIFE OF HENRI FABRE. By the Abbé Augustin Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Biography.

THE BEGGAR'S VISION. By Brookes More. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Company; \$2. Verse.

ALMOND-BLOSSOM. By Olive Wadsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A novel.

A PRIMER OF COOKING. By Dorothy M. Hamilton. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

NIGHTFALL. By Anthony Pryde. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A novel.

THE FOLLY OF NATIONS. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. International psychology.

A PENNY WHISTLE; TOGETHER WITH THE BABETTE BALLADS. By Bert Leston Taylor. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50. Verse.

MY CHINESE MARRIAGE. By M. T. F. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.75. The story of an American-Chinese marriage.

TRAPPING WILD ANIMALS IN MALAY JUNGLES. By Charles Mayer. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50. Big game hunting.

THE BLACK MOON. By Georgette Heyer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.90. A romance of the eighteenth century.

A MAGNIFICENT FARCE, AND OTHER DIVERSIONS OF A BOOK-COLLECTOR. By A. Edward Newton. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

THE COMPLETE YACHTSMAN. By B. Heckstall-Smith and Captain E. Du Boulay. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$8.

FAMOUS DOGS IN FICTION. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60.

THE SETTLEMENT OF WAGE DISPUTES. By Herbert Feis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

A system for settling labor disputes in all industries.

POEMS OF THE DANCE. Edited and illustrated by Edward R. Dickson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

An anthology.

THE LITERATURE OF ECSTASY. By Albert Morrell. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.50. A study of the nature of poetry.

MORE ABOUT UNKNOWN LONDON. By Walter George Bell. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.

THE BRIARY BUSH. By Floyd Dell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50. Sequel to "Moon-Calf."

THE CHINA SHOP. By G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50. A novel.

WILD JUSTICE. By Lloyd Osbourne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50. Stories of the South Seas.

MARCH ON. By George Madden Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2. A novel.

IN THE EYES OF THE EAST. By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Travel.

TRADING WITH MEXICO. By Wallace Thompson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. The story of present-day Mexico.

WANDERING FIRES. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Company; \$2. A novel.

VIGILS. By Aline Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25. Verse.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Volume

V. By Edward Channing. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The period of transition, 1815-1848.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES, 1853-1921. By Payson J. Treat. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A résumé of the Pacific problems.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50.

THE FUGITIVE. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2. Poetic drama, etc.

THE TRAGEDY OF NAN. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2. A play in three acts.

A YOUNG GIRL'S DIARY. With a preface by Sigmond Freud. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$5. The autobiography of a girl from the age of eleven to fourteen.

FROM PRIVATE TO FIELD MARSHAL. By Sir William Robertson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5. Autobiography.

THE BALD FACE. By Hal G. Evarts. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$3. Animal stories.

DOWN THE COLUMBIA. By Lewis R. Freeman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Travel and description.

PRODUCING IN LITTLE THEATRES. By Clarence Stratton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. The technique of the little theatre.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD WEST. By Hal G. Evarts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50. The story of the vanishing animal life of the West.

THE YOUNG ENCHANTED. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2. A novel.

DOLF. By F. E. Baily. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2. A novel.

NOBODY'S MAN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. A novel.

TO HIM THAT HATH. By Ralph Connor. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75. A novel.

LIFE'S MINOR COLLISIONS. By Frances and Gertrude Warner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50. Essays.

A TREASURY OF PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3.

FISH COOKERY. By Evelene Spencer and John N. Cobb. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. Six hundred recipes.

THE TONY SARG MARIONETTE BOOK. By F. J. McIsaac. With two plays for home-made marionettes by Anne Stoddard. New York: B. W. Huchsch Company; \$1.

CHILDREN'S GAMES FOR ALL SEASONS. By Teresa M. Bruck. Chicago: Stanton & Van Vleet Company.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES. By Laura Roundtree Smith. Chicago: Stanton & Van Vleet Company. Juvenile.

THE BIG TOWN. By Ring Lardner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.75.

BEAU RAND. By Charles Alden Seltzer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.90. A novel.

TEAM PLAY. By George G. Livermore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75. A story for boys.

LITTLE LADY COMB. By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Juvenile.

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"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

The industry of picture-play producers, no doubt, suggested to the enterprising manager who, first in London, drew "The Beggar's Opera" from its resting place on the shelf that there are still many unused treasures that can be utilized on the boards. "The Beggar's Opera" had its two-year run in a near-London theatre, and that, of course, meant that New York would see it. Not being obliged to depend on the London production, local enterprise contrived a representation of the piece in the Greenwich Village Theatre. Evidently making a poor start, it picked up, has good houses, and subsequently achieved success in Chicago and some of the Canadian cities. Probably it is playing in Los Angeles now.

But that accounts for our luck in having the English company come directly here. For the original producer has entered into the spirit and real intention of Gay's work with such thoroughness that every expression, gesture, pose of the players, as well as the unusually well-contrived stage pictures show rollicking travesty, but travesty descended from another epoch.

Gay was burlesquing the faults and follies, not only of the operatic and dramatic stage, but of the times. We do not, in these days of unceremonious brusquerie—at least it is so with the Anglo-Saxons—make ourselves liable to the ridicule of such a burlesque. But our literature and traditions and some lingering remnants of stage and fictional fustian that still survive, enable us to see and enjoy the point thoroughly.

Gay's idea was to remove the action from the locale of courts and castles to the low resorts of highwaymen, cut-throats, cut-purses, and courtesans. All these people, however, would, while candidly discussing seduction, thievery, and murder, go through their paces with the utmost grace and ceremony. A first-class group of singing burlesquers is there to interpret Gay's work, which is so charged with spirit and gaiety, and the true essence of travesty that back from close on to two hundred years ago we feel flowing down to us in a broad current the true spirit of fun and humor.

If the enjoyment of the Columbia Theatre audience—an excellent one in size, in spite of a rainy night—was any guarantee, the general class of auditors are in for the keenest enjoyment. The dialogue, old-fashioned in form, has a rich, unctuous flavor of travesty. William S. Gilbert must have studied and enjoyed this work when he was first embarking upon his career as a writer of burlesque opera. The London producer evidently studied prints and paintings illustrating Gay's work, for the stage pictures are well worthy the admiration of artists. Many of the groupings, carrying out the idea of stately burlesque—for while the spirit is rollicking, the poses and the talk are enchantingly ceremonious—are so conventionalized as to be strictly symmetrical. And while the charmingly pretty English girls weave slow, graceful paces, hold their picturesque draperies prettily, and sink to the floor in the deepest curtsys, while their parents duly instruct them in the technique of blackmail, seduction, and murder, most edifying gestures of parental approval and filial submission make absurd contrast to the motive of the dialogue.

The "opera" must have been used as the model for musical comedy. There is no continual orchestration, the characters bursting into song and dance at the appropriate moment. All the dances are beautifully done, and both songs and dances have a delightful old-time spirit that adds greatly to the novel flavor of the general entertainment. One may hear famous old English ballads that we never heard before. Some of the numbers have the swing and culminating harmonies of madrigals, and, sung in fine, ringing ensemble, convey an exhilarating suggestion to the listeners. One of the numbers seemed to have the melody of one of Ophelia's songs. Some music has been added to the original setting, composed by Frederic Austin. We do not know which is his, but he has fallen into the style of the old music apparently, for there is no clash or incongruity.

Some of the numbers are full of feeling and pensive charm; notably those sung by Polly Peachum. Sylvia Nelis as Polly Peachum, a pretty young thing with a be-

guiling look of big-eyed innocence, enchanted the audience with her demure graces and pretty, rhythmic curtsys, and when she and Percy Heming, who made a most fascinating rogue of Macheath, the highwayman, danced like two feathers across the stage in "Over the hills and far away," the audience, like children demanding the repetition of a fairy-tale refrain, insisted on retasting the original savor of the thing again and again.

Miss Nelis sang the prettiest little pensive airs in a sweet little maidenly soprano suited to the gentle and submissive Polly, while Celia Turrill as the fiery and jealous Lucy Lockit injected rebellion and hot blood in her dramatic soprano. Lena Maitland gave a depiction of that curtsying beldame, Mrs. Peachum, in the pure spirit of burlesque. A noticeable feature shared by the company generally, was a marked ability in pantomime, the slightest gesture often conveying a felicitously complete suggestion.

Besides these already mentioned, several other players, Alfred Heather as the self-important Fileh, and Messrs. Wynn and Magrath as the edifyingly unprincipled rogues who fathered and counseled Polly and Lucy, deserve special mention, but indeed every single character acted well and spoke delightfully.

One shouldn't neglect a special mention of Percy Heming as Macheath. He made him such an old-time, shapely, graceful, light-heeled, gay-spirited, delectable rogue; the born yet merry, carefree centre of feminine competition and emotional tempests.

Really, something unique, notably well and even strikingly produced, excellently acted, delightfully sung, is this "Beggars' Opera," whose fun, like old wine, has mellowed during two centuries, so that it goes to the head of modern audiences, and makes them smack their lips with gusto over its rich and original flavor.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT."

The English mode of expression in the title of this play, written by an English actress and bearing on the English divorce law, rather puzzled Americans at first, when the play was brought to New York. They rather thought it was a farce-comedy, but although cast in the form of drawing-room comedy, it turned out to be a play of serious motive. Not having nearly so much point in this country, where divorce is so much more easily obtained than with the conservative British, yet the play is so fundamentally dramatic in its depiction of the terrible crisis in the life of a woman who is called on to choose between a crucifying sacrifice and justifiable happiness that "A Bill of Divorcement" has been pronounced by critics to be the best play of the New York season.

Written in a tone of refined yet thoroughly modern comedy, its dialogue is as simple and natural as it is possible to make it. Its characters are life-like and individualistic, and every remark that falls from their lips is consistent and stamps the clash and conflict of character.

Clemence Dane, the author, is a born dramatist, her experience on the stage having left not a trace of superficial theatricality upon her instinct for the highly dramatic.

The story is that of a wife who was divorced in 1932—the play having been thus dated beyond the present in order to allow partly a seemingly amount of time to elapse for her shell-shocked husband to recover his sanity and partly for the imaginary workings of the "bill of divorcement"—which is only just now approaching its English trial—to come to the relief of the wife; who says to the wooer who has won her timid, mid-Victorian scruples to compliance, "All the days of your life to stand at the window, Hilary, and watch the sun shining on the other side of the road—it's hard, it's hard on a woman."

Margaret is a feminine, loving, self-sacrificing being, a born wife; not a touch in her of the clear-headed, unsentimental modernness of Sydney, her daughter, who has a protecting feeling for the gentle, too-yielding mother whom she adores.

Margaret has been divorced a twelve-month, and the time of her second wedding draws near, when drama is abruptly precipitated into the peaceful outlook by the return of the ex-husband, who, suddenly finding himself cured and sane, escapes from the asylum and goes straight home.

The instinct for simple, straight drama, the drama of life, is shown by Clemence Dane's handling of the resultant situation. The wife is free, but of this her former husband is unaware. He has come home cured and is pitifully happy. Things are made easier, however, for the conflicting sympathies of the auditors by the discovery that there is insanity in the husband's family, that he is a man given to sudden rages, and that the woman had married him in pure pity for his all-demanding love.

But he again implores her pity when he discovers that they are divorced. The woman, swayed by her compassion, yields to his prayer, when the daughter, strong, resolute, protective, cuts the Gordian knot. She

has just discovered that there is the taint of insanity in the family on the father's side; that shell shock alone is not responsible. With characteristic decision she dismisses her own wooer and rescues her mother, offering herself as a nurse and companion to her father.

After-thoughts will cause the auditor of such a play to realize from what a Gehenna of suffering the wives of such martyrs to the war will be rescued by the bill now taking shape in England. Sentimentalists will deem such divorces. But the author of the play puts illuminating words into the mouth of the family doctor, who is summoned when Hilary returns. He points out to the hapless Hilary that his duty is still sacrifice. He and his daughter are the unfit. "It is," he says, "the old wisdom of the scapegoat. It is expedient that one man should die for the people. . . . When conditions are evil, your duty, in spite of protests, in spite of sentiment, your duty, though you trample on the bodies of your nearest and dearest, to do it, though you bleed your own heart white, your duty is to see that those conditions are changed. If your laws forbid you, you must change your laws. If your church forbids you, you must change your church. And if your God forbids you, why, then you must change your God."

Incidentally, or rather by inference, the author gives a few raps at the English social code and the established church which generates so many old women of both sexes; for the antediluvian rector causes suffering to Margaret, who is a twentieth-century mid-Victorian, by refusing to pronounce marriage over a divorced woman.

Also, she shows what numerous little shallow pits of conventional observances form traps for the frank and the unwary. It is, in the earlier phases of the play, shocking of Sydney, the daughter—the heroic Sydney, who eventually plays the rôle of a twentieth-century Iphigenia—to mention her father's case without a hint of decorous emotion. Aunt Hester belongs to the old order; the order that martyrizes itself on Sundays, avoids the mention of realities, and thinks it shockingly unwomanly for an engaged girl to mention the possibility of having children after she is married.

Aunt Hester is a holy terror; but the spectator derives considerable satisfaction from observing that the clear-sighted, matter-of-factly courageous Sydney is more than a match for her. For Sydney belongs to the new, militant order of youth that charges intrepidly upon worn-out ideas. Sydney is in complete sympathy with Dr. Alliot when he says, "Grow, or perish; it's the law of life."

One leaves off reading or seeing this play with an immense respect for the author, who is certainly a coming woman. She has handled her theme in a bold, forthright, yet thoroughly wholesome style. She is a Sydney herself, in her contempt for feeble sentimentality, in her respect for human rights, and for the courage that practices amputation and self-immolation, rather than conform to the heritage of nineteenth-century error. And withal, she has cast her play in a thoroughly modern form that includes wit, humor, and an unusual intensity of interest in the presentation of her theme.

"A Bill of Divorcement" is now playing to full houses in New York, and is generally regarded as one of the most important plays of the season. Janet Beecher as the wife, Katherine Cornell as the daughter, and Allan Pollock, an English actor who also suffered from shell shock during the war and who plays the rôle of the returned husband, give, it is said, particularly fine presentations of the characters represented, although the general company is also worthy of so fine and poignant a play.

SHAW AT THE MAITLAND.

"The Doctor's Dilemma" is giving the clientele of the Maitland Theatre an opportunity to see what Shaw thinks of the medical profession. As Shaw is a red-hot anti-vivisectionist he allows himself to go for the doctors, although they do give some exercise to their conscience in discussing their dilemma as to which of the two men they shall save.

"The Doctor's Dilemma" is one of those plays that has so much under the surface that you won't get it all unless you read the play with comments both before and after representation.

Here is the crux of the case, as discussed by the two men in a conversation in which Shaw's bitter irony has full sway: "In short," says one of the doctors, "as a member of a high and great profession I am to kill my patient." "Don't talk wicked nonsense," says the author. "You can't kill him. But you can leave him in other hands."

All kinds of meanings have been read into the play, but its biting irony, aimed at the medical profession, best expresses Shaw's intention. Constitutionally unable to refrain from administering an occasional buffet on the ears of his audience, Shaw relaxes into characteristic impishness toward the end of his play, thus detracting from the ironic dig-

nity of his arraignment. But no matter what he does, he interests and amuses us.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

The German film producers, it seems, are very proud of the American legislation that is being invoked by American producers against foreign-born films. It has given them a great deal of American advertisement, which they needed, as, before the war, the industry in Germany was almost negligible. Threatened, in the early days of the new-born industry, with financial loss, the German genius for finance came to the rescue. Trusts were formed, the business put upon its feet, and it is said that today the cinema industry is the second largest in Germany. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the American film producers are getting busy in the legislative field, for an Englishman who has been investigating film conditions in Germany states that the cost of productions in that country is half of what it is in England, and one-sixth of the cost in America. However, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are established in Berlin, and, much to the discomfiture of their German rivals, for whom they are spoiling the labor market, are taking advantage of the favorable conditions. But the Germans are sending their films all over the world; except in Great Britain, where the theatre men do not venture to show German-made films.

Henry Savage, who is getting ready for a revival of "The Merry Widow"—and yes, Mr. Savage, we should like to see it out here—says that he was obliged to look upon between seventeen and eighteen hundred aspirants for a place in his comedy. He says we have the finest voices in the world here, but nevertheless, musical though "The Merry Widow" is, acting he places as of the first importance in the selections he makes. Then come looks, singing, and dancing. Good for Mr. Savage. Yes, a producer who puts acting first in a piece of that kind—and a mighty good piece it is—is certainly wanted out this way. Mr. Savage complains, very justly, of the lack of stage technique in our American singers, who, secure in the possession of fine, well-trained voices, do not realize its value. And this, says Mr. Savage, accounts for the frequency with which foreign artists are selected for musical rôles in which the Americans would sing better, but would act without finish.

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The Columbia Theatre.

"The Beggar's Opera" opens the second and last week of its engagement Monday night, November 28th, at the Columbia Theatre. The company has traveled seven thousand miles to open their American tour on the Pacific Coast, the first time this has happened in the history of the theatre in this country. For these two weeks San Francisco will hear Sylvia Nelis as Polly Peachum, Percy Henning as Captain Macheath, Arthur Wynn as Peachum, Vera Hurst as Lucy Locket, Nonny Lock as Jenny Diver, all artists of the original London revival, and all former members of the Beecham Opera Company, as are Lena Maitland, Charles Magrath, Bessie Tyas, etc.

The orchestra, composed mostly of women, plays such ancient instruments as the lute, the spinnet, and the harpsichord, the instruments used when "The Beggar's Opera" was first produced in 1728 by Mr. Gay. The scenery, costumes, etc., were all designed by the celebrated English artist, C. Lovat Fraser.

The Players Club.

The Players Theatre will continue on Friday and Saturday nights, also Saturday afternoon, November 26th, Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "The Yeomen of the Guard." Margaret Fry Silvey as Elsie will make her debut at the matinee on Saturday afternoon. Miss Silvey is making her home in San Francisco. She is well known locally as having been a singer of some reputation on the professional stage a few years ago.

The Players Club performances prove their merit by the capacity houses they have been having this season and "The Yeomen of the Guard" will be given on every Friday and Saturday night during the remaining part of November and December.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Henrik Ibsen's drama, "The Pillars of Society," which is most typical of this famous playwright, will be the offering next week, commencing Monday night, at the Maitland Playhouse.

Ibsen was never more at home than in writing "The Pillars of Society." His followers are well acquainted with the drama that lends itself so admirably to a stage per-

formance, and people who care for worthwhile shows are bound to enjoy themselves. "The Pillars of Society" will continue for the entire week, with matinees Tuesday and Saturday.

"Diplomacy," by Sardou, is to follow the Ibsen play, and patrons of the Maitland will be pleased to note the return to the Maitland forces at that time of Miss Lea Penman, who was so much of a favorite the early part of this season at the Stockton Street house.

"The Doctor's Dilemma," by Bernard Shaw, has been doing a most excellent business this week at the Maitland and promises a record for weekly attendance.

Mrs. Peabody's new play, "The Piper," is to be given in its entirety at the Maitland in the near future. All rights to this play for San Francisco have been secured by Arthur Maitland.

Because of the length of the Shaw play, the evening performances this week have been scheduled for 8:15 instead of the customary opening hour of 8:30.

The Orpheum.

Next week's Orpheum show has five acts featured, any one of which could easily headline an ordinary vaudeville show. Kitty Doner heads the stellar aggregation. Mrs. Gene Hughes in "Contented Peggy"; Dave Kramer and Jack Boyle, who have headlined in the East; Mary Haynes, who's "Exclusive Songs" are executed in her own different way, and Vera Gordon, the great star of "Humoresque," who plays her final week here.

Kitty Doner is in vaudeville and with her is her sister Rose and brother Ted. Kitty is one of the best dancers American vaudeville has to offer, as is her little sister. Kitty's twinkling toes are not as well known in the two-a-day as they are in musical comedy, for most of her time has been spent in the latter field. For several seasons she has been with Al Jolson in his Winter Garden productions and she is always given recognition second to the star himself.

Kramer and Doyle have a song and comedy act. One of the boys does a blackface and the other straight.

The ability to execute with words and mannerisms a caricature as true to life as if it were a painting is the accomplishment of Miss Mary Haynes, singing comedienne. Miss Haynes' songs, all specially written for her, afford an opportunity for her to employ a distinctive personality.

Mrs. Gene Hughes has been a star in vaudeville for several years and during this time she has selected and produced her own plays. This season she commissioned Emmet Devoy to write a sketch for her. This is a comedy called "Contented Peggy."

Jack Joyce was a British tommy. At the battle of the Marne, Joyce was severely wounded, his wound necessitating the amputation of a leg, but never did his smile forsake him, and when he was discharged from the hospital he started to see just what he could do without one leg. Joyce could always sing, always tell stories, and always dance, and he soon found that he did things as well with one leg as he could with two.

The little oddity presented by Sylvia Loyal and her Pierrot is a visualization of one of the "adventures of Fairyland," with all of the charm and wholesomeness that these stories contain.

Ritter and Knappe have an European juggling novelty. They are weight manipulators. They juggle balls and heavy shells, handling a two-hundred-pound shell with the ease and grace which the average juggler shows with wooden balls.

Vera Gordon, the "mother" of "Humoresque," remains a second week in her comedy-drama, "Lullaby."

Little Theatre Players.

The successful production of three one-act plays has brought immediate attention to the players of the Sequoia Little Theatre, and they are daily receiving invitations to present their plays before prominent clubs and organizations.

The Century Club has engaged the players to give one of the plays on their present bill on December 7th. The play is Arnold Bennett's "The Stepmother," in which the clever acting of Ronald Ogilvy, who plays the impatient lover, is brilliantly supported by Mrs. Prosper Reiter as the temperamental ultra-modern novelist. In the rôle of the saucy secretary Edwina Barry supplies most of the laughs, while the stepson is ably presented by the clever Jack Bromley. The Sequoia Little Theatre plays every Tuesday and Saturday evening in November at 1725 Washington Street, between Polk and Van Ness. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The two other plays on the present programme are "Two Pierrots," by Edmond Rostand, and "The Locked Chest," by John Masfield.

"Robin Hood."

Ralph Dunbar's production of "Robin Hood," which created a furor here last season, comes to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, December 5th, for a stay of two weeks. While the locale of "Robin Hood" is English, the spirit

and tenor of the story is wholly American, as the authors intended it to be. As the subject for a musical play nothing could be more admirable, for the twelfth century reeked with romance as it did with ale, with strange social customs and with tolerated lawlessness. Even the costumes of that time were picturesque, and the admirable music which Mr. De Koven wrote when his powers were at their best accentuates the quaintness and charm of the whole work. "Robin Hood" is universally regarded as the best of the half a hundred operettas and musical plays which Reginald De Koven gave to the world.

THE MEXICAN INDIAN.

Laudable as is the intention of the Harvard Club of Mexico to establish a Mexican scholarship at Harvard (says the New York Times), it takes on a further and possibly deeper interest from the fact that it is proposed to limit the privilege to full-blooded Indians. Making all allowance for Prescott's grandiosities, the fact remains that the Aztecs were a very remarkable people, having achieved a civilization quite comparable to that of ancient Egypt. Their feats of architecture and engineering were vast and scientific; their sculpture, though prevalently archaic and grotesque, shows touches of life-likeness truly Hellenic; their astronomical observations and calculations were so precise that the Aztec calendar is said to have been even more accurate than our own. The bigotry of Spanish priests destroyed their literature and demolished their art, while the greed of the viceroys enslaved the people; but the genius of the race persisted, and still persists, differentiating it sharply from the nomadic tribes within our borders. The American Indian is capable of considerable education, even culture; but in character and mentality he has apparently a very definite limitation, seldom or never rising to an equality with the leaders of our own race. Descendants of the Aztecs have reached the pinnacles of achievement in almost every field.

The noblest patriot and statesman of the Mexican Republic, Benito Juarez, was of pure Indian blood. It is said to have been the Indian rather than the Spaniard in Porfirio Diaz that gave him stability and the power to command. Of the early religious painters two of the most notable were Indians. Three centuries of Spanish oppression, capped by a full century of republican turbulence, have not extinguished the aboriginal genius. In the Mexico of today the Indian has everywhere struggled upwards to the heights, against odds seemingly insuperable. In the national university several of the most cultivated and accomplished professors have scarcely a trace of Spanish blood. The leading geologist of Mexico, whose surveys have given him a world-wide celebrity, is a full-blooded Indian. Mexican music, a national product of great originality and charm, is mainly the creation of Indians. The symphony orchestra of Mexico City, which is said to be of very high quality, is conducted by an Indian, and nine out of ten of the players are Indians. Even the peons, oppressed and illiterate though they are, are noted for their love of music and flowers, their mechanical ability, shrewdness, and wit. The Mexican railways, once manned by imported Americans, were, in an incredibly brief period, turned over to Indian engineers and conductors with no loss of efficiency. Mr. E. D. Trowbridge, an engineer of distinction and author of one of the most sympathetic books on Mexico, tells of encountering an Indian farmer in a remote mountain valley who was irrigating his crops by means of an ingenious water wheel of his own invention.

Seen against this record of achievement, that of the mestizo is, in some respects, problematical. Biologists have generally followed Darwin in declaring that the crossing of two widely different races results in a loss of the more recently acquired traits of both—which is to say their highest and most civilized qualities. The half-caste is often precociously clever, even artistic, but his cleverness is superficial and likely to be tinged with cunning; at best its development is arrested at an early age. Many critics, and notably F. Garcia Calderon, who is himself a Latin-American, attribute the financial and political instability of the southern republics to the mingling of widely different racial stocks.

A preference for the native Indian is not merely a matter of historic and contemporary justice; it is the declared policy of the Obregon government. The newly appointed minister of education, Señor Vasconcelos, declared in a recent interview that it was his chief purpose to bring opportunity to the peon, and especially in the agricultural districts, where the racial strength is greatest. Of a population of some 15,000,000, some 6,000,000 are still pure Indians, and the question whether they constitute a potentially stabilizing and invigorating element is well worth a patient and prolonged inquiry.



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VANITY FAIR.

Generalizations are fatally easy and often misleading. But the world continues to generalize and probably will as long as there is anything left to group under a class heading. Today, as in every previous era, the preferred topic is "modern woman." Modern woman—as she exists in the minds of her connoters—is perennial. Of course she is a perfectly fabulous creature and no woman alive can claim more than a modicum of her traits; but as we have already pointed out—to generalize is to be human. It is irresistible. Since the days of Eve's scanty apparel, or to be more scientific, since the days when the first cave woman first wasted time on some purely decorative part of her costume—time that would have been spent more profitably otherwise in the opinion of the cave boss—since that first early domestic squabble, woman has been arraigned as a foolish creature, whose one hope of salvation lay in constant criticism from the stern and sensible sex. For note the fact, no man cares an iota what a woman wears. It has been a pleasant myth perpetuated among the daughters of Eve and of the cave woman that he did, so that they might have a more legitimate excuse to cultivate the fine art of costume. Man has developed a factitious sense of responsibility for the appearance of his immediate women folks, but that is an entirely different thing. The point is that he really does not care. So long as his own women are jealously and generously covered up and other women are preferably not, he is content. One might, therefore, wonder—why the centuries of criticism?—but the answer is too easy. Woman simply has not conformed to man's idea of what she should wear; and hence this perpetual row. It is perhaps a little more acute than usual at present, due to after-war reactions; but the generalization that woman is rapidly going to perdition is no more acute than it ever was. Again one wonders how perennial interest in such a trite subject can be kept jogging so steadily through the centuries.

Closely allied with women's clothes, because it reflects another phase of her continuous declaration of independence, is her general demeanor. Since the jolly old times when the ladies of the Borgia family were discussed with popular disapproval for having usurped various masculine privileges, and doubtless since long before those venturesome times, woman has been accused of being too fast. Hitherto the church has stood up for her after a rather negative fashion and has maintained that though woman was bad, man was worse; and occasionally it reared its strong voice to exhort men to follow women's example. We have the exhilarating spectacle now of the church retracting its age-old plea for a single standard of morals. If we may believe the New York Herald's version of the recent Ecumenical M. E. Conference, that august body was treated to a doctrine summed up in the Herald's headline as follows: Man's wickedness nil if women stay good. Doubtless. If women "stay good," we should like to point out to the Rev. Samuel Chadwick, man's field of wickedness is somewhat limited. Ignoring the practical aspect of the problem, one is confronted with an imaginary community—a sort of perverted Utopia—in which two hodies of people exist—an impossibly perfect race of women wasting their virtuous example on the desert air after the manner of Emerson's Rhodora and an equally impossible group of irredeemable males. That, we take it, is a fair picture of the Rev. Chadwick's working hypothesis for society. We advise the church to return to its simpler formula of a single standard. It is a generalization also, but at least it is not a logically impossible one.

The *Delinicator*, which, as a woman's magazine, is always interested in the practical side of the problem we have been altruistically solving for suffering humanity, has conducted an investigation which may be roughly designated as "what is wrong with the modern girl?" The *Delinicator*, as some of our readers may not know, takes the stand as a sort of moral mentor and paternal guide to women. It is not a woman's magazine in the partisan sense that *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazar* is. At any rate, in its December number the *Delinicator* lines up seven reasons why the modern girl is a failure. They are seven different answers to their question and are from seven bachelors, any of whom, the *Delinicator* opines, would be an excellent catch. The answers are as follows:

No. 1—Age twenty-six, good-looking, and earning \$8000 a year, says she is "too easy." Hence he will continue in single blessedness.

No. 2—Twenty-nine years of age, with a salary of \$35,000, thinks the present-day young woman is "looking for a good thing"—and doesn't intend to be "it."

No. 3—With an income of \$7500, this bachelor insists the girl of today has no reticence and lives only for a good time. He is thirty.

No. 4—This one is forty, with \$35,000 a

year. "They demand too much," he asserts, "and possess intellects below those of average men."

No. 5—"They are selfish, superficial, and conceited," is the opinion of this bachelor, who is an advertising salesman, well able to support a wife.

No. 6—This one accuses the flapper, and even her older sister, of "insatiable romanticism," and waits that a man to meet her demands must possess every virtue.

No. 7—He is thirty and has kept from the marriage altar because "there is something a little ridiculous about every woman."

Generalizations all. We are amused at the naïveté of the man who is resolved not to be a good thing and at the conflicting accusations of No. 3 and No. 6. These two may fairly be considered to cancel each other, which is after all the fate of most generalizations. However, the final word must be given No. 7. He remains fortified from contamination with the "something ridiculous" in woman, with his head buried safely in the sands of his own esteem. And so on, *ad infinitum*. Woman is too bad, or she is too good. We are reminded of the only generalization we know that fits all cases equally—that the whole truth about anything does not exist.

A Victorian Writer.

Says a writer in the Glasgow Herald: "The congratulations recently offered Mr. Thomas Hardy on his eighty-first birthday must have given pleasure, not only to himself, but to thousands of his admirers the world over. It should not be forgotten, however, that there is now living in the west of England another novelist, of lesser, but still of very remarkable talent, who has attained an even greater age. Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, squire-parson of Lew Trenchard, North Devon, was born in January, 1834, and has therefore completed his eighty-seventh year. His first novel, though not his first book, appeared in 1870. It bears the title 'In Exitu Israel,' and is a powerful study of provincial life at the time of the French Revolution. It was followed ten years later by 'Mehalah, a Tale of the Salt Marshes,' a book which for sombre and savage grandeur remains and is likely to remain unequalled in our literature. Then followed 'John Herring,' 'Court Royal,' 'Red Spider,' 'Eve,' and a long succession of other novels, for throughout the 'eighties and 'nineties Baring-Gould was one of the most prolific, as he was also one of the most popular, of our novelists. Occasionally, as in 'The Queen of Love,' a Cheshire tale, he made an excursus into outland country, but most of his stories illustrate the scenery, lore, and character of the Dartmoor region, where, by the way, he had as precursor the now entirely forgotten novelist, Mrs. Bray, authoress of 'Trelawny of Trelawne' and many other works of fiction."

The splendid career of a man who when war broke out raised a company of 250 among his friends, joined himself as a private, rapidly rose to command the battalion, and fell leading it, was recalled by the unveiling at Northampton, England, recently of a handsome memorial to the late Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar R. Mobbs, D. S. O. (according to the London Daily Mail). The company, which was popularly known as Mobbs' Corps, was sent to Shoreham, England, and formed part of the Seventh Battalion, Northamptonshire Regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Mobbs played rugby as three-quarter for England, and many well-known sportsmen rushed to enlist with him. He was made company sergeant major, but was soon given a commission, and within a few months was commanding the company he had raised. He was a fearless soldier, greatly loved and admired by those under him, and his promotion to command the battalion was inevitable. He was killed leading an attack in the Ypres salient on July 31, 1917, at the age of thirty-seven.

The most remarkable thing about vanadium steels is their almost miraculous elasticity. Today the metal vanadium is comparatively cheap. Yet only thirty years ago it sold at \$450 a pound, and was hardly more than a curiosity of the chemical laboratory. When a use is found for a rare metal, sources from which it may be obtained in quantity are sure to be discovered. Thus, when the value of vanadium for steel alloys was ascertained, the fact was soon disclosed that vast ore beds containing it existed in Colorado. It is from these beds that the demand is now supplied. The ores are sandstone, impregnated with vanadium, and are dug out in enormous quantities. A by-product of vanadium mining is uranium, from which radium is obtained.

More than 40,000 disabled ex-service men are now employed in various offices of the British government.

Most of the natives of Raratonga, of the Cook Islands in the South Sea, have horses and carriages.

"Extended Time Limit."

Tariff has been filed by the San Francisco-Sacramento Railroad with the California Railroad Commission extending the date of the return limit for Thanksgiving excursion fares to Monday, November 28th. These fares were originally published to be on sale November 23d and 24th, with return limit on November 25th. The rates will apply between all points of the Sacramento Short Line and Sacramento Northern Railroad.

The wedding ring takes its origin from the bracelet, which was regarded among the ancient Egyptians as the symbol of marriage.

Catching mice in large numbers in orchards and fields is the purpose of a new trap made principally of glass.

A lamp of peculiar form has been invented which, when lighted, absorbs tobacco smoke which may be in its vicinity.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

He had called on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed. "Ethel," he said, as they were taking a moonlight stroll one evening, "I am—er—going to ask you an important question." "Oh, George!" she exclaimed, "this is so sudden. Why I—"

"What I want to ask you is this," he interrupted. "What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"

The firm of Hansen & Fransen was started in war-time and did very well for a couple of years. But last year things were on the downward grade, and the other day, when the two partners had finished making up their none too good record for the year, Hansen said: "This would make any one thoughtful. Now that the good times are over, how about a little honest business?" "No, thanks," said Fransen. "I never indulge in experiments."

An Englishman and a Scotsman were traveling north together, and to pass the time indulged in a game of nap. On settling up at Carlisle, when the Englishman had to get out, it was found that he owed the Scot one shilling and sixpence halfpenny. He paid the one shilling and sixpence, but found that he had no coppers. "A-wel," said the Scot, "never mind, I'll just be takin' your evenin' paper."

"Mother thinks a lot of you, Mr. Noodle." Archibald Noodle looked at his fiancée's little brother with a smile of gratification on his face. He felt in his pocket and fingered a coin doubtfully. "Why do you say that?" he asked at last. "She said you were a born politician." The dime came out of the delighted suitor's pocket, and he asked for more. "Yes," continued the youngster, "she said you'd been hanging round our Maggie for twelve months, doing a lot of talking, but you hadn't committed yourself yet."

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney said at one of her brilliant studio teas: "English servants are very satisfactory, but sometimes their queer accent causes trouble. I know a girl sculptor with a studio in Chelsea. She said hungrily to her English cook one day at luncheon time: 'Did you heat up that veal and ham pie as I told you to, Agnes?' 'Yes, miss, thank you, miss,' said Agnes. 'All right,' said the girl sculptor, licking her chops. 'Serve it for lunch, please.' 'But 'ow can I, miss,' said Agnes, 'when I've het it up?'"

Jenkins had advertised for an office boy and there were numerous applicants. He sized up the boys, picked out what he considered the most likely looking one, and motioned the lad to come into his office. "Do you think you would make a good office boy?" Jenkins asked. "I'd try my darnedest," the boy replied tersely. "Fair enough," Jenkins agreed. "The work is not easy, though," he warned. "I'll take a chance," the boy assured him. "What is the least you will work for?" "Quick as a flash the boy came back: "The most I can get!"

André Tardieu on his last official visit to Washington was taken to task by a senator's wife about the Code of Napoleon, which is very hard on women. "But," said M. Tardieu, "if you give women an inch they take an ell. A woman went into a Washington bank the other day to get a check cashed. 'This check,' the teller said, 'isn't filled in, ma'am.' 'No. How so?' said the woman, with a puzzled smile. 'Your husband's name,' the teller explained, 'is signed to the check all right, but it doesn't state how much money you want.' 'Oh,' said the woman, looking relieved, 'is that all? Just give me, please, all there is.'"

While visiting friends in Cleveland a young Detroitier was presented with a quart of rye whisky. He decided to take it home in his suitcase. As the steamship neared the dock he became more and more nervous. Finally in desperation he confessed his fears to a fellow-voyager. This kindly individual offered to trade suitcases and assume all responsibility. The young man was vastly relieved and the change was made. The luggage was not searched and a few minutes later the two met on shore. The young man was exceedingly grateful. "By the way," he observed, as they exchanged again, "you must have a lot of things in your suitcase. It's awfully heavy." "Yes," said the stranger, "I have twelve quarts in mine."

It was Judgment Day, and throngs of people were crowding around the Pearly Gates trying to convince St. Peter that they were entitled to enter Heaven. To the first applicant St. Peter said, "What kind of a car do you own?" "A Packard," was the reply. "All right," said St. Peter, "you go over there with the Presbyterians." The next in line testified that he owned a Buick, and was

told to stand over with the Congregationalists. Behind him was the owner of a Dodge, who was ordered to stand with the Baptists. Finally a meek little individual came along. "What kind of a car do you own?" was the question. "A Ford," was the answer. "You just think you own a car. You go over there with the Christian Scientists."

Enrico Caruso once said at a dinner in New York: "In my youth in Naples I once took part in some amateur theatricals at the Bertolini Palace Hotel—in the fine, large hotel salon, you know, with its outlook over the bay and islands. The hotel orchestra, a very good one, had a great deal to do in our drama. At one point it had to play a very lovely selection, in the midst of which I was to rush in, hold up my hand, and say in a shocked, heart-broken tone: 'Stop the music! The queen is dead.' Well, the evening of our performance the orchestra outdid itself. I never heard it play more passionately, more beautifully. But, as for me, I was very nervous, and when I rushed in and held up my hand the words I shouted in my confusion were: 'Stop the music! It has killed the queen!'"

"Yes," sighed Jaggs to his friend. "I had the prettiest little garden that you ever did see." "And how is it looking now?" asked the friend. "Ruined!" groaned Jaggs. "My neighbor's chickens scratched it up." "Did you do anything?" asked his friend. "I did," was Jaggs' sinister reply. "I got a big cat that soon made mincemeat of his chickens." "Then what did he do?" "He hought a bulldog and the brute killed my cat." "But you

weren't heaten?" "No. I horrowed a wolf from an animal trainer I knew, and the wolf put an end to his hulldog." "Well, what happened then?" "A little later I heard he was about to huy a tiger to kill my wolf, and as I could not afford to purchase an elephant to kill the tiger I gave up all hope of ever getting my garden to look nice again."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, who has starred both in the United States and Europe, is one who constantly has her "ups and downs" on the stage, and now the trend of events seems to have carried Mrs. Pat towards the "downs." Mrs. Campbell supported James K. Hackett in his Shakespearean revival in London last spring, but the plays brought much more success to Mr. Hackett than to Mrs. Campbell. More recently she has appeared in a monologue spoken in front of a London "movie," a considerable descent for Mrs. Campbell, and there is talk of giving her a benefit. Mrs. Pat is still living in the manner of the days gone by, however, six servants, etc., and has lost none of the gift of repartee which has brought her delighted listeners, and not a few enemies, in times past. Recently she was invited to a dinner and could not find the house, finally having to induce a policeman to help her hunt for it. She arrived at the party very late, still escorted by the patrolman. "Really, you're very obscure, my dear," she told her host. "You're not even known to the police."

"Poppa, what are cosmetics?" "Cosmetics, my son, are peach preservers."—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

Disillusion.

He opened the book and he closed the book
In the space of one short hour,
And his eyes shone bright with the strange white light
Of a great and new-born power.
"Perhaps he has found the Absolute Cause,"
I remarked to one I knew;
"Perhaps, step and stage, he has found in the page
The genuine cosmical view."
We rose and we looked at the ponderous book
When the man had gone away,
And we saw that its name was "The Rules of the Game:
Poker, The Draw and The Play."
—*Bernard Breslauer in Life.*

"The anguing ape of Java," said a naturalist, "has lousy white whiskers. He looks like a little old man. This fellow derives his name from his habit of angling for crabs with his tail. A comical sight it is to see him at work. He sits down, and with a sad and anxious look, dangles his long tail in one of the seashore pools where crabs abound. He hasn't a great while to wait, as a rule, and, unlike some anglers, he always knows when he's got a bite. With a yowl of pain he then whisks his tail, with the crab feeding on it husily, out of the water. He dashes the crab against a stone and breaks its shell. Then he begins his meal. But the angling ape's meal isn't one of unalloyed enjoyment, for every minute or so he has to pause and caress his lacerated tail and whine over it plaintively."

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mrs. Arnold Gilmore has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Isabel Gilmore, and Mr. Frederick Van Sicken, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicken of Alameda. Their marriage will take place within a few weeks.

The Charity Ball for the benefit of the Little Children's Aid was held Friday evening at the Palace Hotel. The affair was under the patronage of several prominent San Francisco matrons.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury gave a dinner Saturday night at the San Mateo Polo Club. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Frank Hutton, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Miss Marion Bird, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Clifford Weatherwax, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

The Misses Catherine and Elizabeth Vail entertained at luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club. In their party were Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Margaret McCormick, Miss Jean Donaher, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Martha Mohun, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Jane Vail, Miss Marion Bird, Miss Joan Bird, and Miss Paula Clagstone.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter entertained at luncheon Sunday in San Mateo, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering, Mrs. Herbert Payne, Miss Amy Brewer, Mr. Georges Romanowsky, and Mr. Paul Verdier.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes and Mrs. Erle Brownell were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Silas Palmer. Others at the affair were Mrs. R. K. Smith, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. Ernest Mott, Mrs. James Leonard of Nevada, Mrs. Frederick Koster, Mrs. Ernest D. Chipman, and Miss Bessie Palmer.

Mr. Joseph Catherwood entertained at dinner last Tuesday, his guests including Mrs. Georges de Latour, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Virginia

Loop, Miss Hélène de Latour, Mrs. Grant Black, Mr. Dudley Gunn, and Mr. Kenneth High.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening.

Mr. Prescott Scott was host at a dance Saturday night at the Burlingame Club, complimenting his niece, Miss Mary Martin.

Mrs. Edmunds Lyman entertained at luncheon Thursday at the Burlingame Club, among her guests having been Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Katherine Ramsey, and Miss Helen Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a dinner Friday evening before the Charity Ball, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, and Miss Helen Garritt.

Miss Doris Rodolph was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday at the Town and Country Club by Mrs. John Havre. Others in the party were Mrs. Frank Moller, Mrs. Edward Fennon, Mrs. Charles Rodolph, Mrs. Fitzgerald Marx, Mrs. Herriott Small, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Caroline Rodolph, Miss Helen Rodolph, Miss Helen Brown, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Janet Knox, Miss Ruth Langdon, Miss Elizabeth Kruse, Miss Hatherly Brittain, and Miss Elizabeth Bliss.

Miss Mary Martin gave a dinner before Mr. Prescott Scott's ball Saturday evening in Burlingame. Among her guests were Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Captain Andrews, Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. Russell Wilson, and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club for her nephew, Mr. Vincente Dominguez. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Edith Grant, Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., Mr. Talant Tubbs, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Will Tevis, Jr., Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Warren Clark, and Mr. Paul Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer gave a dinner Saturday night in Burlingame for Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, and Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Miss Amanda McNear gave a luncheon Thursday for Miss Helen Pierce. Others at the affair were Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt entertained a group of debutantes at luncheon last Wednesday. The affair was held at the Hotel St. Francis, those in the party including Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Catherine Vail, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Helen Crocker, and Miss Frances Pringle.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge entertained at dinner last Thursday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh, and Commander and Mrs. Van Antwerp.

The Misses Rosemonde and Margaret Lee were complimented at luncheon last Wednesday by the Misses Elizabeth and Ellita Adams. Among their guests were Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Frances Lent, and Miss Virginia Loop.

Mrs. Hays Smith gave a luncheon and bridge Wednesday in Burlingame.

Miss Francesca Deering was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Tuesday by Mrs. Paul Fagan. Others present were Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Virginia Hanna, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Virginia Murphy, and Miss Katharine Chase.

Miss Mary Emma Flood gave a luncheon Tuesday for Miss Frances Pringle. Among her guests were Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Rosemonde and Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Inez Macondray, and Miss Lawton Filer.

Mrs. Frank Griffin gave an informal tea Monday at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Arthur Maitland gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Laura Kaime.

Mrs. Andrew Rowan gave a luncheon Wednesday, entertaining her guests at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a Thanksgiving dinner Thursday at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna gave a dinner-dance at Tai's-at-the-Beach last Wednesday for Mrs. Lucien Brunswick of Los Angeles and Miss Marguerite Brunswig. Others in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field, Mr. and Mrs. William O'Donnell, Miss Rosario Moran, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Virginia Hanna, Mr. Frederick McWilliams, Mr. Lowrie O'Donnell, Mr. John Turrentine, Mr. Carroll Pearce, and Mr. W. J. Jason.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery were the guests of honor at a dinner given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody entertained at dinner in Burlingame Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour were dinner hosts before the Charity Ball Friday evening, among their guests having been Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Margaret Kelley, Miss Margaret Lee, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Edward Harrison, Mr. Geoffrey

Montgomery, Mr. Kenneth High, Mr. Gerald Hermann, and Mr. Hugh Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport were dinner hosts Wednesday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin, Dr. and Mrs. Erle Brownell, and Colonel and Mrs. Frank Cheatham.

Miss Martha Mohun entertained at tea Friday afternoon. Among her guests were Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Cecile Mohun, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Catherine Vail, Miss Marion Bird, and Miss Hélène de Latour.

Miss Frances Lent entertained at dinner Friday evening, with her guests later attending the Charity Ball. In her party were Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Wylic, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Geraldine Grace, Mr. Mark Budeau, Mr. Coy Filmer, and Mr. Jack Boyden.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling gave a dinner before the Charity Ball, having as her guests Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hamond, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, and Miss Maude Fay.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett gave a dinner Thursday evening in San Mateo, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle.

Notable Bridge Tournament.

A nation-wide auction bridge tournament is to be held in every large city in the United States, Monday, November 28th, and will mark an era in the history of auction bridge, when par auction cards will be used for the first time. The Child Hygiene Department of the American Committee for Devastated France, a work started in this country by Miss Anne Morgan and still under her direction, will receive the proceeds. Entries for this tournament were opened on Tuesday at the Hotel St. Francis, Fairmont Hotel, and Palace Hotel.

The custodians in charge of the tables are Mesdames D. C. Jackling, W. S. Martin, C. T. Crocker, C. O. G. Miller, William Watson, W. M. Wright, John Drum, and Misses Marjorie Josselyn and Jean Boyd. Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker is treasurer. Each player pays \$2.50, and entries should be made in pairs when tables of four can not be made up. The par auction cards and scores are provided by the committee. The winning pair at each table retains the cards as a prize after they have played the twenty-four deals which constitute the tournament. There are no rubbers, and it takes about two and one-half hours to play out. After the tournament the winning pair also receives the book, now in press, which tells how each hand should be played in order to make the highest possible score. The scores are to be judged individually by Milton C. Work of Philadelphia, Henry H. Ward of Boston, and Charles E. Cadley, and their decisions will be final.

The hour set for the tournament is 2 o'clock, Monday, the 28th of November, and for those who can not play in the afternoon, arrangements will be made for them to play in the evening on the same day. Mr. C. T. Crocker, Shreve Building, Telephone Douglas 3180, will be glad to give further particulars, or they may be obtained from any one of the custodians.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Paymaster and Mrs. Eugene Douglas, who arrived last week from the Atlantic coast, will sail December 1st for the Orient.

Mrs. Philip Sheridan and her little son are visiting Mrs. Sheridan, Sr., in Washington.

Mr. Walter Van Pelt and Mr. Gurney Newlin of Los Angeles are visiting Mr. Raymond Arnsby and Mr. Gordon Arnsby in Burlingame.

Miss Jane Vail has joined Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail in San Francisco over the Thanksgiving holidays.

Colonel Walter Wright arrived Wednesday in San Francisco from France.

Miss Anne Peters is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith in Burlingame.

Commander and Mrs. W. H. Lee will leave after the first of the year for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Wylie have returned from their wedding trip and they are staying at the Fairmont.

Mrs. William Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Alan MacDonald will leave today for San Jose, where they will remain for three weeks.

Miss Joan Bird and Miss Marion Bird of Salt Lake City are visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, in Burlingame.

Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., has returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth have left on a trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Dorn have returned from a trip to Chico.

Dr. and Mrs. James Eaves have returned from their wedding trip and have taken a house on Church Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Frink have returned to Santa Barbara from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin and their children returned last week to Burlingame, after a visit of several days in San Francisco with Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Captain and Mrs. Joseph Reeves, who have been staying at Yerba Buena, will leave in a few days for their new station at Mare Island.

Miss Julia Van Fleet and Mr. William Van Fleet left last Wednesday for Mexico.

Mrs. Herbert Gould left last Wednesday for Guatemala.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury have gone to the Atlantic coast for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker left yesterday for New York.

Commander and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Winer, who have resided in Washington for the last two years, have left for Europe, where they will remain indefinitely. They were accompanied by Mrs. James Drake and Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery and Miss Edna Taylor came up from Menlo Park Friday for the winter. They have taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering on Larkin Street for the season.

Mrs. George Batchelder is enjoying the Thanksgiving holidays in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. De Lancey Lewis. She will return to her southern home Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Franklin are entertaining Miss Laura Kalme at their Jackson Street home.

Mrs. Frederick Kohl is in New York with her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Godey. She expects to return to California for the close of the winter.

Mrs. Ashton Potter has returned from Pebble Beach, where she had a house for a month.

Mrs. Andrew Louderback and Mrs. Arthur Lord have given up their cottage at Pebble Beach and they are enjoying a visit of several weeks at Pebble Beach Lodge. They will remain in the south until the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Vincent have come up from Pebble Beach and they are enjoying a brief visit at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman left Burlingame Monday for Santa Barbara, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport and their family will return next week from the Russian River, where they have been enjoying the holidays.

Miss Dorothy Collier has come up from Monterey to visit Mrs. Atherton Macondray for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Jenkins have returned from a visit with Miss Louise Bradbury in Duarte.

Mrs. Robert Currey will come to San Francisco next month from her home in Dixon.

Among those recently registered at the Palace are Mr. Louis H. Smith, Fresno; Mr. Ray V. Lepp, Mr. S. M. Haskins, Los Angeles; Mr. Chester G. Murphy, Mr. F. B. Ortman, Los Angeles; Mr. Kenneth Dulin, Mr. F. B. Ortman, Los Angeles; Mr. H. Barde, Portland; Mr. R. D. Bayly, Los Angeles; Mr. Louis R. Byington, Taft; Mr.

Guy Barham, Los Angeles; Mr. David Low, San Jose; Mr. Wiley M. Giffen, Fresno; Mr. J. P. Chandler, Los Angeles; Mr. F. V. Russell, London, England.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. R. C. Hildebrand, Los Angeles; Dr. and Mrs. Lucio Quinonez, San Salvador; Mr. J. Edwin Sullivan, Los Angeles; Mr. H. C. Andrada, Gilroy; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ball, Stow, New York; Dr. S. H. Hall, Mr. F. S. Boggs, Stockton; Mr. Ray E. Edling, Sacramento; Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Meyers, Livermore; Mr. A. J. Martin, Portland; Mr. Grant Holcomb, San Bernardino; L. S. Sanders, Reno; Mr. C. B. Munson, Sacramento; Mr. James A. Griffith, Santa Cruz; Mr. William M. Haley, Chico; Mr. W. F. Bray, Bakersfield; Mr. J. C. Capron, Los Angeles.

Guests registered at the St. Francis include Mr. H. A. Fairbanks, Acampo; Mr. Sam Platt, Reno; Mr. F. E. Moscovics, Cincinnati; Mr. Leo L. Tuteur, Cleveland; Mr. Ira Homer, Bakersfield; Mr. Grover Sholem, Los Angeles; Mr. Martin Madsen, Mr. Ray L. Kiley, Sacramento; Mr. R. C. Blake, Parlier, California; Mr. M. Zuckerman, Stockton; Mr. Sam Rosenberg, Los Angeles; Mr. O. P. Harris, New York; Mr. G. A. Proctor, Santa Rosa; Mr. M. J. Brennan, Chicago; Mr. Bart Haley, Philadelphia; Mr. Myron B. Morris, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

THE WINNING OF THE WEST.

The recent dedication in Virginia of a monument to George Rogers Clark is another reminder of the arduous nature of the prolonged struggle as the result of which our country has attained its present greatness. The average student of history in the schools, and particularly of the events of the revolutionary period, is likely to have received an inadequate impression of the value of Clark's work. Yet if it had not been for George Rogers Clark, the exploring expedition of his distant relative, William Clark, would have been hardly probable, and it is almost as unlikely that the great West would now be a part of the United States.

A mere incident in the life of George Rogers Clark illuminates the condition of the frontier in the time in which he lived. He sat in the Virginia legislature as the representative of Kentucky, which was then but a district in the former state, and obtained its promotion to the full dignity of a Virginia county, and it was he who conceived the idea of organizing the "Illinois country," then a wilderness, while the war of the revolution was in progress. In contrast to more recent wars, in which millions of fighting men faced each other on the firing line, he made a historic march with but 170 men, conquering the British garrisons at Kaskaskia and obtained the surrender of the French village of Vincennes. This was in 1778. The British commandant at Detroit having retaken Vincennes late in that year, Clark marched again through ice-covered swamps and through virgin forests in the dead of winter with a force hardly greater than a platoon of modern infantry, and regained the fort after a stubborn siege and a valorous attack.

The hardships endured by Clark's men, who waded in water up to their waists for days, and swam rivers that they could not bridge, compare with severity with those of any campaign ever fought, but the marked point of contrast is that the fate of a region geographically as great as an empire was settled by what would now be regarded as a mere detachment of ill-provisioned and badly equipped men. He made the frontier comparatively safe for a time from the raids of Indians and he won the region for the colonies which became the United States. From Fort Jefferson, on the left bank of the Mississippi, a short distance below the mouth of the Ohio, he waged a constant warfare, detached from support by the mother colonies, against the Shawnees, whose principal villages he utterly destroyed, and whom he reduced to submission. Clark's services as the virtual conqueror of the northwest territory furnished the basis for the claim of the colonists in the peace settlement to the whole region between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi. The latter fact has a particular bearing on the ultimate disposition of the country west of the Mississippi, including Oregon, because it undoubtedly gave plausible color to Jefferson's purchase of the Louisiana territory, which was an important step toward exploration of the Oregon country by Lewis and Clark, its settlement by American pioneers and the final adjudication of the boundary by which the title of the United States was at length confirmed.

Clark performed other distinguished services which fully entitle him to the recognition that has lately been accorded to him. His countrymen were not altogether ungrateful, and the Virginia legislature granted him 8049 acres in the present State of Indiana as a reward, notwithstanding which he passed the later years of his life in dire poverty on the land which had been given him, but from which, being a soldier rather than a farmer, he could not wrest a living.

The life of George Clark constitutes an epic in Western history. No more inspiring tale of adventure, of patriotism, of physical bravery and moral courage, or of uncompromising self-denial will be found in American history than is contained in his biography.—Portland Oregonian.

CURRENT VERSE.

As You Like It.

Here while I read the light forsakes the pane;
Metempsychosis of the twilight gray—
Into green aisles of Epping or Ardenne
The level lines of print stretch far away.

The book-leaves whisper like the forest leaves;
A smell of ancient woods, a breeze of morn,
A breath of violets from the mossy paths
And hark! the voice of hounds—the royal horn,

Which, muffled in the ferny coverts deep,
Utters the three sweet notes that sound recall;
As, riding two by two between the oaks,
Come on the paladins and ladies all.

The court will rest from chase in this smooth glade
That slopes to meet you little rushy stream,
Where in the shallows nod the arrow-heads,
And the blue flower-de-luce's banners gleam.

The gamekeepers are coupling of the hounds;
The pages hang bright scarfs upon the boughs;
The new-slain quarry lies upon the turf
Whereon but now he with the herd did browse.

The silk pavilion shines among the trees;
The mighty pasties and the flagons strong
Give cheer to the dear heart of many a knight,
And many a dame whose beauty lives in song.

Meanwhile a staging improvised and rude
Rises, whereon the masquers and the mimes
Play for their sport a pleasant interlude,
Fantastic, gallant, pointing at the times.

Their green-room is the wide midsummer wood;
Down some far-winding gallery the deer—
The dappled deadhead of that sylvan show—
Starts as the distant ranting strikes his ear.

They use no traverses nor painted screen
To help along their naked, outdoor wit:
(Only the forest lends its leafy scene)
Yet wonderfully well they please the pit.

The plaudits echo through the wide parquet
Where the fair audience upon the grass,
Each knight beside his lady-love, is set,
While overhead the merry winds do pass.

The little river murmurs in its reeds,
And somewhere in the verdurous solitude
The wood-thrush drops a cool contralto note,
An orchestra well tuned unto their mood.

As runs the play so runs the afternoon;
The curtain and the sun fall side by side;
The epilogue is spoke, the twilight come;
Then homeward through the darkening glades they ride.

—In Henry A. Beers' "Poems."

An Old Woman of the Roads.

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf, against wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delf,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be husy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining depth!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house nor hush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

—Padraic Colum.

Le Petit Manoir.

"Avoir une maison . . ."

To have a house, clean, comfortable, and sweet,
Where France's shoulders—if it so might be—
Naked and snowy woods the Channel sea,
Fringed with sea pinks where chalk and clover meet—

To have a house, clean, comfortable, and sweet.

To cultivate our garden, with a prayer.
To say, when autumn mellow the red wall,
"This is September; this is best of all."
Spring brought a fever, summer many a tear—
To cultivate our garden, with a prayer.

To have good wine, ripe fruit, a table spread—
To hook the shutter back at noon and say,
"I can see England—I smell rain today."
And coffee freshly ground, and haking bread—
To have good wine, ripe fruit, a table spread.

To have a temperance of goods and gold.
To pass the window, and look in and see
The other waiting where one used to be
Alone; and asking if the tale were told—
To have a temperance of goods and gold.

To love a woman. Tranquil and serene,
To take her hand, and to forget a span
The old, long loneliness that shadows man;
With no waste word of what might once have been—
To love a woman. Tranquil and serene.

To live with justice, vision, and no hate.
See without looking; See—but not without
Giving slow judgment clemency's last doubt,
Knowing too well the tyranny of fate—
To live with justice, vision, and no hate.

To wait for death with patience and content.
To sleep eternally; nor yet to slumber
Awakening once again to work
If for such hidden purpose we are meant—
To wait for death with patience and content.

—Viola Garvin in Westminster Gazette.

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A Famous Musician.

A new ending to the old story of a famous musician playing incognito is necessary in these days of jazz (says a writer in the Manchester Guardian). The most celebrated pianist in France was staying a few days ago at a popular seaside town. So well known is he that he passed under a borrowed name to avoid the worshipping crowds. While taking refuge from a shower in a café he noticed a piano at the end of the public hall where couples were dancing gayly to the strains of a barrel-organ. Thinking to give them a treat and do a good turn to the café, he sat down and started to play a nocturne of Chopin's. To his great surprise the crowd stopped, surrounded him, and flung him off the chair. The professor bristled up, and in spite of his expostulations the crowd had him thrown out by the waiters for interfering with the dancers, who complained that they could not hear the barrel-organ for his noise. An amusing trial for damages against the café is threatened by the great man.

"For goodness sake," cried Mrs. Hem-mandhaw, "who in the world put that chunk of ice in the aquarium?" "I did," little Laura admitted. "Why in the world did you do that?" "I am doing like the man at the butcher shop." "What do you mean?" "He always puts ice in to make the fish keep longer."—Youngstown Telegram.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you know the latest dance?" "No. I didn't go out of the house yesterday."—*Munich Megendorfer Blätter.*

Fand Mother—Don't you wish you could paint as well as that, Clarence? Clarence (firmly)—I can.—*London Mail.*

Artist's Wife—Anatole, somebody's knocking. Artist—Don't answer, then they'll think we are on the Riviera.—*Le Pele-Mele.*

North—Dobbs must have a wonderful education. West—What makes you think so? North—There are so few things he believes in.—*Life.*

Mrs. Smith (to the vicar)—My rheumatis is bad, indeed, sir, but I must be thankful I still 'ave a back to 'ave it in.—*London Opinion.*

"Is she making a rich marriage?" "I should hope to tell you; he is a butcher who has been arrested three times for profiteering."—*Paris Le Rire.*

Bilton—What do you consider the meanest act a man can do to a woman? Mrs. Bilton—Will her a fortune payable at the age of thirty-five.—*Judge.*

Heck—Have you decided what you are going to call the baby, old man? Peck—Yes; I'm going to call him whatever my wife names him.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Klubmann—Going out, dear? You don't know how lonesome it is here evenings. Klubmann—Oh, yes, I do; that's the reason I'm going out.—*Vancouver Province.*

"Why is it customary to have weddings in June?" "It's a wise custom. The young couple needn't start off with a coal problem, anyhow."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"No. No oysters, lady, only cockles and whelks. We only 'as oysters when there's a R in the month." "R in the month? And 'ow do you spell Ourgt?"—*London Opinion.*

First Barber—Nasty cut you've given that old gent, Bill. Second Ditto—Yes. I'm courtin' his 'ousemaid—that's to let 'er know I can see 'er Tuesday night.—*London Passing Show.*

Traveler—It's a nuisance—these trains are always late. Resourceful Conductor—But, my dear sir, what would be the use of the waiting-rooms if they were on time?—*Turin Numero.*

"So she didn't accept you when you proposed?" "She sure did." "But you said she threw you down." "She did, and held me there till I gave her the ring."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

"How do you like my pound cake, dearie?" asked Mrs. Newlywed. "Why, er—er!" stammered Mr. Newlywed. "I don't think you pounded it enough, did you?"—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

The Old 'Un—Pluck, my boy, pluck: that is the one essential to success in business. The Young 'Un—Yes, of course, I know that. The trouble is to find some one to pluck.—*London Opinion.*

"What's Second-Story Jiggers looking so down-hearted about?" "Well, he says he spent ten years learning his specialty and now people are keeping their valuables in the cellar."—*Judge.*

"Tell me about de people in dis heah I'll ole town, Rastus. You's been heah longer'n

I has. Tell me who's who." "Aw, dey's no good, Samho. Nobody aint who, heah."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

Scot—Whit dae ye chaarge for a hair cut th' noo? Barber—Eight pence, sir. Scot—And hoo muckle for a shave? Barber—Four pence, sir. Scot—Then gie ma heid a shave.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

"Would you mind driving a little slower, old man?" "Not getting scared, are you?" "Oh, no, nothing like that, but I'd hate to take an unfair advantage of my life insurance company."—*New York Sun.*

"I see that your wife has promised to give the city a reform administration if she is elected mayor." "Aye, maybe she will, maybe she will. She promised to obey when she married me, too."—*Judge.*

Gwendolyn—And is he really going to marry all that money? John—Absolutely. Gwendolyn—Has the engagement been formally announced? John—No. Just informally—among his creditors.—*Life.*

"Josh says he is going to be an aviator." "Maybe it'll be good for him," replied Farmer Cornassel. "Aviation is one thing that'll make a boy keep his mind on his work for hours at a stretch."—*Washington Star.*

His wife (fondly)—Look, John, I came across a lot of your old love letters today. Himself—For goodness sake lock them up so the children can't find them! They haven't too much respect for me as it is.—*Judge.*

Crawford—I notice that the medical associations pick out the fashionable seaside resorts for their conventions. Crabshaw—That gives the doctors a chance for a post-graduate course in anatomy.—*Living Age.*

Belle—Beatrice has refused to marry Barclay. Beulah—And why, pray? Belle—Says she'll never marry a man whose wealth contains less than six ciphers. "Well, good sakes alive! Barclay's wealth is all ciphers."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Two weeks ago I refused to marry Freddie, and he has been drinking heavily ever since," said Jess. "Yes," responded her dear friend Tess, "that's a foolish habit of Freddie's—he never knows when to stop a celebration."—*Toledo Blade.*

The Husband (filling in census form)—Let me see, dear, what is your exact age? The Wife—Put thirty-five, George. The Husband—Then I'd better put myself down as seventy, so that the total will come out right.—*London Passing Show.*

"Man Died from Wife's Cooking," read Mr. Jenkins, cynically, glancing at the headlines. "Another woman who never learned to cook, I suppose." "Or else," retorted Mrs. Jenkins, "another man who never learned when to stop eating."—*Life.*

First Sea Dog (playing golf, to partner)—That's six you had. Second Ditto—"Tisn't it's five! I had to go astern in that bunker—then I had one shot hard apart—another on the starboard tack, an' finally about ship, so 'tis five."—*London Opinion.*

"Darling," said she, "do you love me as much as ever?" "Yes, dearie," said he, with his nose buried in his newspaper. That ought to have satisfied her, but she had to ask, "Why?" "Oh, I don't know. Habit, I suppose."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

The Wife—It's disgraceful, John, to come home at such an hour, and I don't know how you can expect me to believe such an absurd excuse. The Husband—Well, my dear, that's the tale I've made up and that's what I'm jolly well going to stick to.—*Calcutta Looker-On.*

Mrs. O'Brien—They say it's not polite to be helped twice, Mr. Flaherty, but ye'll take another piece of my cake, won't ye? Flaherty—Indade Oi will that, Mrs. O'Brien. Shure, it's the height av politeness to ate second piece av such cake as this.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I'm sorry, Mr. Timpany," said the leader of the brass band to the bass drummer, "but we shall have to dispense with your services." "Why?" "You ask me why? A man who has grown so fat that he can no longer hit the middle of the drum asks me why?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"I do hope that you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed, as she paid the milkman. "Yess'm," replied the milkman, "of course we keep them in a pasture." "I'm so glad," gushed Mrs. Newlywed. "I have been told that pasteurized milk is much the best."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Husband—I see that the Soviet government is trying to place an order in this country for five hundred thousand boxes of soap. Wife—But I thought the very idea of soap was distasteful to the Russians. Husband—That's true, but they are badly in need of the boxes for their orators.—*Judge.*

"Crimson Gulch has quieted down since the old days." "Yes," replied Cactus Joe. "One

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of the boys got ambitious the other day and started to shoot up the town." "What was the result?" "All the boys rushed from the soda fountain and wanted to know whose tire had blown out, and whether they couldn't help fix it."—*Washington Star.*

A FLAG FOR CANADA.

Canada is a "nation," but it has no flag. Herein it is unique among all nations. A so-called Canadian flag is in use, but its use is unauthorized and it no longer represents Canada. It is the red ensign of the British mercantile marine with the coat-of-arms of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick in a quartered shield on the field of the flag.

This flag, by warrant dated February 2, 1892, was authorized by the British admiralty, "to be used on board vessels registered in the Dominion." This limits its domain to Canadian merchant ships, as no authorization was given to fly it on shore. When it is flown on land, it is out of its formal jurisdiction. In any case it has not been formally adopted by the Canadian people and it now has decided limitations.

Its shield contains the devices of only four of the nine provinces which now form the Dominion of Canada. The four coats-of-arms make an almost undecipherable emblem owing to the crowding of their devices into so small a space. If the emblem was brought up to date by adding the arms of the other five provinces, the result would be a hopeless confusion of armorial bearings; the significance would be destroyed, and the flag be lacking in distinction and beauty.

Australia when it organized its commonwealth chose a flag from 30,000 competing designs. It has the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner, with the constellation of the Southern Cross, white on a blue field. New Zealand also has a flag. It is also based on the Southern Cross constellation, red stars on a blue field. There are only four stars compared with Australia's six. As for South Africa, Premier Smuts has declared that she, too, will have her own national flag.

The Manitoba *Free Press*, speaking for a province not represented in the present unofficial Canadian ensign, is agitating for a new Canadian flag and has received hundreds of proposed designs. The *Free Press* itself puts forward an adaptation of the most prominent feature of northern skies as an appropriate design. Certainly the "Dipper" and the Pole Star are not without some symbolism to most Canadians. The Dipper, the *Free Press* says, "is the conspicuous constellation of our Canadian heavens, circulating slowly around the steadfast Polar Star; it lights up the night sky over the Atlantic provinces and over the Pacific slopes of British Columbia; it circles above the night silences of the Western prairies; it can be seen by the trapper in the woods of the northwest territories, by the settler on his homestead, by the city dweller high above the glitter of his lamp-lit streets, the most distinctive constellation of the northern hemisphere. The Dipper and the Pole Star, it thinks, look as though they were a great heraldic emblem on the dark field of the Canadian night sky, and it seems natural to take them down and emblazon them on the white field of a flag for the young Canadian

nation. The only objection would come from those who objected to Kipling's "Our Lady of the Snows."

Most suggestions involve some use of the maple leaf.

Nationhood flowers in a flag, thinks the *Free Press*, which argues the case this way: "Canada has one of the great geographical surfaces of the world. Canada has a vigorous, thriving, and enterprising people. Canada sent 600,000 men to the war, good soldiers who fought with distinction and put lustre on the Canadian name; Canada has a rich tradition behind her; her laws and system of government are rooted in the principles of liberty and justice; the great highway of national expansion is opening before Canada, and as a nation she is preparing to walk in it; Canadian status and nationality have never been so universally admitted as they are today; and, despite all this, Canada lacks the distinctive badge of nationality possessed by even the smallest and humblest nation—a national flag. The national flag stands for something vital in the nation. National flags are emblems around which nations rally. The crosses on the Union Jack, the Lion of Scotland, the Lions of England, the Irish harp, the Stars and Bars of Old Glory are of a piece with the national life out of which they emerge."

An article on contemporary American literature, printed in a French review, gives the following five rules for writing successfully for American magazines: "First, bear in mind that you are not writing for a class that enjoys satire either at the expense of itself or some other class of society. There are no such divisions in the American reading public—you are writing for an entire people. Second, avoid questions of race or religion. Don't slight the stenographer and shop girl—give them romance, not reality. Third, reveal the gayer, happier side of every type of American who might be attracted by the magazine. Fourth, avoid slighting reference to Catholics and Jews. Five, go to any length in depicting the politician—you can safely lampoon him for any crime, including wife-beating!"

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2332. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 3, 1921. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the newsstands of W. H. Smith & Son, in Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Iron Hand in Velvet Glove.

There occurred at Washington last week an incident recalling the Rooseveltian precept of soft speech backed by a big stick. Among the President's visitors on Monday was Representative Kinkaid, chairman of the House Committee on Irrigation, accompanied by members of the committee. The object of the visit was to ask Mr. Harding to say some kind words in his forthcoming general message to Congress favorable to appropriations for irrigation in the West, and to follow up that recommendation by a subsequent special message naming sums to be appropriated. It so happened that every congressman present had voted with the agricultural bloc in contempt of Mr. Harding's urgent suggestions in the matter of tax revision. As always, the President was smooth of manner. He spoke softly, but before he was done every gentleman present felt the swat of a Big Stick. The President spoke of his interest in agriculture. He lauded the reclamation system. Very earnestly he pointed out the necessity for promoting the interests of agriculture and getting the people back to the land. But, he went on to explain, that owing to the manner in which Administration advice had been disregarded in the making of the tax bill, it seemed certain that there would not be provided a revenue sufficient to warrant the government in assuming new obligations, such as were entailed in the proposed expansion of the irrigation programme. It was impossible at this time, he

said, to know how much revenue the new law would raise; therefore, despite his keen interest in the matter of irrigation, he could make no pledges at this time to recommend any new propositions whatsoever. Disappointed, sorrowful yet thoughtful, the delegation departed. The President had given them something to think about.

A Rare Group of Maternity Experts.

There is now before Congress a measure appealingly styled "The Child Welfare Bill" that will stand some looking into. It proposes in effect to make motherhood a concern of the government, to be supervised and supported at public charge. It is backed by well-organized propaganda, abundantly financed, aggressively urged by a lobby of persuasive ladies who solicit and pledge votes from congressmen who are not likely to take pains to learn whether the measure be good or bad, wise or foolish. The fundamental doctrines on which the measure is founded were drawn chiefly from the radical, socialistic, and bolshevistic philosophy of Germany and Russia. As introduced, the bill called for an annual appropriation of \$4,000,000. Recently this magnificent proposal has been cut to \$1,450,000. One million of this sum is to be divided among the states in proportion to their population. The remainder, approximately half a million, is presumably to be applied in maintenance of the organization. The administration of the proposed law is to be in the hands of a "Children's Bureau" authorized to do almost anything it may desire. States can get no money unless they expend the funds in accordance with the demands of the bureau, whatever they may be. There is humor in the personnel of the organization. The bureau is to be constituted as follows: Miss Julia Lathrop, chief; Miss Blanche Steele, Miss Emma Lundberg, Miss Katherine Lenroot, Miss Anna Ruhl, Miss E. N. Matthews, Miss Flora Seibert, Miss Mary Buckford, Mrs. Helen Woodbury. Observe that the entire bureau is composed of unmarried women, except Mrs. Helen Woodbury, who (also her husband) holds a job in a government department. But this is not all. Under the authority of those who are urging the bill there has been prepared a book (published at government expense) on "Maternity Care and Welfare of Young Children. This document has been prepared by Miss Grace Meigs, Miss Viola Paradise, Miss Helen Dart, Miss Letitia Eyffe, Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Janet Geister, Miss Stella Packard, Miss May Lane, and Miss Etta Philbrook. A companion book on "Infant Mortality" is credited to Miss Meika Allen, Miss Melissa Farrell, Miss Roberta Kane, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Jessie Riall, Miss Mary Van Zile, and Miss Rena Rosenberg. Still another companion book dealing with "Rural Children" is by Miss Frances Bradley and Miss Margareta Williamson. Still another on "Maternal Mortality" is the work of Miss Grace Meigs, Miss Emma Duke, and Miss Viola Paradise. Still another on "Infant Welfare Work in Europe" is attributed to Miss Nettie McGill, Miss Anna Kalet, and Mrs. Frances Hawes. It seems to be the idea of the proponents of this measure that the only people capable of caring for babies and mothers of babies are ladies who never had babies. At the very threshold there appears the amusing fact that the whole business of infant bearing and infant care is to be turned over to an aggregation composed almost exclusively of spinsters.

A Discredited "Hero."

There were many unreflecting sentimentalists—mostly women, we regret to record—who found in the earlier exploits of Roy Gardner a fancied quality of "heroism." Upon his escape from McNeill Island there were many to prate of his "gallantry," to make much of his gabble of love for wife and child, to plead for one who, whatever his weaknesses, had shown himself to be a "real man." There had come to be a species

of Roy Gardner cult under the delusion that there was something fine and even noble in a creature whose whole record, so far as it was known, was one of criminality. Recent events have taken the starch out of all this bogus heroism and will, let us hope, not fail to have its moral effect upon many who are sadly in need of stabilized moral standards. The latest picture of Roy Gardner presents him as a petty thief stealing whatever could serve his purpose in his "sneak" from Washington to Mexico; in his old character of brutal robber armed in readiness to murder his victim if he should find himself in a tight place; as so far forgetful of his avowed devotion to the domestic sanctities, and so remorseless in his lust, as to be the assailant of a defenseless young girl; as a braggart and a bully athirst for notoriety at any cost. It is not an edifying picture. But it has value in that it tends to instruction of those so weak-minded as to find material for glorification in the career of a criminal without one redeeming quality.

The Conference.

One who permits his mind to dwell narrowly upon the detailed problems that present themselves to the negotiators at Washington is in the way of abandoning hope for a successful outcome. The proceedings have reached a stage where subordinate interests and sentiments for the moment obscure the larger purposes for which the Conference was called. This is confusing and a bit disheartening; and we have now and then for reassurance to hark back to fundamentals and to the record of their acceptance.

In truth the major work of the Conference has already been achieved. It has come to agreement on the principles of a system of naval limitations, leaving only the details to be worked out. The plan proposed by the United States has found support from every participating nation, with the exception of Japan. With only minor modifications the Hughes proposal will be carried out. Even Japan is preparing to accept practically the American programme. There will be no change in the proposed ratio.

When last week Japan formally disclaimed any idea of imperialistic expansion, protested her adherence to the principle of the Open Door, and pledged herself to a policy of non-interference in China, the core of the Far Eastern problem was reached. Thus in less than ten days the Conference actually achieved the purposes for which it was called in the sense of defining the principles upon which final adjustments are to be based. Of course mere declarations are not of themselves effective. There remains to be worked out ways, means, and methods under the principles agreed upon. All this is in process. There will, we believe, emerge from the Conference a treaty confined to the one subject of naval limitations on the basis of the American programme. Probably there will come an agreement (but not a treaty) on the lines of the ten Chinese proposals, guaranteeing the integrity of China, pledging the nations to abstain from taking advantage of China's chaotic condition, and committing Japan to a policy of restraint.

In times past Japan's reiterated acceptance of the principle of the Open Door has been nullified by her practice of putting her own interpretation upon that principle. Thus, for example, we find Japan pleading that the basis and justification for the multiplication of spheres of influence in China is found in the original Open Door declaration by Secretary Hay—a truly amazing conception. Obviously, if this Conference merely accepts Japan's pledge and regards its work as finally concluded, that pledge may mean nothing at all. If Japan is to be held to a straight course in line with her professions and agreements, there must be established some continuing supervision. In this is clearly implied the necessity for future cooperation among the nations acting in association. The free-

ments reached by this Conference with the pledges (and particularly that of Japan) made under them must periodically be subjected to examination to determine if they are being carried out in good faith. Every participating nation will be obliged to justify any interpretation it has made.

There are other reasons why the Conference should become a continuing body. This is no time to attempt final settlement of all questions affecting China. The fact that there is no actual and responsible government in China today can not be avoided. Were an attempt to be made to restore to China territory rightfully hers, into whose custody could it be given with a guaranty to the alien residents therein of the safety of their lives and property? The same query applies in Siberia. In any controversy dealing with the problems of Asia, Siberia is a large and essential factor, but today it is a physical impossibility to deal with Siberia as an entity. China and Siberia, in so far as details are concerned, must be left to be dealt with in future and in the light of events as they develop themselves.

It is only a matter of course that the sensation-mongers should raise a hullabaloo over President Harding's suggestion of succeeding conferences. They protest because it is their habit to protest. Protesting is their stock in trade. But no argument worth a moment's consideration has been advanced in opposition to future conferences. Future meetings are essential to the carrying out of findings of the present Conference.

When this Conference adjourns future sessions will be subject to call, and herein will lie one of the largest if not, in truth, its supreme achievement. Attempts on the part of Senator Borah and others to identify such an association of nations as may be implied in occasional conferences with Mr. Wilson's league of nations are plainly void of honesty. The league of nations is established upon another basis. It aims at more than a moral authority. Nothing comparable with it—much less in competition with it—is proposed or implied in the immediate project. It is true that to an extent the Conference at Washington and others to follow connects us with international affairs. That is inevitable in respect of the progress of the world. The steamship, telegraph, the developments of commerce—these render national isolation for us or for anybody else impossible.

Germany's Plea of Poverty.

Obviously Germany intends to default upon her pledges of indemnity. Her spokesmen are busy in this country and elsewhere testifying to her poverty. They would have the world believe that, if not actually bankrupt, Germany is at the point of financial exhaustion. Repudiation is plainly the programme, and very artfully the world is being prepared for it. Prior to the war Germany was one of the rich countries of the world. If not so rich as England or the United States, she still had vast store, not only of properties highly valuable, but of actual money. What has become of it all? During the war the markets of the world were closed against Germany. Her finances were not depleted by purchases abroad because she had not the privilege of trading in foreign markets. What was spent—and very much was spent by the German government—was spent at home. Since it was not sent out of the country it must remain in the country. The government may not have it, but somebody in Germany surely has it. Of this we have many evidences, including the boasted affluence of certain German financiers, very notably the opulent Mr. Stinnes. Now if the money that was in Germany before the war is still there, if German property has neither been destroyed nor damaged, then there must be a very considerable element of buncombe in the plea of national poverty. Much of the German wealth may have changed hands, but it is still in German hands; and this being so, a way ought to be found to smoke it out and apply it in repairing wanton destruction at the hands of Germans under the authority and direction of the German government.

When suggestion to this effect has been made, the answer has been that whatever of movable wealth remains in Germany is concealed—so securely concealed that the government has no means of getting at it. A poor plea this in view of German success in wringing money from countries violated by her and held in custody during the war. Did pleas of poverty—or any other plea—save the cities of Belgium and of northern France from exactions at German hands? The question is answered by the record. Penalty

after penalty was put upon Brussels and upon other captive cities—and means of enforcing judgment were found. If German authority will apply to the German people something of the means applied to the Belgians and the French, much "securely concealed" wealth may be brought to light.

Germany's pledge is not that of indemnity in the sense that she exacted indemnity from France forty and odd years ago. It is not to the end of turning the war to profitable account as Germany did following the Franco-Prussian war. It is for reparation—for restoring that which was destroyed. If Germany does not make up this loss, then somebody else must. To be specific, if Germany does not pay, then Belgium and France must pay in the sense of suffering vast losses without compensation. The real issue is shall the Germans, who did the damage, pay for its repair, or shall the French and the Belgians, who were savagely ravaged by German forces, pay in the form of sustained loss? Shall the doer of evil or the victim of evil suffer the consequences?

Shakespeare and the Conference.

The daily newspapers are sparing no pains to secure reports of the Conference at Washington from well-known writers. Each proudly announces its list of notable people. The *Argonaut* here presents comments pertinent and timely upon the Conference. These are the expression of the greatest mind of any time.

Readers, meet William Shakespeare!

Hearst thou the news abroad, who are arrived?
The French, my lord, mens' mouths are full of it.
Speak England first that hath been forward first.
Peace be to France, if France in peace permit.
Peace be to England—England hound in with the triumphant sea.

President Harding—
What you would have reformed that is not well
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and answer your request.

Europe—
Ope your gates; let in that amity which you have made.

The Soldiers—
Our griefs and not our manners reason now.

The People—
With burden of our armor here we sweat.
—And daily new exactions are devised.

Bryan—
Even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Root—
A thousand businesses are brief in hand.

Hughes—
Stay for an answer to your embassy.
Lest unadvisedly you stain your swords with blood.

To be a make-peace shall become my age. . . .
As one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts.
. . . . Gentlemen, he ruled by me.
Let's purge this choler without letting blood.
This we prescribe though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive, conclude, and he agreed.

Let them lay by their helmets and their shields.

Briand—
I see a yielding in the looks of France.
. . . . Urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition.

France, has thou yet more blood to cast away?

Clemenceau (by cable, speaking for France)—
He is prepared, and reason too he should.

The Reason Lloyd George is detained at home—
Now powers at home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits.

Congressman Kahn (looking east)—
So foul a sky clears not without a storm.

The Arrival of Kato—
Half an hour since came from [Japan]
And brings . . . such offers of our peace
As we with honor and respect may take.

Doctor See (for China)—
I am too high-horn to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.

The Conference (to the Balkan States)—
What is thy name and wherefore come thou hither?
—Against whom comest thou and what's thy quarrel?

The Advocates of Peace—
We were not horn to sue, hut to command,
Which, since we can not do to make you friends,
Be ready as your lives shall answer it.
—Shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate?

(Appealing to the Nations)—
Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

"The Next War"—
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy argument of love.

O, if you raise this house against this house
It will the woofullest division prove
That ever fell upon the cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so
Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe.

PAST HISTORY (THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS).

Senator Lodge to President Wilson—
Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

President Wilson to Europe—
O make a League with me till I have pleased my discontented peers.

THE EPISODE OF KARL AND ZITA.
Now for the hare-picked bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.

Editorial Notes.

The promotion of Baron Takahashi to the premiership of Japan is in many ways significant. Takahashi is a proponent of the Open Door as that policy is defined in the United States and in Europe. In his many battles with the militarists and imperialists he has held the ground that not alone Japan's safety, but her prosperity and happiness are contingent upon economic expansion as opposed to political expansion. He has maintained that Japan's best potential customer for such goods as she produces is China; that likewise China is the main source of raw materials required by Japan's factories. He has held that it is bad business, bad economics, bad statesmanship, to forever be batting one's best potential customer over the head with a club and robbing him of his lands. There are many other evidences than the selection of Takahashi as Premier indicating that Japan is coming to an appreciation of the truth of these arguments.

One of the easiest—and the cheapest—ways of gaining notoriety is a course of studied impertinence. It is particularly effective in the feminine gender, especially when the party of the first part is connected with a famous man or a famous family. Just now we are having quite a run of this sort of thing. It began with "Margot" Asquith, the wife of a former British premier, by giving to the public a string of more or less intimate, more or less impertinent, and more or less vulgar stories involving aristocratic England. She gained what must have been very precious to the vanity of a light mind—a few weeks or months of limelight. More recently another Englishwoman allied to two families of some distinction—the Sheridans of England and the Jeromes of America—has been playing the rôle of sauce-box with some little success. Her method is to combine inherited social and financial advantages with Bolshevik sympathies. To this combination there is added an element of individual arrogance, with practices of studied insolence. This sort of thing always commands attention for a little while. The newest candidate for this species of distinction is the Princess Bibesco—none other than the daughter of Margot Asquith. She is a princess by virtue of having married a fledgling of one of the Balkan royalties who is now commissioned at Washington in a subordinate relation to the embassy of his country. Princess Bibesco emulates her mother and goes her one better. She is less considerate of the conventions, more impertinent even than her mother—which is saying much. She will undoubtedly have her day of notoriety. It will of course be brief, and it will tend neither to dignity nor respect.

The American mind finds it difficult to understand, still more difficult to sympathize with, the insistence of Catholic Ireland that the Protestant counties shall come into their scheme of government. Why this demand for "unification" with those who do not desire it? Between south Ireland and north Ireland there are differences of race, history, religion. Two generations ago Lever described the situation precisely in the famous lines:

Fighting like devils for conciliation
And hating each other for the love of God.

Since the two sections of Ireland hate each other with a holy hatred, since their animosities are inbred, fixed in tradition, remorseless, and ineradicable, why, in the name of all the saints alive and dead, should there be persistent effort to force them into political association? Those who speak for Ulster insist that the industry, the thrift, the capital of Ireland is mainly in the north, while the weight of population—of numbers—is in the south. Under the scheme of political unity proposed, south or Catholic Ireland would by its superior voting power subordinate Protestant or north Ireland and incidentally exact from it under the taxing power an unfair contribution to support of the state. As they put it, Protestant Ireland would be required to pay for a government officered by Catholic Ireland. The south Irishers deny the alle-

gation. But they offer no testimony tending to its refutation. For what reason, it is pertinent to ask, are they so anxious to bring the northern counties into their scheme? Surely it is not on the score of fraternal sentiment, since after four centuries of embittered contention the quarrel between the sections is now as bitter as ever. Protestant Ireland would be more than pleased to be set off and made free from any political relationship with south Ireland. It would seem that south Ireland should be willing to return the compliment.

In New York City there is on the part of a large element disappointment to a degree approaching chagrin over the reflection to the mayoralty of Judge Hylan. Hylan is a creature of Tammany Hall, and is representative alike of its spirit and its practice. There was in certain quarters a hope that the "woman vote" would redeem the city from the blight of Tammany; and this having failed, there comes from many sources arraignment of the women of New York. Those who expected from women as voters higher standards of political virtue than those of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and sweethearts have learned a lesson which was not needed by those of better understanding of human nature. In recent years women have moved into many spheres formerly closed against them. Has anybody observed that they have brought reformation to anything that has engaged their interest? Has literature been the gainer for the Elinor Glyn and her sisterhood? On the other hand has it not suffered through emphasis of sex in fiction and in the "sob sister" phase of journalism? Have the professions or has business been elevated by the participation of women? The truth is that women and men are very much alike. Their weal or their woe is dependent on much the same things. Imagination or sentiment or something of both has traditionally endowed women with qualities making them morally superior to men. Experience under expansion of "woman's sphere" does not justify the theory. The new experience in politics, like the experiences that have gone before, dashes many fond—and foolish—hopes.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Again!

SAN FRANCISCO, November 21, 1921.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—Dear Sir: The dawn of another Thanksgiving Day is here, and with it the thought of doing a little good for others. The enclosed fifty dollars for the Fruit and Flower Mission is, as usual, sent through you, with thanks for your trouble. Yours truly, M. R.-M. F.

"Regulation"—the Slogan of Hysteria.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 28, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: One has to read only once Dr. Annie G. Lyle's protest in the last *Argonaut* to realize that the learned doctor is imaging herself in an America which has long since ceased to exist. The most casual of observers with the naked eye can not fail to perceive that, during the last twenty-five years, a remarkable progressive movement has swept the country and means to sweep it clean. The slogan of this hysteria is REGULATION.

The object of its innumerable commissions, boards and bureaus, of its income taxers, volsteadactors, public health serve-you-righters, *et al.* is the penalizing of all those who resent the loss of liberty, over whom there have been created plethora of positions, collectors and deputy collectors, superintendents of licenses and assistant superintendents, assistants to assistants, head enforcement officers and double-header enforcement officer, to infinity, and in their train comes secretaries filling offices with such a quota of job-holders as would satisfy the exactions of the most advanced red-tapeness, plus inspectors, guards, chauffeurs, filing systemers, joy-riders, cross-indexers, examiners of reports, suspects of returns, followers-up of suspicions, pryers into privacy, originators of penalties, gum-shoemakers, scrutinizers of statements, devisers of non-understandable forms, explainers of explanations, complicators of former forms, stoppers of business, exhausters of patience—without end.

There is no hope, doctor!

Fees will be raised, taxes MUST be increased.

NATHANIEL BLAISDELL.

The Argonaut in Montana.

(Helena Independent.)

The other evening at a big social function held in the Montana Club, the newspapers of San Francisco were under discussion and it developed that a dozen members of that club are regular readers of that San Francisco weekly—the old *Argonaut*.

David Edstrom, president of the Sculptors' Guild of Southern California, and noted sculptor of Western subjects, was born in Sweden in 1873; and was graduated from the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Stockholm, 1899. He studied in Florence, Paris, and Rome. However, America had been his home since 1880, when his family came to the United States and settled in Idaho. He was twenty-one when he crossed the ocean as a coal stoker, having first tramped to New York. He successfully worked his way through the various art schools he attended and won distinction early in his student days. His portrait busts of notables include those of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, Princess Pat, Dr. Ludvik Looström, and Ellen Key.

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO.

Now that the gale of comment on President Harding's speech at Birmingham has subsided a little, one wonders whether some of the Southern newspapers really meant all they said about his intrusion on a local issue, and whether this was not merely their gruff and virile way of concealing an enormous sense of relief. At any rate there has been a sufficiently rapid drift of change in the Southern attitude toward the negro problem to confirm the idea that they are willing and desirous at last to have it openly discussed.

This does not mean that Southerners have undergone any profound change of sentiment on the color question. They have simply revised, under pressure of circumstances, their old conception of the negro's economic position. The circumstances have been stern enough to prepare them to welcome, though in reluctant terms, the "intrusion" and coöperation of the government in the matter, and if they have any grievance regarding the Birmingham address, it can only be that the intrusion has been too equivocal and broad to be serviceable.

The cause of the change in the Southern attitude on this issue is, of course, the labor shortage produced by the negro migrations during the war—a phenomenon that has been frequently mentioned in the discussions, but so vaguely that it may be worth a passing review. Briefly, the situation might be expressed in this way. It has been the unenviable lot of the Southern states of America to discover that of all possible solutions to the problem which they have always considered their chief affliction, the worst conceivable remedy would be to have it bodily removed. That uneasy sense of being outnumbered by the blacks, which was once the darkest bugbear of the white residents of the South, seems to have given place to an even more sinister apprehension that they may, before long, cease to be outnumbered at all. And, while the draining of negro labor from the black belt stopped with the close of the war, when high wages and the eager demand for unskilled labor in the North came to an end, a recurrence of the phenomenon will not be an improbability after employment conditions have returned to normal. And the South is quite reasonably apprehensive about it.

The event occasioning this disturbance was really one of the most momentous and sudden in history. Modern means of transportation rob such a movement of much of the picturesqueness it possessed in the days when people traveled afoot or by caravan, but even the fact that most of the negroes made the pilgrimage at night, under double cover of darkness, so to speak, in the free trains provided by their enterprising Northern employers, did not deprive their "exodus" of its spectacular aspect. Beginning in Alabama, in 1916, where the ruin of the cotton crop by flood and boll weevil and the lure of work at high wages in the North almost compelled the negroes from their homes, the traveling impulse soon communicated itself to other states where there had been no such calamity. Fantastic tales of the opulence of black workmen in the North met with a more credulous hearing and a more impetuous response than similar rumors that precipitated the "rushes" of white men to new fields of gold and oil. Month after month found the Southern towns more depleted of their negro population; fields deserted, homes sold or deserted, factories emptied, as the blacks with that headlong and contagious fervor so characteristic of them joined the decamping hordes in larger and larger numbers. It took the South a little while to realize the full force of this eventuality, but only a little while. She was soon employing every means in her power to stem the escaping flood of black labor. Prosecution of labor-recruiting agents, detention of the immigrants on legal technicalities, circulation of propaganda discounting the reports of prosperity for laborers in the North, every argument and resource that the menace of ruin could prompt was brought into play, but without avail. The debacle continued. It grew both in numbers and rapidity. It spread from state to state like a virulent fever, or like an outbreak of religious frenzy at revival time. And in fact, as was to be expected among a people so romantic and excitable, it soon expressed itself in terms of intense religious emotion.

Emmet Scott, in an interesting statistical report of the movement, mentions a party of 147 negro emigrants from Mississippi, who, after crossing the Ohio River, held solemn ceremonies, stopped their watches, knelt down and prayed, and with tears of joy sang the familiar songs of deliverance, "I done come out of the Land of Egypt with the good news," and "Beulah Land." This trait was general. In the overwrought imaginations of the negroes, Beulah Land became the accepted symbol for the Northern states, the river of Jordan for the Ohio, Egypt for the South, and the people of Israel for themselves, going forth from the house of bondage to their deliverance. On the farther side of the river they drew deep ecstatic breaths, and assured each other that the air was lighter and purer, and "easier to breathe" than on the southern bank. Moreover, on reaching their destinations, they sent home postcards in the same elevated key, that seem to

have had the effect and value of crusaders' relics in the pilgrimaging centuries.

For some time the South could do nothing but desperately watch the stampede, realizing that with each day millions of dollars of present and potential profit were leaving her borders, and that her industries, thus drained of their strength, were not only suffering a startling loss in output, but were daily becoming less attractive to investors of capital. Meanwhile the waves of emigration continued to spread and break in many directions, but mostly to the north and east. Of the Western states, only California, Washington, Oregon, and Wyoming were favored to a noticeable degree—the Beulah Land of Promise being more faithfully typified, it would seem, in Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and New York. Readiness of access by railway to these states may have helped govern the choice, as well as their record in the days of slavery.

One need not inquire in what measure the treatment of negroes in the South provoked this emigration. The problems of the white population in the Southern states are peculiarly complex, and there has been too much irresponsible criticism on the part of writers unversed in the facts. But the point of general interest and concern is the discovery by the negro of the most powerful resort to a real or imagined economic grievance: the expedient of taking his labor elsewhere. Without the organization or the will to "strike," the negroes in deserting the industries of the South produced the effect of a strike. And their first experiment in social economics has no doubt persuaded them that the economic equation brings swifter adjustments than any humanitarian plea.

The net and intelligible consequence of all this is that the South is worried. Long before President Harding delivered his address at Birmingham, Washington was receiving countless requests from the South for some provision by the government against this growing menace. Before the world war ended, Southerners of the most confirmed anti-negro convictions were consulting with negroes to find some basis of compromise. There was a searching of bank books and consciences all round. The *Tipton Gazette* of Georgia made a comment that reflected the opinion of many of the white newspapers in the South: "The loss of much of the state's best labor is one of the prices Georgia is paying for unchecked mob activity against negroes often charged only with minor crimes." An almost universal consent was accorded to the proposition that the negro should be given better treatment in this and other respects—and he was. Conclaves of black and white leaders were held, at which better schools and housing facilities for black workmen were projected. Broader political privileges were even spoken of, and preliminary steps were taken toward carrying these suggestions into effect. The fact was generally conceded that the only means of decreasing emigration and rectifying the economic deficit was that the South offer inducements to the negro equal to those with which the Northern states had attracted him, and that this, together with the factor of nostalgia would create a margin of attractiveness in her favor. In other words, the negro had taken his labor to market, with all the results that have usually attended such a move.

While these ideas were still prevalent in the minds of white Southerners, President Harding took the occasion to appear in the South and reiterate them. The meeting at Birmingham was like many others the citizens of that town had witnessed. The President said nothing on the negro's economic rights that the most conservative Southerner had not either said before him or felt inclined to say. Whether the South will ever consent to his suggestion regarding political equality is extremely doubtful. But he expressed what is actually becoming a Southern view in declaring, after he had set aside social equality and race amalgamation as impracticable, that economic equality was within the negro's scope. The fact that the speech was received in open-mouthed silence has been attributed to its astonishing departure from presidential reticence on this topic during the last half-century, but the absence of applause was probably due no less to the speaker's omission of any practical recommendation for carrying a generally conceded principle into effect.

In view, however, of the vast tributary aspects of the problem—to some of which the President alluded—it could hardly at this time have been treated in a more specific way. The speech at Birmingham seems simply to resolve itself into an announcement that an era of discussion of the negro problem has begun, in place of the old policy of evading the issue by ignoring it. The question has escaped, as such things have a way of doing nowadays, into the dimensions of a world affair. What made possible the recent transference of negro labor to a Northern market was, to use the jargon of the economist, the equalization of opportunity and the dissemination of standardized intelligence by the modern instruments of communication and transportation, which are at the same work throughout the world, linking classes and interests of whatever degree. In other words, the instruments mentioned are making of the oceans between bargainers what brooks once were, and of mountain ranges mere paving stones. The negroes within the boundaries of America have turned these instruments to their advantage. The

work of the labor agents show, they have taken a first step toward organization. What of the vast problem that will face America when they correlate further, and the Afro American is linked with his brother in French and English Africa?

It was to this phase of the question that the President referred when he called the negro problem a world problem, and it is this that makes a straightening of the record in America imperative. Some of the possibilities are clear enough. France now has a solid group of negro colonies that extend to the Gold Coast. Those who know anything of the French attitude toward the negro realize that it will be only a matter of time before these new citizens of the republic will be granted equal political rights with native Frenchmen. And the equality will extend further. Whatever be the reason for it, France has always been less sensible of color prejudice than any other country in Christendom. The noble red man was one of her idols in the eighteenth century. At a time when Englishmen and Americans were talking of redskins and heathens, Chateaubriand and Rousseau were holding up the North American Indian to the worship of their countrymen as a superior being. The attitude of France has been equally sympathetic toward the black races. She has admitted them without question to the closest intimacy in her social and political life. Two of the most eminent figures in French letters and in Parisian society in the last century were of negro blood. The idea of citing Alexander Dumas and his son as instances of the potential intellectual equality of the negro would never occur to a Frenchman. No question on that score ever enters his head. He looks on Dumas the elder and younger, not as mulattos, but as Frenchmen, and sees nothing incongruous in the social vogue they enjoyed among the most reputable Parisians.

The French tolerance of the negro goes, of course even further, in a direction that shows the full purport of the President's warning. As the subject is not one for detailed discussion, an instance or two will serve to explain it. Beaudelaire's life-long attachment to a negress was hardly thought worthy of remark by his contemporaries. In our own day, Anatole France gives what we consider an intolerable conclusion, but what the French regard as a happy one, to a novel in which a negro is the hero, by marrying him at the close to a sweet and ingenuous type of French girlhood. This is a phase of French color tolerance that Americans and English people find hard to understand. Anthropologists explain it by claiming that the French are of negroid extraction, but the conjecture need not detain one. The noteworthy fact is that the tolerance exists. Negro leaders all over the world know of it, and knew of it long before the European war. They also know that some hundred and thirty years ago the example of France produced an upheaval of all the social prejudices of the world. With what interest will they not observe the extension by France to her black citizens of this final token of equality, and with what dissatisfaction and revolt will they not resent the barriers which the Anglo-Saxon policy has drawn about them?

Seeing such developments in the offing, President Harding has done a very wise thing in drawing the line of demarcation clear, in the matter of social equality, and telling the negroes where they stand, what they can hope for, and what they can not. Such frankness is in the end good statesmanship. The idea of complete social equality for the negro, with all that it entails, is repugnant to us. It is just and right to make this clear. If the negroes can grasp the real intention of the reservation, and see that it carries no reflection on their worthiness as citizens, and no restriction on their opportunity for economic, intellectual, and moral progress, all may be well.

With regard to the President's statement on race amalgamation, only this need be added. The mulatto is the most pathetic and unadjustable figure in our society today. It is to him in particular that the President's warning applies regarding the emulation of the white man by the negro. In whatever field of activity, the natural note of the negro will always be peculiar and distinctive. It will always strike us as a little strange and curious, and even when most appealing, it will have in it something akin to the emotional effect of the glow of a smoky alien moon. In its unadulterated form, it has added greatly to the interest of our music, art, and letters, as well as to the breeze and gayety of American life. But the mulatto, whose instincts are half white and half colored, is at all times an uncertain and discordant element. It is he who smarts most under the disabilities of his race, he who is most incapable of happiness, and who is consequently most incapable of adding to the welfare of the state. I know that the negroes do not agree with me in this. They regard as their greatest genius W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, who is far more French than negro. On the principle that a man's writing style never completely betrays him, there may be some interest in examining two passages of his prose that many negroes think his supreme achievement. Du Bois is the editor of the negro paper *The Crisis*, which passed this comment on President Harding's speech a few days ago:

Harding meant that it was wrong and a disgrace for Booker T. Washington to dine with President Roosevelt. The answer to this inconceivably dangerous and undemocratic de-

mand must come with the unanimous ring of 12,000,000 voices, enforced by the voice of every American who believes in humanity.

There speaks the discontented and bitter mulatto, and he betrays himself even in such trifles as the unnecessary inclusion of Booker Washington's middle initial in his reach for emphasis. But read this example of Mr. Du Bois' more polished and considered work:

I have seen a land right merry with the sun, where children sing, and rolling hills lie like passionate women wanton with harvest. And there in the king's highway sat and sits a figure veiled and howed, by which the travelers' footsteps hasten as they go. On the tainted air broods fear. Three centuries' thought has been the raising and unveiling of that howed human heart, and now behold a century new for the duty and the deed. The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line.

Or this, which has interest in other ways:

I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not. Across the color line I move arm and arm with Balzac and Dumas, where smiling men and welcoming women glide in gilded halls. From out the caves of evening that swing between the strong-limbed earth and the tracery of the stars I summon Aristotle and Aurelius and what soul I will, and they all come graciously with no scorn or condescension. So, wed with Truth, I dwell above the veil. Is this the life you grudge me, O knightly America? Is this the life you long to change into the dull red hideousness of Georgia? Are you so afraid lest peering from this high Pisgah, between Philistine and Amalekite, we sight the Promised Land?

This is an earnest, magnificent, and quite disastrous attempt to model after a great white man's prose. The most distressing thing about it is its nearness in some details to successful writing, and yet its failure as an entirety. The barbaric robes do not sit well on the cool classic forms. The liquid tom tom rhythms, the musky sweetness, the lush and florid colors are not without their charm, but they fall disturbingly on senses that the words prepare for other images. Do not the insincerity of such phrases as "the raising and unveiling of that bowed human heart," or the false glory of "the flush of some faintly dawning day" betoken a mind whose literary aspiration runs contrary to its instinct? One sees Dumas at his worst in "smiling men and welcoming women glide in gilded halls," and the thought of this author's summoning Aristotle is as essentially comic as the advice Anatole France causes the mulatto tutor in "Le Chat Maigre" to give his octoroon pupil: "Piocher le Tacite."

On contrasting this jangled music with the strength, sincerity, and true melody inspiring the work, for example, of Paul Dunbar, one realizes what the negro can accomplish who hues out his own separate and natural path of progress, and creates a distinctive medium of expression. The fact that Du Bois is a mulatto and Dunbar was a pure negro is a further illustration of the unhappy effect of the mingled strain. Interesting as it is, the critical anthology of modern poetry that Mr. Braithwaite issues from year to year suffers from the same opposition of instincts as that which damages the writing of Du Bois. In regard both to literature and life, in fact, the negro seems to have taken off on the wrong foot, in so far as he has attempted to duplicate the white man's modes of thought. One recalls in this connection the poem written to George Washington by the first negro poetess, Phillis Wheatley, in the manner of Alexander Pope, and of the gentle letter in which Washington wisely declined to publish it.

If the prediction of some sociologists that in the course of centuries the negro will be absorbed by the white race through amalgamation is true, the result will hardly be a subject for national rejoicing. And if the tolerance of the French in this regard is to cause another negro migration in the future to France and the French colonies, then, as the French themselves would say, *tant pis*. The cotton will be harvested in some way or another, and we shall be rid of an unwelcome problem.

AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 30, 1921.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

One of the richest heiresses in the world is Miss Edwina Ashley, eldest of the granddaughters of the late Sir Ernest Cassel, who is expected to inherit the bulk of his \$40,000,000 estate.

The Misses M. Kyle and A. K. S. Deverill have the distinction of being the first women barristers in Ireland, having recently been called to the bar by the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.

The Sorbonne has presented Kipling and Sir James Frazer, the English folk-loreist, with honorary degrees. Kipling's popularity with the French, always great, was enhanced by his poems during the war appreciative of the French and their art and literature.

Viscountess E. Shibusewa, Japan's most prominent banker and financier, is a member of the Nipponese committee now in this country to study business conditions—a visit which in a measure returns Frank A. Vanderlip's recent tour of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Marshal Foch is to be made a chief of the Crow Indian tribe at the agency at Billings, Montana. The Crow Indians, in tribal regalia, will participate in the ceremonies, which will be preceded by a visit to the Custer battlefield. There the battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876 will be explained to the marshal.

Robert E. Tod, retired New York banker, is the

newly-appointed Commission of Immigration for the Port of New York. Mr. Tod was formerly commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club. He was navigating officer on the U. S. S. *Corsair* (J. P. Morgan's yacht) during the war, and rose from lieutenant to commander.

Count Andrew Szeptychi, Archbishop of Lemberg, is in America to begin a campaign for American assistance in the relief of the people of Galicia—"the most ravaged country in Europe," according to its representative. Orphanages under the archbishop's jurisdiction have 50,000 children enrolled.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Bells of Shandon.

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling around my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its hold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly—
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee. —Francis Mahony.

Annahel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annahel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and he loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annahel Lee,
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annahel Lee,
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud one night,
Chilling and killing my Annahel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annahel Lee:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annahel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annahel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

A BACKWARD GLANCE AT EIGHTY.

Mr. Murdock Draws a Picture of Early Conditions in California.

Mr. Charles A. Murdock belongs to the small surviving group of early settlers who still lend San Francisco something of the flavor of a time when chivalry, dignity, and kindness were perhaps more prevalent than in these days of greater material development. It is to this group that the city is mainly indebted for the personality that distinguishes it among the great urban centres of the country, and it is they who are largely responsible for the fact that the name of San Francisco is rarely mentioned in any part of the world except in a certain tone of cordial friendliness. They have about them a unique kind of dignity on which the gentleman of no other region can exactly encroach: their gallantry, equable humor, clear-eyed and quiet courage, and that aspect of men who have learned gentleness in a school of danger and struggle, and humanity in an environment where the best and worst in human nature often emerged from the crucial test it imposed, is of a stamp that one does not quite meet with elsewhere. When they write, this unconscious distinction of character is the dominant source of their literary charm.

A book from such a man will always be received with respect, interest, and, since the word can be used without risk of overstatement, affection. Particularly will it be welcomed when it offers reminiscences of the old society that is so swiftly fading by such a witness as Mr. Murdock, who has grown mellow with the changing times, and can, without resentment, watch the city he loves evolve into a new idea, with virtues of its own to compensate for the loss of many of the old.

His recent volume, "A Backward Glance at Eighty," in addition to a noteworthy essay on Bret Harte, previously reviewed in these columns, contains many anecdotal and critical comments on early conditions in the Humboldt towns and in Old San Francisco. The spirit of the book and its author can perhaps best be represented in passages of sheer anecdote and description, and these, in particular, have been quoted, though many of the more general thoughts and conclusions are striking and suggestive. Naturally such a cursory selection of narrative and descriptive passages will give an impression of desultoriness which hardly represents the book with justice, and allowance for this fact is due the author.

After perusing some absorbing pages of the discovery of Humboldt Bay, the eye lingers over some of the author's pictures of Uniontown, or as it is now called, Arcata, one of the leading Humboldt towns in the early days. Here are a few of the comments, chosen at random:

California in those early days seemed wholly dependent on the foreign markets. Flour came from Chile, "Haxhall" being the common brand; cheese from Holland and Switzerland; cordials, sardines, and prunes from France; ale and porter from England; olives from Spain; whisky from Scotland. Boston supplied us with crackers, Philadelphia sent us boots, and New Orleans furnished us with sugar and molasses.

The stores that supplied the mines carried almost everything—provisions, clothing, dry goods, and certainly wet goods. At every store there was found an open barrel of whisky, with a convenient glass sampler that would yield through the bung-hole a fair-sized drink to test the quality. One day I went into a store where a clever Chinaman was employed. He had printed numerous placards announcing the stock. I noticed a fresh one that seemed incongruous. It read, "Codfish and Cologne Water." I said, "What's the idea?" He smilingly replied, "You see its place? I hang it over the whisky-barrel. Some time man come to steal a drink. I no see him; he read sign, he laugh, I hear him, I see him."

There were many Indians, and they were interesting. They lived in rancheries of punchons along the river. Each group of dwellings had a musical name. One village was called Matilin, another Savanala. The children swam like so many ducks, and each village had its sweat-house from which, every adult, to keep in health and condition, would plunge into the swiftly flowing river. They lived on salmon, fresh or dried, and on grass-seed cakes cooked on heated stones. They were handsome specimens physically and were good workers. The river was not bridged, but it was not deep and canoes were plenty. If none were seen on the side which you chanced to find yourself, you had only to call, "Wanuss, matil!" (Come, boat!) and one would come. If in a hurry, "Holish!" would expedite the service.

There follow some memory portraits of people and things that Edgar Lee Masters would have enjoyed meeting:

The postoffice is a harborer of secrets and romance. The postmaster and his assistants alone know "Who's Who." A character of a packer, tall, straight, and bearded, always called Joe the Marine, would stand in and call for comely letters addressed to James Ashurst, Esq. Robert Desty was found to be Mons. Robert d'Estil Mauville. A blacksmith whose letters were addressed to C. E. Bigelow was found entitled to one inscribed C. E. D. L. B. Bigelow. Asked what his full name was, he replied, "Charles Edward Decatur La Fitte Butterfield Bigelow." And, mind you, he was a blacksmith! His christening entitled him to it all, but he felt that all he could afford was what he commonly used.

Phonetics have a distinct value. Uncertain of spelling, one can fall back on remembered sound. I found a letter addressed to "Sanerzay." I had no difficulty in determining that San Jose was intended. Hard labor was suggested when some one wrote "Youchiyer." The letter found its resting-place in Ukiah.

Another frequent duty was the preparation of the hall for some public function. It might be a dance, a political meeting, or some theatrical performance. Different treatment would be required, but all would include cleaning and lighting. At a dance it was floor-scrubbing, filling the camphene lamps, and making up beds for the babies to be later deposited by

their dancing mothers. Very likely I would tend door and later join in the dance, which commonly continued until morning.

Politics interested me. In the Frémont campaign of 1856 my father was one of four Republicans in the county, and was by no means popular. He lived to see Humboldt County record a six hundred majority for the Republican ticket. Some of our local legislative candidates surprised and inspired me by their eloquence and unexpected knowledge and ability. It was good to find that men read and thought, even when they lived in the woods and had little encouragement.

Occasionally we had quite good theatrical performances. Very early I recall a thespian named Thoman, who was supported by a Julia Pelby. They vastly pleased an uncritical audience. I was doorkeeper, notwithstanding that Thoman doubted if I was "hefty" enough. "Little Lotta" Crabtree was charming. Her mother traveled with her. Between performances she played with her dolls. She danced gracefully and sang fascinatingly such songs as "I'm the covey what sings." Another prime favorite was Joe Murphy, Irish comedian and violinist, pleasing in both roles. I remember a singing comedian who bewailed his sad estate:

For now I have nothing but rags to my back,
My boots scarce cover my toes;
While my pants are patched with an old flower-sack,
To gibe with the rest of my clo'es.

The singing-school was pleasure-yielding, its greatest joy being incidental. When I could cut ahead of a chum taking a girl home and shamelessly trip him up with a stretched rope and get back to the drugstore and be curled up in the wood-box when he reached his final destination, I am afraid I took unholy joy.

Not long after coming we started a public library. Mother and I covered all the books, this being considered an economical necessity. Somewhat later Arcata formed a debating society that was really a helpful influence. It engaged quite a wide range of membership, and we discussed almost everything. Some of our members were fluent of speech from long participation in Methodist experience meetings. Others were self-trained even to pronunciation. One man of good mind always said "hereditary." He had French history and often referred to the *Gridironist* of France. I have an idea he was the original of the man whom Bret Harte made refer to the Greek hero as "old Ashheels." Our meetings were open, and among the visitors I recall a clerk of a commander in the Indian war. He afterwards became lieutenant-governor of the state, and later a senator from Nevada—John P. Jones.

And these:

When my father, in one of his numerous trades, bought out the only tinshop and put me in charge he changed my life and endangered my disposition. The tinsmith left the county and I was left with the tools and the material, the only tinsmith in Humboldt County. How I struggled and bungled! I could make stovepipe by the mile, but it was a long time before I could double-seam a copper bottom onto a tin wash-boiler. I lived to construct quite a decent traveling oilcan for a Eureka sawmill, but such triumphs came through mental anguish and burned fingers. No doubt the experience extended my desultory education.

The taking over of the tinshop was doubly disappointing, since I really wanted to go into the office of the *Northern Californian* and become a printer and journalist. That job I turned over to Bret Harte, who was clever and cultivated, but had not yet "caught on." Léon Chevreton, the French hotel-keeper, said of him to a lawyer of his acquaintance, "Bret Harte, he have the Napoleonic nose, the nose of genius; also, like many of you professional men, his debts trouble him very little."

There were many interesting characters among the residents of the town and county. At times there came to play the violin at our dances one Seth Kinnman, a buckskin-clad hunter. He became nationally famous when he fished and presented elkhorn chairs to Buchanan and several succeeding Presidents. They were ingenious and beautiful, and he himself was most picturesque.

One of our originals was a shiftless and merry Iowan to whose name was added by courtesy the prefix "Dr." He had a small farm in the outskirts. Gates hung from a single hinge and nothing was kept in repair. He preferred to use his time in persuading nature to joke. A single cucumber grown into a glass bottle till it could not get out was worth more than a salable crop, and a single cock whose comb had grown around an inserted pullet breastbone, until he seemed the precursor of a new breed of horned roosters, was better than much poultry. He reached his highest fame in the cure of his afflicted wife. She languished in bed and he diagnosed her illness as resulting from the fact that she was "hide-bound." His house he had never had time to complete. The rafters were unobstructed by ceiling, so she was favorably situated for treatment. He fixed a lasso under her arms, threw the end around a rafter, and proceeded to loosen her refractory hide.

The sketches of personalities, types, and eccentrics in Old San Francisco, from Thomas Starr King to "Emperor" Norton, will endear the book to every old resident and to every student of the city's early lore. The material is so abundant that one can not choose without injustice to the parts omitted. Perhaps this section of a passage in which Mr. Murdock carries the reader on an imaginary personally conducted tour through the old town will interest the general reader and give him an indication of the type of detailed information contained in the volume, as well as awakening pleasant memories in the minds of some who have followed the same paths:

Let him imagine, if he will, that he is visiting San Francisco for the first time, and that he is a personal friend of the writer, who takes a day off to show him the city. In 1864 one could arrive here only by steamer; there were no railways. I met my friend at the gangplank of the steamer on the wharf at the foot of Broadway. To reach the car on East Street (now the Embarcadero), we very likely skirt gapping holes in the planked wharf, exposing the dark water lapping the supporting piles, and are assailed by bilge-like odors that escape. Two dejected horses await us. Entering the car we find two lengthwise seats upholstered in red plush. If it be winter, the floor is liberally covered by straw, to mitigate the mud. If it be summer, the trade winds are liberally charged with fine sand and infinitesimal splinters from the planks which are utilized for both streets and sidewalks. We rattle along East and intersecting streets until we reach Sansome, upon which we proceed to Bush, which practically bounds the business district on the south, thence we meander by a circuitous route to Laurel Hill Cemetery near Lone Mountain. A guide is almost necessary. An incoming stranger once asked the conductor to let him off at the American Exchange, which the car passed. He was surprised at the distance to his destination. At the cemetery end of the line he discovered that the conductor had forgotten him, but was assured that he would stop at the hotel on the way back. The next thing he knew he reached the wharf; the conductor had again forgotten him. His confidence exhausted, he in-

sisted on walking, following the track until he reached the hotel.

In the present instance we alight from the car when it reaches Montgomery Street, at the Occidental Hotel, new and attractive, well managed by a New Yorker named Leland and especially patronized by army people. We rest briefly and start out for a preliminary survey. Three blocks to the south we reach Market Street and gaze upon the outer edge of a bustling city. Across the magnificently wide but rude and unfinished street, at the immediate right, where the Palace Hotel is to stand, we see St. Patrick's Church and an Orphan Asylum. A little beyond, at the corner of Third Street, is a huge hill of sand covering the present site of the Claus Spreckels Building, upon which a steam-paddy is at work loading flat steam cars that run Mission-ward. The lot now occupied by the Emporium is the site of a large Catholic school. At our left, stretching to the bay are coal-yards, foundries, planing-mills, box-factories, and the like. It will be years before business crosses Market Street. Happy Valley and Pleasant Valley, beyond, are well covered by inexpensive residences. The North Beach and South Park car line connects the fine residence district on and around Rincon Hill with the fine stretches of northern Stockton Street and the environs of Telegraph Hill. At the time I picture, no street-cars ran below Montgomery, on Market Street; traffic did not warrant it. It was a boundary rather than a thoroughfare. It was destined to be one of the world's noted streets, but at this time the city's life pulsed through Montgomery Street to which we will now return.

Passing along we are almost sure to see some of the characters of the day—certainly Emperor Norton and Freddie Coombs (a reincarnated Franklin), probably Colonel Stevenson, with his Punch-like countenance, towering Isaac Friedlander, the poor rich Michael Reese, handsome Hall McAllister, and aristocratic Ogden Hoffman. Should the fire-bell ring we will see Knickerbocker No. Five in action, with Chief Scannell and "Bummer" and "Lazarus," and perhaps Lillie Hitchcock. When we reach Washington Street we cross to make a call at the Bank Exchange in the Montgomery Block, the largest structure on the street. The "Exchange" is merely a popular saloon, but it boasts ten billiard tables and back of the bar hangs the famous picture of "Samson and Delilah."

Luncheon being in order we are embarrassed with riches. Perhaps the Mint restaurant is as good as the best and probably gives a sight of more prominent politicians than any other resort; but something quite characteristic is the daily gathering at Jury's, a humble hole-in-the-wall in Merchant Street back of the Bulletin office.

After luncheon we have a glimpse of the business district, following back on the "two-bit" side of the street. At Clay we pass a saloon with cigar-stand in front and find a group listening to a man with bushy hair and a reddish mustache, who in an easy attitude and in a quaintly drawing voice is telling a story. We await the laugh and pass on, and I say that he is a reporter, lately from Nevada, called Mark Twain. Very likely we encounter at Commercial Street, on his way to the Call office, a well-dressed young man with Dundreary whiskers and an aquiline nose. He nods to me and I introduce Bret Harte, secretary to the superintendent of the Mint, and author of the clever "Condensed Novels" bring printed in the *Californian*. At California Street we turn east, passing the shipping offices and hardware houses, and coming to Battery Street, where Israelites wax fat in wholesale dry goods and the clothing business. For solid big business in groceries, liquors, and provisions we must keep on to Front Street—Front by name only, for four streets on filled-in land have crept in front of Front. Following this very important street past the shipping offices we reach Washington Street, passing up which we come to Battery Street, where we pause to glance at the Custom House and Postoffice at the right and the recently established Bank of California on the southwest corner of the two streets.

Having fairly surveyed the legitimate business we wish to see something of the engrossing avocation of most of the people of the city, of any business or no business, and we pass on to Montgomery Street, crossing over to the centre of the stock exchange activities. Groups of men and women are watching the tapes in the brokers' offices, messengers are running in and out the board entrances, intense excitement is everywhere apparent. Having gained admission to the gallery of the board room we look down on the frantic mob, buying and selling Comstock shares. How much is really sold and how much is washing no one knows, but enormous transactions, big with fate, are of everyday occurrence. As we pass out we notice a man with strong face whose shoes show dire need of patching. Asked his name, I answer, "Jim Keane," just now he is down, but some day he is bound to be way up."

Size in a city greatly modifies character. In 1864 I found a compact community; whatever was going on seemed to interest all. We now have a multitude of unrelated circles; then there was one great circle including the sympathetic whole. The one theatre that offered the legitimate drew and could accommodate all who cared for it. Herold's orchestral concerts, a great singer like Parepa Rosa, or a violinist like Ole Bull drew all the music-lovers of the city. And likewise, in the early springtime when a Unitarian picnic was announced at Belmont or Fairfax, it would be attended by at least a thousand, and heartily enjoyed by all, regardless of church connection. Such things are no more, though the population to draw from be five times as large.

As the author states in the preface, the book owes its inception to a suggestion by the late Henry Morse Stephens, who urged the historical value of such a collection of reminiscences of San Francisco and the north of the state. And it will provide a rich store of that intimate and detailed information that the student despairs of finding in many a more ambitious historical review. The essays have been published by the Board of Directors of the Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian churches as a recognition of Mr. Murdock's eightieth anniversary.

A BACKWARD GLANCE AT EIGHTY. By Charles A. Murdock. San Francisco: Paul Elder.

Excavations at Ephesus have resulted in the discovery of considerable portions of the church of St. John the Evangelist, notably the crypt, which, according to tradition, is the tomb of the Apostle John.

American products are being advertised in the theatres of India by means of motion-picture films. Views of road-making machinery at work prove to be especially interesting to the natives.

As compared with 1914, prices in Spain have risen 50 per cent. on wheat, flour, oats, oil, and wines, 80 per cent. on sugar, 90 per cent. on meat, and 200 per cent. on coal.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending November 26, 1921, were \$120,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$133,300,000; a decrease of \$12,700,000.

Business is better and sentiment throughout the country reflects courage. Such progress as has been made by the business community toward normal conditions results from a realization that artificial levels of activity will not again be reached in any period near enough to affect the problems of today, and from a determination to practice economies of operation more rigid than here-

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fore thought possible. The need of personal effort and economy is also being increasingly recognized in giving a day's work for a day's pay and in care as to personal expenditure. Business men and executives now recognize that henceforth they must give the most thorough personal attention and application to their enterprises (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in its November monthly letter on market conditions).

Some part of the recent gain in business is unquestionably a result of seasonal demand. Permanent improvement depends to a large extent on foreign buying power, and even

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more on the adjustment of conditions under which the farmer operates. The last three years have clearly shown that the European situation can be stabilized only by the political and economic efforts of the countries concerned. Domestic conditions can be bettered by steady determination on the part of corporations and individuals to secure greater efficiency and to practice greater economy. This will result in gradual readjustment of the burden of price inequalities now resting on the farmer.

The unsatisfactory situation in agriculture dominates the business outlook. In the cotton states the relatively high price of cotton has encouraged the farmer, but uncertainty both as to demand for cotton goods and as to the size of the admittedly small crop has minimized the beneficial effects of better

prices. Farmers in the grain states will hardly break even on 1921 operations at current prices of corn and wheat. While it is true that the prices of goods used by farmers have fallen, they are still well above the 1914 level. Grains are all close to or below pre-war prices. In the face of these facts, the contention is not well founded that the farmer is wilfully refusing to buy, thereby delaying the return of better times.

The farmer represents about half the consuming power of the United States. The prices of crops are determined in the international market, and there are no reasonable grounds for an expectation of marked increases in those prices at any time in the immediate future. Reduction in the prices of what farmers buy would have exactly the same effect as higher prices for agricultural products. It is futile to contend that because of high labor and transportation costs the prices of other articles and commodities can not decline to the level of agricultural prices. If ways are not found to lower the prices of all classes of goods which they need, and would like to buy, by means of lower money wages, higher labor efficiency, cheaper transportation and lessened distribution costs, the farmers themselves will not suffer greatly, but business of all kinds will be forced to operate on a restricted basis.

In the period immediately ahead, manufacturers will face the most severe competition in a generation. It is now clear that many important industries are seriously overbuilt, when measured in terms of effective demand here and abroad. There is no method by which competition can be avoided, but there are methods by which it can be successfully met. Overhead charges should be rigidly examined and cut to the lowest point consistent with productive efficiency. Costs should be critically studied and such examination should include, not only factory operations, but the entire producing organizations. In periods of high profits, useless frills are certain to be introduced into the best systems. Simplicity is now of necessity the watchword and much careful but courageous elimination is necessary.

In many lines, labor costs must be further reduced. Such reduction can in part be attained by lower wages, and in part by increased efficiency in organization for production. A considerable part of labor inefficiency is at times due to actual defects in plant and organization. Business has two duties, first, to provide the best means for efficient production by its labor, and second, to insist on a day's work for a day's pay.

With every evidence of easier money conditions in the main centres, relatively high rates are maintained in the agricultural regions of the country where available funds are limited. Considerable time always elapses before the full benefits of cheaper money are generally felt, but certain factors now operative should not be lost sight of in relation to the future of money rates. The large volume of money available for short-time investment, as evidenced by the heavy over-subscription to the United States Treasury Certificates, issued at lower rates than heretofore and the active market for prime commercial paper is partly the result of the unsatisfactory business situation. Manufacturers and merchants who have liquidated

their stocks find themselves with idle funds because there is so narrow a market for their product that they can not keep their funds employed in their own operations. Such money is available for short-time investment only.

The profound sensation caused by America's definite plan for the limitation of naval armaments is in sharp contrast to the confusion of mind that marked the opening of the Versailles' peace conference. It augurs well for the peace of the world, and for relief from taxation which has all along pressed heaviest on profit-making initiative in industry and on so-called "unearned" incomes. Thus it has a deep significance for the investor; perhaps far in the future, but real enough to be compelling in prospect and to become an immediate factor in shaping sentiment (says *Forbes Magazine*).

Most of all, perhaps, it will serve to compose Europe, racked by conflicting aims and desires and at the mercy of Germany's decrepit currency. Should order and any degree of financial soundness be evolved out of Europe's chaos, the stimulating effect upon the rest of the world would be incalculable. But such a result is set back so far in the future by the pressing seriousness of present conditions abroad that apprehension must still remain in the back of men's minds until a way out, other than relief from war-made taxation, may be seen.

It is to be hoped, however, that such harmony among the big powers as will permit of a ten years' naval holiday may be bent to other purposes with quite as sweeping results.

Getting down to the hard facts of the present, there is nothing in the delimitation of armaments to suggest larger margins of profit for industrial corporations; and when speculative stocks are under consideration the problem of paring costs down to a proper relation to obtainable selling prices should be foremost. The greatest obstacle to uniform improvement in business is still the inequality of the general price structure. For instance, a leading packer declares that 7 cents a pound for hogs is a "crazy price," with corn selling at 25 to 35 cents a bushel; a banker close to the textile industry says that mills must advance prices on cotton goods when they begin to work on recent purchases of raw material, but he doubts the ability of purchasing power to sustain a price necessary to make a profit; attempts to adjust wages are retarded by a stubborn cost of living; building costs are still so high as to foster burdensome rents; automobile tires are below the pre-war level, but clothing and butter and eggs and other things that the working man must have are still high.

Before American industry can see a clear way ahead—an outlook which will permit of the hope that surplus production may be disposed of in foreign markets—the labor cost must be reduced to bring finished products within the range of buying power.

In view of the difficult adjustments that must yet be made, improvement that has already occurred should be regarded, it appears, as merely a preliminary spurt; and in many lines price adjustments may also prove to have been merely preliminary to the final adjustment. Steel production in October was one-third larger than in September and twice as great as in July; but no one conversant

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with the industry expects this rate of gain to continue. Special reasons lie back of it: manufacturers, loaded up with inventories, practically ceased buying when prices broke; they went to extremes of conservatism. And the recovery has been just as sharp as was the slump. Although measured in prices rather than in volume of business, the recovery in oil has come about through similar causes. May not what has happened in cotton and grain be a warning to those who count too much on a rapid transition from depression to prosperity.

Public utility stocks, such as American Telephone and Telegraph, Consolidated Gas, Pacific Gas and Electric, North American, and Philadelphia Company, will likely continue to feel the effects of accumulative purchases. The better rails, selected on the basis of known earnings results, should also hold their gains well. Among the standard rails the good earners are Atchison, Delaware and Hudson, Lackawanna, Illinois Central, Southern Pacific, and Union Pacific. Of the speculative issues, these stocks have shown good results, in the order mentioned: Colorado and Southern, Rock Island, "Nickel Plate," Chesapeake and Ohio, Pere Marquette, St. Louis



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There has been of late a considerable distribution in some of the leading rails and industrials that were exceptionally strong features of the advancing markets of the past month or two. This selling is understood to be for some of the principal interests in Wall Street who are not any too confident over the larger business and political prospects.

Of course, the efforts making at Washington to arrive at some basis whereby the countries of the world may reduce their war charges are essentially bullish arguments on investment securities so long as there is reasonable hope that these efforts will be successful. One can never be certain what is going on in the back of the head of a diplomat, however, and it may be as well if we go slow in appraising the results of this wonderful meeting which Mr. Harding arranged at such a psychological time.

There is no particular relief so far as taxes are concerned for this year in the measures proposed in Congress, and it remains to be seen whether taxable profits and incomes will be as large as the government has been figuring on. There might be reasonably a doubt as to this, in view of the poor general business this year.

Trade this fall has shown some movements

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similar to the normal fall increase in business, but rather earlier than usual the reaction has set in in not a few lines. Already we note that the number of idle freight cars is increasing instead of decreasing, a matter that in itself may be sufficient to dampen the ardor of bulls on the stock market. There is considerably less movement in the steel and other trades at this time than there was a year ago, and the problems of our unemployment situation have by no means been solved. What we do have is relatively cheap money for investment purposes, and efforts will be made to keep this situation bright-looking, at least until large financing arrangements now pending are consummated. After the turn of

the year we may easily see a different situation developing, and under the circumstances it would be unwise to buy securities on borrowed money for the mere purpose of making the difference between the carrying rate and the dividend return. The credit situation is still a complexity of difficulties. Unless this country comes to the front with some big plans for the solution of the world's credit problems, we might easily anticipate such a crash as might seem inconceivable to those who are confining their deductions to developments in this country. Noting that we have the hulk of the world's gold supply, the only possible way in which we can expect to compete with the countries which will naturally be toiling almost night and day in order to bring about some compensation in this situation will be for us to provide very generous credits abroad and even perhaps to enter into some arrangement with Great Britain for the wiping out of a good many war obligations. In the last analysis this latter method might easily prove the quickest way to the restoration of conditions that will permit of some sort of balance between the countries of the world. As for our own problems, the railroad readjustments are still ahead of us. The reduction of freight rates thus far ordered is merely a slight beginning and, of course, railway wages must come down a great deal.

The market leaders have been fluctuating for some time in a narrow range, and the appearance of great strength latterly has been due merely to the bidding up of specialties. There are many of these that may be bought and carried through thick and thin until much higher prices are reached, but, on the whole, we seem to be close to such a break in the market as is not considered possible by the rank and file in the Street.—*The Trader.*

A strong tendency toward large capital organization is evident in the industrial and financial life of Great Britain, according to the National Bank of Commerce in New York. War-time expansion and post-war foreign competition, it declares, have led to consolidation and larger resources at the expense of the smaller individual enterprises.

"The impulse toward consolidation of interests and resources which produced in America the United States Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, and the Ford organization has in recent years been felt with particular force in British industry," the bank says in the December issue of its magazine, *Commerce Monthly*. "The desire for expansion of enterprise during and after the war and the need for liquid capital to maintain expanded enterprise in the face of tightening conditions were alike conducive to enlarging the capital of commercial and industrial companies. Fear of foreign competition emphasized the desirability of eliminating by amalgamation or agreement major competition at home and of securing the resulting economies in production. Either course tended to produce large organizations with extensive capital resources at the expense of the smaller individual enterprises which have played so large a part in the industrial life of Great Britain.

E. H. Rollins & Sons are offering \$10,000,000 Pacific Gas and Electric Company first and refunding mortgage gold bonds twenty-year 6 per cent., Series "B," non-callable, due December 1, 1941, and exempt from personal property tax in California.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company is recognized as one of the largest of the well-established and successful public service corporations in the United States. The electric business of the company or of its predecessors

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The company operates twenty-eight hydro-electric generating plants with an aggregate installed capacity of 308,244 horsepower, four modern steam turbine electric plants with an aggregate installed capacity of 173,592 horsepower, or a total of 481,836 horsepower, and twenty gas manufacturing plants with a total daily capacity of over 71,800,000 cubic feet. The properties are operated as a well coordinated system extending into thirty-six counties of central and northern California with a present estimated population of more than 1,850,000.

Through the Mt. Shasta Power Corporation, the company controls water rights on the Pit River and its tributaries for one of the most promising hydro-electric power projects on the entire Pacific Coast with an ultimate development of more than 420,000 horsepower, continuous power. Initial developments aggregating 127,346 horsepower will be completed in 1922.

The first and refunding mortgage, in the opinion of counsel, is a direct first mortgage on the entire properties of the Mt. Shasta Power Corporation, and a direct mortgage on the entire properties of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company subject to the prior liens of underlying mortgages.

Henry L. Doherty & Co. in this week's issue of their bulletin review the prevailing condition of the petroleum market of America as follows:

"In the past when the crude oil market had reached low levels the recovery in price, while sharp, would come in small advances from 10 to 15 cents a barrel, but the advance of 100 per cent. which has taken place in thirty days in the price of Mid-Continent crude oil came in two advances of 25 cents each the first of October and a third advance of 50 cents a barrel on the 7th of November.

"These sharp advances of large amount are of great significance, as they point to the fear of leaders in the oil industry of an imminent shortage of available crude oil.

"There is no question that the reasons for these advances were most impelling.

"The intrusion of salt water in the big light oil production of Mexico probably was of paramount importance, while combined with this was the declining domestic production coupled with an unusual demand for various refined products.

"Refiners are taking more oil from the pipeline companies than at any any other time this year.

"Taking into consideration the small number of new wells being drilled and the steadily declining production of domestic crude oil, the big refiners are buying as much crude oil as they can lay their hands on in order to care for future demands and to protect the requirements of their refineries for the coming year.

"The demand for refined products is shown that while American refineries produced many more barrels of gasoline in August of this year than in August, 1920, gasoline stocks were drawn on in August, 1921, to the extent of 3,780,000 gallons.

"In June, July, and August of this year more than 19,000,000 gallons of lubricating oils were taken from storage to meet the demand, and in August, 1921, over 82,000,000 gallons of lubricating oils were consumed, as against 58,000,000 gallons in May, 1921, an increase of 43 per cent. in a little over two months."

An offering of \$71,000 Clatsop County, Oregon, School District No. 10, 6 per cent. gold bonds in denominations of \$500 is being made by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company. The price is 101.88 and interest, yielding 5 3/4 per cent. to optional date November 1, 1931, and 6 per cent. thereafter until due, November 1, 1941. These bonds are exempted from all Federal income tax.

School District No. 10, Clatsop County, Oregon, includes the entire city of Seaside and adjoining territory. The bonds are the direct primary obligation of the entire school district and were issued to pay the cost of a new school, gymnasium, and auditorium.

Seaside is very well known, being the most popular beach resort in the Northwest. It is a Portland community, most of the property being owned by representative citizens of



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Portland. The remarkable growth and development from a settlement of summer cottages to a permanently built city has been the cause of astonishment and requires no extended description. Seaside is the terminus of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway and also the Columbia River Highway. The city is supported by such industries as logging, milling, fishing, dairying, canning, and agriculture, which makes it a

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As a critic of the Irish school might say, Mr. George Branch Cabell is after catching one's heart in a noose of words. Every grace and flexion that can inform a man's way of talking or writing is his, and sometimes by virtue of sheer melody and charm in the turn of his sentences, or his light sly manner of playing with logic, or the shrewd witchery by which he conjures color and form from words, his work almost achieves the power of great literature.

But his power over the reader, consisting only in the potency of the magic of words, is momentary. To quote one of Mr. Cabell's own expressions, it is an "ephemera." He has not the gift of the master magician who wields a "power upon the hour." Even the music of his phrases is ephemeral, or if, like the music that lingers in the memory when soft voices die, its effect continues for a time, it is because some rare and accidental spark of feeling, to use the word in its common sense, has touched it without the author's will.

Since the exquisite art of this author is contrived mainly with words, it is natural that it should have the graceful externality of French fiction, rather than the tone of English art, which resides rather in serious thought and emotion, and is therefore, comparatively speaking, not art at all. Mr. H. L. Mencken, who writes an interesting introduc-

tion to this latest volume of Mr. Cabell's stories, mentions the enlightening fact that Maurice Hewlett found "Jurgen" exasperating. In view of the strong similarity in the environment and sources from which Hewlett and Cabell draw their material, the reaction of the former to the latter is worth a thought. Mr. Mencken deduces from Hewlett's comment what seems to me the utterly false conclusion that it was inspired by the jealousy of an "artisan" for an artist. "Hewlett," he says, "is simply a British civil servant turned author, which is not unsuggestive of an American congressman turned philosopher." If he found "Jurgen" exasperating, continues Mr. Mencken, "so too there is exasperation in Richard Strauss for plodding music masters." The comparison thoroughly misrepresents the relative position of the two men. Hewlett has written some astonishingly bad things, but some equally amazing good ones, which is certainly not the token of the artisan. The music master can be depended on for a uniformity of correctness at least, and while it would be unjust to reverse the terms of Mr. Mencken's stricture, and call Cabell the music master, it is true that he maintains a certain monotone level of elegance, without touching the heights or abysses of Mr. Hewlett's less studied, less conscious, and more sincere expression.

A test is not hard to find. Both Cabell and Hewlett have revived the medieval romance, led to this field perhaps by the success in it of that most unconscious of artists, William Morris, whose style has had an enormous effect upon both his disciples. Morris wrote in the true springtime manner of the early romancers, quite simply, spontaneously, and as they would have called it, "wittlessly," and in the same genre of fiction Hewlett seems to have followed his example. Cabell, however, being witty rather than emotional, turns the medieval legends into a vehicle for satire, after the French fashion, and actually has been writing a kind of thing that could be virtually duplicated in some of the more artificial work of the later French romancers in the middle ages. Unconsciously, perhaps, he aligns himself with the school of the "precieuses." And since his aim, like theirs, is wit and elegance, rather than sincerity, his favorite subject-matter is the foibles of women, their graces and paradoxes. These he treats in the time-honored French manner of arch and witty condescension from a superior to a feeble but engaging intellect.

It is to be noticed that in this patronizing attitude toward women there is a trace of feminism itself. On the only occasion that Mr. Cabell has been stung out of it, he has immediately leaped to a fever of acerbity, intensely feminine, against the object of his urbane patronage. This occurs in a passage in the present volume where the author shows Kit Marlowe in the posture of discovering that an elegant jade has burnt a part of his "Hero and Leander." The shrieking invective that issues from the poet's lips is extremely French and extremely feminine. The thought of Marlowe uttering it is really not impressive, as the author intended it to be, in this rare moment of sincerity, but on the whole, rather funny. In short, when Mr. Cabell rises to passion he becomes ludicrous.

Whatever, on the other hand, can be said against Hewlett's attitude toward women, it is not trifling and satirical, and seems, at least to a masculine eye, to portray them with greater fidelity, and to exhibit the situations and problems they occasion with a greater strength and reality. One might search the whole of Cabell's work in vain for as searching and convincing an analysis of the feminine mind as the picture of Mary Stuart in the "Queen's Quair" or for anything that bits so near the core of human emotion as some of the scenes in that book. As an artist, one can grant Cabell to be Hewlett's superior, but as an author, and what one must call for lack of a better phrase, "a poet in prose," he is infinitely inferior.

Bernard Shaw once maligned the Elizabethans with the statement that they had an extraordinary power of saying things, but nothing whatever to say. This might well have furnished Mr. Cabell with the cue for his portrait of Christopher Marlowe in "Porcelain Cups," one of the two new stories that have been added to the revised republication of an earlier volume. A predominately male poet is rather beyond the grasp both of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Cabell, and they are both very remote from the combined earnestness, philosophy, and simplicity that inspired the wit and the verbal facility of the Elizabethan authors. The portrait of Marlowe can hardly be called a success. The woman who is pictured as the selfish but indirect cause of his death in a quarrel over another trull in a tavern, is one of the nightmares of Mr. Cabell when he is bitter at the object of his main preoccupation, and graceful persiflage.

The other story is "The Wedding Jest," done in the happier manner of "Jurgen" and "Domnei," and dealing, so the preface runs, with one of Jurgen's numerous descendants. Mr. Cabell is as sly as usual. The book contains a dedicatory epistle to Mrs. Grundy, who has been one of the unwilling causes of

the author's emergence from obscurity to fame.

THE LINE OF LOVE. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$2.

Briefer Reviews.

"Things Seen in Florence," by E. Grierson (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50), the latest in this series of little travel books, contains a number of really charming photographs of Florentine architecture and landscape gardening. The text is concise, descriptive, and comprehensive. "Things Seen in Florence" is an adequate guide book and a good addition to any travel library.

Linwood Taft has written "The Technique of Pageantry" (A. S. Barnes & Co.) as a contribution toward the building up and extending of community interests, "with the hope that it may be of value to those communities that are seeking some worthy expression" of their individual life. The book is practically written and will be welcome to students of pageantry and to communities interested in this art.

A slightly revised edition of Professor Graham Wallas' "Human Nature in Politics" (Alfred A. Knopf), has just been brought out. This is a particularly timely reissue of the book, which was first published in 1908 and has been out of print of recent years. Professor Wallas has written a new preface to this edition, reviewing the post-war relation of human nature to politics. His book is one of the most important contributions to political ethics that has come from a professional economist. Graham Wallas was, with Bernard Shaw and Sidney Webb, one of the writers of the "Fabian Essays" (1899).

The third number of the Percy Reprints, edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith (Houghton Mifflin Company), consists of Peacock's "Four Ages of Poetry," Shelley's "Defense of Poetry," and Browning's "Essay on Shelley." The nucleus of the selection is, of course, the "Defense of Poetry," published for the first time with Peacock's essay, to which it is a direct reply. The present text of "The Four Ages" is a verbatim reprint of the first and only authoritative text, published by Ollier, in his "Literary Miscellany in Prose and Verse by Several Hands to Be Continued Occasionally." However, none but the first number ever appeared and that is exceedingly scarce. Neither the Bodleian nor the British Museum has copies, and the present edition, reprinted from a private copy, will be most welcome to lovers of Peacock's work.

The second volume of the Cambridge Shakespeare, edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson, just issued by the Macmillan Company (\$1.40), is "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." The present edition of Shakespeare is remarkable for its great scholarship. We quote from the general introduction: "Editions of Shakespeare multiply, but it is now many years since the last attempt was made at a complete recension of Shakespeare's text, based upon a study and comparison, line by line, of the existing materials. In the interval scholars have made

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Curtains.

A hook of verse inspired by the prosaic instrument, the needle, is rather exceptional. One expects to find poetry inspired by many things—some beautiful and some ugly—but the commonplace is more apt to be the subject of novels than of verses. However, the brief poems that comprise "Curtains" are unusual. Perhaps the rhythm of plying a needle frees the mind to dream dreams. Miss Hall's verses are full of the stuff that dreams are made of. Not poetry, perhaps, since one is taught to be careful in the application of that word—but there are verses full of interest and imagination with more than an occasional poetic thought. "Curtains" was awarded the Mrs. Edgar Speyer Prize offered through the *Poetry Magazine* for the work of a young poet.

CURTAINS. By Hazel Hall. New York: John Lane Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

In "My Maiden Effort," edited by Gelet Burgess and collected by the Authors' League of America to aid their fund for needy authors, twenty-five members of the league have written confessions of their first literary experience. Ellis Parker Butler confesses that for his first magazine story he was paid 50 cents. Booth Tarkington writes this touching bit at thirteen: "For the soul in its sorrow the birth of tomorrow is only the death of today." Stewart Edward White asked to be paid in cash for his first story, for fear the editor would change his mind and stop payment of his check. George Ade's first literary attempt was about a basket of potatoes, and Rupert Hughes began his career with a poem entitled "Be Kind."

"One is informed," writes Ian Hay in the preface to his new hook, "The Willing Horse" (Houghton Mifflin Company), "that novels touching upon the war are no longer read. This, if true, reduces the novelist to the following alternatives: (1) Writing a novel of some period of the world's history antecedent to the year 1914. This is undoubtedly a wide field—the Christian era alone covers twenty centuries—but it has been cultivated by several writers already. (2) Writing a post-war novel, in which it is assumed that the war never happened. This would make it rather difficult to know what to do with the graves of our dead. (3) Writing a post-war novel about people who took no part in the war. This would restrict one's choice of hero, heroine, and characters generally to certified lunatics, convicts in residence, and conscientious objectors. I have therefore decided to take a chance."

Isaac F. Marcossion has just returned to the United States from one of the most memorable of his many European trips, which lasted for over five months. He has added to his laurels as premier interviewer by securing the only interview yet obtained with Hugo Stinnes, the German Cæsar. He was also received by King Albert, Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, Chancellor Wirth of Germany, President Hainisch of Austria, etc., and he is now delivering a series of lectures on the economical and political condition of Europe. Mr. Marcossion's latest hook,

"An African Adventure," was lately the subject of an exhaustive review in "La Revue Generale," the leading monthly periodical of Belgium. The essay was written by Mlle. Suzanne Silvercrucy, who was one of the war heroines of Belgium. She defied the German conquerors and was sentenced to prison. "An African Adventure" is being translated into French for publication in Belgium.

A bronze tablet to the memory of Stephen Crane will be unveiled on November 7th on the front wall of the Free Public Library of Newark, New Jersey. Crane's achievement as a pioneer is lauded in the tablet inscription, which reads: "Inscribed to the memory of Stephen Crane, born in Newark, November 1, 1871. He attained, before his untimely death, June 5, 1900, international fame as a writer of fiction. His novel, 'The Red Badge of Courage,' set a model for succeeding writers on the emotions of men in battle. His verse and his delightful stories of boyhood anticipated strong later tendencies in American literature. The power of his work won for him the admiration of a wide circle of readers and critics."

An event of political, literary, and social importance is the arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles a Court Repington in this country. He came on the *Adriatic*, and is here to attend the disarmament conference. Colonel Repington's "Diary of the First World War" won him a unique position as the Pepys of the present century, as well as one of the greatest contemporary military writers.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, whose novel "Success" has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, stands a conspicuous figure in what was termed the "muck-raking" crusade which lasted from about 1900 through a decade. Like many others of his school of literature Mr. Adams used the magazines as his medium through which to unmask fraudulent practices, for it was patent that the newspapers were largely controlled by the sources of those practices. His fight in *Collier's* against the patent medicine frauds started him in his bitter fight for honest advertising. For this work Mr. Adams has had national recognition, his services to public health being of incalculable value. It is to Mr. Adams and his associates in this campaign that the Pure Food Law is due. The American Medical Association has made him an associate member, he is one of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health, a member of the National Consumers' League, a member of the National Confederation of Charities, the National Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and so on.

It is not to be expected that all men, even all literary men, will respond to Dante (says John Macy in the *New York Evening Post*). Horace Walpole called him "extravagant, absurd, disgusting, in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam." This is amusing, even refreshing, in view of the too pious devotion of some later Englishmen. But the eighteenth century was not the time for English appreciation of Dante, and Walpole, witty prosaist, was not the man to enjoy him. Dante was known, of course, to Chaucer and to the Elizabethans and Milton, and his influence on



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English poetry was perhaps even greater than Dr. Tynne's record makes evident. But it is with the nineteenth century, which, *bien entendu*, was born intellectually a few years before its numerical date, that Dante becomes a power in English literature.

The news comes from England that W. H. Hudson, whose new volume of essays, "A Traveler in Little Things," will be published this fall by E. P. Dutton & Co., has resigned his civil list pension of about \$700 a year because he no longer needs it. That is gratifying proof that a public which long neglected him, both in England and America, has at last grown appreciative of the unusual and distinctive pleasure his books afford and is huying them, in both countries, as it should have bought them long ago. The Duttons promise for this fall also a new edition of Hudson's "A Shepherd's Life," which many of his admirers consider his most charming work, and is said to be the author's own favorite among his writings.

Stuart Henry, whose "French Essays and Profiles" was recently published by the Duttons, has received two very interesting letters from eminent Frenchmen about the book. Emile Boutroux, famous author and Academician, says: "I was charmed by your 'Villa Elsa' and was happy to present it to the French Academy. I now rejoice in the efficacy of a book like your present 'French Essays and Profiles,' which may aid in bringing together our two countries. Your book indicates the possibility of our two peoples comprehending and loving each other. At any rate, I know that your charming volume has given me agreeable hours, enhanced by the lucidity and grace of your style." Frederic Masson, distinguished French historian and secretary of the French Academy, also writes to Mr. Henry as follows: "I have quite well known most of the men and women of whom you write and I appreciate the solidity of your judgments. I hope that in coming more into our French intimacies your compatriots may enjoy our old French life, so mature, but which is scarcely discoverable until explicitly shown forth."

New Books Received.

BEGGARS' GOLD. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A novel.

EUDOCIA. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A comedy royal.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.40.

The Cambridge Shakespeare.

REYNARD THE FOX, OR THE GHOST HEATH RUN. By John Maschfeld. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$5.

A new edition with illustrations by G. D. Armour.

ROOSEVELT IN THE KANSAS CITY STAR. Edited with an introduction by Ralph Stout. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.

More than a hundred editorials by Roosevelt.

MODERN DEMOCRACIES. By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$10.50.

An interpretation of democracy.

MODERN ITALIAN SURGERY, AND OLD UNIVERSITIES OF ITALY. By Paolo de Vecchi. New York: Paul B. Hoeber; \$5.

ALLIED SHIPPING CONTROL. By J. A. Salter. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

The history of the Allied Maritime Transport Council.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PHILOSOPHY. By W. R. Sorley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$5.

THE WANDERING JEW. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

A POLITICAL PILGRIM IN EUROPE. By Mrs. Philip Snowden. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

Political observation.

GLENWOOD OF SHIPWAY. By John H. Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A novel.

THE HEART OF CANYON PASS. By Thomas K. Holmes. New York: George Sully & Co.; \$1.75.

A Western novel.

SINBAD AND HIS FRIENDS. By Simeon Strunsky. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.75.

Burlesque.

YOUNG HEROES OF BRITAIN AND BELGIUM. By Kathleen Burke. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50.

True stories for young people.

THE HIDDEN FORCE. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A story of modern Java. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

DREAMERS. By Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.75.

Translated from the Norwegian by W. W. Worcester.

THE OTHER MAGIC. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

A tale of the tropics.

DEADLOCK. By Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

A novel.

OUR WORLD. By Charles Harvey Peck. New York: The Franklayne Press; \$2.50.

A sketch of origins according to science.

MANSLAUGHTER. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A novel.

ROOSEVELT IN THE BAD LANDS. By Herman Hagedorn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

The story of Theodore Roosevelt's ranching days in the Bad Lands from 1883 to 1887.

ROOSEVELT, THE HAPPY WARRIOR. By Bradley Gilman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3.50.

A biography.

TWIN TALES, ARE ALL MEN ALIKE, THE LOST TITAN. By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$2.

Novelettes.

SWOROS. By Sidney Howard. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A play in four acts.

ORPHANT ANNIE STORY BOOK. By Johnny Gruelle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Juvenile.

ANGELICA. By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90.

A novel.

FOUR YEARS IN THE UNDERBUSH. Anonymous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

Adventures of a working woman in New York.

THE ANIMAL MOTHER GOOSE. By Harry Whitier Frees. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$2.

Juvenile.

Mr. Maxim Gorki is at Helsingfors, and it is understood that he will negotiate with the representatives of American capitalists and scientists regarding the printing of a number of Russian scientific works which have been lying in manuscript since 1919. M. Gorki is reported to be very ill with a weak heart.

The sale at the public auction rooms in the Rue Droivot of the stamp collection of M. Ferrari de la Renotiere has produced a total sum of 628,951 francs, and the highest price, 60,000 francs, was paid for two British Guinea stamps of 1850, bearing the initials J. D. S.

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BOOKS AND ART
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IBSEN AT THE MAITLAND.

"The Pillars of Society" does not represent Ibsen at his best, although it is a play that gave an early impetus toward his fame as a prose dramatist. It is not cast in the almost perfect mould of his best plays: "Ghosts," "The Doll House," "Hedda Gahler." "The Pillars of Society" was written when Ibsen was affected by the technic of the French "well-made" play. He had not then quite learned to stand on his own feet, and bowed to the decree that dramas must have ingenuity of plot, surprises, and striking dramatic situations.

Later he developed his own method, disdained a tortuous plot, economized in the number of characters, and made the course of his plays develop like the current of life itself, instead of being stage-managed, as in "The Pillars of Society."

Nevertheless, this play made a great impression on its first appearance. Naturally the Norwegians flinched at the sting in the lash of the Ibsen whip; perhaps in their hearts they recognized truth in his mordant depiction of small-town narrow-mindedness, intolerance, and hypocrisy. But the play had an immense vogue in Germany, where it contributed greatly to his rising fame.

Now that we know all his later works, and have marked the development of his genius, it is easy to observe the contrast, and to realize that the play reeks with faults. There is too much hustle in it; a fault most uncharacteristic of Ibsen. The admirable economy that he later exercised in composing his dialogue does not appear in "The Pillars of Society." A number of the characters have long, tedious dialogues: Frau Rummel's, for

instance, when she tells to the new arrival in the town the long, involved story of the relationships in the diverse fates of the Bernicks and the Tonnesens.

There are too many exits and entrances in the play, an unnecessary profusion of characters, several palpably arranged situations, and in the culminating scene, when Consul Bernick makes his famous confession, even Ibsen could not make us believe that a man of Bernick's stamp and limitless, selfish egotism could ever attain to such a pitch of moral heroism. And in the final scene, when Bernick, his arm around his wife, while he summons to his embrace the other two women, the rejected love and the unregarded, almost despised love, there is an irresistible suggestion of a morally white-washed Sultan extending his blessing over his chaste and highly respectable harem.

Ibsen, however, was thoroughly Ibsenic in his theme. The play is the drama of a soul, and the confession of Consul Bernick is the result of that accomplished juggler's horrified perception, in the moment of his dread over the possible fate of his run-away boy, that he had plunged into such awful depths of potential wickedness as to make necessary the cleansing of his soul by confession. Confession is sometimes a luxury, but the luxuriously enjoyed and self-alleviating confession is the kind that is made to one attentive and sympathetic ear. Consul Bernick obeyed an impulse when he confessed, but I find it quite impossible to believe that such a liar, hypocrite, moral grafter, and potential criminal could ever bring himself to the point of stripping his sorry soul bare to the vision of his heretofore applauding and admiring fellow-townsmen.

"The Pillars of Society" is not a particularly sympathetic play to act, and the Maitland players merely succeeded in going through it without throwing up any high lights of merit. Mr. Maitland cast Mr. John Fee for the leading rôle, and that gentleman acquitted himself creditably, but with more of an effort than is generally observable in his acting.

Members of the partially new company made several bad breaks in English, by the way, and among other mispronunciations I heard that too frequent "w'y" and "w'at," as well as the more unpardonable "tremenjous" and "reckonize." No doubt Mr. Maitland flinched, as his speech is always correct.

AT THE ORPHEUM.

An excellent strong-arm and juggling turn is the opening act at the Orpheum this week, the Sandow of the cast a tall, handsome German clothed in a pair of gilded trunks, a valise strap, and a radiant smile. He wears his splendid, muscular near-nudity as if it were a fine garment, and performs wonderful feats in throwing and catching tremendous weights on the back of his handsome hull-neck with a "plop" that makes you jump and yelp, and wonder if he won't rip up his medulla oblongata. Well, that article may remain intact, but when he lifted a 200-pound weight and we saw his naked back and chest and shoulders grow a brilliant crimson from the strain I said to myself, "This splendid specimen of human machinery is on the way toward cracking some part of it, and becoming either a human derelict or a corpse." For flesh and blood can not long stand such overtaxing.

The Knight—as he is killed—is helped in his act by the Knave, a clown comedian who is very good in his line, and, as a vaudeville offering, the act in its entirety is an excellent one.

Another representative from a far-away shore is Jack Joyce, "the boy with the smile." Jack is an engaging-looking young fellow, slender, good-looking, and with a magnetic voice and speech that curiously intrigued the pleased ear. Rarely indeed may one chronicle musical speech on the vaudeville stage, since the big artists have faded away from vaudeville.

However, the youth presently mentioned that he is English, and all was accounted for. Jack dresses his slender shape with meticulous care, and dances like a modern Rumpelstiltskin. But, alas!—one leg is missing; hurried, probably, somewhere in France, for Jack gave a military salute, and we all murmured, "Yes, he must have been in the army."

Jack's singing voice is light, and the first few jokes he fired at the audience—good jokes, too—for some reason didn't seem to hit the target. And then, all of a sudden, he had caught them with his engagingly told stories, his contagious smile, and his wonderful, one-legged dancing.

Yes, he conquered us, but it was mutual, for the dear little chappie said, with a feeling that made us believe him, that he has fallen

so in love with California that he is going to bring his mother out here and settle for good.

One feels rather pleased with Kittie Doner that now she has risen to be a headliner she has brought out into the limelight her brother and sister to earn their share of her popularity and her prosperity.

Kittie remains a very convincing boy—or youth—her masculine habiliments being very smart and up to date. Brother and sister—the latter very pretty—have been well trained in dancing, and the act is largely a dancing one. Kittie has expensive sets and costume changes for all hands, does a little bit of impersonation, and winds up by giving a Bowery act in which the Doner parents specialized twenty-five years ago.

We are told that the brother and sister wore the same costumes as their parents, but this I venture to doubt. Nay, nay, kid, it ain't so. Twenty-five years ago I'm quite sure Ma Doner did not wear a skimpy knee-length skirt resembling one tight trouser leg.

The Doner family are not at all well endowed vocally, and if they would cultivate their vocal chords as assiduously as they have trained their heels it would help a lot. Then their songs and patter would carry better, and we might be able to withdraw the comment that the act has not sufficient variety, and is too long.

Mrs. Gene Hughes appears in an amusing skit as the defiantly unchanged hearty Irish mate of a rich and rising politician who is trying to forget his days with the humble shovel. Mrs. Pat, however, gives him many pointed reminders, and Mrs. Hughes contrives to entertain the amused audience with the lively breeze of her personality and with the rich brogue with which she embellishes her rôle.

Mary Haynes captured the audience with her vigorously delivered songs, her school-girl temperament, and the zest with which she does her work. The young lady, however, since she is so successful in making her audience laugh is very much in need of some additional by-play beside head-noddings with which to occupy the laughter-filled intervals.

Kramer and Boyle do a white-and-black act together, Kramer hestowing much joy upon the audience by his prohibitional comments on late arrivals in the house. He is very funny, whether he is scrapping with his partner or lingering long and tenderly in the fading spotlight.

The headliner *par excellence* is Vera Gordon, the "Humoresque" mother, who has stepped out of the silence of the screen into more direct relations with the public that so approves her. Vera Gordon has an Edgar Allen Woolf playlet as a vehicle, in which the mother motive is strongly stressed. Mr. Woolf is always rather superficial and pot-boilish, but he has the gift of giving vaudeville audiences what they want.

Vera Gordon herself, with her broad, creamy-skinned face framed in black hair, short figure, her warmly colored, heart-compelling voice, and a suggestion of Slavic magnetism about her, is a figure about which the attention and sympathies become closely centered. She has humor and pathos in equal measure, and her swift, free gestures expressive of emotion are agreeably unhackneyed. Good support was contributed by Stanley



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Price, Henrietta Tedro, and Charles Sims, and the audience was sympathetically affected by the piece.

The wind-up hill titivates the audience by showing a shapely, rather sophisticated-looking woman going through the dove act. There are several dozens of the fluttering creatures circling around the house before settling picturesquely on the shoulders of their trainer. "Marguis"—so the name is given; do they mean Marquis, I wonder?—is a fine black poodle who can catch and hold half a dozen straw hats at once. Like most trained dogs, the poodle tried his best to look as if he liked the job, and hacked up his mistress' juggling feats with conscientiously exercised skill.

THE SEQUOIA LITTLE THEATRE.

The infant organization which is housed at the Sequoia Theatre, 1725 Washington Street, seems to have a hold on life, for it has continued giving its bi-weekly performances with a care and an enthusiasm which suggests an inspiring presence behind the scenes. I suspect this to be contributed by Ruth Brenner, who apparently has taste, energy, and ability; for the three playlets are appropriately and prettily mounted and costumed, and the players have been carefully coached.

The performance is not that of professionals, and they have their amateurish weaknesses. The constitutional laughter, for instance, in the Rostand piece needs a lesson in breath control; and, by the way, his French coacher is the man to give it to him; for Mr. Puttaert also acts at the French theatre. Miss Winifred Buster postures prettily and gracefully as the white Columbine, but her accents do not carry well enough, her voice lacking in resonance. But the stage was set quite charmingly for "the white supper," and the spirit of the Rostand playlet was adequately conveyed.

The Arnold Bennett farce revealed a certain ease and sophistication in Mrs. Reiter, and Edwina Barry has archness and humor which experience will develop to lighter expression.

"The Locked Chest" was very effectively set, and the costuming was appropriate in its suggestion of the poetry of the early Christian era. In this play Peggy Shafer, and Max Newman in particular, did creditable work.

It is evidently hoped by the backers of the Sequoia Little Theatre that it will become a community theatre, which means a theatre which draws freely upon the talent and ability of the general community. Therefore those running the theatre invite all who are sincerely interested in the real good of the drama to communicate with them and co-operate in the work of putting fine plays before the public. In the face of such courage and hope one feels almost ashamed not to share in it; and, at any rate, since the aims are so creditable, we can but wish the young organization every success.

The theatre will remain dark during the December holidays, after which the company will put on another bill, consisting of three one-act plays of first quality.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Harry Davenport, a New York actor, has hit on an idea which, it is more than probable, will be utilized some day and become an institution. It is to make a moving picture of every scene in a play. The players, with this aid, could see in what respect they failed; at least in appearance, gesture, and expression. This would be making Burns' aspiration for the power the gift might give us to come partly true, anyway. And the plan ought to prove invaluable to players and an enormously effective object lesson to the stage coacher.

For some reason the American managers have never tapped the plentiful well of Italian plays. It may be because they are so essentially Latin in spirit that they are too strong meat for the Anglo-Saxon stomach. However, Sam Benelli's "The Jest" has drawn attention to Italian drama. It is said that the German film-producers are making up a grandiose screen play of D'Annunzio's "The Ship," and the success of "The Jest," as played in New York with the two Barrymores in the cast, has drawn the attention of the picture-play managers toward the talented author. At present Signor Benelli has definitely started in as a writer of original scenarios for representation on the screen, and as there are many excellent Italian comedies and dramas, doubtless others will be claimants.

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The Columbia Theatre.

The American comic opera, "Robin Hood," is the joint work of Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith. A work infrequently becomes a classic during the life of its authors, and this seems to be the case of "Robin Hood." There is no doubt that "Robin Hood" will always be sung. It has the elements of a classic musical drama, gaining recognition as a classic through the outstanding portions of the score. "The Bohemian Girl" is made immortal by three songs, "Lucia di Lammermoor" by the sextet, "Lohengrin" by the Wedding March, "Rigoletto" by a trio and tenor, "Aida," and so on through the list. Unquestionably "O Promise Me," the "Armorer's Song," and "Brown October Ale" from "Robin Hood" will hold the work permanently in the regard of the American theatre-goers and music-lovers.

The Ralph Dunbar presentation, which will appear here at the Columbia Theatre, commencing Monday night, December 5th, for a limited engagement, is considered by both press and public as a worthy successor to the original Bostonians who made this opera famous. The principals of the company are composed of an exceptional quartet of operatic artists who have just completed a summer's run at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Lady Frederick," that most interesting of the social dramas written by W. Somerset Maugham, opens next week at the Maitland Playhouse with the Monday night performance. Maugham has been one of the most popular of the English writers at home, and though perhaps not so well known in San Francisco, his "Lady Frederick" will speak for itself. In exposing foibles of the fashionable set, Maugham's delicious satire is reminiscent of George Bernard Shaw.

"Lady Frederick" will continue all the week with the opening matinee Tuesday afternoon.

Henrik Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," the hill this week, is proving an exceptionally good drawing card, and others than Ibsen enthusiasts have taken advantage of the opportunity to witness the play. It closes Saturday night.

Sequoia Little Theatre.

The Sequoia Little Theatre at 1725 Washington Street has made arrangements with Gay Lombard, a member of the Bohemian Club, to write them a one-act play. Mr. Lombard is the husband of Ivy Lombard, formerly Mrs. Douglas Crane, the "Frene Castle of the West." Mr. Lombard's play will be presented early in the new year.

Today (Saturday) will be the seventh pres-

entation of the present bill, consisting of "Two Pierrots," a poetical fantasy by Edmond Rostand; "The Stepmother," a comedy by Arnold Bennett; and "The Locked Chest," an Icelandic drama of the tenth century by John Masefield. The present bill will be continued into December, and the date of the new programme for January will be announced later.

The next bill to be presented consists of "The Bowery," a strictly American interlude, by James Bugge, which contains a touching picture of real tenement life; "The Altar Candle," a medieval theme of the thirteenth century, by Theodore Banks, Jr., and "The Shepherd in the Distance," an amusing Oriental pantomime by Holland Hudson.

The Orpheum.

Santos and Hayes, comedians, are presenting the Santos and Hayes Revue, described as a vaudeville prescription in three scenes. The Misses Santos and Hayes are assisted by Will Higgs, Bohhie Tremaine, Saul Marshall, and a Broadway beauty cast. Milton E. Schwarzwald wrote the music, Cliff Hess the lyrics, and the dances have been arranged by Miss Bohhie Tremaine.

Profiteers are generally unpopular. Brown and O'Donnell are one exception to the rule. They profiteer in fun, but it is the reverse form of profiteering, for their audiences derive the benefit.

Marshall Montgomery is considered one of the world's best ventriloquists today. He accomplishes many novel features and sensational touches. A pleasing personality is one of the assets of his act.

"Green Goods," the sketch in which Arthur Stone and Marion Hayes are appearing, is described as a carnival episode. It tells in a broadly humorous way of the efforts of the small-town cut-up who attempts to "kid" a carnival showwoman.

Matty Lee Lippard's attractive appearance, excellent taste, and lyric songs contrive to make an agreeable song act.

Ben Beyer is on his sketch tour around the world. Beyer spends his life circumnavigating the globe. In his various travels he stops at every point that boasts of a theatre and exhibits his remarkable ability as a cyclist.

Galetti's Simians are among the best of this sort of entertainment on the stage, and Mons. Galetti always has the knack of evolving some new feature for his remarkable monkeys. This season he presents them in "A Day at the Races."

Kitty Donner, with Sister Rose and Brother Ted, in their entertaining "League of Song Steps," remain a second week.

"The Piper," one of the latest and most popular of the plays produced in the East, is to be staged at the Maitland some time this month of December. Mr. Arthur Maitland has secured full rights to the play.

Nance O'Neil in her new play, "The Passion Flower," will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing with Monday, December 19th.

One naturalist considers that it is pretty certain that at least some members of the crow tribe possess a measure of reasoning power, and he relates an incident in this relation that occurred in his own household. A crow had been captured by the children and brought home and tamed. They were very fond of it and, of course, treated it with kindness. As in most houses where there are children, there was also a pet cat. The cat and the crow were friendly. One day an unusually nice morsel was given to Tabby. This the crow not only looked at with envious eyes, but made several attempts to secure. Tabby heat off each attempt, however, and the crow had to resort to stratagem. Disappearing through the open door, he returned in a few minutes with a long string that had been raveled from an old sweater. Placing this on the floor, some little distance in front of the cat, he proceeded to wriggle it as he had seen the children do when playing with Tabby. The cat instantly jumped to catch the string. This was, of course, exactly what the crow wanted, and he, with equal dexterity, pounced upon the coveted morsel and flew away with it, leaving Tabby to the enjoyment of the string.

A fragile little flower was declared by the judges at the Royal Horticultural Hall, London, to be the most wonderful orchid ever exhibited there. Its name is Odontoglossum Armstrongii, and in shape and coloring it much resembles a white star with a heart of gold. The exhibitors, Messrs. Armstrong and Brown, of Tunbridge Wells, have been experimenting for thirty years with the object of obtaining a white orchid with yellow markings. This flower is the reward of their labors, for it is perfect in shape, size, and coloring. Unfortunately it was an accident, and unless it can be reproduced by seed, therefore, it can not be propagated. The plant is priced at 500 guineas.

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The Drama.

Several copies to hand of the *Drama*—a periodical published monthly in Chicago—admonishes us that the progressive youth of both sexes who are interested in the maintenance of high standards in dramatic art are out on the watch towers, keeping a vigilant outlook on the signs of the times.

But that isn't all they are doing, for the periodical in question faithfully chronicles their activities. They are writing playlets which are slices of life—there are half a dozen of them in the August-September number—they are translating specimens of the drama of other countries, they are showing up abuses, stupidities, and injustices in the business of the theatre, and they are printing interesting reports of happenings in the dramatic world that bear upon the enlightened development of the drama; such as, for instance, the work done by the Harvard Dramatic Club during the year, Drama League activities, and the like.

In the number mentioned there is an article about the philosophical basis of the post-war drama of Germany, one by Alexander Bakshy analyzing the art of the theatre, one about the community theatre, and, in fact, we are shown views of drama broadly both from within and without.

The magazine is edited by Theodore Balou Hinckley, and the well-known names of Granville Barker, Walter Prichard Eaton, Barrett H. Clark, and J. Vandervoort Sloan form the list of associate editors.

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VANITY FAIR.

Popular fancy is always intrigued by royal romance. So it is with a feeling of delectable excitement that the English-speaking world, at any rate, reads of Princess Mary's engagement to Lord Lascelles. Most of us take a kindly interest in this match for the sentimental reason that we remember the Princess Mary as a little girl. She is really twenty-four, but it seems only yesterday that she was fourteen, known to us, of course, through the medium of printed photographs of a gravely beautiful and very royal looking child. Now the Princess Mary is engaged and one notes with gratification that it seems to be a love match. The English press is rejoicing over the fact that their princess is marrying an Englishman. It is also noteworthy that Lascelles, though a member of a great and historic family, is not royal. Nor has the house of Lascelles ever before been connected by marriage with the English royal family. True, royalty of late has shown quite a penchant for non-royal alliances—a tendency doubtless due in part to the diminution of royal prospects since the numerous Teutonic connections have fallen into disfavor. But one likes to think that even royalty is being freed from the shackles of the past. The Princess Mary's match has all the semblance of a love affair—she and Lascelles being friends of old standing, whose mutual interest in sport, and particularly in horses, has doubtless been no small factor in the romance. The Lascelles stables boast one of the finest string of race-horses in the islands and the princess is known for her love of horses and her excellent horsemanship. She follows the hounds at Brampton Moor—where Lascelles is joint master of the pack—and has been cub hunting there this winter. A truly royal romance—one which savors of the chivalric age when princesses married brave knights who had little but their valor and skill to recommend them. Not, indeed, that they are Lascelles' only endowment. He has been called the richest soldier in the world, having inherited about £2,500,000 from his great-uncle, the eccentric Lord Clanricarde, an Irish landlord, notorious for his absenteeism, and being besides heir to the Harewood estates, which comprise nearly 30,000 acres and have an enormous income from Barbados sugar plantations. A princely, if not royal, fortune. Lascelles is the eldest son of the fifth Earl of Harewood, a great Yorkshire landowner and a descendant of one of the oldest and proudest families of England. He made a notable record in the war and in the British diplomatic service, having served at the British Embassy at Rome from 1905 to 1907. He fought in the trenches in France throughout the war, rejecting all offers of safer staff positions. In short, we commend the Princess Mary on her choice fully as much as we congratulate Lascelles on his good fortune.

Peace has been declared between England and Germany. Perhaps it would be more correct to say peace now exists between England and Germany, since there are literal people who will protest that it was declared some time since. It exists now—and that is different. The Queen of England has ordered two dresses from Berlin. We regret that our information is not more detailed. We should like to say two court dresses, two tailored frocks, or a dinner dress and a riding habit. But meagre though the information is, it is sufficient to assure the civilized world that the olive branch has been tossed from London, from St. James itself, and has landed, with accurate aim, safely in Berlin—even as a few years ago other missiles were accurately aimed from Berlin. The last is perhaps an ungracious simile, but one rejoices at the metamorphosis from shrapnel to olive branches or dressmakers' orders. Orators may talk at length, diplomats may remain even more lengthily silent, treaties may be signed *ad infinitum*, and statesman may stake careers on strategic moves for peace. These are vanities indeed compared with the faith and trust that England shows in Berlin in placing there an order for the queen's dresses. The balance of power, for good or for ill, has been restored.

In a copy of *Life*, the other week, we found a list of epigrams which according to its compiler were the substance of a widow's knowledge. Among them was this profound contribution to philosophy: "No really moral woman ever created a chic hat." At first blush that statement is an indictment, not only of all successful milliners, some of whom we like to think of as moral, but also of the majority of the women of the great middle classes. Otherwise the conclusion is that the majority of hats are not chic—a judgment that is too pessimistic to be passed by this column. We are forced back to the alternative of either disproving the libelous epigram or of accepting the immorality of women. Of course, a number of hats are made by men and—as a mere man—we rejoice at the fact that they are rather better made. In the light of our epoch-making adage this can

be accounted for, since of course the morals of men are taken for granted and they may with impunity enter even the profession of milliners. But we should like in the interests of truth to sift the thing to the bottom. If one knew the most moral group of women in the world it would be a simple matter to inspect their headgear and learn to what extent they were responsible for its creation. However, rake our brains as we will, we can think of no such group to take as a criterion. On the other hand, the groups that do come to mind are disconcerting, to say the least. There is something rakishly chic in the cap of a trained nurse. We have seen ravishing headgear on demure little Japanese nuns. Whereas milliners, as a class, are notorious for their shabby, yes even dowdy hats. We are getting out beyond our depth now. Obviously, this is a subject too immense in its ramifications to be solved here. The epigramist who started our wild goose chase rested serene no doubt in the conviction that no one could either prove or disprove his aphorism. And so long as hats remain chic—and we fervently add long may they do so—the indictment must stand against all members of the sex guilty of creating a swagger headpiece and also, by rights, all who condone such guilt by wearing chic hats.

Paul Verdier, fashion mentor of San Francisco, is back from Europe with the news that we are a year behind the Paris styles. Parisians, he asserts, are wearing their skirts two or three inches from the floor, a marked contrast to the dizzy heights of twenty inches or so that they enjoyed last year. The inference is that San Francisco hems should likewise drop to the ground. With all due deference to the dictum of Paris—which we are accustomed to obey unthinkingly—we still remark that style and climate should have some bearing on each other. There is probably no winter climate in the world—London and Edinburgh may be as bad, but can not be worse—where long skirts are less appropriate than in San Francisco. One need not enlarge on the subject. Bedraggled skirts are not becoming. Well enough to say that every one need not drag her skirts in the streets; but it is neither American nor democratic, nor in the spirit of California, to promote styles that are by their nature limited to a small section of the public. Nor do we think that the average woman wants to have her evening dresses touch the floor and her street attire clear the ground by ten or fifteen inches. Though even that would be a more sensible compromise than obedience to the stylemaker's decree that skirts shall be long. British women have solved this problem very easily. They ignore Parisian mandates when they are incongruous with the spirit of British common sense. And it is high time we did likewise.

Talking "Movies."

While musicians are hardening their hearts against what they deem the bluntness and insensibility of mechanical aids to music, the sensibility of mechanical impressions opens out new wonders to confound their skepticism. While the musician dreams only of possible rhythmic relationships between light and sound, and deems them beyond all scientific or other applicability to his art, he finds the mechanical inventor ready to convert his sound into light and, without loss of its identity or delicacy of modulation, to turn it back again from light to sound. By such a seemingly roundabout and impossible route has a Swedish inventor, it is said, achieved the long-desired synchronization of speech and action on the films.

Granted the process, no one will be surprised at the delicacy of the operation. The first part of the process, by which the modulations of the voice are reproduced, being reflected by means of light upon a delicate diaphragm of rock crystal, will be understood to involve no essential loss of delicacy. The return journey, or transformation of this photographic voice film into sound, is accompanied by means of a substance known as selenium, which has the curious property of resisting electricity in accurate response to the light which falls upon it. The rest is done by the mechanical amplification of sound and the mechanical association of the original process with the photographic film of the speakers or singer's action.

In all these associations mechanism comes out rather as the agent of sensibility than as its destroyer. It would seem that we are in sight of a sensitive mechanical reproduction of drama and of music. Mechanism is likely to turn out a greater artist than we thought.—*S. L. in the Manchester Guardian.*

New Zealand experimenters have succeeded in having bees accept artificial combs made of aluminum, coated with wax.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has produced the Scriptures in more than eighty African tongues and dialects alone.

For the purpose of making tests the Bureau of Standards has several weights of 10,000 pounds each.

The Art of Etching.

The art of etching on metal and transferring the impression to paper began with Duerer, the German, in 1515, when the great painter made his famous set of six etchings on iron. The few attempts before this date to use the acid-bitten line were mechanical experiments rather than artistic achievements. For four hundred years artists of all rank and from all countries have made etchings, recognizing in the medium an expression of artistic impulses. The names of the great etchers are those of the great painters, and extend from Rembrandt, Van Dyke, and Claude to Whistler, Zorn, and Rodin, and include artists of the prominence of Millet and Corot, and in our own generation, Brangwyn, Twachtman, Hassam, and Benson, beside a host of other men.

Etching has always been held in the highest esteem by artist and layman alike, and is universally recognized as a parallel and independent medium of artistic expression, equal in dignity and importance to its sister arts, painting and sculpture. The history of etching is written in terms of six great masters, Duerer, Rembrandt, Meryon, Haden Whistler, and Zorn. These six men, covering a period of four hundred years, each of a different nationality, have carried etching to a point of accomplishment and perfection that is at once the aim and the despair of contemporary etchers.

The art is vital because it is primarily the expression of essentials and the elimination of all else. The etcher must see deep into the character of the individual, the landscape, or the building, and must be able to convey the essential characteristics, together with the surrounding atmosphere, using a minimum of line and an utter concealment of the means required to produce the result.—*Edwin Furman in the Los Angeles Times.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A small boy, aged four, had just communicated the fact to his uncle that he had started on his school career. "Indeed," said his uncle; "why, you must be the youngest there." "Oh, no," answered the youngster in a very lofty manner, "there's another gentleman who comes in a perambulator."

Two colored gentlemen were engaged in conversation when one of them became very much annoyed by the persistent attention of a large fly. "Sam, what kin' a fly am dis?" "Dat am a hoss-fly. A hoss-fly am a fly wbut buzzes 'roun' cows 'n' hosses 'n' jack-asses—" "You ain' makin' out to call me no jackass?" "No, I aint makin' out for to call you no jackass, but you caint fool dem hoss-flies."

A temperance lecturer recently burst into the office of the editor of a local newspaper and with an angry frown thrust a marked copy of the latest issue of his paper before him. "I am told you wrote this notice of my lecture on 'The Demon Drink,'" he remarked sternly. "I did," was the calm reply. "Then perhaps you'll be good enough to explain what you mean by stating that the lecturer was full of his subject."

"A poor excuse!" said Senator Borah in an argument on disarmament. "As poor an excuse as Aunt Dinah's. 'Look here,' I said to old Aunt Dinah one day, 'I put four pairs of white flannel pants in the wash on Monday, and you've only brought me back three pairs. What's your excuse?' 'Mah excuse, Marse Will,' said Aunt Dinah, 'is dat dem fo' pairs muster shrunk up to free. Don' you know, Marse Will, dat flannel shrinks awful?'"

"The stork has delivered a ten-pound boy at my house," said a caller at the office of the *Cliggersville Clarion*, "I want you to put a piece about it in your paper." "All right," said the editor. "I'll write a snappy headline for the announcement and call him a future President of the United States." "You needn't bother about that. His mother and her relatives have already decided that he's going to be a motion-picture star, because he has a dimple in his chin."

A lady on entering the kitchen early one morning saw a plate and a knife and fork, the former of which had contained cold pie. The lady strongly suspected a certain policeman of having supped off it, and the following conversation took place between her and the cook: "Mary, what has become of the cold pie that was left?" "Oh, I didn't think it was wanted, mum, and so I gave it to the dog." "Does the dog use a knife and fork, then?" the mistress sarcastically inquired. "Not very well yet, mum, but I'm teaching him to," was the unabashed reply.

Chairman Lasker of the Shipping Board said in a Washington address: "Some of the critics of the Shipping Board understand the board's work so thoroughly, and this work is in their opinion so simple and easy, that when I listen to them I remember a certain young matron. A great banker said to this young matron: 'I am ashamed of my failure to keep abreast of modern science. Take the electric light, for instance; I haven't the least idea how it works.' The young matron gave him a patronizing smile. 'Why,' she said, 'it's very simple really. You just press a button, and the light comes on—that's all there is to it.'"

A young man was wandering up and down the platform of the railway station intent on finding an empty carriage in the train. But in vain. Assuming an official air, he stalked up to the last carriage, and cried in a stentorian voice: "All change here; this car isn't going." There were exclamations low but deep from the occupants of the crowded car; but they hurried out and packed themselves away in other parts of the train. The smile on the face of the young man was child-like as he settled himself comfortably. "Ah," he murmured, "it's a grand thing for me that I was born clever! I wish they would hurry up and start." By and by the station agent appeared at the door and said: "I suppose you're the smart young man who said this car wasn't going?" "Yes," said the clever one, and he smiled. "Well," said the stationmaster with a grin, "it isn't. The porter heard what you said, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were a director."

Secretary Conrad Jenny of the Swiss Embassy was talking about diplomacy at a dinner. "A good many diplomats," he said, "are about as diplomatic as old Mr. Pea. Mr. Pea was a village character who stuttered. There was a political meeting in the village one evening, and among the speakers was a certain Cue. Well, at the end of the meeting there was a kind of a reception, and Cue, the

most important orator of the occasion, was introduced to the stuttering old villager. Mr. Pea shook the orator's hand and stuttered: "Glad to m-meet you. L-let's sec, you were one of the s-speakers weren't you?" "Yes, I was," said Cue. "Well, say," said old Pea, "w-wasn't the other f-fellers good?"

Mark Twain once sat in the smoking-room of a steamer and listened for an hour to some remarkable stories. Then he drawled: "Boys, these feats of yours that you've been telling about recall an adventurer of my own in Hannibal. There was a fire in Hannibal one night and Old Man Hankinson got caught in the fourth story of the burning house. It looked as if he was a goner. None of the ladders was long enough to reach him. The crowd stared at one another with awed eyes. Nobody could think of anything to do. Then all of a sudden, boys, an idea occurred to me. 'Fetch a rope!' I yelled. Somebody fetched a rope and with great presence of mind I flung the end of it to the old man. 'Tie her round your waist!' I yelled. Old Man Hankinson did so, and I pulled him down."

Charley is a mild-mannered, inoffensive dandy, the janitor of an office building, quiet, efficient. One morning Charley reported for duty with a large piece of court plaster decorating the immediate vicinity of his right eye. There was no vanity attendant on its application. The size and shape of the adornment proved, beyond doubt, that it was there for a more practical reason. "Been in a fight, Charley?" some one inquired. "No, sah." "Where'd you get the gin?" This in

a confidential whisper. "Aint had no gin, sah." "How come, then?" Charley grinned. His marital troubles were no secret. "Mah wife kinda raised a li'l rumpus. Tha's all, sah." "Thought you said you badn't been fighting." "No, sah, dat's right. I jes' looked back."

Ethel Barrymore, apropos of a witty remark made by a young actress at a garden party, said: "This young lady reminds me of Ellen Terry, who was the wittiest and most tactful woman I ever knew. I once heard a story which is characteristic of Miss Terry's ready wit. She was sued by her dressmaker for an unpaid bill and the case went against her. Asking to be allowed to appeal, she gave as one of her reasons that the judge who rendered the decision was too old to understand the case. The judge of appeals reminded her that once before, in another suit, she had complained that her case had been tried by 'a bit of a boy.' 'What age, may I ask, madam, do you want a judge to be?' the judge of appeals inquired. 'Your age,' Miss Terry smilingly replied."

Mr. Heming tells an amusing little incident to disprove the general belief that artists are temperamental, dissipated creatures who thrive in the white lights. In the ancient days before prohibition Mr. Heming was in New York to invite American artists to exhibit in the Canadian national exhibit in Toronto. Gardner Symons, the well-known American artist, invited Heming and Frederick Waugh, another leading artist, to dinner at the National Arts Club. "Let's go

down and have a cocktail before lunch," said Symons. "I never take anything," said Heming. "Neither do I," said Waugh. Symons laughed. "That's funny," he said. "Neither do I, but anyway we'll have some cigars." "I don't smoke," said Waugh. "And I don't smoke," said Heming. "Well, this is a great joke," said Symons. "I don't smoke either, but I thought you fellows would at least take a cigar. Say, you eat, don't you?—because I've ordered lunch."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Love-Letter to Folly.

Folly, my dear, the more I see of you,
Your beckoning smile and understanding eyes,
The more I tire of Wisdom and her crew;
They are so dull, and you so otherwise.

Of course I don't believe the tales I've heard
Of how you carry on with other men.
Their pastimes are so utterly absurd,
While mine, well, that is something else again.

That silly Jones who meets you on the links,
And Brown, whose schooner in the offing lies,
How little either of them ever thinks
That some one else may carry off the prize.

Really, my dear, I feel that Fate has planned
Our friendship—may I call it more some day?
That I at last shall hold your lovely hand,
And take up Folly, in a serious way.
—George S. Chappell in *Life*.

"The road to hell is paved with good intentions," says the proverb, but, as a modern politician has remarked, the beauty of the pavement does not improve the destination.—*The Bodleian*.

The illustration shows a car that has broken down, with its front end crumpled and its wheels missing. A sign on the side of the car reads: "The MOTOR OIL FREE FROM DESTRUCTIVE 'SULPHO' COMPOUNDS". Below the sign, it says "Produced under the New HEXEON Process". To the right of the car, there is a small sign that says "ADDING A NEW CHAPTER TO THE BOOK OF ACHIEVEMENT". Below the car, the text reads: "How We Overcame the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat".

DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

CYCOL will save engine owners this tremendous amount of money lost through wasted oil, wasted fuel, preventable repairs, because it is free from destructive "sulpho" compounds. These have been removed by the new Hexeon Process used exclusively by us.

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PERSONAL

Social Notes.

The marriage of Mrs. Anna Voorhies Bishop, daughter of the late Dr. Alfred Voorhies and Mrs. Voorhies, and Mr. Charles Harrison Teaff of New York was solemnized November 26th, Bishop William F. Nichols officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Teaff have gone to New York.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Gilmore, daughter of Mrs. Arnold Gilmore, and Mr. Frederick W. Van Sicken, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicken of Alameda, was solemnized Wednesday evening, Rev. Dr. Shires of Alameda officiating. Mrs. George Lyman was the matron of honor and Mr. Horace Van Sicken the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Van Sicken will reside at the Fairmont Hotel on their return from their wedding journey.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a luncheon Monday at the Clift Hotel for her niece, Miss Margaret Kelley. Among the guests were Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Cécile Mohun, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Marion Bird, Miss Rosemond Gregor of Chicago, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Sue Alston McDonald, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Ellita Adams, and Miss Elizabeth Adams.

Mrs. Frank Deering was complimented at luncheon last Friday by Mrs. Leroy Nickel. Among the guests were Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. John R. Clark, Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, Mrs. Henry Morton, Mrs. Ella Hotaling, and Mrs. James Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins gave a dinner last Thursday.

An auction bridge tournament was held Monday evening at the Burlingame Club for the benefit of the crippled children of devastated France.

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The Style—exceptionally good

The Fit—guaranteed correct

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Among those who took tables for the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Miss Helen Crocker, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner on Thanksgiving, her guests including Judge and Mrs. James Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hohart, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Ruth Hohart, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Eleanor Martin, and Mr. Downey Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery were the guests of honor at a dinner given last Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, the party later attending the Crocker hall. Among those at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Mr. George Newlin, Mr. Walter Van Pelt, and Mr. Raymond Armshy.

Miss Virginia Loop gave a tea Friday for Miss Catherine Vail, her guests including Miss Marion Bird, Miss Ruth Redman, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Martha Mohun, Miss Alice Hicks, Miss Jane Vail, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Gladys Patterson, and Miss Jane Carrigan.

Mr. Richard Tobin gave a luncheon Thursday in San Mateo for Lady Rodney. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson, and Mrs. Charles Haskins.

Miss Francesca Deering was complimented at a bridge party last Friday, when Miss Isabelle Bishop was hostess. Others at the affair were Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Eleanor Welty, Miss Dorcas Jackson, Miss Catherine Chace, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Jacqueline Valentine, and Miss Hélène de Latour.

The first dance of the Winter Frolics was held Saturday evening at the Century Club. The patronesses for the dances are Mrs. Knight Smith, Mrs. Charles Jackson, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Cullen Welty, and Mrs. James Bishop.

Mrs. John Merrill gave a dinner on Thanksgiving in Menlo Park.

Miss Audrey Willett gave a luncheon Saturday at the Woman's Athletic Club, complimenting Miss Edna Taylor.

Miss Hélène de Latour was a luncheon hostess last Thursday at the Palace, having among her guests Miss Francesca Deering, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Ruth Redman, Miss Alice Hicks, and Miss Isabelle Bishop.

Mrs. Roger Chickering entertained at luncheon Friday at the Town and Country Club. Her guests included Mrs. Carl Wolff, Mrs. Daniel Volkmann, Mrs. Harry Mosher, Mrs. William Cavalier, Mrs. William Ede, Mrs. William Volkmann, Mrs. Harold Mann, Mrs. Walter Shelton, Mrs. Edwin Oliver, Mrs. Frank Buck, Mrs. William Leih, Miss Johanna Volkmann, and Miss Elsa Schilling.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley entertained at dinner last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery gave a luncheon Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club for Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, and Mr. John Parrott.

Mrs. Walter Boardman gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club, when she entertained Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Alexander Field, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mrs. Marshall Williams, Mrs. Effingham Sutton, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Edwin Sheldon, Miss Edith Slack, and Miss Louise Bullock.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott gave a dinner Wednesday evening.

Miss Virginia Wallis gave a luncheon and theatre party last Saturday. Mrs. E. J. Wallis was the chaperon and those present were Miss Betty Ehrig, Miss Beth Sherwood, Miss Betty Bolton, Miss Katharine Eddy, Miss Virginia Crossett, Miss Edith Grant, and Miss Margaret O'Brien.

Palace Rose Room.

After being closed for several weeks, during which extensive alterations have been made, the Rose Room of the Palace Hotel will be formally reopened Thursday night.

It will be an entirely new Rose Room that will greet the eyes of those who have been wont to dine and dance at the Palace. Rechristened the Rose Room "Bowl," the dance floor, in the form of an oval, is surrounded by double-terraced platforms, the first raised some seven inches from the floor and the second twelve inches or more above the first and behind it. An extension of the latter, and on the same level, is the platform for the orchestra. This arrangement permits an uninterrupted view of the dance floor from the dining tables, an idea entirely new to San Francisco.

Occupying the place of honor in the decorative scheme will be Maxfield Parrish's "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," the famous painting which for so long hung in the Palace bar, where it attracted the attention of art lovers the world over. The room has been redecorated and new and unique lighting equipment installed.

Notable in the latter is the spotlight effect. Here an entirely new and unusual system will be used. The dance floor will be "spotted" or "hooded," as the occasion may require, from the ceiling lights, thus obviating the usual glare into the eyes of those at the tables when entertainment is being staged.

And entertainment is to be a feature of the Rose Room in the future. Only acts of the highest order will be presented, according to Manager Halsey E. Manwaring of the Palace.

For the opening night and the weeks to follow two numbers of unusual merit are programmed. They will be offered by Hilda Carling, Swedish ballerini, and Mlle. Helevna and Colleta, hallroom and acrobatic dancers.

Miss Carling, formerly prima ballerini of the Royal Opera House of Stockholm, is an interpretative dancer of the first rank, and has appeared on the big-time vaudeville circuits heading her own company. In the Rose Room, however, she will be seen only in solo numbers.

Mlle. Helevna and her dancing partner, Colleta, were in the Broadway production of Fanchon and Marco's "Sun-Kist" revue, now appearing at the Century Theatre. They scored heavily in the East, it is said. They come to the Rose Room direct from New York, their appearance marking their first performance on the Coast. The pair will offer a repertoire of dance feats.

The dance music will be provided by Ray Tellier and his orchestra of jazz artists.

Sir Auckland Geddes, the British ambassador, said at a dinner, apropos of the Prince of Wales' contemplated second visit to the United States: "The Prince of Wales is very tractable, but as a rule young royalties are hard to manage. I knew an Oxford don who had, some years ago, a royalty under his charge. He met the young man one morning at the railway station. His royal highness was off to London for a two days' junket. This, of course, would never do. Yet the don couldn't forbid the trip. That wasn't etiquette. How, then, was he to act? The train had no sooner started than a thought struck him and he ran into the station and wired to the palace that his royal highness was coming home for a visit. Result—when the youth reached London for his incognito junket, there was the royal limousine and a half-dozen liveried flunkies waiting for him, and the junket turned into a dull home visit, after all."

Distinct traces of mineral oil have been found in the Kimberley district of Western Australia, and there has been a rush of applicants for oil-searching licenses.

Dance

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Pied Piper

and

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HILDA CARLING

distinguished Ballerina

from the

Royal Opera House,

Stockholm

—direct from New York

HELEVNA and

COLLETA

THE ROSE ROOM

ORCHESTRA

under direction of

Ray Tellier

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Boqueraz returned from a trip abroad Monday. They will reside at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Miss Marion Baker returned Sunday from the Santa Cruz Mountains, where they spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui.

Mrs. Joseph Tobin and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have returned from a sojourn in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Benjamin Brodie left Friday for Santa Barbara. She is staying at the Arlington.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney will arrive within a few days from New York. She will pass the remainder of the winter in Los Angeles with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Tower.

Mrs. Wallace Bertholf will leave soon for Newport to join Commander Bertholf, who is stationed at the Naval War College.

Mr. Arthur Redington has returned to San Mateo from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Van Court have returned to Pasadena from a visit in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and Miss Lawton Filer have taken a house on Broadway for the winter. They moved to town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham, who are at present in Venice, will go to Paris for the winter.

Miss Alice Hicks of Los Angeles and Miss Ruth Redman of Santa Barbara have returned to the College of the Sacred Heart in Menlo Park, after spending the Thanksgiving holidays in San Francisco with the former's aunt, Mrs. Walter Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. Francisco Apesche will arrive within a few weeks to visit the young matron's mother, Mrs. Neville Castle. Since their marriage a few years ago Mr. and Mrs. Apesche have made their home in South America. At present they are staying with relatives in New Jersey.

Mrs. Henry Coon will leave within a few days for Java to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr.

and Mrs. Cornelius Winkler. Mr. and Mrs. Winkler have recently gone to the East Indies from Holland.

Mrs. Marian Lord is the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewall have taken a house in Washington for the winter.

Miss Ethel Jack has gone to New York, where she is the guest of Mrs. Edward Bright Bruce.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton returned the first of the week from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Miss Josephine Grant, and Mr. Raymond Armshy returned Sunday from a three days' visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Santa Barbara with their sons.

Mrs. Charles Waldo Haskins of New York is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, in Burlingame.

Captain and Mrs. Trench Vulte have arrived from the Atlantic coast and will reside here permanently. They have taken Miss Amy Brewer's house in Burlingame for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham left last week for the Atlantic coast to be away until Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick will return to California with them.

Miss Joan Bird has returned to Menlo Park from a visit in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury.

Miss Helen Crocker and Mr. William Crocker have returned to Burlingame from Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman left last week for Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin for several weeks.

Mr. James Flood returned the first of the week from Santa Barbara, where he was a member of Mrs. Fiske Hammond's house party over the weekend.

Mr. Roderick Tower has returned to Los Angeles, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. John Casserly and Miss Cecily Casserly have returned to San Mateo from a trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. Frank Deering and Miss Francesca Deering left Saturday for the Atlantic coast en route to Europe.

Mrs. Burton Elkins will sail the 5th of December for the Orient. She will be accompanied by Mrs. Katherine Gohere Wellman of New York, who has been visiting in Santa Barbara for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Nugent, Jr., have returned to Santa Barbara, after a visit of several weeks in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer.

Commander and Mrs. Clark Woodward, whose marriage took place a fortnight ago, have taken the Titus residence in Coronado.

Mr. Eliot Rogers returned a few days ago to Santa Barbara, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Butler have returned to their ranch at Saticoy from a short visit in San Francisco.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor has been visiting in Coronado with Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels.

Mrs. Frederick Clappett and Miss Cornelia Clappett will leave within a few days for Paris to be gone indefinitely.

Mr. Edward D. Beylard and Miss Sophy Beylard will sail next week for the United States. They expect to be in their San Mateo home in time for the Christmas holidays.

Lady Corisande Rodney, Lord and Lady Rodney and their children will take possession within a fortnight of the San Mateo residence of Captain

and Mrs. Charles R. Duval, which they will occupy this winter.

Mr. Duncan Hayne and Miss Agnes Hayne have taken apartments in Florence, where they will pass the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., and their children returned from Woodside to their town house Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell and the Misses Doris and Betty Schmiedell have moved over from Ross Valley for the winter season.

Mrs. Charles D. Blancy will spend several days in San Francisco next week from her home in Saratoga.

Among those recently registered at the Palace are Mr. Melvin H. Lewis, Los Angeles; Mr. W. E. Gerber, Sacramento; Mr. A. W. Heavenrich, Madera; Mr. C. M. Farthing, Mr. J. D. McRobbie, Boston; Mr. O. B. Gibson, Ogden, Utah; Mr. F. J. Barnes, Visalia; Mr. J. E. Murray, Butte; Mr. Paul Shoup, Los Altos; Mr. C. W. Croop, Merced; Mr. William Connelly, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dollar, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Pierce, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Robbins, Suisun; Mr. A. Emory Wishon, Fresno; Mr. Will Jacks, Monterey; Mr. George Olson, Seattle; Mr. Arthur H. Fleming, Pasadena; Mr. Cyrus B. Stafford, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Frank W. Keeler, Portland; Mr. J. M. White, Weed.

Hotel Whitcomb's recent arrivals are Mr. Kenneth C. Bell, Sacramento; Mr. A. B. Rilovich, Watsonville; Mr. George E. Mackenzie, Los Angeles; Mr. Fred J. Stutz, Merced; Mr. J. C. White, Susanville; Mr. A. F. Stevens, Healdsburg; Mr. L. S. Page, Sacramento; Mr. Edward Harvey, Sacramento; Mr. Guy Stockton, Fresno; Mr. C. L. Cameron, Dallas, Texas; Dr. A. C. Hart, Sacramento; Mr. A. J. Pryor, Monterey; Mr. H. C. Heyman, Martinez; Mr. C. A. Denman, San Diego; Mr. W. C. Priddy, Hollister; Mr. James H. Knowles, Mr. C. L. Hough, Mr. Harold Rolph, Sonoma; Mr. A. H. Moeller, Sacramento; Mr. H. R. McNoble, Stockton; Dr. C. H. Bulson, Napa; Dr. W. S. Taylor, Livermore.

Recently registered at Hotel St. Francis are Mr. L. J. Newman, Newman, California; Mr. E. C. Daniels, Mr. David Schwab, New York; Mr. Fred W. Hahn, Sacramento; Mr. J. W. Dickinson, Santa Cruz; Mr. M. Reynaud, Mazatlan, Mexico; Mr. Thomas B. White, Mr. John Butler, Los Angeles; Mrs. S. Mitchell, Visalia; Mr. E. A. Cutts, Savannah, Georgia; Mr. C. V. Dykeman, Brooklyn, New York; Mr. C. M. Dunhar, Providence, Rhode Island; Mr. A. C. Farmer, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Mr. B. A. Rowell, Boston; Judge P. A. McCarron, Reno; Mr. Ben S. Crouch, Chico; Mr. W. M. Keck, Los Angeles; Mr. G. E. Snyder, Colorado Springs; Mr. A. G. Bush, Chicago; Mr. Kennett Bunker, New York.

CURRENT VERSE.

Sea Gods.

I.

They say there is no hope—
Sand—drift—rocks—rubble of the sea—
The broken hulk of a ship,
Hung with shreds of rope,
Pallid under the cracked pitch.

They say there is no hope
To conjure you—
No whip of the tongue to anger you—
No hate of words
You must rise to refute.

They say you are twisted by the sea,
You are cut apart
By wave-break upon wave-break,
That you are misshapen by the sharp rocks,
Broken by the rasp and after-rasp.

That you are cut, torn, mangled,
Torn by the stress and beat,
No stronger than the strips of sand
Along your ragged beach.

II.

But we bring violets,
Great masses—single, sweet,
Wood-violets, stream-violets,
Violets from a wet marsh.

Violets in clumps from hills,
Tufts with earth at the roots,
Violets tugged from rocks,
Blue violets, moss, cliff, river-violets.

Yellow violets' gold,
Burnt with rare tint—
Violets like red ash
Among tufts of grass.

We bring deep-purple
Bird-foot violets,
We bring the hyacinth-violet,
Sweet, bare, chill to the touch—
And violets whiter than the in-rush
Of your own white surf.

III.

For you will come,
You will yet haunt men in ships,
You will trail across the fringe of strait
And circle the jagged rocks.

You will trail across the rocks
And wash them with your salt,
You will curl between sand-hills—
You will thunder along the cliff—
Break—retreat—get fresh strength—
Gather and pour weight upon the beach.

You will draw back,
And the ripple on the sand-shelf
Will be witness of your track.

O privet-white, you will paint
The lintel of wet sand with froth.
You will bring myrrh-bark
And drift laurel-wood from hot coasts.
When you burl high—high—
We will answer with a shout.

For you will come,
You will come,
You will answer our taut hearts,
You will break the lie of men's thoughts,
And cherish and shelter us. —H. D.



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An illuminated address, signed by prominent men in the world of politics, art, literature, and science was presented to Mr. Frederic Harrison on October 18th, on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday. The address is in the following terms: "We, the undersigned, offer to you this tribute of our respect, admiration, and affection for the long and splendid life which you have lived in the service of humanity. You have throughout devoted every energy to that high service, and, pursuing that aim, you have achieved a high and honored place in the regard of your own countrymen. You have helped the poor and downtrodden. You have aided in the saving of nations. Brilliant in the arts of speaking and of writing, you have ever used them for the good of your kind. Always a fighter against militant wrong, you have steadily kept your faith in the triumph of right and justice. It is our heartfelt desire that a life so nobly lived may be nobly prolonged, and we therefore wish you many happy returns of this happy day."

The law prohibiting the export of capital abroad from France will be abolished on December 31st.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Wife—Darling! Darling! Husband—Yes, my dear? Wife—Don't be silly, Charles, I was calling Toodles.—*London Mail.*

North—Why is your wife so jealous of your stenographer? West—My wife used to be my stenographer.—*Judge.*

Arthur—Most people are not what they used to be. John—How's that? Arthur—Children.—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

"More progress." "What now?" "One of our ultra smart widows has come out in sport mourning."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

North—Did you enjoy the banquet? West—Very much. I wasn't hungry anyway, and a telegram called me away just as the speeches started.—*Life.*

Kriss—How does the doctor manage to have his bills paid so promptly? Kross—He gives a prescription with every receipt as a bonus.—*New York Sun.*

Dactor—Hang that telephone—I was too late! Wife—What, was the patient dead, darling? Dactor—Dead? No, he was all right again.—*London Opinion.*

"Have you any complaint to make?" asked the prison visitor. "Yes, I have," replied the life convict. "There aint nearly enough exits from this place."—*New York Sun.*

The Housewife—My goodness! I don't believe you've washed yourself for a year. The Hobo—Just about that. You see, I only washes before I eats.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Pretty Coshier—I need a holiday. My beauty's beginning to fade. Monager—What

makes you think that? Pretty Coshier—Men are beginning to count their change.—*London Passing Show.*

"Move on," said the policeman. "I'm just watching the world go by," said the tramp. "You can't do that on a street corner. Get you an income and a club window."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Choleric Old Gentlemon (peevishly)—Another one of those heastly parties, James! Jones—Why do you go, sir? Old Gentlemon (with mare temper)—Why? If I don't, they won't invite me.—*Life.*

The Professor—A diamond is the hardest known substance, inasmuch as it will cut glass. The Cynic—Glass! My dear sir, a diamond will even make an impression on a woman's heart.—*Town Topics.*

Sally—I cut off my hair just because it is so comfortable that way. Margot—You girls who boh your hair for comfort remind me of the woman who didn't wear her wedding ring because it was so hot.—*Judge.*

Lody—Aren't you ashamed to heg? You are so ragged that I am ashamed of you myself. Hobo—Yes, it is kind of a reflection on the generosity of the neighborhood, mum.—*American Legion Weekly.*

Cleaner of Artist's Studio—Such a mess in 'ere, Mrs. Baggs; they must 'a' bin in a state last night. Second Cleaner—Shameful, I calls it; and then 'as the cheek to say it's their artistic temperance.—*London Opinion.*

"Ah suah pity you," said a colored pugilist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah was born with boxin' gloves on." "Maybe you was," retorted the other; "and Ah reckon you'se going to die de same way."—*Boston Transcript.*

Boss—What do you mean by such language? Are you the manager here or am I? Jones—I know I'm not the manager. The Boss—Very well, then, if you're not the manager, why do you talk like a blamed idiot?—*The Stenographer.*

Disgusted Patron—Say, this show is not worth two dollars. Manager—Didn't you see the leading man embrace the leady lady in the third act? Disgusted Patron—Of course I did. Manager—Well, he squeezed her so hard he broke a rib. What do you want for two dollars?—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Madge—I wondered why Charlie borrowed my old belt? Morjorie—You know you told him he was the first man you'd ever loved, so he gave the belt to an expert who discovered about 150 different finger-prints on it.—*Judge.*

"Some of the laws you have helped to frame have not been rigidly observed." "I'm not complaining," replied Senator Sorghum. "Even Moses could not insure strict enforcement of so simple and explicit a set of rules as the Ten Commandments."—*Washington Star.*

"How long have you been indisposed, my poor fellow?" asked a kind-hearted visitor at a local hospital of a big negro who was strapped up in bed with an injured back. "Dis aint no pose 'tall, miss," answered the patient in tones of disgust. "Dis am merely de careless manner in which dem forgetful

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doctors went away and lef' me yestiddy."—*Los Angeles Times.*

"Pa, what's an actor?" "An actor, my boy, is a person who can walk to the side of a stage, peer into the wings at a group of other actors waiting for their cues, a number of bored stage hands, and a lot of theatrical odds and ends, and exclaim, 'What a lovely view there is from this window!'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Is your boy making himself useful on the farm since he got out of college?" "Not yet," said Mr. Cobbles, "but I've painted the tractor a bright red, put a big horn on it, and hung a license tag at the rear, and I'm hoping that after a while I'll be able to persuade Sam to drive it occasionally instead of a sport car."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

AN EXPERIMENT IN LONG LIFE.

The moral of the discovery recently announced by a French physician that the tissues of which the body is composed are practically immortal, is that long life depends on coördination of all the functions of that highly complex organism, the human body (says the *Portland Oregonian*). The physician arrives at the conclusion that old age is a disease, as has been suspected by others before him, but also holds out hope that it is curable. His conclusions are significant as pointing the way to a higher enjoyment of the present allotted term of life rather than as indicating its material prolongation, however. It is seriously to be doubted whether any human being who is entirely normal would want to live forever. Death still has its advantages as an ultimate blessed relief from mundane cares.

The experiments of the scientist in question in the course of his quest of the secret of youth and age are, moreover, intrinsically interesting. He began work nine years ago in an effort to find the answer to the critics who maintained that earlier biologists had proved nothing by keeping certain animal tissues alive, since no tissue had ever survived the normal period of life of the animal from which it was taken. He first took minute fragments of the heart and vessels of a chicken embryo eight days old, which he carefully cultivated in a culture medium. Various accidents happened to the fragments one by one, until after nine months only one was still living. But this responded in a manner which has aroused the profound interest of biologists who have watched the experiment. The *Paris Matin*, describing its progress, says:

"This culture has gone on growing vigorously. Every forty-eight hours it is divided into four parts, which are washed in a Ringer solution, put in a fresh culture medium and then put on separate glass slides and kept at a temperature of 102 degrees Fahrenheit. The culture medium consists of chicken plasma, or extract of chicken's blood, with an equal part of liquid extract taken from an embryo. The pieces of tissue grow from four to forty times their own size, according to circumstances, in forty-eight hours. It is now certain that culture of tissue taken away from its own organism can live much longer than the animal itself, and indeed practically indefinitely."

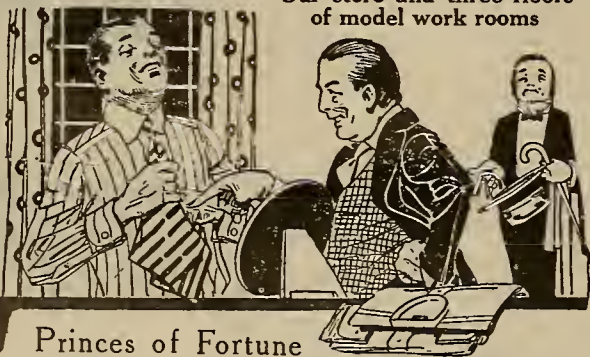
It seems impossible to duplicate under the ordinary conditons of living the perfect atmosphere of the laboratory for the preservation of cellular activity, and yet it is a step in the direction of finding the secret of life to be able to produce growth artificially, as the French physician has done. That which has been accomplished with one bit of tissue may conceivably be done with two or more and when the principle underlying their interdependence has been mastered we shall be on the road to establishing a rule by which the physical functions can be maintained practically at the will of the individual.

This was the end toward which Dr. Metchnikoff was striving, and it was the secret which Frank Albert Dastre, the celebrated physiologist, divined as the result of his experiments with nerve tissues. The body is no stronger than its weakest element, and the life of each depends on the health of many others, so that the man who is careless of his stomach, for illustration, while he overtaxes his heart, or coddles his liver while he misuses his brain, destroys the balance which nature demands that he shall maintain. The simple experiment of the physician with minute fragment of the heart of a chicken embryo, academic though it may seem in its present stage of development, may well be fraught with large consequences to the future health of the race.

A proposal to link up Southern Algeria with the Niger by motor-cars suited to desert traveling is on foot. Caterpillar-wheeled cars which can travel with equal ease across loess sand, snowfields, and over unequal ground will be used. It is intended to link up Touggourt, a terminus of the Algerian Railway with Bourrem, on the Niger, about 155 miles to the east of Timbuctoo. The distance between these two places is about 1860 miles through the desert. It is believed that the journey can be made in a fortnight, at the rate of 125 miles a day. One of the tests applied to a car was in an hotel, where carrying five passengers, the car climbed the stairs, turned round at the top, and the came down again.

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VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2333.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 10, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son, in Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Irish Peace.

The curious thing about the "Irish peace" is that they should have been such a divil of a time doing it. It is the simplest of solutions—in truth nothing very different from what has been prescribed over and over again a thousand times in recent years. Nobody we trust will call the *Argonaut* a booster if it points out that it has upon many occasions declared that a rational adjustment in Ireland would be application of the Dominion principle with the drawing of a territorial line between the Catholic south and the Protestant north. The only important addition to this project of adjustment is the use of the word "free" in the corporate title of the new Irish state. The incident illustrates the value of intrinsically insignificant matters when they stand related to sentiment or passion. When Napoleon unfolded to Talleyrand his project for the Order of the Legion of Honor, the latter's comment was: "Sire, this is a tin whistle." "Have you yet to learn," replied Napoleon, "that the world is governed by tin whistles?" It may reasonably be assumed that Ulster will decline membership in the Free Irish State. Probably in the view of the Ulsterites a larger measure of freedom may be found in clinging to the skirts of Mother England than in association with a neighbor traditionally hostile and religiously antagonistic, but capable of domination through weight of numbers. However, let it be borne in mind that not all of the people of Ulster are Protestants. For several years past there has been a sufficient Catholic vote in Ulster to return to Parlia-

ment from the Belfast constituency that most pestiferous of Irish gadflies—little Joe Devlin. Experts in social and political criticism have long prophesied that Home Rule would speedily put an end to Pope rule. Now we shall see if a politically free Ireland will imply a religiously free Ireland. No country may be free, however it may style itself, if it accepts domination from alien authority even though it profess to speak in the name of God Almighty.

The Arbuckle Case.

Events as they have developed conspicuously in connection with the Arbuckle case very definitely confirm a judgment expressed in these columns during the last municipal campaign to the effect that Matthew Brady lacked qualification—including the fundamental qualification of character—for the office for which he was then a candidate and to which subsequently he was elected. For all Mr. Brady's loud talk of what he was going to do with Arbuckle he practically did nothing. If he had evidence tending to convict, he failed to develop it in court. Several persons who at the time of Miss Rappe's death contributed statements damaging to Arbuckle, including Mrs. Delmont, the main witness in the preliminary procedure, were not brought upon the stand. In fact, the case went by default. If testimony was available tending to conviction it should have been brought out. If there was no such testimony, then Brady should not have proceeded against Arbuckle, and in any case he should not have shouted so loud. A prosecuting attorney who carries a case to trial under positive declaration that he will enforce conviction, and who then fails abjectly, exhibits himself, if not as a rank fakir, at least as a man incompetent to the work under his hand. Surely anybody with the slightest acquaintance with criminal law should have known that conviction could not have been secured upon the slender testimony presented to the jury by the prosecution.

Specifically out of the line of propriety and beyond the scope of his powers was the threat of the prosecuting attorney, while the trial was in progress, that if Arbuckle were not convicted he "would open the doors of San Quentin to the gangsters" convicted in the Howard Street shack case. Nobody should know better than Brady, if he knows anything, that there abides neither in himself nor in his office any authority to open the doors of San Quentin to any criminal duly committed there. His statement was just a piece of loud-mouthed bluff designed to impress the easily impressionable. Or it may have been designed to cover the iniquity of an arranged miscarriage of prosecution. Obviously Mr. Brady is unfitted for the responsibilities of the prosecuting office. It remains only to be added that the fact is no more obvious now than it was when he was elected. A community that put him into office against the judgment of those who were entitled to judgment, and despite protests, is getting from his administration of the office precisely what it deserves.

Demonstrations of the trial with the tremendous publicity that preceded it by our yellow newspapers are these: A group of lewd men and lewd women met at Arbuckle's rooms for a "booze" debauch. No decent social motive was involved. Exactly what happened may never be known, since the stories of participants are conflicting and in large part obviously made up of lies. What part Arbuckle had in the death of Miss Rappe may not be determined. But one thing is reasonably certain, namely, he did not murder her. This is not to declare him "innocent." There was no element of innocence anywhere on the part of anybody. Every member of the group was engaged in a low and vulgar business and all were willingly so engaged. Arbuckle stands condemned by the universal judgment of decent people, not of murder or "manslaughter," but on the score of being a morally abandoned creature who has used the privilege of relative wealth to his own degradation and to the degradation of others. There is

nothing of "moral justification" in the outcome of the trial. There is nothing in this whole wretched business from first to last to which the term "moral" may justly be applied. There may be another trial, but probably not. Certainly there is no occasion for further proceedings, unless the prosecuting office can bring to bear upon the case something more than the futile testimony developed in the recent procedure.

China.

The future status of China is dependent, not upon what other nations of the world may do for her, but upon China herself. America and Britain may save her for a time. They may give her opportunity to work out her own salvation. But they can not endow her with the qualities essential to independent national life. China must find in herself the vitalities, the spirit, the powers of self-organization, or ultimately she will cease to exist as a political entity and her territories and her people will fall under alien rule. Those who can not govern themselves inevitably come in time to be governed by others. It is a principle fixed in the natural order of things—a principle illustrated unnumbered times in the records of the world.

The immediate trouble with China is her bondage to tradition. The vision of her people is so fixed in the ways of ancestral ages, their spirit is so subordinated to obsolete usages, that they fail at the point of adaptability to the new order of things. In the language of the street, the Chinese have not kept up with the procession. They do not lack virility of mind, nor love of country, nor disciplined industry, nor the virtue of frugality which is said to be the strength of nations, nor the powers of accumulated wealth, nor the potential forces that lie in economic resources and in manpower. All of these, and more, China possesses in equal or in larger measure than her northern neighbor, of whom she stands in covering dread.

For ages China has been subordinated to one alien dynasty or another. Her people have become so inured to authority as to have lost the hardihood of spirit which is the very life-blood of independent life. Curiously enough, their widespread system of local self-government serves as a bar to national unity. An effect of long ages of self-centered provincial life, of community autonomy in local affairs, is a jangle of mutual distrusts and hatreds. Instead of promoting unity of feeling and of action, of inspiring coöperation, the local-government system of the country has fostered a spirit of aloofness. That which in the Western world inspires and cements national life, in China tends to national apathy—again and for the thousandth time illustrating propensities of the Oriental mind strange and curious to Western understanding.

Left to her own devices, without protection from outside, China would quickly suffer a fate of which Poland is the tragic illustration. The movement which began with the famous "opium war" more than half a century ago, and which is freshly illustrated in the Shantung contention, is now in process of being checked. But the spirit that prompted it survives. It may be restrained for a time by forces outside of China, but ultimately China must, if her national integrity is to be established on firm foundations, find within herself powers of organization and defense. Not forever, or for long, can China or any other country safely rely upon the forbearance of the world. In the long run each nation must stand upon its own base. Failing in this, it must fall before the ambitions and the rapacities of more vital and aggressive peoples.

Since withdrawal of Japan from her established bases in China is to be enforced, and since other withdrawals are to be made voluntarily, why should Great Britain retain Hongkong? Possession came to her under a course of policy and under circumstances which nobody now has the hardihood to defend. It has continued through many years. But custom d

transmute wrong into right. If the taking of Hongkong was an act of indefensible aggression, its retention now may not be justified on moral grounds or upon any grounds worthy of respect. While everybody else, under one sort of pressure or another, is getting out of China, why should not Britain turn back Hongkong to the country of which it is geographically an integral part and to whom it rightfully belongs? By an act of tardy justice Britain would vastly uplift the moral standard of international dealing. What she would lose in an economic sense would be more than compensated by gain in moral prestige. Britain joins in the demand that Japan shall get out of China. Consistency suggests—indeed requires—that she shall herself get out of China.

Meddling with Motherhood.

These columns touched lightly last week upon one phase of a movement at Washington for meddling with motherhood, mis-styled a movement for child welfare. By reference to the roster of the Child's Welfare Bureau and to its official publications it was shown that thirty-one of thirty-three women busy in activities concerning the bearing and care of babies, and not less busy in lobbying for increased jurisdiction over the motherhood of the country and for an increased appropriation in support of these activities were "Misses," in other words, spinsters. That these women have had no experience in motherhood will hardly be denied. They are mere theorists and sentimentalists. Their demand for laws—and appropriations—authorizing them to make and enforce rules in supervision of the mothers of the country, and of their babies, would be a laughing matter if it were not made serious by its impertinence and by the menace implied in it.

A fundamental object of the project urged by these minders of other women's business is the fact that it would impose upon our system something in direct violation of private liberty—this in respect of the most delicate of human sanctities. Surely if there be one matter above every other concerning which lawmakers, bureaucrats, and social theorists have no right to meddle it is in the matter of motherhood. Motherhood is essentially individual and private business, and whoever thrusts upon it an alien and authoritative hand, no matter under what motive, is treading upon forbidden ground.

The scheme as it is outlined is drawn from European sources, mainly from Germany and Russia. Of the "authorities" cited in a book issued by the bureau in definition of the scheme, there is not one whose name is not of the variety that begins with a snort and ends with sneeze. Among those cited as expert witnesses in exploitation of this fine project to supervise American maternity is Mme. Kallontai of Russia. Mme. Kallontai was one of the Russian conspirators who were in league with Germany against the Allies. She is an associate of Lenin and the Russian bolsheviks. Formerly the head of the Russian maternity system, which deals mainly with the children of unmarried mothers, she has more recently been made a "commissaire" of public welfare. The ideas back of the agency with which she is connected are exhibited in the following extract from the official journal of the commissariat:

We must remove children from the pernicious influence of the family. We must register, or—let us speak plainly—we must nationalize them. Thus they are from the very start under the beneficial influence of communist kindergartens and schools. Here they will grow up to be real communists. To compel the mother to surrender her children to us, to the Soviet state, that is the practical task before us.

It is from the authors of this doctrine that the group of lobbyists at Washington have drawn their inspiration and in some measure their plans. That they would go to the length defined in the above excerpt is hardly to be believed. But they accept and make their own the fundamental philosophy out of which the bolshevik project for nationalization of children has grown.

In a public statement Miss Julia Lathrop, the head of the Children's Bureau which is to administer the proposed law, says:

Germany, Austria, and Hungary early established maternity systems, and Denmark, Norway, Russia, Serbia, Sweden, and Switzerland have provided maternity benefits. No such system, once undertaken, has ever been abandoned. The tendency in legislation has always been toward including larger and larger groups toward increased benefits and toward the compulsory as contrasted with the voluntary principle.

Other citations might be given illustrating the fact that it is the countries of Europe and to those not the most advanced in civilization and in humanitarian prac-

tice—still less of human liberty—that the movement at Washington finds its inspiration and its pattern.

The pending measure provides for a series of women inspectors who are to act as general advisers and directors of mothers and as distributors of the bounty of the government. This with authority to withhold from mothers any share in the benefits of the system unless they shall in every way follow the counsels of the inspectors. Motherhood is to be supervised by agents of the bureau and made subject to penalties unless it shall walk the chalk line laid down by district inspectors who, if we accept the ratio of experts as thirty-one to two, will probably be pert young misses of theoretical training or hardened spinsters who have no expectation or prospect of motherhood. In other words, it proposes to impress upon the motherhood of the United States a system founded in impertinence and amounting in its imposition to little short of slavery.

The present movement, as its chief proponents have declared, is designed only as an entering wedge for more radical measures. We are not left to infer what these measures are. The ladies in charge of the movement in various public utterances have set forth their ultimate aims. Says Miss Alice Paul:

We intend to insist that the state assume entire responsibility for the maintenance and education of children until they become of age. When the women of the world have junked the battleships and other impedimenta of war enough money will be raised to take care of these reforms.

Miss Helen Todd, chairman of New York's turbulent birth control meeting last month—for some of these protagonists are advocating birth control—has said:

Place the mothers on the government pay-roll and pay them the money which will otherwise be spent in preparing for war. Every mother, rich or poor, should receive government endowment.

An address by Kathleen D. Courtenay contains these illuminating remarks:

If mothers are going to get on the pay-roll of the society at all they will have to be willing to begin at the bottom. * * * In the event of wage disputes the workers will know that a large number of their dependants will be provided for and that the call on strike funds will be less. * * * Family endowment would be of immense advantage in the struggle for higher wages. * * * Of those who are looking to the socialization of industry in one form or another we would point out that a scheme such as the one advocated here (the endowment of motherhood) will be found essential.

In a report issued by the Children's Bureau the following statement of ultimate plans is presented:

I take it that the first step in such a campaign of education for the improvement of obstetrical conditions must consist in the compulsory registration of pregnancy through the local health officer. In this event it will be possible for every pregnant woman throughout the entire country to be supplied gratis with certain of the publications of the Children's Bureau, and thereby, if able to read, to be convinced of the importance of insisting upon adequate care.

Thus it appears the bill now under consideration, as we have already said, is designed as an entering wedge for more radical measures, which are: (a) The forced registration of pregnancy; (b) governmental pre-natal examination of expectant mothers; (c) interference with the right of a woman to secure the services of a midwife or physician of her own selection. Further, the bill is calculated to (a) send governmental agents into the homes of the people to interfere in the most private and sacred relations of life; (b) it contemplates the inspection of the mother before childbirth and the intermeddling by officials in the care a mother may give her offspring.

Here we see, not only what is proposed now, but whence the inspiration comes and the ultimate aims of a measure now being urged at Washington, a measure which has passed on complaisant branch of Congress, which waits upon the action of the other, and whose sponsors declare themselves confident of executive approval. It calls for an initial appropriation of \$1,450,000 and looks, of course, to larger future appropriations.

Civilization, like an individual, has its distempers. The idea back of this measure is one of them. What is proposed is a positive violation of every principle fundamental in our system. That it should have gone through one branch of Congress is a discredit to our statesmanship. That it has hopes of further progress and of ultimate approval involving the establishment of a vicious scheme of meddling with motherhood is a scandal and a reproach. There is implied in it a long step towards socialization, a long step away from the

principles and the sentiments which lie at the foundation of our system. If this impertinent and vicious scheme can find approval, then we may well declare with one whose letter appeared in last week's *Argonaut*—This is no longer America!

The Kibosh Upon an Iniquitous Traffic.

Monday's "communique"—which freely translated means the official hand-out of the secretary of the Conference to press correspondents—contains this clause from the report of the sub-committee on foreign post-office in China which was adopted:

Pending the complete withdrawal of foreign postal agencies the four powers concerned severally undertake to afford full facilities to the Chinese customs authorities to examine in those agencies all postal matter (excepting ordinary letters, whether registered or not, which upon external examination appear plainly to contain written matter) passing through them, with a view to ascertaining whether they contain articles which are dutiable or contraband or which otherwise contravene the customs regulations or laws of China.

Note that under this clause the four powers now maintaining their own postoffices in China are to permit the Chinese customs authorities to examine all mails "with a view to ascertaining whether they contain articles which are dutiable or contraband or which otherwise contravene the customs regulations or laws of China."

If the Conference shall do nothing else than establish this agreement and make it effective, it will not have been in vain. The rule proposed strikes a body blow at one of the most serious grievances, likewise one of the greatest menaces, of the Chinese people. There are many Japanese postoffices in China; and they are the media through which Japan has expanded her opium trade and enslaved in the drug habit hundreds of thousands of Chinese. Japan was not the first offender in this respect. It is a shameful fact that Great Britain fought two wars with China to maintain her opium trade with that country. It is not without reason that British history winces when compelled to record an incident which nobody now pretends to defend. The force of world opinion and the protests of the Chinese government resulted ultimately in a treaty prohibiting British traffic in the drug in China. Under formal provisions, opium could not be sent into China in British ships. Unscrupulous dealers circumvented this prohibition for a time by sending their "goods" in Norwegian and other foreign bottoms, but newer and more stringent regulations stopped that.

Then gradually Japanese merchants entered the trade and developed it largely when they began to produce crude opium in Korea to be manufactured and refined in Japan. Extraordinary advantages for promotion of this detestable trade were found in the extra-territorial postal privileges accorded other nations in China. Japan managed to get herself declared in on this privilege. Within the last five years the number of Japanese postoffices in China has grown rapidly. They are established in towns and villages that contain in some instances not a single legitimate Japanese subject excepting the postmaster. These postoffices over which China can exercise no control have become agencies for the distribution of opium. A recent American traveler reports that there are many cases where so-called Japanese postmasters are in fact Chinamen who have obtained Japanese naturalization through residence in Formosa. Thus Chinese laws prohibiting importation of opium are practically nullified. These are the considerations that have led to adoption of the rule under which Chinese authority may examine all mails and so prevent the introduction of a "dope" that tends to demoralization of multitude and which in the course of each year slays thousands of victims.

Editorial Notes.

From an unquestionable source at Washington the *Argonaut* has received this authoritative word: "The Administration cherishes the hopes that out of the present experiment of bringing nations to act in association in search for solution of certain problems may come establishment of the practice of this and perhaps other larger groups of nations acting in the same manner." This statement summarizes and defines the position of President Harding and the American commissioners in the Conference. The matter arose in a conference of a group of press writers with the President last week. Several correspondents, in view of the significant character of the tenth of the Chinese proposals, the one suggesting a

continuation of this Conference, united in asking the President a direct question as to the Administration's view of the matter. Mr. Harding said that he would be grievously disappointed if some such arrangement were not made, that he thought it would be well if representatives of this group of nations should meet periodically to carry on the work of establishing and maintaining peace in the Pacific area and in the Orient. Then he was asked if it were not possible that an association of nations might be established. He replied that such a result was not impossible and that if the experiment now being worked out was a success the idea might be applied on a larger scale. Then he was asked if in such possible future conferences Germany would have a place. He replied that probably she would. It was upon the basis of this candid and casual statement, reported with rather too much emphasis, that Senator Borah opened fire in the Senate. The President is not in the least disturbed concerning the matter. He has not proposed anything in the nature of a rival league of nations; he has said nothing implying such a purpose. He takes the matter calmly. Senator Borah, too, appears to have ceased to be troubled. Obviously he was misled by assumptions that had no real foundation.

The Conference at Washington waits for answer from Japan respecting adjustments which have been accepted "in spirit and in principle" though not yet in detail. Of course it will come. No nation may now, in the tremendous flux of the times, pursue individualistic aims in disrespect of judgments of mankind. Japan will not abandon the position she has attained in the community of civilized nations by declining to act in concert with the ruling powers of the world. She hesitates, but she will yield. In the meantime the Conference committees are busy putting into definite form the commitments already agreed upon or hereafter to be confirmed. This makes the week's record a dull one from the standpoint of news, but the work is important and there are evidences that it is being done with care.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Dream.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 5, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Last night I had a dream. Meantime I picked up a newspaper and read, above double-lined columns highly illuminated, after a manner styled by Mr. Hearst's young men "typographical emphasis," these head lines: *California Has Been Swapped to England for Ireland and Becomes a British Colony—U. S. Taxes Reduced As Maintenance of Fleet on Pacific Ocean Is Unnecessary—England Will Police the Pacific with Her Dreadnaughts—No Danger Ahead from the Yellow Peril.*

Further on: *California Is Wet Under British Rule—Joy Is Unconfined Within Her Borders—A Weary Line of Long-Haired Men and Women Hit the Overland Trail for Maine.* And then: *Leading Financiers Predict Prosperous Times—Tremendous Exodus from All States of the Union to California—Unprecedented Jump in Real Estate in San Francisco.*

Again: *Contented Ireland Leaves the Yoke of Great Britain and Joins the American Union—Great Enthusiasm in Dublin.* Still in my dream I laughed, and sadness only came when I pictured poor old Ireland and its erstwhile happy people haunting the docks as case after case of Irish whisky disappeared in the holds of vessels bound for California. Sadly I saw them retreat in search for some dark fen or alley where moonshine Irish whisky was doled out by a bootlegger, probably imported from America where they have become proficient, at 50 cents a throw.

It was only a dream. But why should it not come true? Lest any of my countrymen doubt my loyalty in even entertaining the thought of change from a republican form of government to that of a kingdom, let me say that trading has come down as a respectable calling through the centuries. We all like a fair trade. I am for California, now and all the time. Under exchange of California for Ireland, England would indeed be getting a prize. But I believe in the greatest good for the greatest number. If the suggestion of my dream should be carried out, would it not promote harmony, peace, and prosperity? It would relieve England of a vexatious problem. It would give to California a new birth of freedom. Me for making this dream come true. M.

A "Footnote" from Mr. Murdock.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 3, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I thank you for calling attention to the fact that in my chapter on "The Real Bret Harte" in my "Backward Glance" I have aroused suspicion by mildly alluding to his shortcomings without citing all the facts, and in not stressing my dissent to specific charges. I hope the danger is not so great as you apprehend.

My slight association with Harte led me to think well of him. He was human and he doubtless erred. In an early sketch he speaks of himself as "constitutionally improvident." He seemed to have little money sense and most of his life was burdened with debt. It was damaging and he suffered from it. It was this measure of irresponsibility that I had in mind when I spoke of his deficiencies. If he had possessed half the thrift of John Muir he would have escaped much harsh judgment.

As to the sad last days of his life, they surely were "pathetic and inexplicable." As to the cause of it I do not know. I have no facts to give. So far as I know, no one knows. Harte was reserved and reticent. He had pride and respected privacy. He went to Europe expecting to return or send for his family. He did neither. Why he did not I have no idea. Evidently there was estrangement. What happened was not published to the world. I believe he contributed to the support of his family for many years. There was some intercourse, for when his wife and some of the

children went to England they met casually at least. The grandson writes of him pleasantly. Harte was no selfish egoist, whatever his social deficiencies, nor was he indifferent to obligations. When he died Mrs. Watrous defended his reputation. She averred that after going to Europe he sent from time to time considerable sums of money to her husband, a banker, to be applied to paying indebtedness that he had not been able to discharge while in America.

I was led to write my recollections of Bret Harte by Morse Stephens. He knew I had met him in early life and he was anxious to get all the light he could on his real character. My association was slight, but one need not eat a whole cheese to test its quality. In commenting on his life and work I judge him as a whole and I am glad I find much to admire. He was gifted and exemplified many virtues. If I am lenient with his faults, let it not be inferred that I gloss them over and pass them by because they are greater than I dare admit. I would judge him as he judged others.

There are indications that if the facts were known Harte's reputation would be bettered. Some time ago an Eastern lecturer addressed an audience at Berkeley on Bret Harte. He expressed his admiration for him as a writer. He acknowledged his unusual gifts and his literary charm, but expressed his regret that his personal life was not honorable. At the conclusion of the address an elderly lady approached the lecturer and quietly asked him if at his convenience he could give her a few moments of his time. She was the sister of Bret Harte and in the interview which he gladly granted she told him of what sort of a son he had been to their mother, his brotherly quality, and the manner of his life. He prefaced his next lecture with a frank apology for what he was abundantly satisfied was an injustice. He was convinced he had been misinformed and he was glad to be set right. Is it not time that the statute of limitations should be allowed to run on rumor and gossip? CHARLES A. MURDOCK.

FRANCE AND THE KING.

The French royalist who was arrested a few days ago in Paris for shouting "Vive le Roi" at M. Briand on the latter's return from Washington seems to be regarded by many Americans as an unaccountable lunatic. The idea of setting up a king at this date over the mother of republics evidently strikes the average democratic American as a fantasy too remote for serious thought. Why, is not very clear. One reason may be that our popular fiction has inclined us to look on exiled kings and pretenders as faded relics laid up in lavender, or as quaint harlequin shadows of the dead and dying vanities of yesteryear. But such a conception is of course very far from the truth. Readers of history need no reminder that the king "takes an unconscionable time in dying"—certainly longer than the few years that separate France from monarchy. And they will see nothing extravagant in the statement that monarchy is a very lively factor in the politics of the modern French Republic.

On the face of things, it is evident that the French authorities do not consider a royalist banner cry amusing, or they would not have arrested the gentleman who greeted M. Briand in this odd way. In a safely established republic, people are not arrested for shouting "Long Live the King." Unless an Irish nationalist happened to be within hearing, a man might shout the words at the top of his voice in an American street without arousing anything more than the curiosity of a few loiterers as to what kind of goods he was advertising, and when he intended to shake out the folded table, open his traveling case and produce his samples of the king of can openers, collar buttons, razor strops, or what not. But in several contemporary republics such a cry would not only draw a crowd; it would be very apt to draw blood. The republican government of more than one modern state maintains its precedence largely by stifling voices of this sort. Such examples as the recent attempt of Charles of Austria to regain his throne, the wavering status of the Chinese Republic, and the peculiarly uncertain exile of William Hohenzollern, would seem to indicate, indeed, that the republican idea holds over monarchy no such advantage as a word might not destroy. And that word is not unknown in the annals of French democracy.

The voice so quickly hushed in Paris last Saturday represented a faction in French politics that has always been strong enough to command respect and fear. Its members made themselves clearly audible in the peace conference at Versailles, and since the close of the war and the beginning of the interval of readjustment so favorable to sudden changes of control, they have been watching the progress of events with a keen and hopeful eye. This party has never relinquished its ambition for a return to power since the fall of Napoleon III. It has a king all dressed up and ready to mount the throne. Two kings, one should say, though the prospects of one of them are somewhat dim. This latter candidate is Prince Victor Napoleon, son of Prince Napoleon of the Franco-Piedmontese alliance and the hope of the Bonapartists. Since his banishment by Thiers just after the Franco-Prussian war he has dragged out an existence in Brussels, and is now an almost completely "moulted eagle," to quote the cruel epithet once applied to him by a leader of Parisian society. He married the third daughter of Leopold of Belgium, and became a parent not long before the outbreak of the world war, but as his two children are rather unpromising material for a *coup d'état*, the Bonaparte faction can hardly be regarded as an immediate menace to the republic.

The rear shaker of the spheres is Philip VIII, the Duke of Orleans, who has been the centre of Bourbon intrigue since the elder Bourbon or Legitimist line came to an end with the death of the Count of Chambord, some thirty years ago. The duke is a walking refutation of the comic-opera conception of exiled royalty in all save one respect: a certain proclivity for strong waters has given his enemies occasion to mark him with the title "Philip the Red-Nosed." But he has distinctions of a more enviable kind. Exiled after the establishment of the third republic, he continued in banishment till his twenty-first year, when he reentered France to claim the privilege of military training. This gesture frightened the French republicans into condemning him to four months' imprisonment. Years later the same military or patriotic ardor, or as his opponents prefer to describe it, desire for popularity, caused him to offer his fighting services to M. Viviani at the outbreak of the European war. Viviani refused the offer, but suggested that he apply to the armies of the other allies. Accordingly he presented his petition to the kings of England and Belgium and the Emperor of Russia in turn, but without success, owing to obstruction by French republicans, who were afraid that his prowess in the field might give him a dangerous prestige. Between 1905 and 1910 he undertook three voyages to the Arctic, and he has traveled very widely, living for a time in the United States, where his father, the Count of Paris, and grandson of Louis Philippe, served as a soldier in our civil war.

The Count of Paris himself was very far from typifying the fictional conception of the idle royalist, as he died with two important scholarly achievements to his credit: a six-volume history of the civil war, and a study of the trade unions in England.

A candidate of this stamp is not to be dismissed with a smile, and the republicans of France are not inclined to do so. The French have always had a plucky habit of facing facts, and one of the most irrefutable truths about the human mind is its tendency to revive old customs, old habits of thought, and old forms and objects of worship, particularly when there are laws against doing so, and a tangible occasion offers. As far as counter revolutions toward monarchy are concerned, they are prompted less by political expediency than by a child-like yearning for parade and ritual, and for the vicarious splendor of the court and throne. To the child-mind of the common people a monarchy offers a relief from monotony, a dramatic tang to a somewhat flat existence, and a realization of an ideal of magnificence which they are either unable or else too indolent to attempt to realize for themselves. It is a peculiar thing about democracies that they not only lack ambition for the power which democratic leaders have held out to them as an inducement to progress, but actually shrink from it in the main, either through an ingrained habit of servility acquired during centuries of subjection to superiors, or through sheer disinclination for the mental exertions the work of government requires. The world in general is still what Hazlitt called it years ago—a great child, and perhaps a lazy child at that. It is an almost universal trait of the citizens of a democracy to shift the task of government and the burden of authority on some one else. Hence the power of the modern demagogue. But envy and irreverence prevent them from viewing his rise to authority with entire satisfaction, and they seem to have a natural preference for being ruled by a class remote enough from their own to make illusion possible.

This desire for an established governing class is more or less general in Europe, but it has a peculiar force in France, paradoxical as that may seem, owing to the particular cast of the French mind and the odd constitution of the present system of French government. No other people has so strong an instinct for classification, or a deeper feeling for form and order. The first republic in France was founded in the interests of order and unity; a monarchy capable of producing this effect would have persisted in spite of its special privileges. And the republic, with all its splendid outward appearance of system, has not, in the details of its development, satisfied the need. This factor, together with the well-known French *panache*, and the keen taste of the French people for courtliness and the high manner, for display and decorum, for swift dramatic effects, for ceremony and pageantry, combine to make a return to monarchy rather more than conceivable. The rôle France has hitherto played of torchbearer to democracy has not been all glory; her disciples have not proved as grateful as she might have wished, and with Germany turned republican, the distinction has lost a good deal of its freshness. Furthermore, and this is perhaps as important a consideration as any, the French people under the republics, when all is said, have had very little practice in self-government. The reason for this paradox is that the extraordinary powers given the central government in France, and power of control over regional affairs vested in it through the presidential privilege of appointment, has in practice isolated the people of France from any intimate and permanent share in the decision of local affairs. "Apoplexy at the centre and paralysis in the extremities" is the popular French estimate of the system. The people are for the most part only superficially interested in government, and the change

a republic to a monarchy could be made without any violence to their mode of life and thought, unless perhaps in augmenting, as the French royalists hope to do, the power of the clergy, with whom they are allied. Those at present in control of the French government know very well that the appearance of a royal candidate of real stature, and with a good bid for popular approval, would represent a very dangerous challenge to their security.

The royalist faction is equally aware of this. Consequently they have based their appeal to the people on reform in local government. While declaring for what might be called an absolute monarchy as regards national affairs, they favor a policy of "decentralization" that would give the French people a much more determining voice in local matters than they at present enjoy.

The more thoughtful element in the provinces realize that no monarchy could introduce a more devious system of patronage and bargaining than now obtains throughout their local departments. The lower classes, excepting the socialists and syndicalists, are more or less indifferent to such considerations, and provided changes are carried through with a certain breeze and gallantry, they seem quite undoctrinarian as regards philosophies of government. All France, moreover, is patriotic, and all classes in the country—high, low, and middle—have been impressed by the high patriotic ardor of the royalists throughout the war. In this respect the republicans can not boast so clean a record. There have been disloyalties; some of them of a piece with the disgraceful insurrection of the communes in Paris, during an earlier war, when a relentless enemy was at the very gates of the city.

And the conferences at Versailles and Washington have done their part in adding strength to the monarchical cause. The French have discovered that it takes a good deal of talk about democracy to buy a pair of shoes. Rousseau's ideal of a universal brotherhood seems from their standpoint to have been reduced to absurdity. The rights of man matter less to France at present than the right of France, and after a surfeit of words about liberty, fraternity, and equality, chanted in chorus by nations that have shown no willingness to yield an inch of advantage, she finds herself driven back on the old principle of self-dependent nationalism. It would not be surprising if the revulsion and reaction carried her back a step further, to monarchy. The royalists stand for a national tradition. An association of nations would have been an almost lethal blow to their hopes. But the league having so egregiously failed, and France having had to confront alone what she thinks to be the aggressive designs of powerful neighbors, the royalists are winning a new prestige. They have always advocated the policy that France has now had forced upon her, their loyalty and devotion are beyond question, and they will no doubt rub the fact into the public mind, in an aristocratic way, that they always said so.

The chief newspaper in their campaigns is *L'Action Française*, very capably edited by Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet, two of the cleverest journalists in France. Léon Daudet is the son of the famous novelist, dramatist, poet, and story-teller, Alphonse Daudet, who was one of the leaders of the "decentralization" movement in French letters from Paris to the provinces—in his case to the Midi. Henri Bordeaux, novelist of the Haute Savoie, is another supporter of the royalists, and has been eminent in the same school of literature to which the elder Daudet belonged. Jules Lemaitre, the famous dramatic critic and writer. Paul Bourget, and Sully Prudhomme, are others, to mention only a few. Maurice Barrès, the mouthpiece of Alsace Lorraine, is connected with the Ligue des Patriotes, which is not exactly royalist, but plans to set up an executive with dictatorial powers. Here are strong voices in plenty. A king with the right gift of leadership could not ask for a better opportunity. And whether he appears or not, the situation will be intriguing and full of interest for some time to come.

All this does not seem to touch America very closely. The only Pretender who was ever rumored to have had designs on a throne in America was Prince Charles Stuart, whose cause is still maintained in the highlands of Scotland. There is a semi-historical report that in his old age, and before our independence was thoroughly established, he was approached by certain American Tories with a plan for setting up a monarchy in America. If this is true, the American colonies certainly escaped a great calamity by his refusal. Since we have escaped the danger, and have persisted as a republic for almost 150 years, we feel safe enough in saying "The King Is Dead." But it would perhaps be more prudent, in view of the kingly gift of reincarnation, to replace the sentimental afterword "Long Live the King," with the more pious sentiment—"Requiescat." AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 7, 1921.

The French Chamber has passed a bill providing for the appropriation of 600,000,000 francs for the relief of the Russian famine. Five millions are to be bestowed in kind and one million in money. The only reservation made is that the help should go to the women and children of the starving population and not to maintain the army, Soviet militarism, and privileged categories among the Bolsheviks.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Baron Edmund von Thermann is the first ambassador to Washington from Germany since the war. The newly-appointed chargé d'affaires arrived in New York on the liner *Hellig Olav*.

Princess Bertha Cantacuzène, a great-granddaughter of General Grant, and daughter of the author of "My Life Here and There," will make her début in Washington society this season.

Miss Alice M. Longfellow of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the "Alice" of "The Children's Hour" and daughter of the poet, has recently joined the National Advisory Committee of Radcliffe College.

Mrs. Elsie Waterbury Morris, wife of Gouverneur Morris and one of New York's most popular society women, has embarked on a business career. Mrs. Morris' establishment is Primrose House, a beauty parlor, patronized by society women, most of whom are friends of the proprietress.

Willettta Huggins of Janesville, Wisconsin, is another Helen Keller. Although totally deaf and blind, she can "hear" with her finger-tips and "see" by means of her sense of smell. By pressing her finger-tips on the diaphragm of a telephone receiver she is able to take the message. Willettta is sixteen years old and is being educated by the state authorities at the Wisconsin Board of Health—at Madison.

Cordell Hull, ex-congressman from Tennessee, has been named chairman of the Democratic National Committee to succeed George H. White. Mr. Hull was born in what is now Pickett County, Tennessee, in 1871. He received the degree of B. L. from the Lebanon Law School in 1891 and was admitted to the bar in the same year. From 1903 to 1907 he was judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit, Tennessee. He was a member of Congress (Sixtieth to Sixty-Sixth).

W. Cameron Forbes, former Governor-General of the Philippines, has returned to Boston, after the seven months' tour of inspection which he and General Wood undertook at the request of President Harding. Mr. Forbes has recently published a volume called "The Romance of Business." Mr. Forbes, who is a grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was born in Milton, Massachusetts, 1870. He received his bachelor's degree from Harvard in 1892. He has been a partner of the firm, J. M. Forbes & Co., bankers, Boston, since 1899. He was a member of the Philippine Commission and Secretary of Commerce and Police in the Philippines from 1904 to 1908. He was Vice-Governor of the Islands, July, 1908, to November, 1909, and Governor-General from 1909 to 1913, when he resigned.

Samuel Eliot Morison, author of "The Maritime History of Massachusetts," comes of New England seafaring stock about which many deep-sea tales might be told. According to a family tradition, two of Mr. Morison's ancestors were shipmates on a brigantine which was wrecked in the Pacific Ocean toward the end of the eighteenth century. The crew had to row almost a thousand miles in a small boat before they reached land, with the usual accompaniment of drawing lots to see who would furnish the meals. One of Mr. Morison's ancestors perished; the other survived, and on reaching home two years later found that his daughter had married the victim's son. The two families remained on the best of terms, but it was considered poor form to refer to the "survival of the fittest" in the family circle. Mr. Morison did not tell this incident in his "Maritime History," as he did not expect any one to believe it.

Read-Admiral Bradley Allen Fiske of the United States Navy is the author of "Invention, the Master-Key to Progress," soon to be published. Fiske is a New Yorker, born at Lyons, 1854, the son of the Rev. William Bradley Fiske. He was graduated, second in class, from the United States Naval Academy in the class of '74. He married Josephine Harper of New York in 1882. After various promotions he was made Rear-Admiral, U. S. N., August 3, 1911. Among the stirring incidents in his naval career was the battle of Manila, where he was navigator of the *Petrel*, whose captain reported him for "eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle." He was also reported by Admiral Dewey for "heroic conduct" during the battle of Manila. He commanded the fifth, third, and first divisions of the Atlantic fleet in 1912. He is the inventor of a boat-detaching apparatus, a stadimeter, an electrical engine telegraph, and numerous other electrical contrivances for ships.

Ferdinand Foch, like Joffre and Castelnau, is a southerner. He was born at Tarbes in the edge of the Pyrenees in 1851, of rather humble parentage, though his maternal grandfather was a colonel under Napoleon. He entered the military school at Paris at nineteen, and served as a private during the last weeks of the Franco-Prussian war, though he was not at the front. In fact, he never was under fire or commanded troops in action until 1914. His career in the army may be summarized thus: Graduated in 1873 as sous-lieutenant; 1875, promoted to lieutenant, and in 1878 to captain; entered the Ecole de Guerre, the famous French war school, in 1885; promoted to major in 1891 and given a place on the general staff in 1894; assistant professor of military

history and strategy at the Ecole, 1895; lieutenant-colonel and full professor at the Ecole, 1900; wrote "Principles of War," 1901; made colonel, 1903, and brigadier-general, 1907; from 1907 to 1911, director of the Ecole de Guerre; made general of division, 1911, and commander of the Twentieth Corps at Nancy, 1913. In the great war he commanded the Twentieth Corps in the battles of Morhange and Trouée des Charmes, August, 1914; commanded the Ninth Army in the battle of the Marne, September, 1914; commander of the northern group of French armies, 1914-15; chief of staff, 1917; commander-in-chief of the Allied armies, March 26, 1918; signed the armistice with Germany, November 11, 1918.

OLD FAVORITES.

Sally in Our Alley.

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely;
But let him hang his hillyful,
I'll hear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as the text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and hox it all,
I'll give it to my money;
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'll better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I'll marry Sally;
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll hed—
But not in our alley!
—Henry Carey.

Youth and Age.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy.

When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flash'd along—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Naught cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely! Love is flower-like:
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty.

Ere I was old,
Ere I was old? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It can not be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-hell hath not yet toll'd—
And thou wert yet a masker told!
What strange disguise hath now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size;
But springing blossoms on thy lips,
And tears that shine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old!
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely he dismiss,
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

DISCLOSURES OF MARGOT'S DAUGHTER.

Princess Bibesco Writes of Love Among the Diplomats.

It seems odd that fate should never allow a man to preserve an attitude of austerity and reserve without taking revenge on him in some way, either by giving his loftiest designs a foolish outcome, or, as happens quite frequently, allotting him a wife who megaphones trivialities about him and essentials about herself to a delighted world, or children who illumine his cloistral retreat with pin-wheels of levity. There is hardly an English statesman since Milton's time who has enjoyed Herbert Asquith's distinguished reputation for dignity and what might be called Arthurian aloofness from the petty affairs of common life. His only contemporary peer in this respect is Arthur Balfour, who might well have been named for the hero of Tennyson's epic, and with whom Asquith was once an associate in the rarefied society of "Souls." This may be the reason why destiny and Margot conspired to shatter the posture and confront a spiritual intellect with such terrestrial worries as an irreverent wife and family.

The conspiracy has not been an entire success. Even after the master bolt was shot in the form of Margot's now famous diary, Mr. Asquith remained angelically equanimous, and whatever his inward perturbation, his reputation for lofty calm has been rather strengthened than otherwise. He continues "wife-proof" in the sense that he doesn't answer back. The diplomacy of this can not be too much admired. A kind of publicity that would have spelled "finis" on the career of a lesser man, leaves him undiminished, unexplanatory, and apparently unconcerned. This is the mark of greatness.

But fate and Margot have a strategy in reserve. Now that Mr. Asquith's wife has rung the welkin with her tally-ho of reminiscences, comes daughter Elizabeth, inviting in a volume of candid stories the Horatian apostrophe, "O daughter more communicative than her most unabashed mother!" Her present title is the Princess Bibesco (was ever authoress blessed with a name more effective for purposes of advertisement?), and she is the wife of a Roumanian cabinet minister now at Washington. In this startlingly entitled volume, she smites with the resounding vigor of an intrepid and romantic hand on chords of human feeling that most authors fear to tinkle. Her scene is London and the Balkans, and her theme is love. The governing classes in the regions mentioned would seem, as she reveals them, to lead a most piquant emotional existence. Certainly, to quote the comment of John Kendrick Bangs' Victorian lady on the lively court of Cleopatra, "this is nothing like the home life in our good queen's time." With what the dramatic critics call a breath-taking verve, and yet with an emotional sincerity and a simplicity that are not the least remarkable of her qualities, she breezes through the most sacred recesses of European hearts and homes, in a spirit of figurative and literal abandon that leaves nothing human untouched, and that plays, if one may be allowed to mingle the metaphors after her own engaging fashion, like a lambent flame among the icicles of convention. Some will object that her frankness transcends the limits of the printable, but the trait is offset with much of the sweet earnestness that is her father's bequest to his gifted offspring.

Her style incorporates a little of every ingredient in modern culture, flavored with the wayward fragrance of her own personality, and the literary repast it presents resembles her name in its suggestion of something between a cocktail and an ecclesiastical wafer. The interiors through which she moves as hostess, guest, and guide sparkle with laughter, and hostility, and a kind of steely wit, and the mahogany reflections of chased glass and port decanters, and all that they connote. Through the atmosphere drifts a fugitive but recurrent aroma of intrigue, and there are demi-tones to lure the fancy, but more often the impressions are forthright and definitive. Like her mother, the princess has an unusual degree of literary talent, and her technique is by no means artless, as will be seen from quoted passages in which brevity and vividness have been won by a vigorous excision of lesser detail. One meets here a mind that flashes to its conclusions with restless impatience of the usual delicate steps and modulations, but without any intimation of thoughtlessness or crudity. And the slower, deeper current, when it comes, is the more impressive for its rarity.

But the reader need not longer be withheld from the answer to the absorbing question raised in the title regarding the nature of the heart-searching that preoccupies the heroine of the princess' fiction:

There had been so many reasons why she shouldn't marry him, and only one reason why she should—if it could be called a reason.

She was the first person he had ever loved. He had trembled when he touched her. His spasms of passion had been like spasms of pain, his face contorted and his voice rough, and then there had followed intervals of wretched shyness. When he had thought of possessing her he had become a saint waiting for a divine manifestation. It was this transforming of an ordinary physiological fact into a miracle that won her. She could see inevitability—in desire, in triumph, in failure. Hers was the man's attitude. He lifted her into the region of the ridiculous and the sublime.

The initial mistake brings its usual train of consequences and we can cut in on the connubial controversy at random; the point at dispute is secondary to the fact that they are evidently losing their first fine enthusiasm of accord:

"That was not what I meant." She had made him too cross to be bantered into silliness.

"Don't you wish she spent a little more on her clothes? Her shoes always look as if they were recommended by a chiropodist."

He did not smile.

"Mrs. Donald is a good, loyal, simple woman. As the wife of a very dear friend of mine she is sacred to me."

"Well, I could wish for his sake that she were a little more secular and alluring."

"Catherine," his voice was firm, "there are certain things that I have the right to exact from my wife: one is that she should keep her bitter tongue off my friends."

"And their wives and their cousins and their mistresses."

"Catherine!"

"Didn't you know that people had mistresses?"

"Mr. Donald!" The announcement was a relief.

"Good-evening, Mr. Donald. I am so glad to see you."

"You have come just in time for some port. A most excellent wine. You will not be allowed to smoke until you have finished it."

Horace was in his element. He reveled in his duties as a host. He knew what wine should be drunk with which fish, and the Lord Chamberlain himself had not a more accurate knowledge of the laws of precedence. He enjoyed offering his arm to the lady of highest rank, even if she were one of his wife's supercilious relations. He like the sight of diamonds and the sound of titles—though fortunately he had never connected these pleasures with their source. Above all, he loved the moment when, alone with men, he could push round the decanters, offer cigars of varying lengths and equal though different perfection, and dominate the conversation.

And such verbal passages as these give the measure of the increasing estrangement:

"Shall you send your daughter to school, too, or have a governess?" Catherine painfully pursued the topic of the young Donald's education, which interested no one, not even their father.

"It's a very difficult question, isn't it? Rather lonely for an only girl and yet one doesn't want to send her to a school where she might er—hear things."

The hesitation and the blush were too much for Catherine. "You ought to talk to her quite frankly," she said firmly, "facts are only disgusting if they are hinted at and sniggered at and veiled, so that they become the centre of perverted imaginings and ignorant curiosity."

Horace was horrified by the turn the conversation had taken.

"By the way," he intervened hastily ("what way," she wondered), "I met your uncle Wrotham in the street."

"Who with?"

"Miss Gardiner."

"A sweetly pretty girl." Henry was glad to be off the rocks. "I saw Lord Wrotham escort her onto the terrace the other day. A charming picture they made. He is a most magnificent-looking man."

"They are certainly amazingly alike."

"They are surely not related?" Henry could easily have graduated from the College of Heralds.

Catherine raised her eyebrows. "Oh, didn't you know? She is his daughter."

"Really, Catherine, how can you talk in such a disgusting way about your uncle?"

Horace was furious. "But it isn't disgusting. Uncle George lived with Mrs. Gardiner for years. Every one knows—why shouldn't he, poor man? His wife has been shut up as a lunatic for ages."

Till the unhappy lady draws a sombre veil on the privacy of her misfortune:

"You will please realize that I am master in my own house," he asserted irreverently.

"Of course, dear. Let us go to bed."

He strode to the door and locked it.

"Not until you have apologized."

"I apologize." She was smiling at him a calm, amused smile.

He strode back to the door and unlocked it.

"Thank you." She bowed her head as she left the room. The gesture of a queen in a carriage. He was frustrated, impotent, furious. "She deserves to be smacked," he said to himself, and then remembered that no man ever struck a woman.

She undressed and wondered whether he would come up to bed. She felt very tired and the evening had been a complete failure. She had behaved childishly and in a way that she was forced to admit was rapidly becoming characteristic. In a way Henry ought to have helped them. She had absolutely nothing to say to her husband when they were alone. She heard Horace's footsteps on the stairs. He paused and knocked at her door.

"You baby," he said, "how young you look with your hair down. May I sit in your armchair for a moment?"

She pushed it nearer the fire and got on to his knee. With the curling capacity of a cat she fitted herself into his arms. Suddenly she began to cry.

"Horace," she said, "I'm so lonely, so terribly lonely."

He kissed her and soothed her and mesmerized her. Then he lifted her into bed. She dreamt that she and Horace and Lord Wrotham and Miss Gardiner and Freud were talking about girls' schools and then Henry arrived, saying "Here is Toddles," and Horace said, "We will not pollute this port with smoke," and she answered, "I have only myself to blame."

The happiest impressions of life and love afforded by the princess are the transitory and vagrant ones, as witness, for contrast, the harmony of this moment of *tendre aveu*:

"Helena, do you realize that I love you?"

As always before this real, undeniable, important, impossible fact she stops. To her it is a brick wall to be surmounted neither by argument—that being unconvincing—nor surrender—that being unattainable. She looks at him with wide, frightened eyes.

"Helena, you don't know what love means."

Again she snatches at her opportunity. "Of course I don't. If I did I might want to marry you."

"You love me, but you don't know it. You fight it, you won't admit it. You let me love you. You made me love you. What am I to think?"

"Think the worst of me and let me go."

"I can't. You are as much mine as if you were my wife." She hates him for his assumptions and his certainties. How can she get away from him?

"Luke—"

"Yes."

Her voice is very low. "If you want me, I will give myself to you."

"I want much more than that—and much less—if you like."

She has keyed herself up to this supreme act of escape. If only he lets her do this her sense of honor will be satisfied and she will be free—with no more debts to haunt and entangle her.

How can she get him to accept?

"You talk about love," she says. "What a strange, restricted growth it is with you. You don't know what the real thing means, you who think passion is bad taste because you are not tempted, you to whom the physical side is a degrading extra." Her words are deliberate and clipped like a box hedge. She is ashamed—bitterly ashamed—but what else can she do?

"Helena," his voice is rough, "be careful what you say. Don't you think I want you, that I desire you—if that is the sort of language you like?"

He has gripped her two arms. She bites her lip and, shutting her eyes, waits. Suddenly he releases her and turns away. She can hear his breath coming in quick, uneven stabs.

"And yet you refuse me when I offer myself to you?"

She says it very slowly in a low, caressing voice. In her heart she knows that his valuation is the same as hers—only to him her gift would mean disillusion and to her freedom.

"I don't accept a debased currency." His voice is like ice, and then passionately, "I hate you when you talk like that."

"You don't think it like a lady?"

She remembers a hundred instances of his insolent, moral magnificence. "You want me to sign your name, to sit at the head of your table, to dazzle your friends, to eclipse your sisters-in-law, to be a mother to your children."

She is working herself up.

"Certainly, and I want you to be my wife, my beloved—my sweetheart."

His voice suddenly melted, the glint has given way to a glow. She feels battered by his logic and his love and the reality of what he is saying.

But even here leaps forth the authoress' resentment at the web that nature and custom have spun about her sex:

The evening drifts into a happy little creek of understanding. She has a feeling of blue air and diamond-decked water. She knows it is ridiculous, the effects of a headache on her part and a little calculated generosity on his.

She may not be taken in, but she is taken.

At last she gets up to go.

"Remember, I am waiting for you to give me your headache."

"And nothing else?" She could hit herself for saying it.

"That is all I am asking for tonight."

She drives away, forcing a retrospect of her evening into her soul like a hot iron. Always it is like that. She gives way to the immediate, a desire to make him happy or to be happy, an indulging in the indulgence of being wanted. She likes to be comforting and perhaps even—horrible thought—comfortable. And always she gets nearer the middle of the web. "Tonight after all I had a headache, but tomorrow I will face the facts and tell the truth and tear the whole false fabric to bits."

Tomorrow!

Now and then she gathers it all into an arresting apothegm, as:

All my life I have been teased for asking not, "Is she beautiful?" "Is she clever?" but always, "Is she happy?" I think it is in many ways the most interesting thing about a person, the most complete description. If you first try and get a certain sense of the whole you can always disentangle the ingredients later. Happiness is a light, an atmosphere, an illumination. It sets a personality. I always feel that it is a creation that is difficult for some and easy for others, but essentially an achievement, never an accident. In a way you could never say that Maddalena was "happy" or "unhappy." You felt when you were with her that for the first time you were in contact with "life"—that she contained some elemental force, some spark, some current that made her a part of all the ages.

But the princess is perhaps at her best as a writer of letters. Here is a little masterpiece, written in bed, with the Song of Solomon, it would seem, for company:

What are you looking at this very moment, my beloved? My sheets are like cool shiny pocket handkerchiefs, there is a white fur rug on the ground by my bed. On the chair is my white velvet dress that you love. It looks like a lovely spilt silver liquid in the moonlight. The smell of jasmine round my window is overpowering. My quilt has entangled a moonbeam sent me by you. I send it back because the only things that belong to me are those that I have given you. My own.

And the following epistolary treasures, with which the volume closes:

FROM HER TO HIM.

12 p. m. October 25th.

Partir c'est toujours mourir un peu. As your train left the station I felt that it was taking away not only you, but whole bits of me—bits of my heart and soul and certain special smiles and laughs. My voice doesn't sound the same. All of its low velvety whispering quality has gone. I don't like hearing it—it is like an empty box or an uncut book.

I went home so wearily, feeling that my limbs were merely weights which I had to carry, not as I do with you that my body is the covering of a current, a sheath into which I have put my spirit.

At dinner I wore my yellow dress that you don't like, and I pulled my hair back from my forehead viciously. I looked a fright.

Count G—— sat next to me. "You are wonderful," he said. "You have abandoned easy loveliness for the mystery and perfection of a Chinese masterpiece."

I could have hit him. Several people came up later and told me that I was strangely beautiful. V—— asked me to let him paint me. I hated it. It made me feel as if I were committing an infidelity. Tomorrow I will do my hair untidily and becomingly. I will wear all the dresses you love—and no one will notice them, because I have worn them so often.

God bless you.

E.

I can't go on any longer; I must tell you. I am coming to London for a whole week! I think of it—on the days when I positively must do things you will be the cement and on the days when I only ought to be doing things you will be the bricks, and all the time there will be odd moments which will be ours, yours and mine, and long hours and unexpected times— And—I am coming alone—I shall be able to ring you up at night and whisper "God bless you."

Every day and all day I plan my week and fill it fuller and fuller of you—and already almost I am beginning to cry at the thought that it will come to an end. Oh, my dearest, I am glad I am alive.

Bless you.

E.

TELEGRAM FROM HIM TO HER.

Please wire what train you come by.

M.

TELEGRAM FROM HER TO HIM.

Arrived Friday 7:50.

Blessings.

I HAVE ONLY MYSELF TO BLAME. By Princess Bibesco. New York: George H. Doran Company.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending December 3, 1921, were \$146,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$158,000,000; a decrease of \$11,900,000.

The past month has witnessed the most active demand for bonds since last fall and prices have shown wide advances in practically every class of security. On the Stock Exchange for the week ending November 5th total sales aggregated \$96,818,000, of which \$49,000,000 were United States government bonds. This compares with \$69,825,000 for the preceding week and \$61,721,000 for the

advance of quotations today it would not be surprising to see these bonds sell at or above par.

The high-rate foreign government issues have been in excellent demand, several of the issues selling well above the callable prices of the next few years. Some of the more noteworthy advances from the low prices of this year are: Belgium 8s, 96¼-105; Bergen 8s, 93¼-105; Berne 8s, 92¾-107; Chile 8s, 92-102; Copenhagen 5½s, 72-86; Danish Municipal 8s, 85¼-106½; Sweden 6s, 81¼-96½; Zurich 8s, 94-106.

There have been a few new issues of foreign government 8s which have been rapidly absorbed and prices have materially advanced.

Railroad issues have enjoyed a similar enhancement in value and an excellent indication of the market are the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy joints 6½s which were originally offered at 96½, the present quotation being 106½-107. It will be recalled that the first block of equipments which the Railroad Administration sold to New York bankers was offered on a 5½ per cent. basis. A little later the market weakened and the equipments were traded on a 6 per cent. basis. Last week a block of \$2,000,000 of the short equipments were offered by a New York group at prices ranging from 5.65 per cent. to 5.75 per cent. basis. It is understood that the Railroad Administration has sold a total of about \$109,000,000 of their original holdings of \$310,000,000.

Public utility bonds have been in strong demand and the advance is perhaps more marked than in other classes of securities. For a few months back the general public was very apathetic to public utility issues as a whole and many of the older outstanding issues were quoted considerably below their intrinsic value. Recent issues of public utilities, however, indicate an entire change of sentiment with the result that the large issues which have been offered during the past few months are selling at a substantial premium and the entire public utility market has broadened to a point where the older 5 per cent. issues are now regaining their former popularity. The most striking example of the demand for public utilities is evidenced in the oversubscription of the \$50,000,000 New York Telephone twenty-year 6 per cent. bonds which were originally offered at 97 and before the books were closed were quoted on the curb at 98½, the market on the day of allotment being 100½. The syndicate managers received 67,912 subscriptions, totaling \$488,000,000 and it was necessary to resort to \$100 denominations in the final allotment, orders for \$2500 or less receiving 20 per cent. with a minimum of \$100 and subscribers for \$75,000 or more received 5 per cent. with a minimum of \$7500.

It is an especially noteworthy fact that of the 67,912 subscriptions to these bonds over 54,000 were for \$5000 or less, and over 25,000 were for \$1000 or less. Here is the capitalist class that is financing industry today.

Bankers have been predicting for some time past the end of the 7 per cent. and 8 per cent. bonds, but the amount of financing to be done continued in such volume that the market could not absorb the new securities with enough promptness to insure higher prices. During the past few months there has been a scarcity of new issues, with the result that the demand from investors, insti-

tutions, and corporations has taken the floating supply of bonds out of the market and higher prices have inevitably followed. There is another important development in the investment situation, and that is the growth in the number of bond distributors throughout the United States. At the recent New Orleans convention of the Investment Bankers' Association there were over seven hundred and fifty investment dealers registered from practically every city in the United States. This means that every nook and corner of our entire country is thoroughly canvassed through the agencies of the large national houses and the local dealers and the new issues are split up into very small parts in the hands of a great many individuals.

The advance of the past few weeks should, therefore, not be a surprise to the investing public, for it has been anticipated for several months past and there is every indication that prices have moved to a higher level and will continue there for some time to come. In this connection it is interesting to note that a comparison of the average prices of fifteen representative railroad, public utility, and industrial issues since 1906 shows that the average low prices of these issues in 1907 was two and a half points higher than the present high prices for the same issues. The low for public utilities in 1906 was two points higher than the high prices of today. The recent advances, therefore, have not yet carried the standard issues above the low prices of the past fifteen years, and these indicators would seem to answer most conclusively in the negative the question so often asked today, "Are bond prices advancing too rapidly?"

The combined average of forty rails, public utilities and industrials as reported by the *Wall Street Journal*, November 18th, is 81.80 compared with 78.79 for October 18, 1921, and 76.90 for November 18, 1920.

Many persons believe that the present prosperity of the petroleum industry is fictitious, and that the rise in crude oil prices has resulted from manipulation.

Are they right?

Probably they are not.

It would have been a great deal more reasonable to charge that the break in crude oil which preceded the rise, was due to manipulation. To say the very least, the big refining interests were either very lucky or else very clever. They loaded up with a great amount of crude oil and then almost without warning they greatly reduced their purchases. Crude oil is about as difficult to keep as cut flowers—at least for the independent producers; when the buying stopped they had to sell for anything they could get.

Pennsylvania crude, the price of which is so widely quoted, is not representative of the output of the United States or the world, because it is an extra high-grade paraffine base oil, worth two or three times as much as other oils. However, the average price of crude oils from the principal fields of the United States was \$1.28 in the boom year 1913; \$1 in 1914, and 84 cents per barrel in the depression year, 1915. During the latter part of 1920 the average was \$3.56. From December last year to August this year it fell to \$1.25, and it has since recovered to \$2.

Two of the conspicuously evident points are: First, that there was no accumulation of crude oil such as to warrant a big drop

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in price; and second, that the later recovery was warranted, in a commercial sense, upon the ground that the previous drop was unwarranted.

The stock of crude petroleum in the United States increased from the low record of 110,633,000 barrels in May, 1920, to 123,291,000 in December, and then made a further increase to 168,000,000 barrels on September 1, 1921. However, considering the size of the industry, one could not call a stock of 200,000,000 barrels abnormally large. In the spring of 1916, when the industry was much smaller than it is now, and crude oil was selling at \$1.65 per barrel, our stock rose above 189,000,000 barrels.

Neither has there been an increase in the demand for crude oil since August sufficient to account for the high recovery in prices. What happened, therefore, appears to have been that an unwarranted drop in the price was followed by a natural rebound. Of course, some decline should have occurred



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owing to trade conditions; but the point is that the slump was abnormally great. Incidentally, the earning power of the big refining companies has been pretty thoroughly conserved and protected, and the burden of the readjustments in the petroleum trade has been thrown upon the producers of crude.

The layman naturally argues that since everything else has come down there is no reason why petroleum should not also come down. His feeling in the matter is that if \$1.28 was a normal price for crude oil in the boom year of 1913, \$2 can hardly be a normal price in these present times of depression. Possibly this figure is a little high, and certainly if the rise continues we may soon call it inflation; but it is equally certain that crude oil should now and hereafter rule much above pre-war prices.

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week ending November 12th in which there were two Stock Exchange holidays (says the National City Bank of New York in its monthly letter). The main cause of the advance in United States government bonds was the reduction in the rediscount rates of Federal Reserve banks and the successful sale of the 4¼ per cent. and 4½ per cent. Certificates of Indebtedness. An indication of the rapid advance in the government issues is shown in the following quotations:

Issue.	Low since Jan. 1, 1921.	Recent High.
First Liberty 3¼% Bonds.....	86	95.40
Second Liberty Conv. 4¼% Bonds	85.30	94.90
Third Liberty 4¼% Bonds.....	88	96.92
Fourth Liberty 4¼% Bonds.....	85.34	95.20
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Municipalities are continuing their financing and each week brings to the market a substantial amount of new issues. Rates, however, are declining and this is evidenced by the performance of some recent issues. A short time ago an issue of state bonds was offered on a 5.20 per cent. basis for serial maturities. The last \$2,000,000 of the block were purchased by a group which re-offered them on a 5 per cent. basis and the present market on these same bonds is a 4.80 per cent. basis. On a thirty-year maturity this is an advance of six points and is indicative of the general municipal situation. Some of the larger cities of New York State are contemplating offering during the next few weeks 4½ per cent. coupons, and while this is a little in

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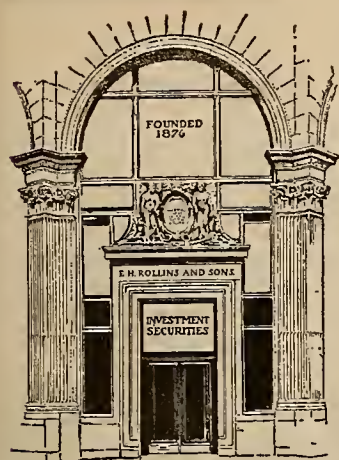
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crease in the use of automobiles. Of course, the latter is the more important of the two factors. There are now in the United States about 9,500,000 automobiles and trucks, and they are consuming gasoline at the rate of about 400 gallons each yearly; so that their gross consumption is roughly 3,800,000,000 gallons. This, too, is a conservative estimate considerably below those usually given. The wholesale value of this gasoline is about \$750,000,000, whereas, according to the 1914

000, or 40 per cent. of the aggregate, and our output of gas and fuel oil is worth about \$440,000,000, or 18 per cent. of the aggregate. The fact that the motor manufacturing industry is severely depressed is almost a hull point on crude petroleum, because this very depression results from the greatness of the number of automobiles already in service—all consuming gasoline.

Consumption in August, according to the United States Bureau of Mines, made a new high record at 503,513,463 gallons. In July it was only 457,758,000 gallons, and the highest record in 1920 was 479,741,000 gallons.

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census, the aggregate value of gasoline and all other products of petroleum in that year was only \$396,361,000. Otherwise expressed, the present gasoline consumption by automobiles alone is equivalent to almost 200 per cent. of the aggregate value of all petroleum products in 1914.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

In a recent interview Mr. George Doran made the statement that more people were interested in serious books than formerly and that publishers were therefore more interested in publishing the works of savants and statesmen than ever before. Certainly the fall lists of publication include a number of great names and a much larger proportion than usual of important books. For the holiday book season is usually more conspicuous for gilt gift books and *de luxe* editions of classics than for new studies in philosophy or statesmanship. It is a hopeful sign, too, for if we had gone through the last few years with an unscathed taste for reading trash we might assume that experience was wasted on us and that we were indeed headed for the ruin that Ferrero warningly tells us may yet be ours. Without being unduly alarmist, his book, "The Ruin of the Ancient Civilization and the Triumph of Christianity, with Some Consideration of Conditions in the Europe of Today," is one of the most arresting danger signs of the times.

The plan of "The Ancient Civilization" is a rapid résumé of the causes of Rome's downfall and a comparison of Roman chaos in the third century with modern chaos in the twentieth. The inference is unmistakable. Ferrero adds the reminder that unlike the Roman citizen of the third century who saw his government disintegrating and his culture har-

harized, the modern man in a similar catastrophe would have neither strong religious nor philosophic convictions to keep intact a latent culture for future civilizations. The warning is a terrible one, but a reasonable inference from the Roman disaster, which was not the slow deterioration of centuries, according to our author, and as most historians represent it, but the immediate effect of a great political catastrophe in the third century. Ferrero points out that Rome, though called an empire, was not a monarchy in the sense that it was not a dynasty and that in the rare case of an emperor's heir succeeding to the throne, there was always a political reason for the succession. It is therefore one of the most ironic facts of history that Marcus Aurelius, stoic philosopher and Roman mentor of ethics, should have been the first to attempt to install the dynastic principle, *per se*, by appointing his fifteen-year-old son Commodus as associate ruler, in 177, instead of coming to an understanding with the Senate, as was the Roman custom. Ferrero says, "... The consequences of the error were terrible. When Marcus Aurelius died in 180, Commodus was eighteen years old; he possessed therefore neither the age nor the preparation necessary to fulfill the heavy task that was laid upon him." The result was civil war, and the result of that was the military absolutism of Septimius Severus, a recently ennobled African, belonging to a family of Lepti. But his accession did not end the civil war between the senate on the one hand and the military caste created by Septimius, on the other. Rome had definitely begun its decline. There is a curious analogy here that Ferrero leaves to one's inference. In the hypothetical case of civilization repeating itself with a modern decline, this catastrophe would be directly the result—there are of course in both cases profounder indirect causes—of the arbitrary action of the Kaiser, even as the Roman decline was according to Ferrero directly precipitated by the arbitrary action of Marcus Aurelius. Truly fate uses strange tools. Says Ferrero, "Now that we have seen how the ancient civilization perished, it remains for us to find out what light its history can throw upon the conditions of today." His concluding chapter, "In the Third and Twentieth Centuries," essays to do this with considerable clarity and definiteness. A serious and a brilliant book. Whether it or any other objective study of history can have any practical effect on the present is problematic, at best. But if it is to have an effect it will be the result of reading such studies with an open mind, neither blinded by optimistic nor pessimistic prejudice.

Another hook on the all-engrossing problem of what is wrong with the world is Frederick Palmer's "The Folly of Nations." This, according to Colonel Palmer, is the hook of his experience—no mean experience either, of twenty-five years of war correspondence. "The Folly of Nations" is something of a disappointment, however, done as it is in a gently didactic style that is so prevalent among writers for the press. The tranquil style is in odd contrast with the text, which hears out to a considerable extent the promise of the title. Still, discuss the folly of the nations as he does, Colonel Palmer arrives at hardly more than an analysis of war and the causes of war. And one is inclined to agree with his soldier friends, who, he says, "tell me that I am an incorrigible sentimentalist. . . ."

A very different sort of book and yet one dealing with the reiterant subject of European conditions, is "Romain Rolland, the Man and His Work," by Stefan Zweig. Important as this biography undoubtedly is—it is written by a personal friend of Rolland and the facts seem to be accurate—it has the fault, at least from the Anglo-Saxon viewpoint, of being written in too expository a style. Certainly M. Zweig did not profit much by the grand impressionism of Rolland's own method in both his biographies of other men and in "Jean-Christophe." Still one feels that it is a sympathetic interpretation of the greatly misunderstood Rolland and it is high time that an adequate life of him appeared. Never was a man more moulded by the influence of art and history than Romain Rolland. His musical education began in his infancy and as every reader of his books knows, his passion for music was one of the great factors of his life. He was an ardent reader of philosophy and history from his earliest schooldays and might truly be said to have followed Plutarch's precept, "to contemplate the highest examples." In his pursuit of truth and beauty he was absolutely whole-hearted. His biographer quotes his own words from "Jean-Christophe": "Son but n'était pas le succès; son but était le foi" as applicable to the patient way in which he waited for success through years of hostility on the part of the critics and indifference from the public. His attempt to regenerate the French stage was a failure. His "Iliad of the French People," which Rolland had designed as a time sequence of ten dramas fell on deaf ears. Most of the plays were hurried after a single performance. Nothing less

than faith could have sustained Rolland through those dreary years—a moral to all who make success their aim. The biographies were a little better received, but still, in his fortieth year, Rolland had little cause to consider himself as other than a failure. Then came "Jean-Christophe." M. Zweig devotes a considerable part of his book to a rather detailed study of Rolland's great novel. All his life Rolland had desired to write the "history of a single-hearted artist shattered on the rocks of the world," and "Jean-Christophe" was the fulfillment of that early dream. At last Rolland tasted something of success, which fortunately was not his aim, for it was soon snatched from him with the unpopularity that was his speedy portion upon the outbreak of war. A Frenchman by birth and training, Rolland was by the supergenius that was his tragic fate, a cosmopolitan of the Tolstoyan school. He attempted to "espouse the universal cause" by starting correspondences with the great writers of the warring countries. But his motif, noble as we may now concede it to be when we ourselves are endeavoring to establish peace, was misunderstood and perhaps, during the necessarily evil days of war, rightfully ignored. Rolland was branded a pacifist and has remained under the ban largely to this day. M. Zweig, who we hope has done much to remove the stigma, ends his finely disinterested study with an admirable peroration: "This man of letters has preserved us from what would have been an imperishable shame, had there been no one in our days to testify against the lunacy of murder and hatred. To him we owe it that even during the fiercest storm in history the sacred fire of brotherhood was never extinguished." This might adequately stand for Rolland's epitaph.

These are three only of the many books that bear out Mr. Doran's statement that the reading public for the first time in years, at any rate, are becoming interested in significant books in distinction to merely amusing or well-written ones. It would be pleasant to think that the day of the trashy novel is on the wane, but one's optimism scarcely goes that far.

R. G.

THE RUIN OF THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION AND THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by the Hon. Lady Whitehead. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE FOLLY OF NATIONS. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

ROMAIN ROLLAND, THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

THE BURDETT-COUTTS TREASURES.

The recent death of William Burdett-Coutts and the consequent disposition of the Coutts fortune has attracted attention to the magnificent collection whose nucleus was probably gifts to old Thomas Coutts, the great English banker. The following account of the Burdett-Coutts collection is from the Manchester Guardian:

"The possessions, not very severely reduced by the vicissitude of time and the large and continued charities of the baroness and her husband, have now passed to Mr. Seahurst Ashmead-Bartlett, the nephew of the widower, who has decided to sell the large, serious, and historic mansion at the corner of Piccadilly and Stratton Street, from which Sir Francis Burdett, the Reformer, was taken to the Tower, and to which a few days later he triumphantly returned through cheering mobs, the house whence the Victorian Lady Bountiful dispensed her world-wide charities.

"It is a treasure-house, too, of pictures, of china, and of books of rarity and reputation, and the young heir has decided also to dispose of them. Some of the treasures, the famous cabinet of green Sèvres with three hundred dinner pieces, and many old masters and English eighteenth-century portraits and other precious things, are believed to have come into the house through the banking operations of old Coutts. John Horne Tooke gave his library during his life to his friend Burdett, and this included the Sheldon First Folio Shakespeare, which ranks in 'Class 1' of the folios.

"The baroness, although she did not always buy from art motives, often bought well, and several of her purchases from the sale of the Samuel Rogers Collection are among the gems of the house—a lovely small panel by Raphael, 'Christ in the Garden,' which formed

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part of the predella of an altar-piece at Perugia, an unusually free and humane 'St. Francis and the Infant Savior,' by Murillo, of cabinet size, a finished sketch by Tintoretto for 'The Miracle of St. Mark,' and several good English pictures.

"At the Daniel sale in 1864 the baroness bought the famous Daniel First Folio for £716. Queen Victoria was so pleased that she presented her with a carved oak casket made from Herne's Oak in Windsor Forest, in which the folio is still kept, along with the Daniel first edition of Shakespeare's poems (1640).

"The Burdett-Coutts Shakespeare portraits are among the famous English treasures. The Felton portrait, which is said to have been purchased out of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, painted by a player of that time, was held by Stevens to be the original portrait from which Droeshout and Marshall engraved. At the back is the inscription 'Gul. Shakespeare, 1597, R.E.' The initials are believed by some experts to be those of Richard Burbage. It was bought in 1788 in a broker's shop in the Minories. The Lumley portrait, which shows the poet older looking and bearded, was originally in the possession of Lord Lumley, who died in 1609, and remained there till 1807. It has been much exhibited. There is also a curious Zucchero portrait, said to be of Shakespeare.

"The collection is rich in portraits. The finest is Raeburn's bust of Scott, which the painter always refused to part with. It was bought at the Raeburn sale in 1877. It is Raeburn in his most masterly moment, a powerful and brilliant piece of biography by the great Scottish painter of the greatest Scottish writer."

HORATIO STEBBINS

His Ministry and Personality

By Charles A. Murdock

Dr. Stebbins was for forty years the minister of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco. He was also a regent of the University of California and a Trustee of the Leland Stanford University. The writer of this biography is a prominent business man who was intimately associated with Dr. Stebbins in San Francisco. He presents an interesting picture of a great preacher and a great educator.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A City in the Foreground.
Gerard Hopkins' new book is labeled as a first novel and as a man's novel. Oliver Onions has recently gone on record with an amusing fling at first novels—the gist of which is, why do publishers vaunt themselves on the fact that they are printing a first novel? A hootmaker would hardly advertise the fact that a pair of shoes were his first and, adds Mr. Onions, you would not eat your cook's first dinner if you could help it. Yet the strange fact remains that publishers regard hooks, at any rate novels, as easier to produce without dint of practice. Maybe they are. How is a mere layman to answer for the presence or absence of inspiration in a first novel? And if there is any inspiration in any novel it is presumably in the first, and not the fortieth.

It is easy to believe that "A City in the Foreground" is a first novel because it has both the spontaneity and the affectations of youth. Youth is the most artificial period of life and the young are the greatest poseurs alive. And this novel of Oxford life is full of young poseurs written, we imagine, by another. Still, it has a certain charm. There is a relief in reading a novel whose theme is not based on sex. The women in "A City in the Foreground" are regarded with the fine detachment that only youth is capable of. As a picture of Oxford the book is doubtless interpretative. Verging occasionally on caricature, we are not quite sure intentionally or accidentally, it gives a very fair likeness of a group of earnest young men to all of whom life is more seriously important than it ever will be again.

A CITY IN THE FOREGROUND. By Gerard Hopkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A Parody Outline of History.

The time has come for some one to draw up a set of rules for parodists. Among the regulations that might be founded on the usage of the masters of this art would be an injunction against knocking the hall outside the bounds of the imitated author's style. This is a difficult thought, and the figure does not seem to simplify it greatly. The point is that there is something not quite worthy about producing a funny effect in parody, with features not to be found in the original.

Mr. Donald Ogden Stuart, for instance, in his "Parody Outline of History," which narrates a series of American historical events as they might have been written by eminent contemporary authors, conforms with the best

usage when he causes George Branch Cahell to express himself thus with regard to Columbus: "And the tale tells how, on a twilight Thursday, Colombo walked alone on the edge of a doubtful wood, and viewed many things not salutary to notice. And there came to him one who was as perversely tall as a certain unmentionable object, and hearded in a manner it is not convenient to describe." Every turn in the phrasing corresponds to something discoverable in a less accentuated form in the work of Mr. Cabell. This also is obviously just: "Now, do you tell me, my dear," said Colombo, after an interval, 'why it is you weep, for I am Colombo whom men call the Dreamer, and I go in search of the land of my imagining, and I think,' said Colombo, 'that you have the most remarkable lovely eyes.'" But the closing lines in the following passage are unethical: "And when an unmentionable egg and a doubtful silk hat had been produced in a manner which it is not convenient to mention, Colombo rolled up both his sleeves, and spoke the magic speech as he had learned it on a certain Thursday from the sorcerer Thyrston. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' said Colombo, 'I have here a common household egg which I shall now ask the ushers to pass among you.'" etc. We respectfully submit that the satire here has run off obliquely from Mr. Cahell's style to some one else's—possibly Mr. Irvin Cobb's.

But with this prim reservation, and a query as to the tact and good feeling of one travesty in the book that makes humorous stock of scenes in the recent war, Mr. Stewart's wit is as shrewd and captivating as that of a certain one not expedient to name in these columns. Here are some keyhole glimpses of the author's literary satire:

MAIN STREET—PLYMOUTH, MASS.

(In the manner of Sinclair Lewis.)

Cape Cod Bay—wet and full of codfish. The codfish—wet and full of bones. The next minute Priscilla's foot slips on the hard, wet, unyielding rock. She clutches desperately. She slides slowly back into the cold, chill, saltiness of the bay. She is pulled, dripping and ashamed, into the boat. A coarse, mirthless chuckle. Three pilgrims disembark.

LETTERS OF A MINUTE MAN.

(In the manner of Ring Lardner.)

& he says maddam do you want T. and slavery and she says no, coffee & hot dog just kidding him see Ethel. & he says maddam no T. shall ever land & she says no hut my husband will in about 1 min. and I was just going to plank him . . . & he says I am Paul Revear & I says this is a hell of a time to be wakening a peaceful man out of their bed.

THE WHISKY REBELLION.

(In the bedtime story manner of Thornton W. Burgess.)

"And what do you suppose he saw?" said Aunt Polly Pinkwood. "Pink elephants," cried little Elmer, whose father had often had delirium tremens, greatly to the delight of his children.

HOW LOVE CAME TO GENERAL GRANT.

(In the manner of Harold Bell Wright.) With a few swift, powerful strokes, and with eyes purposely kept tight shut, he reached the side of the n-k-d drowning girl. Blushing deeply, he took off his army coat, fastened it around her, opened his eyes, and swam with her to the shore.

Mr. Stewart's high spirits sometimes lead him into broad extremes of absurdity, but he is never very wide of the object of his wit, and at his best, hits it dead centre. The main trouble with the present attempt is that he has tried to do two things at once: write history from the angle of Bill Nye, and a hurlaque from his own. When one adds a sideways shot at H. G. Wells, the task is clearly too complex to be accomplished at one stroke.

A PARODY OUTLINE OF HISTORY. By Donald Ogden Stuart. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Booth Tarkington's story, "Cherry," lay for years in an editor's desk, presumably regarded in the light of an unhappy selection—as an editorial *faux pas*, perhaps—until the success of the author's books (written later) brought it quickly out of obscurity in manuscript or galley form, and led to its swift publication with a greatly augmented value.

Edith Wharton has a very definite programme of writing. Winter and summer, her mornings are devoted to composition—written in a firmly legible long hand. A secretary types the manuscript.

Of interest to philologists and students of the fourteenth century is a selection of "Fourteenth Century Verse and Prose" by writers other than Chaucer. The book has been edited for the Oxford University Press American Branch by K. Sisam, whose purpose has been literary and philological. The volume will supply in a convenient form a background for the study of Chaucer.

Danis Mackail, whose novel, "Romance to Resume," is rich in London stage lore, was while a student at St. Paul's, London, one of the principal organizers of a toy theatre which counted among its patrons J. M. Barrie, Granville Barker, Lawrence Houseman,

and E. V. Lucas. From there he went to Oxford, but his health interfered with his work, and he was obliged to leave without a degree. Although only twenty-one, he was requested by Barrie to stage a play for him and the same year Bernard Shaw trusted to him the scenery and staging of "Pygmalion," which he handled most effectively, as many Americans may remember.

Mrs. Louisa Frederici Cody's recent death has renewed interest in the period of Western development in which she and her husband, "Buffalo Bill," were such striking figures. She was born in the old French settlement near St. Louis and married Colonel Cody in 1866, when the plainsman was only twenty-one years of age. The wonderful career of her husband and her participation in it is given permanence in her entertaining book, "Memories of Buffalo Bill," published by the Appletons.

D. Appleton & Co. report that at the very time of the unveiling of the memorial to Stephen Crane in Newark, New Jersey, they have printed what is the thirty-first edition of his chief work, "The Red Badge of Courage." The Appletons are also putting to press the thirty-fifth printing of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Seats of the Mighty," and the fourteenth printing of Joseph A. Altsheler's "A Soldier of Manhattan," so popular with lovers of American historical romance.

What is wrong with the American college? The freshman class of the University of Louisville have been sorting out their knowledge of literature, and, 102 strong, have registered their preferences concerning favorite authors of the past and present. With overwhelming force the vote for the most popular of modern novelists has gone for Harold Bell Wright. However, they are freshmen.

Edward G. Lowry, the author of "Washington Close-Ups," was in Washington through the greater part of Theodore Roosevelt's two administrations, and the Colonel and the correspondent were close friends. Mr. Lowry was one of a half-dozen members of the press gallery whom Colonel Roosevelt was in the habit of calling into his councils. Mr. Lowry did not always agree with the Colonel on men, things, and legislation, but at the close of one day when this fact had been made manifest, the President sent Mr. Lowry an autographed photograph with these words at the bottom, "With all thy faults I love thee still."

"The Year's Work in English Studies, 1919-20," which Sir Sidney Lee has edited for the English association, is nearly ready for publication by the Oxford University Press American Branch. It has been planned on the similar volume dealing with classical studies, and contains ten sections, which have been entrusted to independent contributors—the editor himself dealing with Shakespeare and Elizabethan drama, and Dr. F. S. Boas with the poetry and prose of the Elizabethan period.

The Seraph of Danish Literature is the title which critics have bestowed upon Jens Peter Jacobsen, whose "Niels Lyhne," the masterpiece which he finished at the point of death, has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co. In its translation by Hanna Astrup Larsen one realizes why Jacobsen's novels are called "prose poems with a style suffused with a bland sweet light that recalls the pearly canvases of the magic Dutchman Vermeer of Delft." Jacobsen's influence upon continental literature was far-reaching and "Niels Lyhne" contributed largely to the defeat of the naturalistic school of novel writing typified by Zola.

New Books Received.

WHILE I REMEMBER. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3.50. A book of reminiscences.

AMERICA AND THE YOUNG INTELLECTUAL. By Harold Stearns. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

What the new generation expects of society.

PHILIPPA'S FORTUNE. By Margarita Spalding Gerry. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.60. Juvenile.

INEZ AND TRILBY MAY. By Sewell Ford. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2. A novel.

SOME FISH AND SOME FISHING. By Frank Gray Griswold. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.

MORE TISH. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75. A novel.

THE RETURN. By Margaret L. Woods. New York: John Lane Company; \$2. Verse.

WHERE THE STRANGE TRAILS GO DOWN. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50. Travels in Malaysia.

WILD BROTHER. By William Lyman Underwood. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$2. True stories from the north woods.

DIANTHA'S QUEST. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75. A tale of the Argonauts of '49.



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IN BLESSED CYRUS. By Laura E. Richards. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2. A chronicle of a New England town.

HEROES OF LIBERTY. By Grace Humphrey. Indianapolis: The Bohls-Merrill Company. For young people.

MAIDA'S LITTLE HOUSE. By Inez Haynes Irwin. New York: B. W. Huchsch & Co.; \$1.75. Juvenile.

BOY SCOUT'S LIFE OF LINCOLN. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2. With many maps, photographs, etc.

THE OLD MINE'S SECRET. By Edna Turpin. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. Juvenile.

GRAY WOLF STORIES. By Bernard Sexton. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75. Indian mystery tales.

THE RAINBOW STRING. By Algernon Tassin. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75. Juvenile.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN NORWAY. By Dr. J. O. Hall. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25. Juvenile.

THE KIDNAPPED CAMPERS ON THE ROAD. By Flavia Camp Canfield. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.60. A novel for young people.

THEN CAME CAROLINE. By Lela Horn Richards. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75. A story for girls.

THE LITTLE MAN WITH ONE SHOE. By Margery Bailey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.25. Fairy tales.

THE WATER BABIES. By Charles Kingsley. Arbridged with a memoir by Lucy Menzies. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The King's Treasures of Literature Series.

THE GOSPEL STORY OF JESUS CHRIST. Arranged from the authorized version by Ida W. Hutchinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The K. T. of L. Series.

THE STORY OF THE ILIAD. Retold by F. S. Marvin, R. J. G. Mayor, and F. M. Stawell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The K. T. of L. Series.

FORM ROOM PLAYS: SENIOR BOOK. Compiled from English literature by Evelyn Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The K. T. of L. Series.

THE MAKING OF A MAN. By Joseph H. Appel. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$2.50.

Letters from a father to his son at school.

JADE. By Hugh Wiley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50. Short stories of Chinatown.

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AT THE PLAYERS THEATRE.

They have had the happy idea at the Players Club to start a choral class, which not only receives drill in choral work—aside from the practice of choruses for the current operatic attraction—but also instruction in harmony and other of the higher branches of music. As a result the already vigorously growing membership of the organization has been still further augmented, the musical section having acquired a number of vocally endowed and therefore very desirable members.

This increase shows in the cast of "The Yeomen of the Guard," which included several of the new singers at the evening performance of December 3d. The abundant vocal resources of the organization is also demonstrated by their ability to have alternate singers in seven of the important rôles in "The Yeomen of the Guard." The greatly increased hold on the interest of the singers is immediately demonstrated by their greater sticking power, as shown by the professional finish of the chorus, which is generally apt to shift and change.

But both the male and female chorus show extra proficiency in their work, and their voices are telling in their agreeable quality and fine volume.

The faculty that will handle the musical section—which includes George Edwards, Austin Mosher, Ida G. Scott, Len Barnes, and E. G. Swenson, with the prospect of Mme. Jomelli's name to heighten the prestige already conferred—have, therefore, a large body of enthusiastic young singers to work with, and we may perhaps hope that other of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas may receive public presentation. "Iolanthe," for instance, or "Patience," neither of these two esthetically beautiful and melodiously delicious operas ever having become hackneyed to San Francisco audiences. Not long ago the Players put on a very well presented performance of Le Coq's "Giroflé-Girofla." And going further back they have an honorable record with "The Mikado," "Ruddigore," and still others. With each production their work shows more finish. Why, then, may we not hope to hear more than adequate representations, not only of the Gilbert and Sullivan works, but also of other French pieces: "La Pêchiche," "Princess of Trebizonde," "La Belle Hélène," and others? There is a rich mine of these old pieces lying undervalued. They mark an epoch in the musical history of France. Offenbach was really a genius in his line, and although a large group of gifted composers of merry operas profited by the vogue he started, and came into favor, none equaled him. His operas were fountains of delightfully characteristic melodies, and famous writers were glad to wed their talent to Offenbach's by writing librettos for his operatic scores.

The company of singers that they now have at the Players, while they might not do full justice to the somewhat daring wit and humor of those old French operettas whose vogue was so great in the last quarter of the nineteenth century that they traveled across the Atlantic and one by one were repeated for the delectation of Americans, would be able to exercise their youthful gavity congenially in dealing with the *espièglerie* which made them so enjoyed in America. Let us therefore hope that a company that can render "The Yeomen of the Guard" with so much ease and gavity will give the young generation an opportunity to hear revivals of these famous works.

On Saturday evening several new singers appeared in the cast of the Gilbert and Sullivan piece. Easton Kent, a youthful singer with a fine tenor of abundant volume and smooth and mellow tone, assumed the rôle of Colonel Fairfax; and while he was scarcely able, on a first appearance, to embellish the rôle with the by-play that develops with usage, the young man showed a dignity that promises well for his poise as a player.

Marguerite Fry Silvey in the rôle of Elsie, the strolling singer, also came through a first dramatic appearance commendably. The young lady has a full, sweet soprano, and although some of the music was below her voice it is evident that her vocal endowment makes her a valuable addition to the company.

Mice McComh as Phoebe has had experience in a professional company, which shows in the poise and finish of both her singing and acting.

Benjamin A. Purrington has developed so rapidly both vocally and dramatically that he

gives a performance of the strolling jester worthy of a full-sized professional. The humor of "The Yeomen of the Guard" has nothing like the sparkle and spontaneity of the best-known Gilbert and Sullivan operas, but it was Mr. Purrington's distinction to rescue it from a tendency to heaviness, and, on several occasions, to lead us into a genuine Gilbertian mood.

Carl Kroenke, also, as the consistently severe and solemn jailer, had quite a job cut out for him, but the two changed heaviness into lightness in the conspicuously successful song and dance; which was also a testimony to the prowess of Katherine Edson, who now assumes the headship of the dance department of the newly organized operatic section.

Other singers and players who did their share in contributing careful work to a most commendable whole are Len Barnes, Joseph Sturgis, Lillian S. Dwight, and Anita Cook.

Mr. Gerstle Mack's sure instinct for color and design were evident in setting and costumes, and on the comparatively small stage were excellent suggestions of the stone-built adjuncts to London's faded tower.

"ROBIN HOOD."

De Koven's masterpiece, it is called. And indeed De Koven touched his highest point in "Robin Hood," and during the first vogue of the operas, somewhere in the '90s, the opera was sung by the Bostonians literally thousands of times. It was an immense favorite in San Francisco, and the public lost count of how many times they went again during repeated seasons to laugh at the Harry B. Smith drolleries and to delight in the familiar tunes when the Bostonians repeated their visits.

Some of the singers were so identified with the rôles—Frothingham as Friar Tuck, Macdonald as Little John, Jessie Bartlett Davis as Alan-A-Dale, Eugene Cowles as Will Scarlet, and, above all, Barnabee as the Sheriff of Nottingham—that the management scarcely dared to disappoint the too constant public by giving the poor things a rest from their long service in the rôles.

Maid Marian, however, had various sopranos to represent her, and both her voice and the symmetry of her locomotor attachments used to be subjected to severe scrutiny before she was held worthy in favor. One of the Maid Marian's, by the way, whose stage name was Camille D'Arville, is now a sedate matron living in San Francisco.

There is wonderful vitality and longevity to a well-trained voice, and we have heard Eugene Cowles' thunderous bass a number of times with other companies since the temporary retirement of the overworked opera in which he became so great a favorite.

Barnabee died not so very long ago. Jessie Bartlett Davis is dead. No doubt some of the others are still singing in public.

There is always a commercial value attached to any stage piece that has ever attained such a tremendous vogue as did "Robin Hood," and in spite of its hard wear the old opera still has a considerable drawing capacity. Ralph Dunbar, I believe, has one other—and perhaps more than one—troupe on circuit singing "Robin Hood." However, that astute producer was shrewd enough to send another company this time. He knows he can count on sufficient patronage from the young beginners in theatre-going who have heard their parents say, "There never was a light opera like 'Robin Hood,'" and on some of the constant old guard who wish to relive their youthful raptures. Of course that is a thing that can't be done, more especially as Friend Dunbar can't very well be expected to put song celebrities in his cast. He just gathers together a troupe of people with collectively vigorous vocal powers. They are scarcely up to fine shading, and sometimes they sing too lustily. The best of the male singers are Messrs. Pfeil, Bunshu, and Degen. Theo Pennington as Maid Marian sang only pretty well when the vocalism required was not too ambitious. Paula Ayres had to sing against vivid memories with "Oh, Promise Me," but she came through with credit and won the praise of the audience. The chorus, however, rather too palpably enjoys letting itself go. Like the newshy with a big voice it revels in vocal excess, and is in need of more polish.

The audience, however, was in high feather, and in for a good old reminiscence time. It enjoyed everything heartily, and Edward Andrews' Sheriff in particular.

And since the company is just a good, working troupe without high artistic or markedly individual merit it is evident that those melodies, so fresh, spontaneous, and distinctively charming in their day, were composed by a real musician; yes, even though De Koven never did anything else equal to "Robin Hood." But, whether there was some happy influence in his life, then, that enabled him to shed a special grace on the composition that shows a musician's knowledge and substantial technique, certain it is that these revivals of "Robin Hood" show that the fame he won in the '90s was justly gained, and that, light though it is, the music, as we continually realize of the Arthur Sullivan music,

is also of too good a quality to remain unsung.

"LADY FREDERICK."

This play was written in W. Somerset Maugham's earlier manner. When he wrote "Lady Frederick," and "Smith," and others of the same stripe, the English playwright was assiduously baiting his trap to catch the light-minded public. And with the favor of the light-minded public he captured a vogue that has since almost, if not quite, developed with fame, for all the theatre-going world that can get there has been to see "The Circle" played, either in London or New York, and that brilliant and cynical play is, at the present moment, a popular vehicle for professional readers.

When I saw that "Lady Frederick" was announced as the Maitland hill this week, a flash of memory immediately evoked Ethel Barrymore in the title-rôle. With her face unpainted, her eyes undarkened, and her hair piled recklessly and ungracefully in a tower-like erection on her head, the lovely actress placed her beauty in eclipse. And then she proceeded to build it up again.

Of course her audience was breathlessly interested, and no doubt some of the professional beauties took special notice from personal reasons. Which reminds me that I wish that the author would write in some wisdom for the foolish in this make-up scene.

Now I ask you, is there anything prettier in humanity than those human blossoms, a rosy child, a fresh-faced girl, a handsome stripling? And is it not melancholy that, of the three, lovely girlhood persists in ruining its loveliness by a reckless, indiscriminate, and inartistic use of cosmetics that deprives the lovely flower of all its natural, velvety bloom?

For oh, foolish girlzums, you don't know anything about make-up. Haven't you discovered, you young geese, that plucked eyebrows substitutes hardening lines for those bewitching arches that nature softens so prettily. You, in your crass folly, have aged your young faces by having those softening edges plucked away.

And don't you know that when you place those two locomotive headlights on your cheeks that they almost extinguish the lustre of your soft eyes and dull the beauty of your natural tints? And aren't you aware, you consummate young idiots, when you are absorbedly, and in public, showering your delicate skin with powder, that you often conceal its natural beauty by a ghastly and disfiguring layer of dead white? And will you, will you, you sheep-like followers of the other girls, for heaven's sake will you let up on your attentions to your charming little noses, which are frequently so startlingly white as to look as if you had acquired a plaster of Paris article to replace the natural one.

But you won't, no, you won't. You're going to go right on, congenital idiots that you are. Yes, congenital, for Ma is frequently doing likewise. And what a fool Ma looks! We try to forgive the follies of youth, but what shall we say when Ma flourishes her vanity box in the eye of the public, and, between acts, or courses, makes up her middle-aged nose?

And so I wish that Lady Frederick could indulge in a disquisition informed by good sense and judgment, while she makes up, warning off beautiful girlhood from excesses with paint, powder, and the raw-beef lip-stick.

For of course one must concede the becomingness of discreetly administered make-up, especially with those whose youthful bloom has faded. Make-up should never outride itself. The only really successful make-up—in private life, I mean—is so reticent that we either doubt its presence, and argue about it, or don't notice it at all. Whereas the girl of the minute is entirely unashamed, and metaphorically gives us a biff in each eye with her paint, blackening, and powder.

Mr. Maugham's ready and mordant wit, which is so striking a feature of "Circle," was flourishing in its native luxuriance when he wrote "Lady Frederick." No doubt the play is in the highest degree improbable; for where is the mature woman who will allow an infatuated wooer to see her before she has put on her matutinal make-up? It is possible to conceive of Lady Frederick's magnanimity toward her young admirer, but difficult to believe that she would make an objective demonstration of her reliance on hair dye, the rouge pot, and the lip-stick. However, that particular scene was what made every one talk about this decidedly entertaining play when it first came out.

Ethel Barrymore was a beautiful young woman when she played the rôle, Lea Penman is a decidedly handsome one, and so young that her skin can not boast a single faded wrinkle appropriate to Lady Frederick's somewhat hattered past. Therefore I do not know how it would seem to see a really *passée* woman, entirely denuded of make-up, in the rôle. The fact that neither Miss Barrymore nor Miss Penman sketched in a few lines to age them a little would seem to support my contention that pardonable feminine vanity

would render Lady Frederick's self-exposed impossible.

Lea Penman makes a handsome, mettlesome, and quite bewitching Lady Frederick. She shines in a rôle of this kind, for she delivers the lines with all the arch and varied inflections appropriate to such a character, and to her mode of expression.

Miss Penman's principal fault is a tendency occasionally to relapse into crudities of intonation and accent. But she makes such an absorbing figure of the irresistible Lady Frederick, and handles that fascinating lady's numerous suitors so smartly and with such an air of drawing-room sophistication that we forgive the occasional relapse. Added to this the actress has such a handsome face and figure, and carries her costumes so well, that we easily condone any slight departures from the elegance appropriate to a titled even if impecunious lady of London society.

Mr. Maitland cut a very fine figure as a witty man of the world with a cynical exterior and a good heart, and did ample justice to the Wildean epigrams with which his lines were plentifully sprinkled.

The rest of the company, even the always competent Mr. Fee, filled rôles that were merely contributory to the brilliancy of the central figure.

Of the raw recruits who seem to trickle in a thin but unending stream across the stage of the Maitland Theatre one can only commend their conscientiousness. Sometimes we think of one or other of them, "That mere beginner isn't all had," only to find that he or she has been so long on the boards that a poker-like stiffness of demeanor or a raw accent is rather surprising and inexcusable.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

The Latest Conquest.

The latest star to kick up a dust on the stage of the Metropolitan in New York is Mme. Marie Jeritza. The critics are showering adjectives on her since her appearance in "The Dead City"—not after D'Annunzio—in which they discovered, not only that she is a surpassing beauty, but that her work is highly finished art, both as a singer and an actress. "Lovely," "graceful," "superb," "full of dramatic instinct," "graceful as a sprite," "an enchanting personality," "glittering tone," "unusual charm"; truly, judging from these brief excerpts from the flood of eulogy that has

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greeted her appearance, Mme. Jeritza is bound to outshine all the established favorites and reap a fat harvest of jealousy.

The World's Foremost Organist.

New York critics are acclaiming Marcel Dupré of France as the world's foremost organist. This gentleman, who is just beginning his acquaintance with the American public, comes of a family long connected with organ and church music. At the age of seven he played two dozen studies from memory. Now that his fame is spreading it is learned that during ten recitals in Paris he played the two hundred organ compositions of Bach entirely by heart; a feat unequalled in musical history. Mons. Dupré confounds the critics, not only by his feats of memory, but also by his musical intelligence and impeccable technique. Mons. Dupré is thirty years of age, is the chief organist of Notre Dame Cathedral, and is a composer of distinction.

Saving His Soul.

Arnold Daly says, "There is nothing long-haired or high-browish about my venture at the Greenwich Village Theatre. If the public does not support it the venture will close."

Mr. Daly has a few more trenchant words to say about the horror of long runs, and tells admiringly—and we echo his admiration—that when Tree ran His Majesty's Theatre in London he frequently—think of it, you dollar-chasing theatrical magnates—took off a play if its success bored him or he needed the stimulus of a change. In other words he saved the souls of his players. It looks as if Arnold Daly hopes to save his own.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Despite difficulties resulting from the unintentional inefficiency and red tape of the Russian Soviet government, the American Relief Administration is now feeding about 400,000 children in Russia, according to Colonel William N. Haskell, chief of the organization in Russia, who arrived recently from Moscow. One of the greatest hindrances to the work is the bad condition of the Russian railways, he said. Colonel Haskell said the administration expected to reach 1,000,000 starving children by the first of the year, as originally had been planned. He said the administration was now operating 2000 kitchens in ten provinces, and that the organization anticipated feeding 2,000,000 eventually.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Nance O'Neil will be the important attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing with Monday, December 19th, in her remarkable success, "The Passion Flower." The play is from the pen of one of Spain's great dramatists, Jacinto Benavente, whose works have been hitherto little known in North America, although he is the author of no less than ninety-six successfully produced dramas. "The Passion Flower" was produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre in New York on January 13, 1920, and is now in its third season, having enjoyed runs of six months in New York, three in Chicago, and two in Boston, besides appearances in all the leading cities of the East. The present season Miss O'Neil and her company are on a trans-continental tour to the Pacific Coast, involving months of constant activity.

The Orphenm.

In her circus act May Wirth will present all the daring that made her famous in the saw-dust ring. The whole Wirth family is from the circus arena and they appear with the younger one, May, who is the star. They furnish for vaudeville one of the greatest circus novelties of the day. May Wirth, before entering vaudeville, was one of the drawing cards at the New York Hippodrome. She was before that with Barnum and Bailey's circus.

Thomas Dugan and Babette Raymond offer "An Ace in the Hole," a comedy of love, lies, and aviation. Mr. Dugan is one of the best-liked comedians the profession of acting possesses. Miss Raymond, his associate, is an attractive blonde who knows how to humor and to coax a laugh.

J. Rosamond Johnson has come to vaudeville with his inimitable five. He is offering a new act that he calls "Syncopation." It is a Johnson jazz jollification based on the old negro plantation songs in a somewhat chronological display of their development into the modern popular craze.

Jazz and opera are the water and oil of music. Usually they don't mix. Gertrude Moody and Mary Duncan have succeeded in thoroughly assimilating it. They offer "Opera and Jazz, Inc.," which means the two girls sing operatic and jazz numbers. Their work is full of comedy songs cleverly characterized and their singing shows ability.

"At the Depot" is the title of the skit James J. Morton has written for Harrison Greene and Katherine Parker. It is a sort of modern minstrelsy afterpiece.

Ed E. Ford tells stories and acts pantomime. He is a new star in the theatrical heaven.

A few minutes of as strenuous work as has ever been accomplished by any team of acrobats are done by Ralph Lohse and Nana Sterling, who offer a gymnastic exhibition that is fast and furious. This young lad and attractive miss have several feats, entirely new and originated by themselves.

And finally we come to the Santos and Hayes Revue. Its popularity demands a second week's stay.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Three one-act plays by three of the greatest of modern dramatists will be the attraction next week at the Maitland Playhouse. The programme for the week, commencing with the Monday night performance, will include the following:

"Man of Destiny," the story of the life of Napoleon, by George Bernard Shaw.

"Florentine Tragedy," by Oscar Wilde, the last play written by Wilde.

"The Game of Chess," by Kenneth S. Goodman, a short play that was given one season at the Maitland with success.

This means a variety for the playgoers, and in these days before the Christmas holidays promises exceptionally well.

The W. Somerset Maugham social drama, "Lady Frederick," which is the hill this week, has proved worth while. It will close with the Saturday matinee and evening performances.

A revival of "Caste," that remarkable old-time play by Robertson, is to follow the three one-act plays at the Maitland, being done the week before Christmas.

"Liberty Hall," by Carton, a play that in its sweetness much resembles "Rosemary," will be the offering at the Maitland Playhouse for Christmas week.

"The Piper" will be given shortly at the Maitland, though not as soon as originally had been the intention of Mr. Maitland.

Dr. Moule, Bishop of Durham, has one distinction of which not every one may be aware. The Moule family is faithfully portrayed by Mr. Thomas Hardy in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Old Mr. Clare, so charming a specimen of a rustic cleric, was Dr. Moule's father, while his son, the Rev. Cuthbert Clare, was drawn from the bishop himself.

THE PRIDE IN NUMBERS.

To judge from the comments on the census some persons appear to regard the table as a sort of class list; towns that show a falling off apologize like candidates who do themselves less than justice in an examination, throwing doubt on the marks and explaining that they went into the examination with heads still confused by influenza. This is perhaps not unnatural, and yet one can imagine many standards of success which are fairer and more important. If the medical officer of a town could say, "In my town every family has a decent roof to its head; there are no insanitary or overcrowded houses; the streets are spacious and beautiful; the schools have the most complete equipment of all the schools in the country; nowhere can people hear better music or see better plays or pictures," he would not be seriously disconcerted if somebody replied, "I observe that your population has fallen since the last census by 5 per cent." Of course we shall be told that as a rule a decline of population is not accompanied by these gratifying improvements; it merely means that there has been some slight industrial redistribution. But the pride in mere numbers is in itself a misleading and dangerous impulse, for great increases of population have often been marked by the most rapid fall in the quality of life. A high value was put on population at a time when the industrial revolution was sweeping into the factory every child who could crawl across the floor. A hundred years ago the following advertisement appeared in the papers: "To the Overseers of the Poor and to families desirous of settling in Macclesfield.—Wanted, between 4000 and 5000 persons between the ages of seven and twenty-one years." We can doubt whether Macclesfield was the better, regarded as a centre of humane and civilized life, after it had secured its five thousand immigrants. The well-known magistrate Fletcher of Bolton, writing to the Home Office about the same time, mentioned incidentally that in Bolton, where the population nearly doubled itself in the first twenty years of the century, it was the custom to sleep four in a bed.

The sudden demand for labor, and especially for child labor, in these industrial towns provided an incentive which displaced the earlier inhospitality of parishes. In the eighteenth century the ordinary parish had a dread of saddling itself with new charges; immigrants might secure a settlement and thus become a burden on the rates if sickness or old age turned them into paupers. The sufferings of unhappy people who had wandered from their homes and were sent back pretty roughly when they lost their health formed an important element in the pathos of the life of the poor. But in a town where two or three men of enterprise were setting up cotton mills or woolen mills the immigrant with children was received more agreeably. Not, of course, that the rapid growth of population in the early years of the nineteenth century pleased everybody as it pleased the spinners and manufacturers of Blackburn or Bolton. There were many besides Malthus who were kept awake at night by the ghoul fear that food would soon give out, and the arguments which exasperated Cohett convinced Place that the workers could never escape from their servitude unless and until they controlled their numbers. Since those days another reason for setting value on mere numbers has arisen. Everybody who remembers the weekly calculations by which Mr. Belloe used to prove during the war that Germany's population could only last so many months longer, and the dreadful doubt that crossed some suspicious minds that perhaps Germany had systematically falsified her census and that she had still great secret stores of cannon fodder on which to draw, will realize why in some countries statesmen count their young men as the capitalist a century ago counted his young children. In both cases human life is valued, not as the self-respecting power of intelligence or spirit or will, but only as servile energy in the mass, material for the use of a terrible master.—Manchester Guardian.

Indians in the World War.

Americans tourists visiting the battlefields of France and Belgium (says the New York Tribune) have seen in the cemeteries crosses with strange names, such as Fight the Enemy, Good Bear, Evening Star, and Goes Forth. Beneath these crosses lie the bodies of North American Indians who served with the American forces and laid down their lives in France and Belgium that the white man's civilization should not perish from the earth. Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, secretary of the National American Indian Memorial Association, who has just returned from a three months' trip to the battlefields studying the conduct of the Indians in the world war, gleaned many interesting bits of information about the activities of the red men in the war and tells many tales of their heroic deeds. He says that there are more than seventeen thousand of these peculiarly marked graves and that the records show they were among the



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"General Pershing included in his list of the one hundred bravest heroes of the war Corporal Sevalia, an Indian, who swam the Meuse under heavy machine-gun fire, carrying a cable for a pontoon, and later in the day carried another cable over the East Canal under heavy fire from the Germans and brought back to headquarters an exceedingly important message."

Dr. Dixon has spent fifteen years studying the Indians and has visited every reservation in the United States. During his recent trip to Europe he visited twenty-eight sectors of the western front and made eleven hundred photographs of scenes of the fields of battles in which they took part and the crosses of the graves of those who fell.

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We live in an age of insurance. We need all the assurance and insurance that we can secure; and the consequence is that our lives and healths must be insured against the onslaughts of our relaxations, amusements, and our very friends. No one is safe anywhere or anyhow. Crossing a street is a veritable hazard. Golf is entered the mortuary lists. No longer need we gasp in admiration at the courage of football heroes. Every one is a hero. And the insurance companies are the profiteers. For the benefit of the latter we have gathered some suggestions they might otherwise have overlooked. Bolsheviks should be insured against prisons. Hoboes should be insured against jobs. All others should be protected against unemployment. Drinkers should be insured against home brew; gamblers against bad luck; and slackers against future and potential conscription. We think these suggestions eminently more practical than those recently made by *Life*. Though we admit that this serious research was partly inspired by *Life* and partly by the new golf insurance. Why stop at protecting sportsmen?

Woman in general, in the mass as it were, is comparatively speaking getting a rest in the special campaign that is launched against college women. Statistics of the most revealing sort are being published broadcast. The attractive headline "Not a Perfect Lady in Northwestern" nailed our attention the other day and the story lived up to the title. The girls of Willard Hall, the main dormitory of Northwestern University, were required to answer the following questionnaire:

1. Have you ever cheated?
2. Have you ever been kissed?
3. Have you ever smoked?
4. Did you ever consciously tell a lie?
5. Have you ever used intoxicating liquors?
6. Have you ever danced improperly?
7. Have you ever worn improper clothes?
8. Did you ever have a "crush"?
9. Were you ever on a "petting party"?
10. Have you ever done anything you would conceal from your parents?

The questionnaire itself would have merely revealed an extension of the spirit of the reformer and busybody. The girls of Northwestern should, any fair-minded person would say, be given the benefit of the doubt on at least eight of the ten points. If, for any peculiar collegiate reason, the university wanted statistics on drinking or smoking, it was doubtless within their rights to take them. The other eight were preposterous and we admire the amiability of the girls who apparently answered them in good faith. A militant college woman would not have answered them on the grounds of principle. She might have claimed that it would simply be giving more power to the enemy. The girls at Northwestern may not be perfect ladies, even as our headline brands them, but they are either moral heroes or saints of amiability. The ironical fact is recorded that the most ladylike of the answers was from a demure miss who pleaded guilty to one peccadillo, only, and that the first. She acknowledged cheating. A truly moral commentary.

New York women are said to have a new ambition. That is to say New York society women of the seven or so upper strata. The street register has found a rival in Bradstreet's; for the fashion to be practical has crossed the pond and has hit our erstwhile idle and extravagant metropolis. In England dire necessity has forced the women as well as the men of the upper classes to economize. And what is fashionable in England is bound, sooner or later, to become fashionable in New York. Two or three years hence, the fad may even reach the Middle West. And by then, let us hope, times will be normal in England, and accordingly the smart set of New York will be released to leisurely habits once more. Perhaps we are unduly severe in calling the new wave a fad. The psychologists have not—so far as we know—explained the situation yet. They are still busy classifying collectors and other psychopaths. And until the alienists pronounce on the case no layman dare say whether New York's new habits of industry are a fad or a desirable reaction. Of course no one could consent to a fad's being a desirable reaction. But meanwhile our New York mesdames are dividing their attention between selling fashionable attire and expensive cosmetics and attending the functions at which the same are worn. Without going into the economic aspects of the problem, we should say that if the fad lasts till it strikes the country west of the Alleghenies, it is a desirable reaction from pre-war idleness and foibles.

It is a curious paradox that France, the leader of the world in so many fashions pertaining to material things, is one of the most archaic of nations in many respects. The truth is that the French—with the single exception of feminine costume—are a conservative race; and within their own limits they are conservative even in that exception.

The French modistes are too conservative to discard skirts. Skirts, says the man dress-maker, are the time-honored attire of women. But that is a digression. The ultra conservatism of the so-called volatile Gallic temperament has been emphasized by the judgment in a breach of promise case tried in Bordeaux. A merchant of that city notified his fiancée on the eve of his marriage that he had changed his mind. If the fickle merchant knew his French law he must have sent this rather belated announcement with a serene mind. For never before in the history of French courts was such an action found damageable. The lady of the case, whether she knew French legal history or not, was a modern-spirited and forward-looking woman. She filed suit for damages to the extent of 65,000 francs, and *mirabile dictu* was allowed 2000 francs as "sentimental indemnity." The record case has, of course, created a furor in Paris, where we imagine the courts are being fairly deluged with suits, filed by both sexes, to compel the fickle object of affections to either keep the letter of agreement, or pay the price for a roving fancy.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S BATH.

When the late Ambassador Walter H. Page wrote, in a recent installment of his published letters, of how the English "frantically resent conveniences," even to the extent of despising bathrooms, and "every gentleman must have his own tin tub," quite likely he had in mind an almost desperate personal experience not mentioned in those letters, but related by an American business man who had the story from Mr. Page in London (says the *New York Times*).

When Page was looking for a residence during his early days in London his greatest difficulty was in his search for a suitable bathroom. However lordly or historic a mansion might be, it would not suit him without a modern bathroom. He was compelled to make this emphatic to the agent he hired, for the latter was disposed to regard the bathroom idea as an amiable American whim or weakness, to be indifferently set aside when urging the superior claims of some noble mansion. For example, would not his excellency consider the magnificent drawing-room conservatory? urged the agent. No. His excellency would not consider the drawing-room conservatory as a suitable bathing place. He was, in fact, surprised the agent should make such suggestion. What his excellency wanted was a bathroom. If that could not be understood, his excellency was sorry, but there would have to be another agent.

Consequently it took time to find a desirable house with a bathroom. But on one such being at last discovered, on inspection there was no hot water or heating system, a cold water and cold air proposition which chilled the ambassador's flesh when he thought of the raw, foggy early mornings in midwinter. No, he could not take the house unless these adverse conditions were rectified. Followed prolonged negotiations, in which ingenious but unsatisfactory temporary heating devices were put forward, apparently to dodge the real modern improvements demanded by Mr. Page. Finally, however, the agent came to Mr. Page heaving a triumph all over. He had succeeded in inducing the agent of the noble owner to give in all along the line, and—er—his lordship was pleased to accommodate his excellency with running hot water and—ah—a permanently heated hawthorn. Moreover, he had brought the lease made out for signature. It had been rather an awkward matter to handle, of course, but he, too, was pleased to have been successful in meeting Mr. Page's wishes.

Here Mr. Page paused and his caller waited. "But what do you think?" asked Mr. Page, leaning forward in his chair. "Guess, if you can, the clause inserted at the end of that contract."

The caller at once gave it up. "That the lessee," went on Mr. Page, "agreed at the conclusion of his tenancy to remove all the modern improvements in the bathroom and elsewhere, and to return the house as it was before his occupancy. I signed it," he concluded, "thankful to get a decent bathroom on any terms."

Emile Boutroux.

Word has come of the death of the eminent philosopher, Emile Boutroux, who was greatly beloved throughout France. He is also remembered here as one of France's first university exchange professors at Harvard and as a special emissary representing the University of Paris at the dedication of the Graduate School at Princeton. To a still wider circle in this country, perhaps, he is known as the *cher maître* of Bergson.

He had for years been the head of the Graduate School in Paris, known as the Foundation Thiers. During the war the school was closed, for all the students entered the army or some other branch of service, and the mansion, which had been the home of Thiers, was converted into a hospital for wounded officers. Mme. Boutroux, his brilliant wife, sister of the philosopher and

physicist, Poincare, though frail in years, undertook its general direction and lived to the end of the war. His own death was reported in the midst of the war, and obituaries appeared in the *New York* and *London* papers; but though he was infirm of body, his vigorous mind fought on to the brighter days.

Less than two months ago, October 2d, a long article of his on "The Future of Human Ideas," appeared in the *New York Times*. During the war he sent many messages to America, among them one as president of the Institute of France to the National Institute of Arts and Letters in America, in which he referred to "the idealism of Washington and Lincoln descending into the arena to measure itself against barbarism."

He was a great friend of William James, whose doctrines he interpreted to his fellow-countrymen. And William James was also a friend and admirer of his, as is evidenced by a letter written but a few months before his own death, in which James said of him: "Boutroux, who is a regular angel, has just left the house." One has but to change the word "house" to "earth" to make the epitaph which all who knew this rare spirit and distinguished savant would write at the end of his life.—*New York Times*.

The engraved portrait of a cabaret artist graces paper money for the first time, so far as known, in Germany. The money is a new issue of the so-called emergency money of small denominations put out by the town of Gardelgen. The portrait is its favorite and most distinguished living son, a vaudeville and cabaret artist and one of the best-known German stage humorists, Otto Reutter. The shrewd city fathers speculated that the humorist's large following throughout Germany, as well as collectors of emergency money, would pay fancy prices for the freak issue.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A friend of President Harding called on him at the White House the other day, saying that he just dropped in to tell him a few new political jokes. Harding replied, "Don't. I know them. I appointed them."

During a campaign preceding the election of a Missouri congressman it was suggested that, since he posed as a good business man, he might be willing to tell just what a good business man is. "That's easy," he explained. "A good business man is one who can buy goods from a Scotchman and sell them to a Jew—at a profit."

The tramp shamled after the smartly dressed man carrying a prosperous-looking bag. "Give us a couple of coppers, guv'nor," he pleaded. "Just somethin' to get some bread. Think wot it is ter be friendless, despised, 'ated by all—" "Shut up, you fool!" said the man with the bag. "I'm an income-tax collector."

Cortland Bleeker was talking at Piping Rock about a young man who, having gone through his fortune, committed suicide in Japan. "Poor Jack!" he said. "Jack always was a bad egg, but nobody seemed to notice it as long as he was rich." Mr. Bleeker smiled philosophically. "In other words," he said, "he was all right till he was broke."

Two neighbors were chatting over the fence when Mrs. B., smiling, passed down the street. "Pretty woman, Mrs. B.!" remarked one. "Who was she?" "I really have forgotten. Here's her little boy. I'll ask him. Frank, who was your mother before she was married?" Frank regarded his questioner gravely. "She wasn't my mother before she was married," he severely replied.

A colored preacher in Alabama was one day talking to one of his aged parishioners, who ventured to express the opinion that ministers ought to be better paid. "I'se sho' glad to hear yo' say dat," responded the parson warmly. "I'se pleased dat yo' think so much of de ministers. So yo' think we'd ought to get bigger salaries?" "Sho' I does," said the old man. "Den we'd get a better class o' men."

"Some of the moonshine liquor in this region is pretty stout stuff, isn't it?" inquired a tourist in the Ozarks. "Tell you what's a fact," replied a native. "A deaf and dumb feller took a horn of it tuther day, hopped six feet in the air, popped his heels together three times before he lit, jumped a fence as if it was a straw, and went tearing off through the scenery, a-hollerin' 'Glory halleluooyer!' like he'd got religion."

Sambo, in heaven, had just got Rastus, far below, on the ashestos ouija board. "Hello, Rastus. How you gettin' along?" "Oh, I'se havin' a fine time. Don't haf to work much; jest shovel in some coal now and then. How you-all?" "I'se workin' purty hard. We haf to sweep up de clouds, pull in de stahs, switch on de light, an' give de ole sun a shove every mornin'." "How come you-all have so much work to do?" "Well, sah, to tell the truth, we're kinda short o' help up heah."

A professor in a medical school asked a student: "What is a dose of croton oil?" The student replied: "A teaspoonful." The professor said nothing, but looked at his watch. The work of the class went on. Some minutes later the student who had replied attracted the professor's attention and exclaimed: "Oh, professor, I made an error. A dose of croton oil is one drop." The professor quietly looked at his watch and dryly remarked: "Yes, and your patient has been dead just twelve minutes."

A party of men were drinking and talking in a saloon. One of the men had traveled a great deal, and liked to talk about it. He was telling the others all about where he had been and what he had seen. An old toper who was standing near sipping his whisky heard the traveler talk, and easing up to him tapped him on the back and said: "My friend, have you ever had the D. T.'s?" "Why, no," replied the talkative one. "Why do you ask?" "Well, then you aint ever been anywhere or seen anything," replied the old toper as he walked off.

"Pretty bad fire you had here last night," commented the recently arrived guest. "Eh-yah," replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "The fire company had it pretty nearly put out, and then the mayor came and took personal charge of the conflagration, and yelled orders till he got the firemen so mixed up that they couldn't do anything. And I reckon if it hadn't begun to rain directly the whole dod-molested town would have been

holocausted. But I s'pose it might have been worse." "How could it have been worse?" "Why, the governor or a congressman might have come and took charge instead of the mayor, and it might not have rained."

William Allen White, the Kansas editor, was talking about droughts. "One summer during a terrible drought," he said, "a tourist was passing through Arizona. He put up one night in a town so dried up that even the trees had yellowed and withered. 'Does it ever rain here?' the tourist said to the landlord of the hot dusty hole. 'Rain?' said the landlord. 'Why, stranger, there's five-year-old hulfrogs in this here town wot aint never learned to swim yet.'"

The captain of a football team that had visited Sludmush-on-Sea had just finished a modest celebration of his side's victory, and was enjoying a quiet stroll before catching the train back. The vicar saw him and congratulated him on his success. "But I hope the enjoyment of your visit has not been confined entirely to football?" added the vicar. "I hope you have been drinking in the ozone?" The captain then replied: "Well, I didn't notice the name of the place, hut it was the one opposite the pier."

Mr. Hiram Johnson was talking about France's charge that the Germans are behind the Moorish insurrection against the Spaniards at Melilla. "The French," he said, "have got the Germans on the brain. They regard the Germans very much as Smythe regarded his poor mother-in-law. The undertaker wired from the seaside resort where

his mother-in-law had been staying with Smythe's family: 'Your mother-in-law passed on last night. Shall I embalm, cremate, or bury?' Smythe wired back the answer: 'Embalm, cremate, and bury. Take no chances.'"

A colored man named Sam had worked for his boss about five years, and in that time he had just about run things. His good friend Ben said to him one day: "Now, Sam, you have worked up there and made your boss rich. You ought to ask for more money, or else you quit. You just go up there and tell him: 'Look here, boss, you pay me more or else.'"

Sam tried his friend's advice while sweeping the next morning. He began, "Say, boss, you'll have to gib me mo' money fo' dis job." "Well, Sam, I'll see about it," replied the boss. "See about nothin', you pay mo' or else." "Pay more or else? Else what?" The boss' eyes flashed, and his tone was sharp. Sam's eyes blinked as he detected his boss's anger, and in a soft voice he replied, "Else I wuck fo' de same money."

The wife of the vicar of a fashionable London suburb tells the story of a new parlor maid who was a great success. One day, however, she went out wearing clothes very much "above her station," and got into a motor-car which was waiting near the vicarage gate. When she returned a few hours later the vicar's wife, more in sorrow than anger, suggested that domestic servants who dressed fashionably and drove off in motor-cars were hardly suitable for the ecclesiastical atmosphere. Then the girl confessed. "Oh," she said, "don't be alarmed. The man with the motor-car is my father. He made a lot

of money during the war, and now we live in a large house. But we didn't know quite how things were done by well-bred people, and so I took this job to find out."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Jeremiad on Dancing.

Every night when I hitch the elastic
Which fastens my vest to my pants,
I agree with the viewpoint monastic:
It's a silly amusement to dance,
To handle a gun or a lance—
There's a man's job; but dancing—aw, thunder!
(Or la! la! as they say in France)
Why do I like it, I wonder?

Aside from the somewhat fantastic
Idea some persons advance,
That the fox-trot and waltz are gymnastic,
It's a silly amusement to dance,
One trips over young débutantes—
(The evening's one vast social blunder),
Or stumbles around with one's aunts;
Why do I like it, I wonder?

Am I mistakenly drastic?
Am I as one who but rants,
Knowing nothing? Or am I just plastic?
It's a silly amusement to dance,
That's sure . . . (Hark! The waltz from
"Penzance")!
Or is it "Get Out and Get Under"?
Anyway, it's a strange dissonance—
Why do I like it, I wonder?

L'ENVOI.

Say, kid! Come on—take a chance!
(It's a silly amusement to dance,
But I can't have her think that I shunned her.)
Why do I like it? I wonder!

—P. C. Calhoun in Life.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

General and Mrs. Thomas Poett of London have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Evelyn Poett, and Mr. Wharton Thurston of San Rafael. Miss Poett spent last winter in California with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson. Mr. Thurston has resided for three years in England, where the wedding will take place in April.

Mrs. Germaine Vincent entertained at luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club for Mrs. William Wallace of New York. Those asked to meet Mrs. Wallace included Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. William McPherson, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. Norman Livermore, Mrs. Hasket Derby, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Ettore Avenali, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, and Mrs. A. H. Huggard.

Miss Josephine Grant entertained a group of friends at dinner Sunday evening at the San Mateo Polo Club. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Alice Regua, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Mr. Tallant Tuhhs, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Richard Schwerin, and Mr. Gordon Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy entertained at dinner Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Wallace were dinner hosts Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a hall Friday night, complimenting Miss Inez Macondray. Preceding the affair Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre gave a dinner for the debutante, those in their party having included Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Ensign Atherton Macondray, U. S. N., Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. George Tallant, Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., and Mr. Gordon Johnson.

Miss Jane Flood gave a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club for Miss Frances Pringle. Among her guests were Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Emelie Tuhhs, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Ruth Hohart, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Marjorie Wright, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Inez Macondray, and Miss Marianne Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker gave a dinner Saturday evening in San Mateo in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Tuesday evening for Miss Ruth Lent.

Mrs. Charles Deering entertained at luncheon last Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club. Her guests included Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. Lewis Hohart, Mrs. William Shotwell, Mrs. Leland Lathrop, Mrs. Robert Nohle, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. Harry Bates, Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Carroll Cambron, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. James Bishop, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, Mrs. Crawford Clarke, Mrs. Stuart Baldwin, and Mrs. Charles Slack.

Mrs. Charles Clark was hostess at a luncheon and bridge Saturday, complimenting Lady Corisande Rodney. Among those at the affair were Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. John Casserly, Mrs. Paul Clegstone, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Walter Hohart, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Richard McCreary, Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mrs. William Van Antwerp,

Mrs. Harry Howard, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. George Cameron, and Miss Helen Chesrough.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell gave a dinner Friday evening before the Flood hall, their guests including Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Jane Carrigan, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, and Mr. Jerome Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Oyster entertained at dinner Friday evening, their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Ola Willett, Miss Emelie Tuhhs, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Mr. Hooper Jackson, Mr. Sherwood Chapman, Mr. Gregory Harrison, and Mr. Willis Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre entertained at dinner Friday evening.

Mrs. Richard Derby gave a dinner last week for Mr. and Mrs. Michel Weill. Others at the affair were Mrs. Alla Chickering, Miss Marjorie Wright, Mr. Allard d'Heur, Mr. Earl Derby, and Lieutenant Mason Wright.

Mrs. Percy Kessler gave a tea Friday afternoon at Fort Scott in honor of Mrs. Benjamin Selby.

Miss Edna Taylor was a dinner hostess last Friday evening, with her guests later attending the Flood hall. Among her guests were Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, and Mr. James McIntosh.

Mrs. Macondray Moore gave a dinner Friday evening, having as her guests Miss Catherine Vail, Miss Elizabeth Vail, Miss Frances Pringle, Mr. George Russell, and four of the visiting Italian officers from the Libia.

Mrs. Robert Bentley gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Cliff Hotel for Mrs. Walter Bentley of Stockton, Mrs. Stanley Powell, and Mrs. Robert Bentley, Jr., of Stockton.

Mrs. Leroy Nickel gave a luncheon Wednesday for Mrs. Roderick Macleay of Portland.

Mrs. Walter Boardman gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Town and Country Club, among her guests having been Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Effingham Sutton, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Marshall Williams, Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mrs. Edwin Sheldon, Mrs. Alexander Field, Miss Louise Bullock, and Miss Edith Slack.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave a dinner last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. James Bishop entertained at luncheon last Tuesday for Miss Frances Pringle. The affair was held at the Francisca Club, and among those in attendance were Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Margaret Buckner, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Marian Bird, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Sue Alston McDonald, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, and Miss Catherine Vail.

Miss Ethel Cooper entertained at dinner Monday evening, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent gave a dinner Friday at the St. Francis before the Flood hall. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreary, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Miss Rosemary Vincent, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Ruth Hohart, Mr. Lansing Tevis, Mr. Arthur Brown, Jr., Don Vincente Dominguez, and Mr. Gordon Armsby.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster gave a children's party Saturday to celebrate the birthday of her little son, Master Bobby Oyster.

Mrs. B. P. Selby was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. I. Lowenberg on Wednesday at the Fairmont Hotel. Her guests were Mrs. J. C. Reis, Mrs. J. Wilmer Gresham, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. William James Gray, Mrs. P. C. Hale, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Lewis Meyerstein, Mrs. John Gallwey, Mrs. George F. Volkman, Mrs. E. Wineburgh, Mrs. George H. Cahaniss, Mrs. John E. Bennett, Mrs. D. R. Sessions, Mrs. Margaret Bruce Beaumont, Mrs. Thomas Graham Crothers, Mrs. Charles S. Stanton, Mrs. R. P. Merrillion, Mrs. Jewett Adams, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. B. P. Schroeder, Mrs. Ina Bradstreet Weston, Mrs. William Beckman, Mrs. W. Harold Wilson, Mrs. Harriet M. Lothrop, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown.

"Do you think you could care for a chap like me?" "Oh, yes, I think so—if he wasn't too much like you.—*Sydney Bulletin*."

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News gathering in the infancy of the newspaper scarcely an hundred years ago was carried on by primitive and curious means, according to Melville Stone in his memoirs, "Fifty Years a Journalist." In the early eighteen hundreds Harry Blake, the most famous of the early news mongers, prowled about Boston harbor in his rowboat intercepting incoming European packets and peddling out as best he could any news which he received. In 1827 Hale and Halleck, two young Boston journalists, transplanted Blake's methods to New York, built a handsome sea-going yacht named the *Journal of Commerce* and ran twenty or thirty miles beyond Sandy Hook to meet incoming vessels. They also erected upon the Highlands near Sandy Hook a semaphore telegraph to which their schooner signaled the news. This was transmitted to Staten Island, thence to the *Journal of Commerce* office in New York, where great crowds stood around reading the "extras." They also established a pony express from Philadelphia with eight relays of horses and by this means were able to publish southern news twenty-four hours in advance of their competitors.

The system of pony expresses was expanded by James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*, who during the Mexican war was able to publish accounts of battles before the government dispatches were received. He also had a carrier-pigeon service between New York and Albany for the annual messages of the governor, which he printed ahead of every one.

M. Albert Sarraut, French Minister for the Colonies, who is now at the Washington Conference, may be able, if consulted, to give useful hints as to what to do with the old battleships. Just before he sailed for America he made a tour of the French West African Colonies, and at Port Etienne he visited the former French cruiser *Chasseloup Laubat*, which now surely serves a useful purpose. Riding at anchor in the hay it serves as a fish-drying factory. On its decks sixty tons of fish can be dried at one time.

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distinguished Ballerina
from the
Royal Opera House,
Stockholm
—direct from New York

HELEVNA and
COLLETA

THE ROSE ROOM
ORCHESTRA
under direction of
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and
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Commander and Mrs. Earl Shipp, who returned recently from the Orient, have taken a house at Alexandria, Virginia, for three years.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling has left for Arizona to join Mr. Jackling. They will go to New York before returning to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Peters will arrive within a fortnight from Portland to spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Stetson Winslow.

The Misses Catherine and Elizabeth Vail left Saturday for Santa Barbara, after having passed several months in San Francisco with Mrs. Henry Coon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer, who returned recently from Europe, have taken apartments at the Hotel Chatham in New York.

Mrs. Herbert Payne has gone to New York for a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. de Sabla.

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop arrived last week from the Atlantic coast. She is at the Cliff Hotel.

Mrs. H. P. Miller and Mr. Carlton Miller will leave within a few days for Santa Barbara to pass the remainder of the winter there.

Mrs. Charles Weller returned to San Francisco last Wednesday from Coronado.

Mrs. Stow Fithian of Santa Barbara and Miss Dorothy Fithian will come to San Francisco next week for a sojourn of several days. They are at present in Merced visiting Mr. and Mrs. Loren Van Horne.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutcheon have returned to their old residence, 2016 Pacific Avenue, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Baldwin Wood and Miss Gloria Wood will leave December 25th for the Atlantic coast en route to Europe.

Miss Amy Brewer left last week for Chicago, where she will pass several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cudahy.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grace and Miss Geraldine Grace of Santa Rosa have come to town for the remainder of the winter season. They are at the Palace.

Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Chipman have taken a house on Mason Street near California for the winter.

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Evelyn Barron, and Miss Louise Winston of Los Angeles, who have been abroad since September, will spend the Christmas season in Paris.

Mrs. Roderick Macleay of Portland is visiting in San Francisco with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Grant.

Mrs. Talbot Walker returned Friday to Monte-

cito from New York, where she has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. George Bolling Lee.

Ensign Atherton Macondray, U. S. N., who is stationed at San Pedro, spent the week-end in San Francisco with Mrs. Macondray.

Mrs. Wallace Bertholf has gone to Newport to join Commander Bertholf.

Captain Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hewitt have arrived from Long Beach. They will remain in San Francisco a fortnight.

Miss Helen Hammersmith will leave New York next week for San Francisco, where she will remain throughout the Christmas holidays.

Miss Barbara Parrott and Mr. Stephen Parrott have taken apartments at the Hotel des Saints Peres in Paris for the winter.

Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Jayne have left for Long Beach, where they will make their permanent home.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley and Miss Ethel Lilley have taken apartments on Post Street for the rest of the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling have taken a house at Baker and Vallejo Streets for the winter.

Mrs. Richard Derby will leave next week for Florida to visit Captain and Mrs. Richard Derby, Jr. Later in the winter Mrs. Derby will visit Colonel and Mrs. Henry Burgin at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde have taken an apartment at Hyde and Greenwich Streets for the remainder of the winter. They returned a few days ago from a visit with Miss Beatrice McBryde, who is attending Barat College, at Lake Forest, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, who have been visiting in California for the past month, will leave this evening for New York.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and her little daughter will return to San Francisco after the first of the year. They are at present staying in Boston.

Mrs. William Wallace of New York is spending several weeks in Burlingame with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Huggard.

Mr. Frank Deering left Tuesday for New York to join Mrs. Deering and Miss Francesca Deering. They will sail for Europe next Tuesday to be away several months.

Miss Nina Barroll of Elizabeth, New Jersey, left Monday for the East, after having passed several weeks in California with her sister, Mrs. Seward McNear.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. H. S. Crane, Mr. C. H. Geer, Mr. George W. Shannon, Turlock; Mr. S. Mitchell, Visalia; Mr. C. H. Daggett, Klamath Falls; Mr. E. H. Dea, Minneapolis; Mr. D. H. Cale, Denver; Mr. R. G. Chisholm, Minneapolis; Mr. W. C. Bristol, Portland; Mr. H. W. Hunsaker, Buffalo, New York; Mr. E. Le Roy Pelletier, Detroit; Mr. Carl Stanley, Del Monte; Mr. M. S. Lyon, Winston-Salem, Connecticut; Mr. Nat Green, Los Angeles; Mr. W. E. Garrison, Lodi; Mr. S. Purcell, Chicago; Mr. Charles Hewitt, Des Moines; Mr. Arthur Loesser, Mr. M. C. Jenkins, New York.

Hotel Whitcomb recent arrivals include Mr. G. W. Kingsbury, Watsonville; Mr. D. D. Bardin, Milltown, New Jersey; Mr. M. P. Briggs, Pleasanton; Mr. Henry Peterson, St. Helena; Mr. Hugo Fischle, Hollister; Mr. B. B. Bittinger, San Jose; Mr. C. E. Henderson, Lower Lake, New Jersey; Mr. N. J. Canny, Mr. G. H. Wion, Melbourne, Australia; Mr. D. J. L. Davis, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cook, Jr., Rio Vista; Mr. J. C. Capron, Los Angeles; Mr. J. L. Christian, Fresno; Mr. B. C. Rees, Mr. O. H. Browning, Chicago; Mr. Henry L. Fisher, Sacramento; Mr. S. M. Musetter, Victor, Iowa; Mr. Joe McDonald, New York; Mr. Walter L. Lyon, Los Angeles; Mr. John M. Schupp, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Mr. A. C. Combe, Singapore; Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Pugh, Sacramento.

Included among those recently registered at the Palace are Mr. A. F. Chapoton, Visalia; Mr. L. A. Statt, Los Angeles; Mr. J. F. Nibley, Salt Lake City; Mr. A. G. Haskell, Seattle; Mr. F. H. Ransom, Portland; Mr. George B. Pugh, Little Rock, Arkansas; Mr. H. D. Phipps, Salem, Oregon; Mr. C. M. Fuller, Los Angeles; Mr. John T. Pratt, Seattle; Mr. M. H. Kohn, Los Angeles; Mr. James W. Dodge, Santa Paula; Mr. Thomas O'Neill, Los Angeles; Mr. H. Barde, Portland; Mr. F. W. Nash, New York; Mr. T. W. Lowell, Bakersfield; Mr. Earnest S. Sergeant, New York; Mr. Jack Betty, Modesto; Mr. George S. Gibson, New York; Mr. J. F. McMahon, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Davis, Portland.

Sports at Del Monte.

The 1922 programme of sports at Del Monte contains a wider and more varied array of events than ever before. The events and dates for the winter and spring, as announced by Sports Manager Fred A. Purner are as follows:

December 31-January 2—New Year's golf tournament.

January 7—Running horse matinee.

January 22—Handicap medal competition.

January 28-February 5—Invitational polo tournament.

February 4—Running horse matinee.

February 10-12—Lincoln's Birthday tournament.

February 19-22—Washington's Birthday tournament.

February 25—Paper chase.

February 26—Blind Bogey competition.

March 4—Running horse matinee.

March 5—Match play vs. par.

March 11-12—Bletherin' Freak golf contest.

March 17-19—Pebble Beach gold vase tournament.

March 25-April 9—Annual polo tournament.

March 31—Field meet on horseback.

April 1—Gold competition (conditions secret).

April 16—Handicap medal competition.

April 22-23—Peter Hay Scotch tournament.

April 30—Deep-sea fishing cruise.

To prepare for the record activities mapped

out, extensive improvements are being made to the Del Monte and Pebble Beach golf courses. The mile race-track has been put into condition and work is going on at the polo fields. The launches and craft at the Del Monte Fishing Club are being overhauled. The trap-shooting grounds will be gone over and the six tennis courts will be dressed up. The Monterey Gun Club and the Del Monte Tennis Club are preparing busy schedules.

CURRENT VERSE.

Sea Gods.

They say there is no hope—
Sand—drift—rocks—rubble of the sea—
The broken hulk of a ship,
Hung with shreds of rope,
Pallid under the cracked pitch.

They say there is no hope
To conjure you—
No whip of tongue to anger you—
No hate of words
You must rise to refute.

They say you are twisted by the sea,
You are cut apart
By wave-break upon wave-break,
That you are misshapen by the sharp rocks,
Broken by the rasp and after-rasp.

That you are cut, torn, mangled,
Torn by the stress and heat,
No stronger than the strips of sand
Along your ragged beach.

But we bring violets,
Great masses—single, sweet,
Wood-violets, stream-violets,
Violets from a wet marsh.

Violets in clumps from hills,
Tufts with earth at the roots,
Violets tugged from rocks,
Blue violets, moss, cliff, river-violets.

Yellow violets' gold,
Burnt with a rare tint—
Violets like a red ash
Among tufts of grass.

We bring deep-purple
Bird-foot violets.
We bring the hyacinth-violet,
Sweet, bare, chill to the touch—
And violets whiter than the in-rush
Of your own white surf.

For you will come,
You will haunt men in ships,
You will trail across the fringe of strait
And circle the jagged rocks.

You will trail across the rocks
And wash them with your salt,
You will curl between the sand-hills—
You will thunder along the cliff—
Break—retreat—get fresh strength—
Gather and pour weight upon the beach.

You will draw back,
And the ripple on the sand-shelf
Will be witness of your track.

O privet-white, you will paint
The lintel of wet sand with froth.
You will bring myrrh-bark
And drift laurel-wood from hot coasts.
When you hurl high—high—
We will answer with a shout,

For you will come,
You will come,
You will answer our taut hearts,
You will break the lie of men's thoughts,
And cherish and shelter us. —H. D.

A Consecration.

Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged
charioteers
Riding triumphantly laureled to lap the fat of the
years,
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed
in with the spears;

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till
it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and
the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the blood
running into their eyes.

Not the he-medaled Commander, beloved of the
throne,
Riding cock-horse to parade when the hughes are
blown,
But the lads who carried the koppie and can not
be known.

Not the ruler for me, hut the ranker, the tramp
of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked
on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a
load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with
the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards put a tune to
the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired look-
out.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and
the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in
girth;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and
scum of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the
gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of
mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the
rain and the cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tale be
told. Amen. —John Masefield.



Tea and Bridge in the Sun Lounge

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tea and bridge at Hotel Whitcomb,
Tuesday afternoon, December 13. The
autumn sun, flooding the roof garden
and the far-flung view of city and bay
are but incidents in the pleasure of a
perfect afternoon.

No admission or cover charge

Tea service, 50 cents

Dancing every Saturday night

Christmas Dinner, \$2.50

Hotel Whitcomb AT CIVIC CENTER

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Professor Moore at Native Sons' Hall.

The third lecture of the series offered this season under the auspices of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific will be given by Dr. J. H. Moore of the Lick Observatory on Friday evening, December 16th, at 8 o'clock, in Native Sons' Hall. Dr. Moore is one of the leading spectroscopists of the country and his work has an international reputation. Under the subject, "The Structure of the Universe," the lecture will present some of the results of recent investigations upon the distances, distribution, and motion of the stars, and show how we are able from these to obtain important information concerning the structure and dimensions of the great system of stars of which the sun is a very modest member. The lecture will be illustrated with lantern slides and is open to the public.

A postponed meeting of the University Society of Fine Arts will be held next Wednesday at 2 p. m. in the Colonial Ballroom at the St. Francis Hotel. The speaker will be Captain Paul Perigord.

"Is it me or my money that you love?" asked the homely heiress. "Oh, let's wait until after we are married to discuss such an unpleasant subject," pleaded her fiancé.—*Toledo Blade.*

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Kale—Did she marry for love or money?
Roks—Love, of course. He's a college professor.—*Judge*.

"Don't you sometimes envy the idle rich?"
"No," said the old farmer. "I know fellers that haint got a dollar who can be jest as idle as anybody."—*Boston Transcript*.

Awgwan—How was your party last night?
Mugwump—Wonderful; the cook used to work for a revenue officer.—*Stanford Chaparral*.

"You can't go to your office in that old coat! What would your chief think?" "Oh, that's all right—he also is married."—*Stockholm Strix*.

"I think, Lucille, I'll take one of the children to the park with me. Which one do you think would go best with this dress?"—*London Mail*.

"You don't mean to say it cost you \$7000 to have your family tree looked up?" "No; \$2000 to have it looked up and \$5000 to have it hushed up."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Last evening, sir, I distinctly saw my daughter sitting in your lap. What explanation have you to make?" "I got here early, sir; before the others."—*Carolina Tar Baby*.

Mother—Willie, how is it that no matter how quiet and peaceful things are, as soon as you appear on the scene trouble begins?
Willie—I guess it's just a gift, mother.—*Life*.

"Why don't you tell people that you are a good mechanic?" "And have my neighbors forever wanting me to come over and tinker with their cars? I guess not."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Jones—We are coming over to see you tonight, old man. *Smith*—Good, but don't let your wife wear her new costume. I don't want mine to see it just now. *Jones*—Good

Heavens, that's the very reason we are coming.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

The Aristocrat (returning to school)—My ancestors came over with William the Conqueror. *The New Girl*—That's nothing! My father came over in the same boat with Mary Pickford!—*London Passing Show*.

"I guess I didn't enthuse enough over the first kiss." "What do you mean, girlie?" "Charlie was pretty slow. I was ready for it two years before it happened."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Wife, did you take the house?" "Which one?" "The one that was described as overlooking a splendid garden, richly adorned with statues, in which we would be at liberty to promenade." "I did not; it was a cemetery."—*London Tit-Bits*.

Warbucks—Ever been pinched for violating the traffic ordinance? *Chauffeur (applying for job)*—Never, sir. I'm as careful.—*Warbucks*—You won't do at all. I'm looking for a peppy driver who'll cooperate with my press agent.—*Judge*.

"Where has Senator Snortsworthy gone?" "Back home to feel the public pulse." "Is there anything wrong with the public pulse?" "Decidedly. It heats faster every time a successor to Senator Snortsworthy is mentioned."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"I dare you to come back!" hawled the wrathful pedestrian. "Can't do it now," said the motorist. "Got an important engagement to keep. But he around here this time tomorrow and I'll take another chance at you, just to show you I'm a good sport. So long."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"You objected to Jack because he had to work for a living—didn't you, mamma?" "Yes, my dear. He doesn't belong to our class." "Well, it's all right now. May he call tonight?" "Has some one left him a fortune?" "No, but he's lost his situation."—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

"How do you like being a soda-water clerk?" "Now that I've tried it," said the ex-hartender, "I rather like it." "But the old atmosphere is gone." "Yes, but there are compensations. When a man has had a soft drink he never says, 'George, listen to this one.'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"If members of Congress were elected for life do you suppose they would do better work?" "I doubt it," said Mr. Grumpson. "Even as things are now, after a man has served a term or two in Congress he begins to look on his constituents as a sort of necessary evil."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Mrs. Smith—Really, Mr. Giles, your prices are getting exorbitant. *Farmer Giles*—Well, mum, it's this way: When a chap 's to know the hotanical names of what 'e grows an' the zoological name of the hinsect wot eats it, an' the chemical name of wot kill the hinsect some one's got to pay for it.—*London Passing Show*.

Butler—The owner of the ball that broke the window, sir, is here and wants to pay for the damage. *Mr. Bill Homer*—Oh, tell the boy it won't cost him anything. I used to play ball myself. *Butler*—But it's a man, sir, and it was a golf ball. *Mr. Bill Homer*—A man? A golf ball? Tell him fifteen dollars.—*Boston Globe*.

"Jones was operated on for appendicitis yesterday, and after it was all over the surgeon discovered that he had left one of his scalpels inside Jones before he sewed him up." "That was tough. Did they have to open him up again?" "Oh, yes. Jones insisted upon it. He was afraid he might be arrested for carrying concealed weapons."—*New York Sun*.

This bit of irony, sarcasm, or something appears in the form of a sign on a Scottish golf course: "Members will refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."—*Boston Transcript*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2334.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 17, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Race Line.

Upon her record for scholarship and for conduct Miss Yuki Furuta is entitled to be the valedictorian of this year's graduating class of the Oakland High School. Protest is made on the ground that Miss Furuta is a Japanese. The student body and the school authorities are represented to be wrought up over what is declared to be a "problem." The incident does not present the spirit of democracy—not to mention the spirit of a Christian land—in a creditable light. The rule which gave Miss Furuta the right of attendance upon the school, inferentially gives her also title to such honors as she has been able to win in her student career. In this world rewards are for him (or her) who has the will and the resolution to achieve them. If this girl by her diligence in study and by the propriety of her conduct has won a prize for which all were free to contend, then she has the right to it. In justice—in decency—it may not be denied her.

The incident directs attention to the fact that some-

thing is lacking either in our domestic discipline or our educational policy, or both, that should prompt ambition and devotion to work in hand, whatever it may be. Our forbears had it. It was not wanting in the youth of a generation ago. Today it is found mainly in alien groups not yet long enough with us to have been "Americanized." It is common testimony of our schools and colleges that certain alien types outdo children of pure American breeding, not in mental capability, but in the downright tendency of mind that makes for steadiness and success in student life. In a recent competitive examination in a New York school nearly all the prizes went to the children of Jewish families. Most of them were relatively recent arrivals. They won in competitive tests because they had gone about their work with serious intent and in the spirit of devotion to it. Naturally they overmatched competitors who could not be induced to give to their studies more than casual or perfunctory attention. Carelessness, indifference to counsel, failure to realize responsibilities and opportunities—in brief, lack of serious mind—these are conditions far too common in our American youth.

If the element which we now fondly style American, as distinct from alien elements, is to hold and administer our national heritage means must be found to neutralize the influence of the "movie show" and the "college dance." If we can not get our youngsters to understand that in school and college life there is something more important than "student activities," we shall find in the sequel of our hopes only disappointment and chagrin. Somebody is going to hold authority, somebody is going to define the standards, somebody is going to rule in American life. Shall it be the children of American stock, or shall it be the children of those elements who in our pride we call alien? Those who excel will ultimately control. The future of this country will be in the hands of those who in youth have realized their privileges, their opportunities, their obligations.

The "Four-Power" Treaty.

The Four-Power treaty, as formulated and accepted by representatives of the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and France, must be considered in the light of the purpose for which the Conference was called. The end in view was maintenance of peace in the Pacific area, which being interpreted meant the curbing of Japan's imperialistic ambitions and aims. The Four-Power treaty, if it shall be ratified by the participating countries, would seem to effect this purpose. Practically, it amounts to a triple alliance on the part of Great Britain, America, and France in restraint of Japan; and the fact that the last-named country appears as a signatory and partner in the arrangement does not alter its real significance. Obviously there was some trading among the conferees. Witness the adjustment in the matter of the Island of Yap. America's contention was for neutralization of the island. What she gets is the right to maintain a radio station, practically under sufferance of Japan, which is to hold possession of the island. What good this would do the United States in case of war with Japan hardly calls for exposition. In effect, Yap has been conceded to Japan. This obviously was the price paid for Japan's acceptance of an arrangement under which her alliance with Great Britain is abrogated. That Japan accepts this arrangement with satisfaction is hardly thinkable. Not quite literally, but practically she was told to "Sign Here," penalty for refusal being the loss of her status as an associate in good standing of the community of great civilized nations. In joining the pact she has made sacrifice of certain cherished projects, notably her plan for domination of China. On the face of things she has joined in good faith; nobody observed Admiral Kato spit to the left when he

signed his name to the treaty. But there is the possibility that his fingers were crossed.

The treaty is not in terms of radically binding force. The contracting parties agree: First, as between themselves, to "respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and dominions in the Pacific." Should any issue arise likely to affect harmonious accord of the four nations there is to be called "a joint conference" to which the matter will be referred "for consideration and adjustment." Second, if the rights of the contracting parties are threatened by any other powers they shall "communicate with one another" in order to arrive at "an understanding as to the most efficient measures to be taken to meet the exigencies of the situation." Third, the agreement shall be in force for ten years and continue in force beyond that period subject to the right of the contracting parties to terminate it upon a year's notice. Fourth, when this agreement shall be ratified "in accordance with the constitutional methods of the high contracting parties, and shall become effective, the alliance between Great Britain and Japan, concluded in 1911, shall terminate." This agreement or treaty is to be regarded in its relation to understandings previously accepted relative to China. Taken as a whole, the arrangement protects China against aggressive projects on the part of anybody. It maintains the principle of the Open Door in that country. It eliminates the British-Japanese alliance which has disturbed American-Japanese relations. Taken in conjunction with the naval limitation agreement it promises, in so far as any "scrap of paper" can promise, peace in the Pacific Ocean.

On the part of the United States acceptance of this agreement or treaty will mark a departure from traditional policy. To say that this is merely an agreement for conference under certain conditions and circumstances does not alter the fact that it is in effect an alliance—the first that this country has ever entered into. It is an alliance because it will be so understood by the other contracting parties, and so interpreted by the whole world. The difference between an agreement and an alliance—like that of a matrimonial "engagement" and an "understanding"—is so subtle as not to obscure the essential fact. Our acceptance of the arrangement—and there is little doubt that we shall accept it—may be taken as proof that American statesmanship has come to the judgment that we may no longer as a nation hold to our old policy of detachment in regard to world affairs. Participation in international arrangements now seems a necessity in respect of the narrowing of the world under modern facilities of transportation and modern means of communication, and the broadening of our interests as a nation possessing remote dependencies and concerned in world commerce.

Until the United States Senate shall by a two-thirds vote of its members declare acceptance of the arrangement it is merely tentative. What the attitude of the Senate may be is not certain. It is to be borne in mind that the partisans of ex-President Wilson are likely to be resentful of a measure approved and urged by a Republican administration, in view of the attitude of the Republican party towards Wilson's project of the league of nations. It is further to be borne in mind that among Republican senators there is a group of "irreconcilables" opposed upon principle and by habit to any change of policy on the part of the government relative to international affairs. There is likely to be in the Senate a party or factional protest; how numerous and how determined, time alone will reveal. In favor of the proposal there will stand President Harding, backed by his great prestige and further strong in the coercive powers of his office. There stand also the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs,

whose chairman is one of the American conferees. Greatest force of all, possibly, will be the pressure of popular judgment in favor of an adjustment founded in deliberate councils, calculated in behoof of international equities and in support of world peace. The *Argonaut* ventures the opinion that the Senate, upon consideration of the issues at stake and in respect of the powers of official authority and public sentiment, will give this treaty its confirmatory voice. Surely it should do so. The arrangement as it is proposed represents the findings of the best intelligence and soundest judgment our country affords.

Peace, Peace, When There Is No Peace.

A recent newspaper cartoon represents an employer and a labor leader in conference. The talk went something like this:

Employer—Let us adjust differences and establish permanent peace between my men and me.

Labor Leader—Permanent peace! My God, sir! Then what is to become of me?

Here we have aid to understanding the position of Mr. De Valera. He protests—of course he protests! It is a case of "*What will become of me?*" Now for some three or four years Mr. De Valera has been in the limelight and at the receiving counter. The Irish rebellion has stood him as a basis of distinction and a source of profit. What Mr. De Valera wants is, not peace, but strife, since it is by strife he thrives. Further, observe that he takes no risks. His followers may hazard their lives in guerrilla assaults, they may die upon gibbets, they may starve in prisons, they may shiver in hiding places, they may put their all upon the altar of an infatuated patriotism. In none of these miseries does De Valera have a share. His part in the rebellion has been to be fêted, to be warmly housed, to be richly fed, to be richly endowed. From the standpoint of De Valera the rebellion has been a delightful promenade. Of course he protests. We repeat it is a case of "*What is to become of me?*"

But, so far as we may judge from current reports, De Valera, who is more an American than an Irishman and more a Spaniard than either, is the only serious protestant. Arthur Griffith, a real Irishman and head of the Sinn Féin organization, is for the "Free Irish State" under the terms proposed. An Irish archbishop is reported as bestowing upon the project a dash of holy water. We are not near enough to know how the Irish masses are taking it or the attitude of the parish priests. But by all signs and omens the settlement is to be confirmed. Confidence on the part of the British government is illustrated in release of some four thousand political prisoners and by orders looking to recall of troops now station in Ireland. The only live fly that stirs the ointment is the protest of De Valera. To what extent this may be effective may not be known until there is a show-down—for or against—on the part of those by whom determination is to be made.

One of the agreed conditions is that Ulster may choose between joining the Irish state or retaining her present status, which is practically that of a free Dominion under the British crown. This is all that Ulster has ever asked for. It is what, just previous to the world war, she made ready to fight for. There would seem to be no reason why Ulster should not be satisfied; further, there would seem to be no doubt about her choice of future allegiance. But here comes in view one of the curious phases of the Irish character. Ulster having got what she wanted, having now all that she recently proposed to fight for, is in a fury of agitation. Her orators are roaring to high Heaven in criticism of—God knows what. Sir James Craig, who ought to be a man of poise, is hurling reproaches at those who formulated the recent settlement. Ulster, he declares, has been "cajoled and cheated." She has been "thrown to the wolves." There has been "traitorous" disregard of her interest. "Pledges made to her have been repudiated." One can but wonder what it is all about. One can but wonder if Sir James' perturbation of mind may not be due to fear that when it comes to a show-down the people of Ulster may prefer to join with the Catholic counties in the new state rather than maintain adherence to the old connection and under the old conditions.

Obviously, even though the so-called terms of peace shall be accepted, there is not to be quiet in the land of traditional uproar. Ulster, as we have already seen, is

in turmoil from no reason that conceivably relates to her sentiments or her interest. Having all that she has ever asked for, she is still in true Milesian spirit itching for a fight. With or without De Valera there is bound to be a radical group in south Ireland so fixed in its ideas as not to be satisfied with an adjustment that recognizes any relationship with England. Then there is the conflict of religious loves and hates which has kept the Green Isle in hot water these several centuries. On top of all these is the instinct which makes pretty much every Irishman under all circumstances and conditions a malcontent and a fighter. Where contention is in the blood, where it is bred in the bone, it will be difficult for the dove of peace to find a secure roosting place. Conditions may be what they may, so long as there is anything that wears the name of government in Ireland there will be those "agin it."

A first reflection upon the prospect of a peaceful adjustment in Ireland was that it would make peace in America. Not so, we fear. The Irishman in America is like the Irishman at home, only more so. He has the instincts, the impulses, the inherited animosities, and above all, the love of fight in-bred in his race. If the settlement should leave Ireland without its traditional "cause," then the Irish in America will find means of creating one. There are too many agitators who find it a profitable trade, too many politicians to whom it is a standing resource—in brief, too many professional Irishmen—to permit Irish agitation in America to die out. Let no man take the flattering unction to his soul that whatever may happen in Ireland we shall in America have surcease of Irish politics and politicians.

Editorial Notes.

When a man cuts loose from the pole star of principle and undertakes, in politics or in any other line of conduct, to regulate his course by study of expedients, he is almost certain to get into hot water. Just now several of our Pacific Coast senators, who have been trying to run with the hare and chase with the hounds, find themselves in an awkward predicament in connection with the tariff schedules. The Southwest produces soya bean oil and other vegetable oils in considerable quantities. Several senators are committed to the support of high tariff rates on all vegetable oils. But now comes a very considerable group of importers, merchants, and shippers engaged in the importation of soya bean oil and peanut oil from the Orient. They are insistent that no duty shall be imposed, the plea being based on the obvious fact that a high tariff will destroy a large and growing trade. Thus our worthy senators are under the fire of both interests, oil producers and oil importers.

A careful observer at Washington has discovered—or thinks he has discovered—indications of uplift in legislative standards as a direct effect of the Conference. The example of direct, straightforward, and responsible dealing exhibited by the representatives of our own and of other participating governments has, he declares, been morally stimulating upon Congress. The cheapness, the futility, the meanness of certain practices into which both Senate and House of Representatives have fallen in recent years have appeared in painful contrast to the prompt and above-board manner of the Conference. In the judgment of this observer, Congress will go at the work immediately before it in better spirit than it has at any time during or since the war. Improvement in the tone and spirit of Congress, according to this observer, is evident in a more responsible attitude of mind in connection with the policies declared by the Republican party, and which were thought to be assured in the election of a Republican majority in both houses. We have lately seen in the agricultural and other blocs a disrupting process in which the President has been left without the support of many sent to Washington for the express purpose of aiding him in carrying out the party pledges. In allegiance to another authority—that of the agricultural bloc—many have broken away, the defection being so great as to leave the President powerless in relation to matters vital to party integrity. Political chaos must result from this order of things unless there shall come such revival of the sense of obligation as to call back recalcitrants to a sense of their obligation. This, our informant believes, is in process of accomplishment.

It is understood at Washington that President Hard-

ing would go before Congress early in January asking changes in the Jones merchant marine law of 1920, with a further request for establishment of a subsidy for ships in foreign trade. He is convinced that a merchant marine is a national necessity. The Jones law was built up on the assumption that the American people would resent a straight subsidy. For this reason it was sought to employ every lawful means of discrimination in favor of American bottoms as an offset to the cheaper operative and capital costs of foreign bottoms. For example, Section 34 of the Jones Act provides for abrogation of some twenty-six commercial treaties with foreign nations that prohibited us from imposing discriminating duties on goods imported in foreign bottoms as against goods imported in American bottoms. This is the provision that President Wilson refused to carry out and which President Harding has refrained from putting into effect. To reach the same end as the Jones law President Harding will now propose to repeal the discriminating features of the Jones law and establish in their place a direct subsidy. Obviously a subsidy will involve us in fewer contentions with rival merchant marines than the discriminatory proposal. It remains to be seen, however, if the country will support it. If we accept the theory that a merchant marine is a necessity, the conclusion can not be avoided that we must subsidize it either by subventions or discriminatory laws. Our shipping men can not pay more for ships and more for labor than their rivals and continue in business. Last year Congress proceeded on the last-named theory. The Administration now reverts to the first.

Of many things connected with the Arbuckle trial one of the least edifying was the presence at court sittings of a group of women styling themselves "Vigilantes." Their declared purpose was to bring to bear upon judge, jury, and witnesses a species of supervisory influence tending to conviction of the defendant. Nobody we trust will charge the *Argonaut* with friendly feeling for Arbuckle—wretched creature that he is—when it declares that any attempt to put pressure upon a court procedure is a gross impertinence; further, a positive interference with the machinery of justice. We have had far too much of this sort of thing in San Francisco. Courts are maintained to determine issues of fact and of law. Their work, if it is to be done with integrity, must be exempt from emotional or vindictive "pressure." The obligation of judge, jury, and witnesses is not to private sympathy or public clamor, and any effort to impose upon them a supervisory scrutiny tends directly and positively to demoralization.

In the immediate instance the Vigilantes had predetermined Arbuckle's guilt. They came to their view of the case, not upon knowledge of the facts, not upon understanding of the law. They illustrated nothing more worthy than a hysterical demand for vengeance—this in combination with a taste for salacious details and a hardihood which shrank from no vulgarity. The women who posted themselves daily in Judge Louderback's courtroom and who listened brazen-checked to the revolting revelations of the case were not of the type that by the graces of delicacy, modesty, and propriety sustains the sentiments upon which civilization rests. Rather they were representative of curiosity and pruriency. So far from aiding the cause of womanly character, their presence in court tended to its discredit and its shame.

In declining to permit the Vigilantes to hold meetings and maintain a species of headquarters in the City Hall Mayor Rolph has done a commendable thing. It is further to his credit that he has set forth the reasons for this denial in positive terms. The City Hall has enough to its discredit without giving to an organization of busybodies leave to assume a kind of official character. It would be well if Judge Louderback and other judges would imitate this example and deny representatives of this organization courtesies that they have hitherto enjoyed. Courtesy is not the due of those whose activities are directed to the end of meddling mischievously with the machinery of justice by bringing to bear upon it illegitimate influences, prompted by the spirit of impertinence, and which in their effect, so far as they are effective, tend to demoralization. The courts would do well to resent anything and everything tending to pressure exercised for or against causes under adjudication. The spirit of

all such activities is the spirit whose logical sequel is mob rule as distinct from rule of law.

In only a single instance has there been a serious effort on the part of a newspaper correspondent to make trouble at Washington. "Pertinax," a French writer, last week concocted a story designed to inflame Italy against the head of the French commission, Briand. In a statement withheld from his own paper, but sent exclusively to the London *Daily Telegraph*, which supplies a press service to several Italian newspapers, Pertinax represented Briand as speaking contemptuously of the Italian army. This, accompanied by a statement that the Italian delegation had not resented the affront. The story was published in the *Telegraph* without signature. Passed on to the newspapers of Italy it created a storm of resentment, with the result that several French consulates were mobbed. When the news came back to Washington there was universal amazement. Secretary Hughes took the initiative in entering formal and absolute denial of the Pertinax tale and representatives of other powers joined him. The facts have been cabled to Italy in the hope that the correction may catch up with the lie. Brought to bar on Monday of last week, Pertinax made formal apology to the French and Italian delegations, but an apology is hardly adequate, considering the magnitude of the mischief wrought. For several days Pertinax has not been seen in Washington and it is understood that he has sailed for home.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Protest.

OAKLAND, December 10, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: While nearly always in full accord with your editorial comments (and I have read them from the time of its first editor) I am in absolute dissent from the one in today's issue saying that justice requires and would prompt the immediate return of Hongkong to China. By the same reasoning Great Britain should return Gibraltar to Spain, Malta to the Lord only knows who, and all her possessions throughout the globe to their former owners. Applying the principle as you logically should to other nations, the United States ought immediately to make a present of the Hawaiian Islands to the few remaining Hawaiians, the Philippines to the natives thereof, and if the same morality is to prevail, California to Mexico. Other nations in order to be in the moral swim should have to be equally altruistic. Wouldn't the result be a glorious mix-up? The recent unscratching in the Near East would be only a mud pie compared to it.

I can not think you really believe that it would be to any one's advantage, excepting grafting Chinese officials, to turn the beautiful and well-governed city of Hongkong back to China. It represents civilization and justice, culture and human progress, at the outpost of a nation, if China can be called one, that has remained stationary for twenty centuries. And I am sure that a plebsite of the Chinese who live in Hongkong would be overwhelming against your proposition.

ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN.

Woman and Jury Duty in the Light of the Arhuckle and a "Gangster" Case.

"Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty, but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor."—Leviticus 19:15.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 12, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Did we make a mistake in enfranchising women? We thought to strengthen the commonwealth by thus leavening our political meal. Did we accomplish it? Consider the officeholders at the City Hall! (At the late election business men of the city roused themselves sufficiently to partially correct that scandalous situation. What a pity that they are not minded to take an equal interest in every municipal election.) We hoped, also, to thereby secure a better jury service. Is that hope dying, as well? There is an old saying to the effect that when what is good is not thought to be good enough it may easily be made worse; and in respect of women on juries there are forebodings abroad lest we have already fallen into that predicament.

Jury service is one of the most important duties the commonwealth places upon the citizen; it is ancient and honorable, not to be performed in the frivolous *jour de fête* spirit of an afternoon function, but soberly, seriously, without levity, without favor; and, so far as may be, also—human shortcomings considered—enduringly: "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment: thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty, but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor."

Many women are unfitted for jury service in that they do not reason—they are unable to preserve proper continuity of thought. Men available for jury service (excluding manual laborers, of course) are obliged to learn that in their business concerns. Moreover, most women act upon intuition or emotion, not upon the sober, level-headed ratiocinative processes by which men reach their conclusions. The recent Arhuckle case furnishes an instance. Following the instructions of the court, after retirement, from the commencement to the end of the deliberations of the jury, one woman voted "guilty" at every vote taken, vouchsafing, merely, when questioned and argued with by her fellow-jurors, "I believe him guilty," without suggesting, however, one jot or tittle of evidence upon which to base such a verdict. The foreman gives us to understand that all of the jury save her took a position diametrically opposed to that view; in the light of which her unchangeableness creates astonishment. In public print, over his own signature, the foreman says: "Considering all the evidence, it seemed to us that the prosecution's case was an insult to the intelligence of the jury. It asked us to substitute conjecture for facts without showing what had been done, and asked us to guess what might have been done and to guess only one way. Human liberty and American rights should depend, not upon guesses of anybody, but upon evidence."

In what has been said the writer is not trying to extenuate that Arhuckle orgy. To the contrary, he would have rejoiced if the entire "bibulous bunch" who foregathered at that

orgy could have been deported, for life, to some Van Dieman's Land penal colony.

What! Would you that such as those should continue to live in the land, and propagate, and people it with their kind? Heaven forbid!

As was the debacle of that debauch, so may all such gatherings, everywhere throughout this republic, become a stench, and end in calamity! However, that is apart. The purpose of this is to protest against that recalcitrant, perverse woman juror, sitting dour and immovable—her only reason a vacuous feminine "because."

"Scissors!"

And because she was of the "scissors" type that long and expensive trial must needs be gone over again, at added length, with added costs.

Close upon the heels of that *faux pas* follows another incident equally inexplicable. One of the jurors who sat in the "Spud" Murphy (gangster) case was a so-called sister. At the trial the evidence satisfied her of the gangster's guilt and she voted "guilty." Recently (in a distant city, where she had heard the threat made by our district attorney that if Arhuckle were acquitted (*sic*?) he would release the gangsters from the state prison—which he knew he had no more power to accomplish than has the writer of this letter), she repented of her verdict (so the press dispatches) and is now anxious to sign a petition for that gangster's pardon. Gee whizz!—that is to say, what purpose is served by filling a jury-box with that kind of cattle?

From of old has come down to us a great truth—making for peace and content—that it is for the interest of the republic that there should be an end to litigation. (*Interest republica ut sit finis litium.*) How can we feel certain that such an end is attainable if so-called sisters, like the conscience-stricken creature who is ready to sign a petition for the pardon of "Spud" Murphy (gangster), are permitted to sit on juries?

And out of the fiasco have emerged those whom Bierce was wont to refer to as "Them Loud." They are now noisily emptying their alleged minds by means of needless words. The mayor very properly suppressed them. But the sensational press welcomed them with open columns and stickfuls of space—*ad infinitum, ad nauseam.*

"Them Loud" take themselves very seriously. If their purpose, as a so-called Vigilance Committee, is to coerce juries into bringing in such verdicts as they think should be brought in, then they are about to bring into disrepute and ill-favor a fine historical name-phrase—almost hallowed in California—and, in addition, what is far more serious, are about to become mischievous.

The movie industry—originating in this country, not yet twenty years old, already of prodigious proportions—has, together with unmeasured good, accomplished almost unrealizable mischief. If the good women of America (if for no other purpose than the benefit of the children who hy and by must take our places, both socially and politically—whose minds are like fertile fields for the implanting of good or of evil) would with solidarity take the morals of the movies in hand they could with but a modicum of effort, and almost immediately, accomplish immense good of immeasurably greater consequence to our hundred millions than the gratification than the mere vanity of voting.

EDWARD A. BELCHER.

JAPAN AND DEMOCRACY.

The Japanese have a legendary hero—his name is a hard one to spell—who, as the story goes, had a trick of deluding his enemies by wearing above his armor the robes of a priest. That story somehow suggests itself whenever one attempts to conceive the Japanese Empire as a sincere disciple of peace and disarmament. There is always a sinister gleam of metal beneath the cowl, and though this presents no immediate occasion for alarm, it is something worth considering with reference to the treaty that was formed the other day by the four great powers most interested in the Pacific.

The odd feature in this pact of the four powers is that it links the three most democratic nations in the world with the last surviving example of pure autocracy. As to Japan's sentiment regarding the league, a legend of our own may be apposite: the old tale of the soldier disguised in priestly garb, who as he went forth on a secret errand fell in by the way with some real friars, and being unable on the one hand to evade his talkative companions without arousing suspicion, and on the other, to join in their talk without betraying his martial character, took refuge in a preoccupied telling of beads, and in mumbling odd fragments of pious lore. The main point of the analogy is that the policy of frankness so manfully upheld by the delegates of the democracies at the Conference is alien to the secretive Japanese character, that open discussion is the last trait to be found in her government, that she has disguised her approach to every one of her objectives in the past, and that whatever her pacific protestations at present, her spirit is ungenerately military. What means she will find to elude her three unwelcome companions is difficult to surmise, but one can hardly expect such oddly assorted road fellows to hold the same course for any length of time in complete harmony.

The essential cause of the difference between Japan and her three democratic allies lies in the principle of frank and open covenant of which we have lately heard so much, and in the process that underlies it: free discussion. Years ago Walter Bagehot drew notice to the fact that the democratic eras have always been eras of discussion, and that without freedom and frankness in the exchange of views, no country need delude itself that it is safe from the Star Chamber and the thumb screws of despotism. Now the noteworthy thing about the Conference is that in it, for the first time in history, democratic nations have brought to an international assembly the same principle of open debate that they have hitherto observed within their national parliaments. Not so, however, Japan. She has never been ruled by her parliament or its discussions. The upper and lower houses in her Diet have never been

anything more than debating societies, and her delegates to the present Conference are representatives only of the small but immensely powerful group of "Elder Statesmen" and of the military clans that support them in power. Her voice in the Conference has been as dulcet and indistinguishable as any supporter of the old aristocratic school of suave and *sotto voce* diplomacy could wish. And silence is not a democratic omen.

I believe there are a few citizens in this democracy who regret the outspokenness of some of the recent discussions at Washington, and who think the old mellifluous way of exchanging views was much more comfortable and reassuring. They point to the fact that the extreme frankness of the French delegates, for example, both statesmen and journalists, has stirred acrimonious feeling in Great Britain and Italy. They are dismayed to see one of the largest business men in Great Britain, who seems to regard the possibility of deciding any international issue by discussion and compromise with the abhorrence of a Victorian merchant prince, contemplating the troubled scene and grimacing a prediction of failure. They tremble when rhetorical D'Annunzio, with his usual verbal plenitude, shakes his robes to the wind as a prophet of calamity. And marking the sharpness of the controversy, they imagine the Conference has defeated itself.

But from a democratic viewpoint, there is really nothing disturbing in such disagreement and uproar. It was agreed that the aristocratic method of diplomacy, with its velvet footfall and muffled intriguing voice, should be discarded. The din we now encounter is an unmistakable token that this has been done. For democracy, in its most essential aspect, has always meant every one shouting at once. The contrarious hue and cry of the journalists and statesmen in the present instance, their vilifications, charges, and counter charges, are all in the happiest vein of democracy when it is at home. And a point to be remembered is that, however cacophonous the voices of the nations may sound in unison, they have at least and at last been clearly raised in chorus. It is a great deal, moreover, that they have been what Thackeray would have called "honest" voices. The old style of diplomatic verbal exchange was doubtless less rugged, and gave a greater outward semblance of harmony, but it left a disquieting impression that strange thoughts had been entertained and left unsaid.

It is also significant that the Conference has made the nations better acquainted. There is an augury of peace in that, however sharp the subsequent differences between them may be. A great deal more frankness is tolerable from intimate acquaintances than from strangers. When a stranger says "thief and liar" there is a strong disposition on the part of the average person so addressed to hit him. When a friend says these things, one is more inclined to remember that he has had the gout, and trouble with his family, and that he is really a well-intentioned fellow when one gets over his odd way of expressing himself. In short, with acquaintances we are more apt to sift the grievances and discuss the cause, before coming to blows.

All this should be apparent enough: the rather neglected fact is that none of it applies to Japan. There is nothing disconcerting in what she said at the Conference: the alarming feature about her, if any is what she has not said. Silent and enigmatic as usual, she confines herself to signing the necessary documents and adding the accustomed platitudes. But after all, her silence signifies little. Even had she spoken, her voice would have been that of the traditional rulers of Japan. In the conception of the Elder Statesmen discussion is useful merely as a cloak to intrigue, and of no extraordinary value for that. They are not worried by the necessity which Western diplomats acknowledge of establishing some sort of consistency between word and deed. Action and force, not ideas, are what count in Japanese statesmanship; and words are a mere ephemera.

Any doubt on this score will be dispelled by the briefest review of Japanese history, and of the devious processes of the Japanese government with regard to both its Eastern and Western relations during the past few years. Mention has been made of Japan's House of Representatives as a mere debating society. It is elected by ballot, but it has no virtue to declare the will of the people. Of the eight times since 1890 that it has rebelled against government measures as "intolerable," it has been eight times dissolved by imperial ordinance, and eight times has contritely returned to support the official policy. Its masters are, of course, the five Elder Statesmen and their military lords, whose ethics can be gathered from such gestures as their seizure of the Korean court and government in 1894 as a means of extending their westward empire and keeping the Japanese people patriotically prostrate under a heavy burden of new taxes; or from the cynical hypocrisy with which, in 1915, they demanded in seven secret articles what amounted to the surrender of Chinese sovereignty over her own affairs by an agreement to employ Japanese advisers on all political, financial, and military questions. By these articles Japan also sought to reserve to herself the exclusive right of leasing harbors and bays along the Chinese coast, the control of two strategic railways, the privilege of telling China how and from whom she

should borrow capital to finance her industries. The devotion of the government of Japan to humane ideals can be further inferred from their campaign through the press in 1916, when the prospects of a German victory seemed good, against the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and the readiness with which she would have abandoned an alliance that had been of tremendous profit to her, in favor of an alliance with the enemy of her stricken ally. This is the Japanese conception of loyalty. If there is anything funny in the picture it is the credulity entertained by certain people in this country toward the suggestion that the Anglo-Japanese alliance involved a menace to America. If England was ever glad to sever an embarrassing liaison with a faithless ally, it is this substitution of a four-power league in the Pacific, by the terms of which two of her neighbors must share the discomforts of her thankless bond with Japan.

With regard to the racial issue there is the same story. Even those who oppose Japanese immigration are apt to deplore the pitiful necessity that demands discrimination against a country so disposed toward equitable settlement as Japan. People who argue in this way have made the mistake of reading the Japanese press with the presumption that words have the same function in Japan as in the West. It is a correct assumption that the press in Japan says what the government wishes: it is wrong to take the well-chosen words of the government at anything approximating their apparent value. What are mere words to Elder Statesmen?

Consider rather these facts. At the very time that Japan was making such a show of patient martyrdom, and of victimization by an unjust and one-sided rule, and declaring that legislation in America against the admission of Japanese labor would be regarded by her as an uncalled-for insult to her pride, she had actually in operation within her own borders laws that made severer discriminations against foreigners than are known by any modern state.

The laws of Japan, for instance, prohibit foreigners, as individuals, from owning land. Compare this with the fact that a notable percentage of the land in some counties of California is owned by her citizens. Foreigners in Japan can not become owners of ships flying the Japanese flag. They are not eligible to hold stock in national, agricultural, or industrial banks, and are excluded by the articles of many private companies from membership. They do not enjoy the franchise. They can not become members of the chambers of commerce or of the various exchanges. They are excluded from public office of any kind and from membership at the Japanese bar. They are not permitted to engage in agriculture. They are forbidden the practice of medicine unless a board of local native practitioners chooses to allow them qualified. These are only a few of the restrictions that surround the foreigner in Japan. As regards immigration, the restrictions against the importation of Chinese or Korean labor into Japan are even more stringent than ours toward the Japanese.

The open dissimulation with which Japan has seen fit to pose to the world as the victim of her own unreciprocated generosity and friendliness is of a piece with her hypocrisy toward her own citizens.

The Japanese people have been taught, for example, to believe that they enjoy a large measure of representative government, in spite of such manifest evidence to the contrary as appeared during and after the rice riots in 1918. In actual fact they suffer under a military caste system and a régime of privilege even more arrogant than that which disfigured Germany before the war. They are unable to oppose the military clans successfully on any important issue. They are taught to believe in the "Man God" imperial theory, on which the system is founded, and are not at liberty even to doubt it, though the thing is a patent insult to their intelligence and is not believed by the upper classes themselves. One could scarcely demand a more eloquent instance of what truth amounts to in Japanese statecraft.

It is not necessary to mention the excursions of Japan in Shantung and Manchuria for further proof. The marvel is that Great Britain has tolerated as long as she has even a formal relationship with an associate of this character. We have heard a great deal about the animus of Japan against America on the racial issue. It is not so generally known that her attacks on Great Britain on the same inconsistent ground have been equally rancorous. The Japanese have never ceased referring to the fact that one of Great Britain's dominions was the first to pass laws restricting the immigration of Japanese labor. The attacks on Britain in such officially inspired journals as the *Yorodzu* and the *Kokumini* of Tokyo, for example, to say nothing of the so-called independent organs, have been if anything more severe than on the United States. And Great Britain doubtless sees this useless and hostile ally transferred from her side with feelings of lively satisfaction.

To all outward appearances, indeed, Britain seems here to have scored the greatest diplomatic stroke of the Conference. Her situation in the Pacific is exactly the same as that of the United States. America is therefore her logical ally in this quarter, and one infinitely more welcome than Japan. The new alliance

will help to remove any ill feeling between the two countries. It will stop the threatening rift between Great Britain and France. And it actually seems to represent, in the last analysis, a triple alliance in which these three democratic powers are arrayed against Japan; an alliance so strong that Japan will not dare to break it, distasteful as she may find her new allies. The result represents such a supreme gain to Great Britain that one is tempted to regard the Irish settlement as having been hurried through in order to facilitate it.

The linked democracies are bound by every tie of common tradition and creed, and separated from Japan by the same gulf of difference. The constitution, purposes, and processes of the Japanese government are repugnant to all of their ideals alike. They realize that that government has not changed its nature a fraction in recent years, and that the Japanese as a people are what they always were. When a nation changes, it exchanges its leaders. The Elder Statesmen continue to be Japan, and the views of the Elder Statesmen are known. In a recent interesting book on the statesmen of England Shirley Taylor makes the interesting suggestion that rulers in general may be nothing more than foam on the tides of national feeling; symbols and symptoms of the popular will, and no more. This is the typical view of an historian reared in the school of democracy. But it has no application to Japan. The rulers of that empire do not float on the tides of public opinion: they control them with an almost deistic power. They are the last and the most superb exponents of the divine right of despots.

On the whole, what were regarded as the greatest obstacles in the path of the Conference seem actually to have been the source of its greatest success and the best guarantee of the permanence of its achievement. The difficulties experienced by democracies in reaching an agreement argue for an equal slowness in reaching a militant disagreement. And the danger of an autocracy's comparatively quicker touch on the trigger, and of her more fundamental lack of scruple, have been obviated, not by an alliance against the autocracy, since that would have belied the purpose of the Conference, but by an alliance with it—an alliance from which it dare not withdraw. Despotism and its abuses in Europe went down before the same combination that now confronts Japan in the West: under the circumstances the enemies of open agreements and representative government can hardly aspire now to throw their blight over another hemisphere.

AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 14, 1921.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Garden.

See how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colors stand display'd:
Each regiment in orders grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves, that to the stalks are curl'd,
Seem to their staves the ensigns fur'd!
Then in some flower's beloved hut
Each hee, as sentinel, is shut,
And sleeps so too; but if once stirr'd,
She runs you through, nor asks the word.
O thou, that dear and happy Isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou Paradise of the four seas
Which Heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With wat'ry if not flaming sword;
What luckless apple did we taste
To make us mortal and thee waste!
Unhappy; shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear?

—Andrew Marvell.

The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my hosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces—

Friend of my hosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

—Charles Lamb.

Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes of New York recently promoted his private secretary, Mgr. Joseph P. Dineen, to be Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York. Mgr. Dineen succeeds Bishop Dunn as Chancellor. The office is the third highest in the archdiocese. The new Chancellor is thirty-eight years old.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Deputy Surgeon-General Cooper of Norwood Park, England, who is ninety-three years old, has been playing golf for over sixty years. The venerable medico, who is still working to correct a slice, played his first round on the historic St. Andrew's course 'way back in 1858.

Queen Victoria of Spain has been spending considerable time in the San Jose and Santa Adela Hospital at Madrid, where she has administered to the needs of the Spanish boys injured in the Moroccan conflict. At a recent dance the queen donated a jeweled pin to be auctioned in behalf of the wounded.

Arthur Stuart Mentell Hutchinson, whose novel, "When Winter Comes," has made him known to the American reading public, was born in India in 1880, the second son of Lieutenant-General H. D. Hutchinson. He was educated at St. Laurence College, Thanet, and at St. Thomas' Hospital. He abandoned the idea of a medical career to become a writer and joined the staff of C. A. Pearson in 1903. In 1907 he became leader-note writer on the *Daily Graphic* and he was editor of that paper from 1912 to 1916.

Francis W. Hirst, editor of the English paper, the *Economist*, essayist and lecturer, is now in Palo Alto, speaking on the problems of the Pacific and allied subjects. He recently gave a similar series of lectures at the University of California. Mr. Hirst was educated at Clifton College and at Wadham College, Oxford, where he attained firsts in classics. He was president of the Oxford Union Society, 1899. And in the same year was called to the bar. His publications include "Adam Smith" in the *English Men of Letters Series*, "The Political Economy of War," and "The Stock Exchange."

Mme. Clara Clemens, daughter of the late Mark Twain and wife of Ossip Gabrilowitch, world-famed pianist, is a concert singer of international fame. She has just been engaged to give in Munich next season six historical recitals on the development of song. This is the first time that such a rare distinction has fallen to the lot of an American. This honor has come to her because she sings, with such remarkable characterization, songs in any language. This series is the first that has ever been given, and after the Munich engagement the programme will be repeated in Berlin and Vienna, then in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other American cities.

Lord Lee of Fareham, one of the three British delegates to the Washington Conference, has had a noteworthy career of public service. At the age of twenty he entered the Royal Artillery, 1888, and since then has been steadily in the service of the empire, as soldier, diplomat, and strategist. He was made a captain in 1898, and a brevet-major in 1900, when he retired from the army. He had been professor of strategy and tactics at the Royal Military College, Canada, from 1893 to 1898. During the Spanish-American war he was British military attaché with the United States army. He was also military attaché to Washington in 1899 with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. With the outbreak of war in 1914 he rejoined the army as colonel on the staff and was detailed for special service with the expeditionary force. Lord Lee has traveled widely through the Orient and knows North America well. He is something of a sportsman, and he has a hobby for social service. He was made K. C. B. in 1916, Privy Councillor in 1919, and was created first Baron of Fareham in 1918. He has been Minister of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries since 1919, with a seat in the cabinet.

Sir Basil Thomson, England's Sherlock Holmes, who has been forced to retire for political reasons, has had an unusually interesting life. Son of an Archbishop of York, who married a famous Oxford beauty, when he came down from Oxford he entered the colonial office and was sent out to Fiji. Some trouble arose in the islands, and Sir John Thurston, the governor of Fiji, felt himself compelled to depose the Rev. Shirley Baker, a Methodist minister who had made himself prime minister and virtual dictator of the Tongan archipelago. Basil Thomson, at the age of twenty-nine, found himself installed into the vacant premiership. From Fiji he came home to be in succession governor of Dartmoor convict prison, governor of Wormwood Scrubs prison, and finally secretary to the prison commission. In this latter post especially he learned much of the ways of criminals which he was afterward able to turn to good account. He was made assistant commissioner of police in 1913 and finally director of the special branch which during the war he made a unique department. Every new task created by the war fell on the department, including all matters related to suspected spies. It was due to Basil Thomson that the vast spy organization which Germany had established in England was smashed almost as soon as the war broke out; and during the war his department was instrumental in effecting the capture of practically every German spy who succeeded in entering the country. However, since the war Thomson's activities against aliens, Sinn Feiners, etc., has won him many enemies, including all the powerful labor and liberal papers. With the resignation of the director of the special branch at New Scotland Yard, the special branch will be dissolved.

REMARKABLE FEMININE ROGUES.

Mr. Charles Kingston Throws a Bull's-Eye Glare Into Some Dark Corridors of Intrigue.

The number of feminine portraits in Mr. Kingston's gallery of "Remarkable Rogues" would seem to indicate that the most remarkable sinners in modern times have been women. Let not the anti-feminist, however, hope to find in this a vindication of his favorite theory. Rightly considered, it is a remarkable thing that any woman should be a rogue, and the prominence of women in the annals of crime may quite conceivably be due to the very rarity of their offenses and their uncommon departure, as criminals, from the prevailing character of their sex. Ladies will find this, at least, a plausible and convenient answer, whenever male voices shake the roof tree with the names contained in this volume as proofs of a masculine superiority in morals.

It seems true, however, that when women embrace a career of crime, they carry the diabolical principle to a more ruthless extreme than men. Also, they are cleverer in evading suspicion, and more fortunate when brought to trial, both which circumstances may signify a conviction on the part of the police that they are less dangerous to society and need less dissuasion from crime than men. In the majority of cases love, in some form or another, appears to be the motive for their first misstep, surely a higher incentive than the average male delinquent can claim.

The story of Marie Tarnowska, the "Russian Delilah," is representative, in many ways, of the degrees of descent in the downward progress of the female "rogue," and it is worth quoting as one of those instances in which accident produces as ingenious a story plot as a novelist could contrive.

We first intrude on Marie in a Russian country house, where she has been presented to three men, a prince, a baron, and a count, all of whom have been captivated by her beauty, her voice, and her matured charm, although she is still no more than sixteen years old:

A year later Marie eloped with the count, the one man of the three she had been warned against.

It was the beginning of a series of tragedies for the extraordinary girl, who became an even more extraordinary woman. Her father promptly closed his doors against her once she was the Countess Tarnowska. Marie declared that she did not care, adding that her husband was the most perfect lover in the world and she was the happiest wife that ever lived. But within six months she had changed her mind.

"God help me!" she murmured to a consoling friend. "I did not know there could be so much sorrow in the world." For in that short time she had discovered that Vassili Tarnowska was a libertine and that she was only one of many women he had professed to love.

From that moment Marie became a different creature. Always high-spirited and highly-strung, she only required a feeling of injustice to influence her to take the path that leads to perdition.

Her husband neglected her, and she could not hear to be alone. Other men flocked round her and talked lyrically of her exquisite beauty. The neglected wife eagerly welcomed these compliments. Of course she and her husband, as members of the Russian aristocracy, had to maintain outwardly an appearance of perfect amity, but they were rapidly drifting apart, and tragedy was hovering over them all the time.

What would have happened had Marie found a strong and loving husband one can only conjecture. That she was born with a "kink" in her brain is evident. She has since confessed to that, and more than one specialist has recorded that she inherited disease as well as life from her parents and that she was not always responsible for her actions. But it has to be admitted that when she began to carve out a career for herself independently of her husband and children she permitted no scruple, no sense of honor, and no decency to interfere with her in her mad pursuit of pleasure.

The first intimation her husband received of the change in Marie was on seeing her enter a night restaurant in Kieff in the company of another man. Sight of the admiration she inspired made him instantly jealous, and he returned to her with protestations of devotion and promises of reform. But Marie was inexorable in the employment of her newly discovered power.

The first tragedy connected with her name occurred when the brother of Tarnowska killed himself for her love. While this event was still being discussed throughout the city, the countess met and fell desperately enamored of a handsome officer of the Imperial Guard, named Alexis Bozevsky. Discovering their guilty relations, the husband tried to force a duel on the guardsman, and when the latter fled, pursued him, and shot him in the presence of the countess. Marie was inseparable from the bedside of her lover during his last hours, and when he was dead she seemed to have lost whatever power of loving or instinct of mercy she had before possessed.

A few months later found her in Moscow, destitute. Here it was her ill fortune to encounter a wealthy lawyer named Prilukoff, whom she had known in her days of affluence, and in her desperation she succumbed to the temptation of wealth which he held out to her. In a very short time the lawyer had squandered all his property on her and had begun to defraud his clients in order to recoup the loss. By the time Marie learned of his desperate situation she had met another man, a widower of enormous wealth named Count Kamarowsky, and had inspired him, as was her custom, with an ardent passion for her. The count was unaware of her relations with Prilukoff, and asked her to marry him. She consented, asking him to keep the engage-

ment a secret, as she was afraid of the consequences if Prilukoff, to whom she was also secretly engaged, should hear of it. At this critical juncture came the news that her husband had divorced her and that she was now free to remarry.

Prilukoff, noticing Kamarowsky's infatuation, laid a scheme whereby Kamarowsky could be deprived of a large sum of money. Following out the plan, Marie succeeded in inducing the count to will his fortune to her and make out his life insurance in her favor. Marie would have preferred to marry the count, and forsake Prilukoff, but she knew that the latter had it in his power to prevent that and she agreed to his plot to murder the wealthy fiancé.

The task was simplified by the appearance of another lover on the scene, a youthful friend of Kamarowsky's named Naumoff. Naumoff was persuaded by Marie that the only obstacle to their union was Kamarowsky, who persecuted her, and prevented her from acting as she pleased, and by her demeanor when in the company of the count, she managed to persuade Naumoff that this was so. The youth immediately planned to dispose of his friend:

When Naumoff, mad with jealousy, called on Paul one morning, the count warmly welcomed him, though owing to the early hour he had to receive him in bed. But the moment he saw Naumoff's expression he guessed something was wrong. Before he could speak, however, the young man drew his revolver and fired two shots at close range into Kamarowsky's body. The injured man managed to rise to his feet and ask why his dearest friend had turned against him. Naumoff babbled out something about Marie Tarnowska, and the count understood.

"You have been fooled," he muttered, for he was rapidly losing blood. "Ah, there is some one on the stairs. Quick, I will help you to escape by the window. Some day you will understand. Nicholas, I—I loved you as a son. I never thought it would come to this. Quick—this way."

Kamarowsky actually assisted his murderer to escape, but Naumoff did not evade the police for long, and when he was locked in a cell he knew that not only had Countess Marie Tarnowska been arrested, but that Prilukoff, the swindler, was also in custody.

The count was taken at once to a hospital, and a famous surgeon stitched up his wounds.

"He will live," he said. "No vital part has been touched."

It seemed as though the Tarnowska tragedy was to end in a trial for attempted murder only, but Fate was relentless, for the chief surgeon who had pronounced Kamarowsky's life to be safe suddenly went mad in the hospital ward and ordered the stitches to be removed from the healing wound. A few hours afterwards Kamarowsky died in agony, and the last words of his delirium were a message of love for Marie, the woman who had planned his death and who had tricked his best friend into committing the crime.

The three accomplices spent over two years in prison before being arraigned, and then after a protracted and sensational trial in Venice in 1910, were found guilty by the jury, with the reservation that Naumoff and the countess were suffering from partial mental decay. Prilukoff was sentenced to ten years' solitary confinement, Marie Tarnowska to eight years and four months' imprisonment, and Naumoff to three years and one month. The countess has since been released and has passed into obscurity.

A kindred but more arresting type of criminal is presented in the Russian woman, Jeanne Daniloff, whom the author describes as "The Woman with the Fatal Eyes," owing to the reputed hypnotic quality of her glance. Under her spell came a certain lieutenant in the French army named Weiss, a man with a family and a future. In spite of these latter considerations, and the low origin of Jeanne Daniloff, whom he met by hazard in a dance at hall at Nice, Weiss insisted on marrying her, and when shortly afterwards he was promoted to the rank of captain and sent to Oran in Algiers, he took her with him.

The marriage ceremony had had a strange effect on Jeanne. She became deeply religious, perhaps as a means of purging her memory of a rather discreditable intrigue in which she had been involved before meeting with Weiss. She bore two children, and seemed in every respect a settled and contented matron, a rôle in which she was confirmed as hostess to some of the best people in Oran.

On this scene of domestic tranquillity, however, descended Felix Roques, an engineer on the Algerian railways, who for some extraordinary reason, rekindled all the smouldering fire in the heart of Mme. Weiss.

Rumors of her intimacy with the newcomer were soon current throughout the district, but Captain Weiss, knowing his wife's piety and devotion to her children, laughed at the tale-bearers:

The lovers had many secret meetings, and even when they met at parties could not conceal their affection. Friends warned Weiss; but he only laughed at them. Was not his wife the most religious woman in Oran? Had he not the evidence of his own senses that she was devoted to him and to their little boy and girl? "You are talking nonsense, my friend," he would answer calmly, and go about his duties, and once, to show his confidence in his wife, asked Felix Roques to take her to an evening party because business would detain him at his office.

The time came, however, when Mme. Weiss and Felix Roques decided that it was impossible for either of them to be content with simple dalliance. The hypnotized engineer declared that Jeanne must give herself completely to him.

The suggestion was met with a pleased laugh. Jeanne liked a strong, determined lover, and not a milksop of a husband who let her have her own way in everything. I will give her own description of this scene with her lover. It reveals the temperament of the woman in a remarkable way.

"I loved Monsieur Roques as the master of my thoughts, of my intelligence, of my body, of every fibre of my being, as a master whom I worshiped, and in whose presence I myself ceased to exist," she wrote. "When he asked me for the first time to appoint him an assignation we were walking with some other people. Instead of saying yes or no I took out a coin and said to him, 'I don't wish to take on myself

the responsibility of a decision; you know that if we once begin to love it will be no light thing for me. I shall lead you far, perhaps farther than you think. If it comes down heads it shall be yes; if tails, no.' He looked very astonished; he blushed very deeply and said, 'So he it.' I spun the coin; it came down heads, and I was his."

The affair progressed with great rapidity, and it was not long before the lovers were discussing the possibility of removing the obstacle to their happiness which they saw embodied in Captain Weiss. About this time the newspapers were full of the details of a lurid English drama called "The Maybrick Case," in which a certain James Maybrick had been removed by means of arsenic. Jeanne Daniloff and her lover were thus initiated into many of the mysteries of arsenical poisoning, and decided to use the chemical in a disguised form to rid themselves of the unfortunate Weiss.

The terrible duty was allotted to the wife, while Roques withdrew to Madrid to await developments. Here Mme. Weiss planned to join him later with her children:

A remarkable correspondence led up to the opening act of the drama. She sent Roques a letter, in which she said, "I am beset with sad and depressing thoughts. What I am about to do is very ugly."

Later she wrote, "I prefer Fowler's solution to begin with. It is agreed, Felix. You shall be obeyed. Have I ever hesitated before anything except the desertion of my children? Crimes against the law don't trouble me at all. It is only crimes against Nature that revolt me. I am a worshipper of Nature."

Another remarkable reference to the forthcoming attempt on her husband's life must be quoted. "I have been playing the Danse Macabre as a duet. My nerves must be affected, for it produced a gloomy effect upon me. I thought of death and of those who are about to die. Can it be that this feeling will return to me? But it is so sweet to think that I am working for our nest."

The last letter she penned before the actual poison began was an outburst of love and hysteria.

"Oh, Felix, love me, for the hideousness of my task glares at me. I want to close my heart and my soul and my eyes. I want to banish the recollection of what he has done for me, for I worship you. I feel such a currency of complete intimacy between you and me that words seem unnecessary. We read each other's thoughts in an open book. To arrest this current would be to arrest my life. I may shudder at what I am doing after it is done, but go back I can not. Comfort and sustain me; help me to get over the inevitable moments of depression, bind me under your yoke. Make me drunk with your caresses, for therein lies your own power. I will be yours, whatever happens. So long as you give me your orders I will carry them out. But it seems to me I am doing wrong. I love you terribly."

These letters were sent through the postoffice at Ain-Fezza, whose postmistress, unluckily for the designs of the guilty pair, was a person of inordinate curiosity. Opening the missives one after another, she was soon in possession of the secret, but kept it to herself, probably through fear of being convicted of opening sealed mail. She did, however, intimate her suspicions to the secretary of Weiss, who was a friend of hers, and finally handed him a letter in which the following passage occurred:

"At night when I have got away for a moment I have put my head on Mademoiselle Castaing's shoulder and sobbed like a child. I am afraid, afraid that I haven't got enough of the remedy left, and that I shan't be able to bring it off. Couldn't you send me some by parcel post to the railway station of Ain-Fezza? Can't you send me four or five pairs of children's socks with the hottle? I'll take care to get rid of the wrapper. Hide the bottle carefully."

"I'm getting thinner every day. I don't look well, and I am afraid when I see you I shan't please you. Did you get the photograph?"

"Forgive my handwriting, but I am horribly nervous. I adore you."

The letter was handed to the public prosecutor, and arrest and conviction followed. In case of conviction, the unhappy woman had decided to kill herself, and came to court provided against that contingency with a dose of strychnine wrapped in a cigarette paper. When the jury brought in its verdict, she swallowed the poison, and soon afterward died in agony. Roques, who had also been arrested and held in a Spanish prison, smuggled a revolver into his cell, and blew out his brains. The sordid tragedy was lightened only by the woman's devotion to her children, and by the pathos of her struggle against an impulse which in her heart she knew to be abominable.

With one or two exceptions, the other criminals treated in the book are of a more dehumanized sort. There is a gleam of humor here and there, as in the story of Martha Kupper, the German food profiteer, and the royal wooing of Krupp's "lady housekeeper," and a touch of clean romance in what is by comparison the "idyl" of Dolores Peralta and Jack Beavis. But for the most part the book is characterized by a certain frightfulness. Among its grim figures are such eminent historical rogues as William Parsons and Emanuel Barthelmy, and the author has presented some freshly compiled data on that arch international crook, "Adam Worth." These stories contain all the ingredients of the popular detective serial, but are more skilfully narrated, and have an immeasurably greater value as human documents.

REMARKABLE ROGUES. By Charles Kingston. London and New York: John Lane Company.

The most powerful artificial light in the world is that of the lighthouse on Heligoland, which is of 40,000,000 candlepower.

The Chinese tael now used for reckoning financial transactions is not a coin, but a measured slal of silver.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ended December 10, 1921, were \$138,600,000, as compared with \$139,500,000 for the corresponding week of last year; a decrease of \$900,000.

There has been an immense flow of investment funds into new securities of late and, from all accounts, it would seem issuing houses have vast supplies that still may be offered. The gossip in bond circles is to the effect that shelves are bare and bond dealers are crying for new securities. As a matter of fact, this mental attitude is favored by the big banking interests which have enormous financing plans in contemplation, and it may be accepted as certain that every encouragement will be given to investment interests to

absorb the offerings as they appear. In the meantime a better demand has naturally sprung up for the investment and even semi-investment issues among listed stocks, and, until the bond market ceases to absorb new offerings with avidity, we may look for a continuance of this sort of buying in the preferred securities.

While a few stocks have shown definite downward tendencies and some have made new low prices for the year, the vast majority have been advancing radically of late and offering all manner of opportunities for those who accumulated at low prices to distribute their holdings satisfactorily. A very severe break in the market is long overdue and is likely to come in the near future. Indeed, there has seldom been a December following such a hush November as we have had that has not developed serious weakness in the market. This mainly for the reason that large interests are able to dispose of their speculative lines in the earlier advances and are quite willing to withdraw from the market as Christmas time approaches, if for no other reason than to be able to reacumulate stocks for the so-called "January rise."

One sinister development of late has been the tremendous increase in the number of failures. Last summer, of course, the situation was exceedingly serious, not only in commercial and manufacturing lines, but in certain of our large banks and many interior financial institutions. Since then there has been very gratifying liquidation to a large extent of the frozen credit situation.—*The Trader.*

American investors have been warned by the watchful Department of Commerce to be very careful in purchasing foreign bonds payable in depreciated currencies. Certain concerns in this country are said to be offering national,

municipal, and industrial issues expressed in such currencies, calling attention to the possibility of the investor realizing enormous profits. Most of these issues, it seems, are payable in the currencies of Germany, Austria, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, Jugo-Slavia, and Hungary. As the warning is further summarized in a New York *Journal of Commerce* dispatch from Washington:

"In some cases the prices at which these securities are offered are unduly high in view of the actual exchange rate of the given currency. There have been instances where there has been great disparity between the sale price of the advertised securities in terms of dollars and the price at which they could be purchased with American money in the foreign country."

William R. Staats Company are offering a new issue of \$3,015,000 Los Angeles School District, California, 5½ per cent. school bonds, dated November 1, 1920, and maturing serially from 1923 to 1960.

Of these \$3,015,000 bonds, \$2,000,000 are obligations of the Los Angeles City School District and \$1,015,000 of the Los Angeles City High School District. While these districts have not exactly the same limits, each includes the entire City of Los Angeles and some surrounding territory. As officially reported, the total debt, including these issues, in each case is less than 1 per cent. of the assessed valuation of the district.

E. H. Rollins & Sons are offering \$431,750 Pierce County, Washington, 5½ per cent. general obligation road bonds, due serially 1927 to 1941. These bonds are exempt from all Federal income taxes.

Pierce County, with an area of 1,152,000 acres, is located at the head of navigation on Puget Sound. It ranks second in the State of Washington in population, wealth, and business importance. Tacoma, the county seat, is the fifth largest shipping port on the Pacific Coast, and is served by five transcontinental railroads.

The estimated real value of taxable property is \$190,000,000, while the assessed value of taxable property (1921) is \$95,021,848, and net debt, December 1, 1921, including this issue, \$4,452,993.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$65,000 City of Klamath Falls, Oregon, 6 per cent. general obligation bonds in denominations of \$1000 and \$500, due serially from November 1, 1925, to November 1, 1936. These bonds are exempt from all Federal income taxes and legal investment for savings banks.

Klamath Falls, the county seat of Klamath County, is the chief railroad and distributing point for the rich agricultural area comprising Klamath Basin. It is a modern and substantially built city. It has three banks with deposits aggregating \$3,000,000, ten schools, including grade and high schools, and the finest hotel in Southern Oregon.

Klamath Falls is the second city in Oregon in the amount of outgoing freight shipments. As an industrial centre it is the largest in the southern part of the state, being in the heart of a great empire of undisputed territory extending nearly seventy-five miles in every direction. Immediately adjacent to the

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city there are approximately 100,000 acres of irrigated land and more than 200,000 acres additional are yet to be reclaimed. Pine timber tributary to the city has been cruised at 31,000,000,000 feet. The annual cut of this timber is estimated at 150,000,000 feet, furnishing employment to 2300 men. The city has in it and tributary to it forty-nine mills and factories. It is the largest box book



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Mr. Cyrus Peirce of Cyrus Peirce & Co. has just returned from the East and is very

optimistic over the bond market, predicting that the future market especially is most encouraging.

The rise in bonds has gone on unchecked for the past month, new high record prices for the movement being recorded almost daily in individual issues or in groups through which the current of buying has temporarily run heaviest. Corporate securities, for the first time in many months, have been more active than Liberty Bonds, and an issue of \$11,200,000 4 3/4 per cent. bonds of the State of Pennsylvania have set a new record for state financing this year, with a syndicate price of 4.35 and an offering to the public on a 4.20 basis.

The price attained by the Pennsylvania issue, which caused an upward readjustment in the entire market for municipals, has an interesting bearing on the factors lying back of the present bond movement. Undoubtedly the passage of the government revenue measure carrying a surtax as high as 50 per cent. was a strong influence, for it is such levies that preserve for tax-exempt bonds, mainly municipals, their present desirable position. And perhaps the main reason for general lack of preparation among dealers in investment securities for the present wave of buying is that support for the bond market in the past has come largely from the type of investors who are still seeking tax-exempt issues; so

that those who gave particular attention to this phase of the investment market failed to give proper weight to more important fundamental developments.

The buying that has caused a scurrying among dealers for wares with which to replenish their shelves has apparently come to an important extent from the large army of war-recruited investors, who have sensed the full meaning of a 4 1/2 per cent. bank rate, 4 1/4 to 4 1/2 per cent. on debt certificates, and a 5 per cent. rate for time money. Moreover, these buyers have logically concluded that they may feel secure as to their position in the investment market, while speculative commitments would be subject to all the uncertainties of a delayed business recovery.

Another source of investment purchases has been revealed in the large volume of funds released from manufacturing and merchandising through the slowing down of general business and the lessening of capital requirements brought about by the sharp downward readjustment of commodity and goods prices. In times more favorable for speculative industrial stocks, much of this money would ordinarily find its way into the stock market for temporary "flyers" between the periods of greatest monetary requirements.

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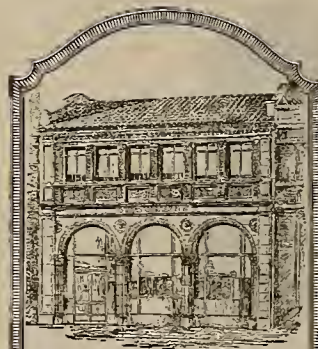
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notable in London, where, in November, \$35,000,000 of new securities were floated.

The first check to the headlong upward movement is likely to come from a glut of undigested securities; but so far there has been no sign of saturation.—*Forbes Magazine*.

The 1921 edition of "Walker's Manual of California Securities and Directory of Directors" has recently been issued, making the thirteenth annual number of this publication. The present edition contains particulars of a large number of corporations not heretofore included and a number of new features. It maintains the high standard of accuracy and the general scope set in previous volumes. "Walker's Manual" gives accurate information regarding California corporations of special interest to the investing public. It is divided into sections covering United States Liberty loans and bonded debts of California and all the principal cities of the state, foreign government external loans as payable in New York in United States gold coin, California reclamation districts, etc. The added features in the 1921 edition are the high and low prices of unlisted securities dealt in in the informal sessions of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange each month from January 2, 1920, to May 1, 1921, and of local investment securities as compiled from the records of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange—for use as a basis for United States income tax returns.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The advertisers have so taken possession of this issue that books and reviews are crowded into what may be their rightful space. After all there is no reason why so much should be written and spoken about books when there is such a superfluity of writing and talking in books themselves. A book should be its own press agent, and if it is not worth reading, strictly speaking, it is not worth reading about. The proper function of a critic is to keep an author straight, not to serve as a literary dictator nor yet as a didactic mentor to a too trusting public. However, it is sad but true that the author is the last person to take a critic at his own valuation—or any other. Sensitive authors rejoice in the custodianship of friends who delete their newspapers lest the breath of an adverse criticism blast their fastidious souls; callous writers revel in the publicity of either kind or unkind criticism. Clearly a superfluous business.

It is just as well that there is not space enough this week to review even a few books, since there would be an embarrassment of choice. Of gift books, *per se*, there is rather a dearth this season, but there is no lack of solid literature; and a number of the old guard are represented. Eden Phillpotts has broken into the light of publication again, with "Eudocia: A Comedy Royal" (The Macmillan Company; \$2). It is rather interesting to note that the chapter of Gibbon's history, "Constantinople," a half page of which Phillpotts says inspired his mediæval romance, has just been published by the Duttons in their *Kings Treasures of Literature* series, edited by Quiller-Couch. Another book that will sell itself irrespective of reviews is Knut Hamsun's "Dreamers" (Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.75), which is incidentally the most readable and from the Anglo-Saxon standard of normalcy the most likeable of Hamsun's novels.

Masefield is blooming in a couple of holiday editions, both published by Macmillan. "The Tragedy of Nan" (\$2) is brought out in a pleasant little holiday get-up of decorated covers and illustrations from photographs. The very beautiful edition of "Reynard the Fox, or the Ghost Heath Run" (\$5) is one of

the notable books of the season. It would be hard to exaggerate the beauty of the format of this edition. And the colored prints by Punch's sporting illustrator, J. D. Armour, are a joy in themselves.

A book that is an interesting venture in translation and that is gotten up handsomely enough to make an attractive present is the "Selected Poems and Ballads of Paul Fort," translated from the French by John Strong Newberry (Duffield & Co.; \$3.50). There is quite a fashion in poetry in fact. It is gratifying to see that Macmillan has published an up-to-date version of the "Collected Poems" of Edwin Arlington Robinson (\$3.50). Mr. Robinson's sane orthodoxy in verse is needed to keep our national poetic balance in these times of anarchistic prose masquerading as verse. Tagore, too, has a new volume of poetic thoughts and poetic drama, "The Fugitive," also published by Macmillan (\$2). It would be more correct to say that Macmillan is going in for poetry this year, just as Mr. Doran is hitting on all cylinders with serious works. An intriguing looking publication of the latter is "Herman Melville: Mariner and Mystic." This is a fascinating volume by Raymond M. Weaver that looks like a mélange of literary, political, and piratical reminiscence and research. "Chimney Smoke," subtitled "Lyrics for Households of Two or More," is a new edition of Christopher Morley's familiar volume of verse, dressed up with some very charming illustrations by Thomas Fogarty (George H. Doran Company; \$2.50) and containing some new Morley verses that are seeing the light of print for the first time.

One of the most sumptuous books that has been published recently is "Daniel H. Burnham, Architect, Planner of Cities," by Charles Moore (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$20). This two-volume life of the great architect will be a delight to lovers of art, both as a work of art in itself and as a mine of American art history. Not the least of its attractions are a number of reproductions of Jules Guerin's drawings of Burnham's work. And on the subject of art books—there could be no more satisfying present to a devotee than "The Whistler Journal," by E. R. and J. Pen-

nell, published uniformly with the famous life by the Pennells (Lippincott; \$8.50). To the lover of Whistleriana the journal constitutes a fortune in itself. Illustrated with an almost reckless lavishness, the text is a record of the Pennells' personal acquaintance with Whistler, augmented by their faithful research. Many of the illustrations are from material being used by the Pennells for the first time. A still more superlative edition, limited and autographed, with colored plates and photogravures, sells for a higher price. Lack of space brings an end to this too cursory survey of holiday literature. Shoppers are referred to the *omnium gatherum* under New Books Received. R. G.

Every king from William to Henry II called himself "King of the English." Richard I was the first to call himself "King of England."

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We have passed splendidly through a year of contrasts; of labor shortage, then unemployment; of a scarcity of commodities, then an oversupply that could not be sold; of railroads congested, and then asking for tonnage; of corporate and private extravagance and then of economy; of difficulties of adjustment of our foreign credit and cancellations, and then recovery from stagnation; and now we have reached the final stage in readjustment, preparatory to the substantial and sustained new business activity that will be the reward of our endeavor.

We have seen our foreign trade diminished. We have suffered a tremendous deflation in the prices of our raw material. Our ships have been tied up or idle. We have suffered in the transformation from a non-competitive basis to a competitive basis with the other nations of the world, but we know that for several years Europe needs and must have our foodstuffs and industrial crops, and in them rests the assurance of our prosperity. As we face the new fiscal year, the general credit situation is sound and under control. Losses that were due to deflation and falling prices, while they have been great, they are widely diffused, a fact almost unique in this state as compared with others. We have the intelligent cooperation of our banks, a reliance upon each other, and through the Federal Reserve System, a wonderful reserve source of strength. Credit is being given freely to solvent business enterprises which have been permitted to pledge their slow assets to meet their quick liabilities. While stagnation is still in a measurable degree with us, and unemployment still a problem, we are increasing our production and our consumption. While certain elements of prices and costs must be leveled, the equilibrium between the two will be established. While there is resistance in retail business and in finished manufactures as against raw material, there is an increasing distribution of goods from the producer to the consumer.

At the end of the year the money strain was over because of the tremendous inflow of gold into the United States. The drastic liquidation of commodities had, for technical purposes, been accomplished and there was a slowing down of business requiring a smaller volume of bank accommodations. Some of our banks found themselves with frozen loans which had been acquired during the period of war inflation; these had taken the form of enormous inflated loans, but they are being written down in the portfolios of these institutions to represent more closely the new and normal values now ruling. Other banks that were conservatively managed are showing a material liquidation of assets, accompanied by a lowering of deposits representing a decreased volume of business and less activity in credit.

Our business now is concerned primarily in minimizing inventory losses. The jobbers are fearful of another slump in prices and manufacturers need more credit to hold goods for the jobbers. Every important industry in the state is being surveyed, but with us trade and industry are on the up grade. Employment is measurably improved; there is a larger increase in shipment of citrus fruits than last year; there is an increased activity among the millers; canners are curtailing their pack, obedient to the condition expressed by the distributors; retail merchandise stocks are lower than they have been in years. It is highly significant that at the closing of the fiscal year, and since then, the influences tending to force down the cost of living are stronger than those that are governing wholesale prices. For the first time in the history of the state, the public, by discrimination and reduced buying power, is actually fixing the retail price of goods.

We want cheaper money and more loans, but cheaper money can only come after liquidation and the increase of funds through this liquidation. Cheap money as a substitute for capital is dangerous. Those who want it most want it to delay, and not advance, liquidation and readjustment. Such money is simply banked money for speculation on future prices, and has no place now in our economy.

Our banks have credit information they have possessed before and they are using it. The situation is distinctly strong, even though there be weak spots in it. The banks are

helping splendidly in what is necessarily progressive liquidation. Behind them is the Federal Reserve System, establishing an equilibrium in our financial structure. This system is helping our banks and our business in the distribution of credit.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco has proved itself to be a shock absorber for the banks of the state. The year now under consideration is the first to see the normal workings of the Federal Reserve System. We have now in complete visualization the first decisive test of the efficiency of this system. Before the war the Federal Reserve Banks were not called upon to finance crop moving by supplying either credit or currency because of the tremendous release of credit by new and reduced requirements and the great influx of gold.

During the war the dominant position of the Federal government in agricultural staples made a resort to ordinary or customary methods or crop financing unnecessary because prices were rising. There was a governmental stabilization of prices and generally the establishment of artificial credit conditions. Now the Federal Reserve System is functioning so as to shift funds quickly from financial centres to crop-moving sections, to create additional credit where it is needed, and without delay to supply necessary currency. The strain that was formerly on city banks is now on the Federal Reserve Bank in California. In this state we see this admirable plan working out; as the proceeds of the crops of one district or section are realized they are made immediately available for the needs of another.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco in the last year has lessened the evils of inflation as these evils found their antipodal expression in deflation. This bank, by making credit more difficult to obtain, by maintaining high rediscount rates, prevented a new inflation after the lull that followed the first post-war downward movement, which we all know was the severest in the financial history of the state.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco is now lowering these rediscount rates. It is making credit easier, but not by any means easy enough to continue the high level of prices. Stabilization can not be established at our present price level, and only when the conviction is absolute and general that prices are finally stabilized on a new and reasonable trading basis will credit be easy. The demand for credit this fall will be less than it was a year ago. I believe that the severest under-statement of the facts will establish the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco as one of the outstanding beneficial institutions in the financial and economic life of the state.

At the session of the legislature this year the Bank Act of California was amended so as to permit our commercial banks and commercial departments of departmental banks to enter the field of acceptance credit upon a parity with national banks. It is wise, therefore, for them to understand thoroughly the meaning of these credit instruments, and the only legitimate part they can play in credit extension. Many of these acceptances represent simply frozen loans, the carrying of goods for speculative purposes.

We find in the national system that, both in foreign and domestic trade, banks are carrying an immense stock of goods on the strength of a short-time acceptance credit, but which now means simply a long-term obligation in grain, cotton, sugar, wool, raisins, and other products. An immense and unnecessary burden has been placed upon our banks.

Bankers, unfortunately in many cases, have offered acceptances too freely to represent credit which would not have been granted in the forms of loans. These credits are technically only notes collateralized by warehouse receipts and endorsed by banks. This is not sound financing or good banking. The practice of receiving these acceptance is most dangerous. When acceptance credits are granted they should be liquidated at maturity by the payment of the obligation they represent. In this legitimate financing we have the most complete support of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco. We have, therefore, many reasons for congratulation. The banking structure of the state is sound; it is devoted to public service; the state is not suffering from overproduction, and we have an admirable community of interests between national and state banks, and behind them both, the correcting influence of the Federal Reserve Bank. This bank and its wonderful machinery averted a panic by governing the conditions which accompanied the rapid commodity price fall. It protected economic reserves and credits, mobilized our commercial activities and indubitably averted financial disaster.

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We must not forget, however, that as we stand at the beginning of a new economic life and prosperity, we are still in the readjustment period. We are waiting for the completion of the liquidation of credit and a readjustment of costs. There must be an ample supply of credit and a definitely established price level before we reach the wonderful reward of our varied activity.

In our trade, retail, wholesale, and general, we are placing our house in order. In the retail sphere sales are greater than a year ago, but the selling price is approximately 25 per cent. less. In the wholesale trade the net value of sales decreased approximately 40 per cent., but retailers are again stocking their shelves. Collections are good, although in some features the range is from excellent to poor. Unemployment is still serious and complicated by an influx of workers from outside sources. There is a distinct improvement in the acceptance market; money rates are lower; the customers of city banks are paying off their loans rapidly enough to permit these banks to care for the seasonal demands of the state and provide for the payment by big banks of their indebtedness to the Reserve Bank of San Francisco.

As the new fiscal year progresses, there is a partial but material liquidation of farmers' loans. There is an increase in freight movements and stabilization of raw material prices; an increasing and developing foreign trade; an improvement in retail distribution; a distinct indication of better buying by farmers; general sales are becoming larger; the railroad situation is improving; our manufacturing industry is expanding; we are facing better business, independent of the customary seasonal fall inspiration. The demand by foreign peoples for our products has shifted from manufactures to raw materials, as these foreigners can manufacture cheaper than we. It is significant that foreign countries bought 35 per cent. more of our raw materials from March 1 to July 1, 1921, than for the same period in 1913. When the forces of distribution are fully reorganized, our tremendous production will bring the state and its people their full reward.

As we progress toward normality in production, in diversity of enterprise and in the development of the remarkable natural resources of the state, we have at our command a banking power of \$2,425,000,000, the representative combined assets of our state and national banks, making us the fifth state in the Union in this regard. On the state side, we have banking assets of \$1,511,000,000 as the largest aggregate in the history of the banks of California, and on the national side we have a total of \$914,597,000. This is a material increase of \$15,595,000 since the close of the fiscal year under discussion. This increase is represented by \$15,320,000 in the state banks and \$2,275,000 in the national banks in California.

Since the close of the fiscal year under consideration, the banks in the state system have been reduced by one, leaving the aggregate 422, but the branch offices have been increased by fourteen, making the total 207, each of them a significant, highly organized and important banking institution in the territory in which it exists. The number of national banks remain as they were at the close of the fiscal year under consideration, 313. There are in the state, therefore, 735 banks and 204 branch offices, giving us an aggregate of 938 banking institutions, each of which performs the highly significant service to the community that is demanded by commercial and thrift needs.

During the year, which was one of astonishing danger and difficulty, our state banks have performed their double duty with conspicuous success. Our commercial banks and commercial departments of departmental banks have grown amazingly in their progress to their highest objective, the financing of the trade of the state and in supplying the credit necessary to production and distribution. Our savings banks have contributed immense sums to our endeavor to develop the state in its natural resources; to inspire new and legitimate enterprises, industries of agriculture, manufacture, and commerce.

The advancement of these institutions on their commercial side is one of the signal features of the banking year. Three controlling facts, representing three distinct outstanding movements in our financial growth, have ruled the expansion of our commercial banks, and the commercial departments of our departmentalized banks. An increased membership in the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, a manifest tendency of national banks within the state to become state banks, either by conversion or sale, and the establishment of our banking laws upon a parity with those of the national banks, have brought our commercial state banks out on the highway, the end of which is dominance in the commercial banking of the state.

At the beginning of the fiscal year under consideration the membership of California state banks in the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco represented a capital of \$28,126,100, a surplus of \$14,411,100; assets of \$578,429,366, and a deposit liability of \$494,

730,992. At the end of the fiscal year this representation in membership had increased to involve a capital of \$36,761,900, a surplus of \$16,998,600, assets of \$659,392,335, and a deposit liability of \$552,638,607. During the year there was an increase in membership reflected by \$8,635,800 in capital, \$2,587,500 in surplus, \$80,963,169 in assets, and \$57,907,615 in deposits.

Since the close of the fiscal year on June 30, 1921, the tendency to membership is even more marked than it was during the fiscal year. Since June 30, 1921, to September 6, 1921, there has been an increase in membership in the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco represented by \$2,625,000 in capital, \$624,228 in surplus, \$47,774,781 in assets, and \$42,451,540 in deposits. In the two months that have followed the close of the fiscal year under consideration, considerably more than half the aggregate of the entire preceding fiscal year has been added to the assets of the member banks operating from the state side, while in the same period of two months the deposits taken in to membership were four-fifths as great as those that were involved in the transition during the entire preceding fiscal year. This, essentially, is the contribution of the banks of California to the Federal Reserve System. It is not a contribution of commercial assets only; the outweighing resources of these member banks are those of savings banks, but these through their capacity to hold a literal secondary reserve, rediscountable with the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, are lending an immense measure of strength to the great American banking system of mobilized credit reserves.

The second vital influence affecting the rapid growth and importance of the commercial banks and the commercial departments of departmentalized banks in the state system during the year and since was the tendency of national banks resident in the state to sell their assets and transfer their deposit liabilities to state institutions and also to enter the state system through the process of merger. These tendencies have been increasingly marked and are indubitably more in characteristic evidence in this state than in any other of the Union. Our state banks are offering many advantages that the national banks do not possess. The laws of California, providing for departmentalized banking, for segregated assets and liabilities for each of the departments, are very attractive to the banking community. So pronounced has been this movement on the part of the national banks that even the National Congress has indicated its desire to departmentalize the national institutions and perhaps grant to them some of the branch office privileges now enjoyed by state banks of California.

In the state system we have, for all practical purposes, a parity of authority and functioning with the national banks. The extension of some of our major state institutions has resulted in the sale of national banks and in another aspect, perhaps even of more importance, we have the merger of dominating state banks with smaller national banks in the same economic territory. This merging of assets and of banking power in a territory that has the same economic objectives is unquestionably a splendid development of banking capacity. It has been displayed more particularly in the southern part of the state and there is now pending a transaction that will give to that part of California one of the largest banks functioning in a single economic territory in the United States. It is extremely desirable that a large institution, covering the same field now occupied by many smaller ones, should command that field with a centralized, organized government. In the distribution of credit with a knowledge of the needs of every part of the territory involved, far better results may be accomplished than through the agency of many smaller institutions consuming much of their profits in overhead expense.

During the year ending June 30, 1921, nine national banks sold their assets and transferred their deposit liabilities to state institutions. The national banks thus ending their affairs and preserving a continuity of banking functions in the state system possessed a capital of \$4,225,000, a surplus of \$2,020,000, assets of \$59,848,000, and deposits of \$46,000,000. During the same period six state banks went into the national system. These state banks, finding their expression in the Federal system, possessed a capital of \$330,000, a surplus of \$85,500, assets aggregating \$4,327,000, and deposits of \$3,704,000. The net contribution of national banks to the state system during the fiscal year, therefore, represented an aggregate of capital of \$3,895,000, of surplus \$1,925,000, of assets \$55,511,000, and deposits of \$42,296,000.

Since the close of the fiscal year of June 30, 1921, the movement of national banks in the state into the state system has continued. As a net result, we have in the state system since June 30, 1921, to September 6, 1921, an increased capital of \$450,000, an increased surplus of \$192,000, an increase of assets of \$5,713,000, and an added deposit liability of \$4,780,000, giving for the entire period



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from June 30, 1920, to September 6, 1921, an increase of \$4,345,000 in capital, an increase of \$2,127,000 in surplus, and an increase in assets of \$61,224,000, and an increase of \$47,076,000 in deposits.

The third fact that gave direction and impulse to the expanding influence of our commercial banks was the amendment of that part of the Bank Act that has application to our commercial banks. This amendment broadened the scope of our commercial banks, gave them opportunity to avail themselves more completely of the privileges of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, and placed them upon an equality with the national banks in the state. There is yet, of course, a disadvantage under which our state banks suffer because of the restrictions placed upon rediscountable paper held in the pouches of state banks. There is indication, however, that the Federal Reserve Act will be amended in that particular so as to give the institutions operating under the laws of this state the same privilege now enjoyed by national banks in this regard.

In analyzing the condition of our state commercial banks and the commercial departments of departmentalized banks, in those relationships that mean solvency, liquidity, and ability to distribute properly the credit of the communities in which they exist, we find that these institutions have made major increases in capital; that they have reduced their aggregate of bills payable and rediscounts with banks other than the Federal Reserve Bank; that, although they have increased their bills payable with the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, this is because of the policy of a single state institution to borrow rather than discount; that they have, in general, reduced discounts with the Federal Reserve Bank; they have increased their net balances with other banks and the Federal Reserve Bank; that there is an immense increase in their aggregate of assets, in loans, and in stock of the Federal Reserve Bank. It is interesting to observe that the stock held by state banks in the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco is very largely supplied by the savings banks or savings departments of departmental banks, rather than by the commercial banks and the commercial departments of departmentalized banks. There has been in our commercial banks and commercial departments of departmental banks a large increase in bond investments, but this represents one of the inevitable features of the inflation that is not yet altogether out of our banking assets, and is expressed in United States government securities.

An analysis of the salient features of our

commercial banks and the commercial departments of departmentalized banks is highly interesting. On June 30, 1921, the combined assets of these institutions were \$479,340,514.36, an increase over the previous year of an aggregate of \$31,494,913.27. On September 6, 1921, practically two months after the close of the fiscal year under consideration, the assets of our commercial banks and commercial departments reached an aggregate of \$501,759,847.46, an increase of \$22,419,333.10. This is a very illuminating illustration of the rapidity with which the assets of our commercial banks are increasing.

At the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1921, the aggregate of loans and discounts in our commercial banks and commercial departments was \$289,727,129.42, an increase of \$22,207,591.61. In the two succeeding months the aggregate of these loans and discounts has advanced to \$292,655,083.57, an increase of \$2,927,944.15. At the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1921, cash on hand in these institutions was \$17,871,279.46, an increase of \$3,129,682.08. In the two months following, this aggregate had advanced to \$19,003,725.70, an increase of \$132,446.24. The aggregate of sums due from banks had decreased during the fiscal year in the sum of \$3,322,573.43, reaching an aggregate of \$38,639,794.52. In the item due to banks, there was an increase of \$5,139,799.62. These two items represented the seasonal demands of the interior banks upon those of our leading cities and was a necessary consequence of the demand for crop financing. In the two months succeeding the fiscal year that closed on June 30, 1921, the item due from banks increased \$11,363,726.24, reaching an aggregate of \$50,014,530.74, while the item due to banks increased only in the sum of \$2,725,707.24, reaching an aggregate of \$26,374,471.54, showing that the seasonal demands of the interior banks had been successfully met and that they again were depositing in heavy sums with their city correspondents.

During the fiscal year our commercial banks and commercial departments of departmental banks had an aggregate of \$15,796,771.40 due them from the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, an increase of \$4,169,638.31 for the fiscal period. During the two months succeeding the aggregate of due from Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco was advanced to \$17,108,883.15, an increase of \$1,312,111.75, a splendid showing for the period covered. During the fiscal year individual deposits in these institutions reached an aggregate of \$329,783,562.15, an increase of \$12,614,290.32; in the two following months these deposits mounted to \$346,-

429,942.66, an increase of \$16,646,380.51, approximately \$4,000,000 increase in two months as against the preceding twelve months.

During this period our commercial banks, realizing the new and enlarged call upon their facilities and their service, increased their capital in the sum of \$7,679,025, making an aggregate of capital in these institutions of \$31,062,145. At the same time the surplus in the commercial banks and commercial departments of the state system was increased in the sum of \$3,786,649.59, giving an aggregate of \$18,050,028.43. In the two months succeeding this fiscal period, the capital of these banks and departments was increased in the sum of \$879,550.

One of the most characteristic features of the expansion of the commercial side of our state banking system is the increase in the depositors in our commercial banks and in the commercial departments of departmentalized banks. At the end of the fiscal year, on June 30, 1921, there were 673,284 depositors, an increase of 97,419 for the fiscal year. In the two months succeeding that fiscal year the depositors had increased in number to 709,218, an increase in this short period of 25,934 commercial depositors.

These facts and figures demonstrate the wonderful growth of the commercial side of

the state banking system. We are going forward upon an established line of immense progress. We are seeking with enlarged capacity to meet the immense demand of production and distribution.—Jonathan S. Dodge.

The United States barracks at St. Augustine, Florida, are composed in part of an ancient Franciscan monastery, under the name of the Convent of St. Francis, which was completed in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

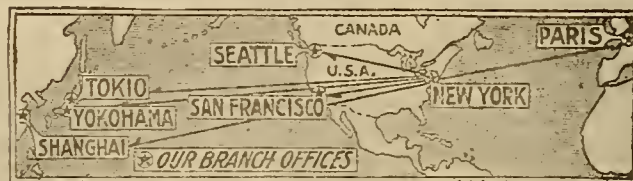
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TAXES, WAGES, AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

Imaginary Grievances Have Led to Widespread Misunderstanding Between Capital and Labor.

By H. B. AINSWORTH, Vice-President Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank.

Substantial progress has been made in the past year towards liquidation of debts and reduction of living costs. The trend of prices in this and other leading nations may be more clearly understood from the following relative numbers—one hundred being the index representing average wholesale commodity price for each country in 1913:

	Peak.	1921.
United States	272	152
United Kingdom	310	179
Canada	263	174
Australia	236	159
India	218	184
France	588	333
Italy	670	542
Japan	321	199
Sweden	366	198
Germany	1723	1723

Large gold imports during the past year, aided by the reduction in commodity prices, have changed the situation from one of great strain to a comparatively easy market, with the largest cash reserve in our history. The Federal Reserve System in twelve months has reduced its holding of rediscounted paper about 50 per cent. Yet merchants are still observing the greatest caution in buying.

Easier money, while a hopeful factor in an improving situation, has not fully restored confidence, and the market is still sub-normal. One condition necessary to good times is general employment at fair wages for those who seek it. This condition does not obtain today, though we need hardly look beyond the generally recognized housing shortage, or the rehabilitation problems of our railroads, to appreciate the extent of our need for labor. Why, then the problem of our unemployed?

Labor, like any other useful commodity, will sell at a price, and there is ample evidence of a good market. But the law of supply and demand is immutable. So long as wages remain inordinately high, enforced curtailment of manufacturing, building, mining, and all other activities will result in much unnecessary idleness and suffering.

Our railroads, under the present wage scale, are paying an average of \$4.54 per day to each employee, as against a daily average of \$2.87 in 1917. The seriousness of this increase is more apparent when we are told that railroad labor costs increased in

four years from \$1,468,000,000 to \$3,698,000,000; the larger figure would have been further increased by \$360,000,000 but for the 12 per cent. wage reduction on July 1st this year. Railroad labor has suffered less reduction than other labor of a similar class; yet all are familiar with the nation-wide strike that was scheduled for October 30th as a protest against any reduction. While this, happily, was averted and could only have resulted in failure, an unemployment situation that was already bad might easily have become very serious. The loss and injury that must have resulted to the railroads, their employees, and to the general public, without possible benefit to any one, should cause us all to stop and think.

Prejudice and imaginary grievances have led to widespread misunderstanding between capital and labor. Strikes have cost, and are costing, this and other nations untold millions, reducing our production, undermining the morale of our institutions, destroying their efficiency, and resulting in the ultimate hurt of all the people, but more particularly of labor itself. Despite these trials—or possibly because of them—real progress has been made of late years toward mutual understanding and good-will in the business world. The get-together spirit, where ideas are exchanged and where men have found that their competitors are human, reasonable, and fair—like themselves—has made coöperation practical and helpful. This principle ultimately will apply as between employer and employee. Their interests are alike; mutual and friendly understanding will do more to assure a full dinner-pail for labor than all the strikes and lock-outs in Christendom.

If we are to survive industrially we must produce what the world needs in quantity, quality, and price that will stand the test of competition. This implies the fullest coöperation between capital and labor, greater concessions from both, greater sacrifices, greater thrift, more earnest and honest application.

Labor must be fully compensated for service rendered. But regulations designed to reduce output and increase cost are opposed to the public interests and dishonest

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in principle; and any arbitrary stand that wages will not be adjusted to conform with other commodity changes is opposed to the interests of labor itself and largely responsible for the present state of unemployment. We can not escape this conclusion if the law of supply and demand is recognized as fundamental and unchanging; hence the need for concessions by labor seems to be clearly evident.

There seems, furthermore, to be an equally apparent need for tax revision. A very limited number of our more successful citizens are hearing today the whole burden of government; and with a national budget of approximately four billions this means, in plain English, that a majority of those who should be looked to as leaders in this critical period are unwilling to take all the risk and divide most of the profit with Uncle Sam. They have learned the value of money and do not feel that loyalty to their country in peace times demands this sacrifice, when they can enjoy a competency already earned by purchasing tax-exempt securities and escaping the worries and certain burdens of the present income and excess profits tax. If it is true that our best interests call for the fullest coöperation between capital and labor, then it is evident that capital must be treated fairly and impartially and that it should not be called upon to assume more than its just share of the national burden. In other words, every citizen should contribute his quota—whether one dollar or one million dollars per annum—toward the protection and benefits that he receives under the flag. Thus far some form of tax on sales is thought to most nearly approach an equitable solution of this problem. It has been overwhelmingly approved by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which would seem to rep-

resent our best business judgment. The excess profits tax is distinctly harmful, because it destroys initiative and discourages enterprise; and any tax seems wrong in principle when it is not shared in some measure by all its beneficiaries.

While many problems of first magnitude are seeking solution at Washington and all have a bearing on our general prosperity, the writer believes that substantial revival must be attended by full employment and that this happy issue only awaits a fair tax and wage revision.

The researches of Sir Francis Galton conducted less than forty years ago bear fruit in the proposal to test the genuineness of a painting said to have been done by Leonardo da Vinci over which a dispute has arisen. Advantage is to be taken of the custom of painters in Da Vinci's day of modeling with thumb and forefinger the freshly painted surface of a picture. A picture known to be a copy will be compared with the painting in dispute and men versed in the classification of finger marks are confident that they will be able to determine whether both paintings were done by the same hand, as has been asserted. The field of utility of the finger print is being rapidly extended. Formerly used only to identify criminals, it is now widely employed in the classification of others, such as illiterates who can not sign their names to money orders and patients in hospitals who are temporarily deranged, and some bankers urge the general adoption of the system as a protection against forgeries. Only the odium growing from its association with prison records, in all probability, prevents a much wider use than now prevails.

The origin of Manx cats is now attributed to the arrival of these cats on the Isle of Man from ships belonging to the Spanish Armada that were wrecked there. They were probably brought from Japan or eastern Asia. They are a distinct species with short forelegs and elevated hindquarters, and differ from other cats somewhat in call, ways, and character. They vary in color. People who have owned them for long periods say they are not good mousers or hunters. In character they are rather similar to a dog, being highly companionable and having some of the qualities of a guardian, but they are not considered hunters in any sense of the word.

Sir Kingsley Wood, parliamentary secretary to the ministry of health, says Great Britain has lost 61,000,000 working days since the Armistice.

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INSURANCE THE BASIS OF CREDIT.

San Francisco Is the Recognized Insurance Centre of the Pacific Coast States.

By GEORGE H. AYRES.

Aside from Noah's venture in life, accident, and marine insurance, which is shrouded in more or less mystery, tradition informs us that probably the first form of insurance had its birth among the ancient Venetian merchants, a number of whom mutually obligated themselves to replace for one another, any merchandise that might become lost or damaged whilst being transported by sea.

This comparatively small beginning was, no doubt, more far-reaching in its beneficial effect upon financial conditions than at first thought is apparent. The merchants, the money-lenders, the farmers, and all other producers, their patrons, and those dependent upon them were bound together in a community of interests that was stabilizing to a degree that is worthy of thought.

It is recorded that in England, about two hundred and fifty years ago, an individual who was president, secretary, and treasurer of his own company; board of fire underwriters, fire patrol, special agent, and adjusted all losses, wrote fire insurance. Whether he became wealthy, deponent sayeth not, but one can imagine him being awakened from a necessarily troubled sleep by the ding-dong of the town bell and shouts of the town crier; then bustling out, perhaps in the rain or snow, in an abbreviated nightie, to marshal the lords and ladies, henchmen and maids, girdles and gamins into a bucket brigade in his frantic efforts to save the bacon—perhaps literally—and his farthings so precariously wagered, peace be to his ashes.

He conceived that which has become gigantic in proportions, universal in extent, indispensable to the business world alleviating to the social—logical, safe, sound, indestructible, indissolvable.


Without insurance, business could not have broadened or prospered as it has done so wonderfully in the past century; for credit, which makes possible the foundation of the great financial institutions, mercantile establishments, factories, and foundries, the building of the railways, waterways, harbors, irrigation and lighting systems, with all their seemingly endless intricacies and ramifications, is the foundation of the business structure, and insurance is the cement which binds it together.

Without it the vast credit system that is required for the consummation of the great enterprises of today, so necessary in the development of the resources of the world, would be unthinkable. With insurance uniting and binding together, as it does, all kinds of business, all manner of men of all classes and all nations, credit is the leavening power, as well as the saving grace.

There are many insurance companies in America, Europe, the Orient, and elsewhere. Each company, by reinsuring shares its liability with other companies. Insurance stock is divided amongst many investors. Bankers, merchants, farmers, professional men, mechanics, artisans, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and sometimes, perhaps, Tom, Dick, and Harry, invest in it, also many firms and individuals of all these classes own stock in the banks, mercantile establishments, bakeries, and the like; so that the different classes and kinds of business are pretty well bound together and their interest are mutual to a great extent, although, at times, they act as if they did not know it. The liability is well distributed, the load is carried upon a multitude of shoulders. If no person feels it greatly, he knows it is there and he must carry.

In this life, where one dire thing follows another with painful regularity, at short intervals, we are subjected to floods, conflagrations, earthquakes, and cyclones. After a great catastrophe, when the smoke and dust and water are gone, we find that, despite our fears, the financial structure stands firm, because insurance has cemented it firmly together and those upon whose shoulders rested the liability supplied the sand.

The anchor to leeward not only shows which way the wind blows, but how hard it blows, and it is a gauge of the heights of the tide. The financial anchor to leeward, and the strain upon its cable furnish reliable measure of the rise and fall in the world's business. During the great war, when the volume of business was enormous and prices were very high, the amount of insurance written increased greatly, of course. Now, when business is decreasing in volume and prices are dropping, the decrease in the amount of



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premiums handled by the insurance companies keeps pace.

In San Francisco the falling off in the amount of premiums in general has not equaled that which was freely predicted a year ago, and decline in prices has not had the effect upon the moral hazard that seemed certain. The loss ratio has not been remarkable, companies writing automobile insurance having reported greatest increase naturally. Automobiles, being a luxury to a great many persons, playthings to some, their "upkeep" becomes burdensome when conditions and circumstances are had. Drivers become careless and owners anxious to dispose of their automobiles advantageously.

Reports show a falling-off in the amount of premiums in San Francisco of approximately 25 per cent. of the amount written last year. The mercantile world reports fully as much falling off in business receipts. In neither case do the figures prove that the loss was entirely due to a decrease in the volume of business transacted, for much of it was due to the decline in prices, and should, therefore, be viewed with equanimity.

The wealth of the world consists of its stocks of foodstuff, wearing apparel and material therefor, horses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs, building materials, tools, equipment for transportation, housing facilities and the like; not in the terms of the measure thereof. During the great war prices soared and the figures which represented the various stocks were enormous. Now that the prices have dropped, it appears that much has been lost that has not been, actually.

Fortunes have dwindled, in some instances, because whilst prices were kiting many operators indulged their gambling instincts. Also, in many instances, fortunes—great and small—have passed from one individual to another, because the great majority are prone to indulge their predatory instincts, so that we have incessant war, whether we use arms or not.

However, aside from the materials that were dissipated and destroyed in the great war, the wealth is still in the world, as a whole, whether the measure has gone up or down. In fact, the incentive of high prices spurred on production; that, whilst certain communities are in straitened circumstances, it is due more to the lack of distribution than of the commodities.

During the untoward disturbance, and the resultant tidal wave, the anchor to leeward did not drag nor did the cable part. Now that the tide is ebbing, although the strait is still upon the cable, there can be no uncertainty as to its holding fast. Although the

amount of insurance written has decreased during the past year, as measured by premiums, it is somewhat more apparent than real, and is very gratifying.

It is probable that the summit of moral hazard in fire insurance has been passed and we are on the down grade, but eternal vigilance is the price of safety as well as freedom. Care and cleanliness are great aids to the fire department's bag of tricks.

Necessity is the father of San Francisco's efficient fire department. This great city with its unusually large wooden section requires full equipment of sufficient fire-fighting machinery and a substantially large, efficient force of men. The disastrous experience of the year of 1906 must not be repeated. An occasional fire, although at times disastrous to individuals, makes it possible to write fire insurance, keeps the city alive to the need of a fire department and the fire department on tip-toe and equal to the occasion; but like a certain Irishman, we are soon willing to cry, "We do not wish for some; we have just had any."

The observant and thoughtful person, as he goes around and about San Francisco, sees here and there a ramshackle fire and death trap that is a blot on the fair face of this beautiful city, a disgrace to its owner, and a menace that should be removed. An alarm from the neighborhood of one of these surely brings quick and determined action upon the part of the members of the responding fire company. It certainly creates anxiety in insurance town. It is not only a matter of fair play with the fire department and fire insurance companies that these matters should be attended to, but absolutely necessary for the life of the city and the safety of every one in it. Also, care exercised and money spent in making the city clean and safe result in profit in substantial advertising of its desirability as a place in which to reside and in reduction in the loss ratio, as well as a direct reduction in rate of premium.

Rate-making in insurance has become a matter of thorough investigation of circumstances and conditions, careful studying of records and scientific calculation. All parties concerned desire that the rates shall be fair to both insurance company and the assured. The company, whilst wishing to prosper, is interested in the prosperity of the assured, that he may meet his insurance bills and, also, need more insurance. Besides, the assured may be a holder of insurance stock. The assured, whilst striving to curtail expense, is anxious that the insurance company be financially sound and earning profits where-with to pay losses. Besides, the company may

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have a portion of its surplus invested in something that is of interest to the assured, so in and out and around about are all classes bound together by the mutual need of insurance.

It is a matter of grave concern to the contractor who provides the cement for the financial structure, as previously referred to in this article, that it be scientifically prepared and strong, especially so because he owns an interest therein, and to all others who are interested in its stability and the profits derived therefrom, that he be not parsimonious in calculating the cost thereof. Faulty calculation might result in collapse which would engulf all. Something for which we pay a fair price is worth the price, but money invested in anything that is too cheap to be good, is money thrown away. The money that is spent in the support of the rate-making bodies is money well spent. The rates must be made with care that they shall be sufficient to cover costs, earnings of capital and labor, and to care for all possible losses; else the contract entered into gives no guarantee of insurance.

"Safe bind, safe find," and insurance, the cement that binds together the business structure, is prepared as carefully as human ingenuity may that our hacon and our farthings, garnered by various means, however devious, may be replaced in case of loss.

OAKLAND PROSPEROUS.

Banks Sound—Great Strides in Business and Industry.

"Prosperity and growth of Oakland are strikingly shown in tabulations of building permits for October, 1921, when a gain of 138 per cent. over the figures of last year is noted," states John F. Hassler, cashier of the Central National Bank of Oakland, in a weekly trade condition summary issued recently.

"By comparison of building permit reports in Oakland with those of other cities on the Pacific Coast during the same period, Oakland shows a large lead.

"The Federal Reserve Bank's review of

business conditions, just issued, reveals many interesting statistics. Gold on hand totals \$162,000,000, an increase of \$100,000,000 over 1920, while the amount of notes rediscounted has decreased \$116,000,000 during the same period."

An analysis of the figures of the United States Census Bureau covering manufacturing industries shows that Oakland may lay claim to remarkable development during the period from 1914 to 1919, according to a statement by the Oakland Chamber of Commerce.

The city has progressed more than any other city west of the Rockies the figures indicate. An increase of 373 per cent. in the volume of business done is shown in the report.

An increase of 175 per cent. in factory employees is recorded for this city, and capital invested in factories during the past five years has increased 226 per cent..

Oakland's bank clearings for the week ending Thursday, December 1, 1921, showed an increase of \$1,560,158.39 over the corresponding week last year. The totals as reported to the Oakland Chamber of Commerce by the Oakland Clearing House Association are:

For the week ending December 1, 1921, \$13,102,414.07.

For the same week in 1920, \$11,542,255.68.

For the week ending November 23, 1921, \$9,539,724.29—five-day week.

For the same week in 1920, \$8,137,002.52—five-day week.

Monthly clearings of the Oakland banks for November, 1921, show an increase over the same month in 1920 of \$5,776,419.19, and an increase of \$4,089,256.28 over last month.

An interesting test of old and modern violins took place at the Paris Conservatoire recently. A violinist played in turn in complete darkness six old violins, among them being a Stradivarius and a Guadagnini, and six of the best modern makes, the order being decided by lot and the player being unaware upon which instrument he was playing. The audience then decided by vote which was the best instrument. Two modern violins came first, and then the Stradivarius and the Guadagnini.

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Total U. S. Assets.....\$5,396,711.15
Total U. S. Surplus.....\$1,586,492.38

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Total Admitted Assets in United States..... 8,252,784.57
Total Liabilities in United States..... 4,987,957.68
Net Surplus to United States Policyholders... 3,264,826.89

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PUBLIC TURNING TO LONG-TERM BONDS.

Notable Improvement in Financial and Investment Conditions as 1921 News Close.

By H. H. MACDONALD.

Returning confidence is in no line in the United States, or rather in no other branch of finance or big business, manifested as is now displayed in the bond business. While there are many great industries which complain that greater burdens are being laid upon them in the movement for reconstruction than at any time since the signing of the armistice at the close of the world war, while the railroads are struggling to free themselves from the shackles placed upon them during an almost wickedly careless and opportunist governmental control, while decrease in buying power and unwillingness on the part of the consumer to purchase, brought about by a distrust of prices, while agriculture is complaining of its heavy burdens, and capital in industry of decreasing returns on investment, and while the stock market is at a low ebb, there is noted a steadily increasing interest in long-time bonds, conservative in promised returns, but giving assurance of steady and reliable income with the best of security of principal. This feeling is stronger than at the beginning of the present year, when there was noted a better condition in the bond market. Better still, it is accompanied by more confidence, and confidence is the one thing absolutely essential to any permanency in improved financial conditions.

The noted improvement in financial conditions at the first of 1921 was not permanent, and before the first half of the year was gone there was a decided ebb. There existed then a great deal of gloom in the investment markets of the United States. Abroad, Europe did not appear to be taking proper steps toward rehabilitation, war clouds were not uncommon, international complications were vexatious to the whole world, and, greatest drawback of all, the exchange situation threatened to put an effectual barrier to business between the countries of the world.

It can not be said that these drawbacks do not exist today. They do exist and they are holding just as much promise of trouble as they did during the earlier months of the year, but they do not hulk as large in the public mind. The silver lining to the clouds is more apparent. There is more general optimism, perhaps more faith, in the future of the world.

Germany's payment of its first cash installment of reparation helped somewhat, as indicating an intention to pay up, even if unwillingly. Talk of disarmament has been steadily occupying the public minds of every nation, culminating in the invitation to take up the matter in concrete form issued by President Harding to the nations. A few of the troublesome questions of Europe are in fair way to be settled. The peoples of the devastated countries are returning to work and there are indications that orgies of inflation and the seemingly endless issues of paper money have reached a limit. Bolshevism is on its last legs, and with the appeal for help to feed its starving millions Russia may have really turned the corner in the direction of sanity.

EXCHANGE SITUATION BETTERED.

The exchange situation is improving. The pound sterling is coming back slowly but steadily and with it other rates of exchange. With each advance in the value of the pound, franc, Canadian dollar, or other foreign circulating medium, is a better opportunity for American trade abroad, so far held back chiefly by the natural disinclination of the foreign countries to add to the prices they already have difficulty in paying, an enormous percentage for the privilege of buying, in depreciated values, of their money.

At home there are better conditions in many respects. Deflation has been proceeding steadily, and though the process has been painful, it has been salutary. Much of our own Federal Reserve currency is being retired and there is strong prospect that gold pieces may be again seen in active circulation, an idea at least pleasing here in the West.

Labor has been taught that there is a limit to which it may go, a limit which it perhaps thought had been removed by truckling politicians. There was a period during the present year when almost every thinker feared that before the upward trend was definitely entered upon a battle must be fought with the great labor unions, which had been displaying the utmost reluctance to bearing their part in the deflation necessary to reconstruction and the return to normal prices and proper indus-

trial conditions. Firmness on the part of the country's leaders, and a complete absence of sympathy on the part of the general public, have brought about a change of mind in these labor leaders, who are now disposed to avoid precipitating trouble. That there has not been a successful strike this year has caused the more reflective and far-seeing of them to consider that the entire future of their organizations might be at stake, and is bringing about a more conciliatory attitude on their part.

There is unemployment—plenty of it—in the country, but it is growing less, and with the starting of delayed public work and the prospect of the increased production which will follow upon the betterment of interna-

tional trade, it is believed that this will pass.

MORE CONFIDENCE.

In fact it is upon the ability of United States industry to take advantage of the great world markets that the future prosperity of the country depends. There is faith and confidence, hitherto lacking, that this will be done. The improvement in foreign exchange is steady, with but slight occasional lapses, caused by unusual events, and it is believed that the improvement is destined to continue.

During the past two years long-time investments of merit have been on the bargain counter. Those who looked ahead were able to lay out a definite income in advance of what they had been receiving and increasing

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G. CHEVASSUS, Manager

each day in value as deflation continues. The temptation to take advantage of the enormous yields of the short-term securities offered was great, and these occupied much of the attention of the investing public. Municipals and tax-free securities were sought for income-tax purposes. Thus many sound and seasoned bonds were relegated to the background in all but the minds of a few who bought to the extent of their ability for the future. This buying power was, however, limited, in that the very rich were fully occupied with demands upon their capital and much of the buying was done by the newer classes of investors, the class brought into the financial markets as a result of the government financing during the war. The small investor has been much to the front in the past two years. Multiplicity of issues led to frequent exchange of the securities purchased. This class of buyer, new to the game, became interested in it. His holdings were not great. They were readily transferable, as the advantages of each new issue were impressed upon his mind by the enterprising investment banker, whose advertising and appeals to the public have become as enterprising and ingenious as those utilized in any class of merchandizing. Thus a speculative element has entered the bond market, and bonds have been bought, sold, and exchanged with a view to quick profits rather than sound and permanent investment.

It is undeniable that much of the bond business of the past two years has consisted of trading and juggling about of issues in comparatively small lots, rather than in disposal of blocks to investors, who placed them in their vaults for coupon-clipping purposes. Issue followed issue, all of the great amounts, and there was a seeming eagerness for participation on the part of dealers in securities. In most cases the issue was scarcely offered before announcement was made that the issue had been absorbed. Yet candid brokers will state that not a great deal of new money was coming into the market. After each new issue each dealer, when his allotment was disposed of, would find back on his shelves odd lots of former issues traded in for the new issue. This, of course, brought about a general movement and turning over which tended to keep up interest in the market if nothing else.

TURNING TO BONDS.

There was also the slump in stocks which has continued with only slight revivals from time to time. When stocks are down normally the bond market improves. There have not been the opportunities for purchases of stocks. Extra dividends are a thing of the past and passed dividends have been by no means uncommon. With falling commodity prices as well, the minds of the investors have been very naturally turning to the real and natural purpose of investment—safety of principal and an assured income for the future. There are no longer the remarkable bargains, but there are still opportunities by which an income can be stretched by judicious investment to a figure beyond what was possible in pre-war days.

The real investment banker is not anxious for the class of speculative bond buyers in his business. He much prefers that his clients shall make permanent investments to their future income advantage, and he spends much money to educate them in this direction. There are few outside of the financial world who understand the tremendous efforts put forth by investment bankers all over the country in the education of the public, not only in the direction of instruction how to buy and as to bonds generally, but in matters of thrift and of economy, extending this education for the benefit of the coming investing generation as well as of the present. Further, though this is not altogether germane to

the subject of this article, the great investment houses of the country have been of incalculable service to the industries of the United States along educational lines, teaching and developing, as well as of assisting in financing, new enterprises and maintaining and broadening older ones. It is time that the investment banking business began to reap the rewards to which it is entitled through service rendered, not only of a strictly patriotic nature without hope of profit, but as well to industry and to the general public.

REWARD COMING.

That this reward is apparently coming is a matter for general congratulation. That it is well on the way is now believed. The investment banker has proved his usefulness, and his prosperity will be a matter of envy to none. That the bond business is on a well-established basis and that it has taken its rightful place in the scheme of general finance and industry is indicated by the scope of operations of the great houses. Out here on the Pacific Coast all the great investment firms of America are represented, and the San Francisco branches are rightfully regarded as among the leaders at the head offices. But as well California has developed some great firms of its own, organizations capable of extensive underwriting, and at all times participating largely in all kinds of international as well as national and local finance. A visit to the financial district of San Francisco, and this side of New York there is no greater or more important such district, will readily convince one of the importance of the investment banker. The large and well-equipped offices, the amount of service offered the public, and the magnitude of the business transacted is a revelation to the lay visitor.

Taking up more technically the position of the bond market as the present year draws to a close, there are some remarkably hopeful high lights. Most prominently stands the position of the various government securities. Rise of the Victory issues to par was widely hailed as the greatest evidence yet shown of return to normalcy, a word that is passing, but still in use, and it is freely prophesied that it will be but a short time before the other United States obligations would also occupy their proper place. They are already daily strengthening. Depreciation of the various United States government obligations has been the greatest drawback to a proper bond market. Nobody has for a moment doubted that they would one day reach par, and over, but with the myriad of short-term obligations offering sound security with enormous yields, and the competition of absolutely tax-free municipals, coupled with the necessity of raising money quickly, which caused the throwing of great blocks of Liberty's on the market last year, government bonds went down to bargain prices. It is now believed that they are more firmly held.

REACH HIGHER LEVELS.

Railroad securities are reaching much better levels. There has been too much uncertainty regarding the fate of the roads to permit of great advances in this class, but nevertheless they have steadily gained. During the first half of the present year there were offered to the public \$362,473,000 railroad issues, of which \$322,950,000 were bonds and the balance notes. Nearly all of these offerings are now selling at an advance on the prices at which they were originally offered. Slow but certain improvement of the general position of the railroads, the untangling of the problems left them by injudicious management under governmental control, and finally the enforced seeing of the light by the organizations of employees, the latter insuring a freedom of labor troubles probably for some time, have all tended to strengthen the

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position of the securities, which are today on a far better market basis than for some years.

Public utility issues are also commanding a higher degree of respect than has been the case with this class of security. It is gratifying to note that, in this respect, attention was called during the year to the increase in gross operating revenue of Pacific Gas and Electric of over eight and a half million dollars during 1920, which according to no less an authority than the National City Company, brought the company into premier position with the New York Edison Company and the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago, these three great corporations being instrumental in bringing public utility securities as a class to attention of investors.

Industrial bonds have shown a distinct upward trend during the year, a very considerable number showing a considerable gain over the issue price.

Foreign bonds of the higher class have all materially improved their position, notable examples being the Berne, Switzerland, 8s, due in 1945, issued at 96 and now quoted at 106, and the Brazil 8s, due in 1945, issued at 97½ and 98 and now at 102½ bid. The Belgian issues are all higher by several points than the issue price, and the rule generally holds good, as will be seen in the following table furnished the *Argonaut* by the statisticians of the investment house of Cyrus Peirce & Co. This table shows that comparatively few securities of the first class have not gained distinctly from the price at which they were first offered to the public, and some of the gains have been notable. This table is given in full herewith as probably the best compilation of its sort recently made:

PRICE TREND OF LEADING ISSUES.

Security.	Issue Price.	Bid.	Asked.
American Tel. & Tel. 6%, 1922.....	99.25	99 15-16	100 1/8
American Tel. & Tel. 6%, 1924.....	99.25	99 1/2	100 1/8
American Tel. & Tel. 6%, 1925.....	99 1/2	101 1/2	102 1/2
American Tobacco Co. 7%, 1922.....	99 1/2	101 1/2	102 1/2
American Tobacco Co. 7%, 1923.....	99 1/2	101 1/2	102 1/2
Anacosta Copper Co. 7%, 1929.....	100	99 3/4	100 1/2
Anglo American Oil 7 1/4%, 1929.....	100	103 1/2	104
Armour & Co., 7%, 1930.....	94.84	101 1/2	102 1/2
Belgian 6%, 1925.....	95 3/4	95 3/4	96
Belgian 7 1/2%, 1945.....	97 1/2	103 1/2	104
Belgian 8%, 1941.....	100	104 1/2	105
Baltimore & Ohio 6%, 1929.....	96	95 3/4	96
Bethlehem Steel 7%, 1922.....	98 3/4	100 1/2	100 1/2
Bethlehem Steel 7%, 1923.....	98 3/4	100 1/2	100 1/2
Bethlehem Steel 7%, 1935.....	94 1/2	102 1/2	103
Berne 8%, 1945.....	97 1/2	106	106 1/2
Brazil 8%, 1941.....	97 1/2-98	102 1/2	102 3/4
British 5 1/2%, 1922.....	98	99 1/2	99 3/4
British 5 1/2%, 1929.....	96 1/2	95 3/4	95 3/4
British 5 1/2%, 1937.....	101	93 1/2	94
Brooklyn Edison Co. 7%, 1940.....	98 1/2	103 1/2	104
Canadian 5%, 1926.....	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
Canadian 5%, 1931.....	94 1/2	94 1/2	95
Canadian 5 1/2%, 1929.....	99 1/2	96	96 1/2
Canadian Northern R. 7%, 1940.....	100	106 1/2	107 1/2
Cerro de Pasco 8%, 1931.....	100	111	111 1/2
Cons. Gas 7%, 1925.....	100	103 1/2	104 1/2
Cons. Gas 8%, 1921.....	100	99 3/4	100 1/2
Cudahy Packing Co. 7%, 1923.....	98	99 3/4	100 1/2
Diamond Match Co. 7 1/2%, 1923.....	100	108	108 1/2
Du Pont 7 1/2%, 1931.....	100	101 1/2	102 1/2
Federal Sugar 6%, 1924.....	97 3/4	96 1/2	96 3/4
French 8%, 1945.....	100	101	101 1/2
French 7 1/2%, 1941.....	95	95 3/4	95 3/4
Goodyear Tire & Rubber 8%, 1941.....	99	108	110
Grand Trunk R. R. 7%, 1940.....	100	106 1/2	107 1/2
Grand Trunk R. R. 6 1/2%, 1936.....	95.40	100 1/2	100 3/4
Grand Trunk R. R. 8%, 1936.....	95 1/4	97 1/2	98
Great Northern-Northern Pacific 6 1/2%, 1933.....	96 1/2	104 1/2	105 1/2
Gulf Oil 7%, 1933.....	98	102 1/2	103
Heinz & Co. 7%, 1930.....	94 1/2	102 1/2	102 3/4
Hershey & Co. 7 1/2%, 1930.....	97 1/2	99 1/2	100
Humble Oil 7%, 1923.....	99	99 3/4	100 1/2
Kelly Springfield 8%, 1931.....	99 1/2	102	102 1/2
Libby, McNeil & Libby 7%, 1931.....	93 1/2	100 3/4	101
Liggett & Myers 6%, 1921.....	98	100	100 1/2
Morris & Co. 7 1/2%, 1930.....	98 1/2	103	103 1/2
Northwestern Bell Tel. 7%, 1941.....	96 1/2	106 1/2	107
N. Y. Cent. 7%, 1930.....	105	105 1/2	105 1/2
Pan American Pet. Co. 7%, 1930.....	94 1/2	93	94 1/2
Pennsylvania R. R. Co. 7%, 1930.....	100	106	106 1/2
Pennsylvania R. R. Co. 6 1/2%, 1936.....	97	103 1/2	103 3/4
Proctor & Gamble 7%, 1922.....	97 1/2	100 1/2	100 3/4
Proctor & Gamble 7%, 1923.....	97	101 1/2	101 3/4
Sears Roebuck 7%, 1922.....	98.70	100	100 1/2
Sears Roebuck 7%, 1923.....	98.40	100	100 1/2
Sinclair Oil 7 1/2%, 1925.....	98	96 1/2	97
Solvey & Co. 8s, 1927.....	100	102	102 1/2
Standard Oil of California 7%, 1931.....	100	105 1/2	106
Standard Oil of New York 7s, 1925.....	100	103 1/2	104 1/2
Standard Oil of New York 7s, 1928.....	100	104 1/2	105
Standard Oil of New York 7s, 1931.....	100	107	107 1/2
Standard Oil of New York 6 1/2s, 1933.....	100	104 1/2	104 3/4
Steel & Tube 7%, 1951.....	95 1/2	97	98
Swift & Co. 7%, 1925.....	97 1/2	101	101 1/2
Swiss Government 8%, 1940.....	100	109	111
Texas Co. 7%, 1923.....	99	101 1/2	101 3/4
Union Tank Car Co. 7%, 1930.....	96 1/2	102 1/2	103
United R. R. Co. of Havana 7 1/2%, 1936.....	100	100 1/2	101
United Drug of Havana 7 1/2%, 1936.....	99 1/2	99 1/2	100
Western Electric 7%, 1925.....	99	105	106
Westinghouse Electric 7%, 1931.....	102 1/2	102 1/2	102 3/4
Vacuum Oil 7%, 1936.....	100	105 3/4	106
Zurich 8%, 1945.....	99	104 1/2	105 1/2

MUNICIPAL HOLD STRONG PLACE.

In the field of municipal there has been little sagging at any time, nor in the opinion of authorities has the saturation point been nearly reached, in spite of the enormous volume of issues during the year. This, according to the *Bond Buyer* of New York, the recognized authority, will reach well over a billion dollars for 1921, and for ten months ending October 31st amounted to \$946,504,868. Prices have been steadily rising in recent months and there is every indication that the still existing demand will permit many public improvements being carried out by means of bond issues during the coming year. During the past year there have been very many state issues, and many of the great cities have sold bonds to large amounts, including Philadelphia, and Detroit and our own San Francisco, which was able to market advantageously many millions of Hetch Hetchy bonds. The states of California and Oregon were also

able during 1921 to place many of their obligations on the market at better terms than were possible a year ago.

Municipal issues of the year included a number of Canadian provinces, the obligations of which were well received in the United States markets. Some of the leading Canadian cities also sold securities at good prices, these obligations occupying a good place in the esteem of investors.

In all of the great issues of the year there has been active local participation. The Pacific Coast money market is now a considerable factor in the consideration of all syndicates formed in the East. Scarcely an issue now is floated that has not in its membership a San Francisco house. Not only does California take good care of its own financing, but its investors are able to share in all the important financial operations of the entire country.

Among the leading issues of national issues in which there was heavy local participation are the following, and this is by no means intended as a complete list:

\$3,500,000 Los Angeles Gas & Elec. Corp. gen. & ref. mtge. 7s, Series "A," due 1931.
 \$1,500,000 Los Angeles Gas & Elec. Corp. gen. & ref. mtge. 7s, Series "C," due 1931.
 \$10,000,000 Libby, McNeill & Libby 1st mtge. 7s, due 1931.
 \$3,000,000 Keystone Steel and Wire Co. 1st mtge. due 1941.
 \$10,000,000 Kelly Springfield Tire Co. 8% notes, due 1931.
 \$500,000 California Joint Stock Land Bank 5 1/2s, due 1951.
 \$500,000 Imperial Irrigation Dist. 5 1/2s, due 1936.
 \$8,000,000 Illinois Central R. R. Co. 6 1/2s, due 1936.
 \$25,000,000 Humble Oil & Refining Co. 7s, due 1923.

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\$35,000,000 Gulf Oil Corporation 7% debentures, due 1933.
 \$12,000,000 Grand Trunk Ry. Equipment 6 1/2s, due 1936.
 \$25,000,000 Grand Trunk Ry. Equipment 6s, due 1936.
 \$230,000,000 Northern Pacific-Great Northern 6 1/2% convertible, due 1936.
 \$30,000,000 Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. 8% 1st mtge., due 1941.
 \$100,000,000 Government of French Republic 7 1/2s, due 1941.
 \$10,000,000 Fiske Rubber Company 1st mtge. 8s, due 1941.
 \$40,000,000 Federal Land Bank 5s, due 1941.
 \$10,000,000 Duquesne Light Co. 7 1/2% debentures, due 1936.
 \$8,000,000 Duquesne Light Co. 6% 1st & collat. trust, due 1936.
 \$35,000,000 E. I. Du Pont de Nemours 7 1/2s, due 1941.
 \$5,500,000 Detroit Edison Co. 1st & ref. 6s, due 1940.
 \$10,000,000 Deere & Co. 7 1/2% notes, due 1931.
 \$15,000,000 Danish Consolidated Municipal Loan 8s, due 1946.
 \$10,000,000 Cuban American Sugar Co. 1st 8s, due 1931.

\$40,000,000 Copper Export Association 8% secured notes, due 1925.
 \$1,000,000 Compagnie du Boleo 8% debentures, due 1926-30.
 \$3,000,000 Cleveland Elec. Illuminating 6% debentures, due 1944.
 \$24,000,000 Republic of Chile 8% bonds, due 1941.
 \$9,500,000 Republic of Chile 8% bonds, due 1926.
 \$10,500,000 Republic of Chile 8% bonds, due 1946.
 \$15,000,000 Chicago & Northwestern Ry. Co. 6½% secured bonds, due 1936.
 \$5,000,000 Central Steel Co. 8% 1st mtge., due 1941.
 \$1,500,000 Babbitt Bros. Lands 8% 1st mtge., due 1927-40.
 \$50,000,000 Republic of Argentina 7% treasury notes, due 1923.
 \$30,000,000 American Agricultural Chemical Co. 7½% 1st refund. mtge., due 1941.
 \$500,000 Wood Livestock Co. 1st mtge. 8%, due 1933.
 \$7,000,000 Winchester Repeating Arms Co. 1st mtge. 7½%, due 1941.
 \$15,000,000 Western Union Telegraph 6½%, due 1936.
 \$20,000,000 Vacuum Oil Co. 7%, due 1936.
 \$7,500,000 Republic of Uruguay 8s, due 1946.
 \$15,000,000 United Drug Co. convertible 8s, due 1941.
 \$5,000,000 United States of Brazil 8s, due 1941.
 \$6,000,000 United Railways of Havana 7½% equipments, due 1936.
 \$13,500,000 Toledo Edison Co. 1st mtge. 7s, due 1941.
 \$10,000,000 Tidewater Oil Co. 6½s, due 1931.
 \$6,000,000 Sun Oil Co. 7s, due 1931.
 \$10,000,000 Steel & Tube Co. of America gen. mtge. 7s, due 1951.
 \$5,000,000 Southern Calif. Edison Co. gen. & ref. 6s, due 1944.
 \$5,000,000 Sharon Steel Hoop Co. 1st 8s, due 1941.
 \$10,000,000 State of San Paulo 8s, due 1936.
 \$2,750,000 San Diego Consolidated Gas & Elec. Co. 1st & ref. 6s, due 1939.
 \$12,000,000 City of Rio Janeiro 8s, due 1946.
 \$12,000,000 State of Queensland (Australia) 7s, due 1941.
 \$10,000,000 Philippine Government 5½% public improvement, due 1941.
 \$16,000,000 The Philadelphia Company 1st ref. & coll. trust 6%, due 1944.
 \$31,000,000 Pennsylvania R. R. equipment 6s, due 1928-35.
 \$3,000,000 Paraffine Co. 1st mtge. 7½, due 1923-42.

Perhaps the soundest factor in the investment market of today, and one that augurs well for the future of the bond business, is that the average person now knows more about investments than ever before. Almost every individual who bought a Liberty Bond and was able to keep it began to study market conditions, perhaps at first only from curiosity, but later from real interest. The habit of saving has grown throughout the country and the campaign of the investment bankers found fruitful soil. With the heavy investor to a very considerable extent out of the market, the small buyer has come in, and the average issue of today is finally dis-

tributed in small holdings and over territory that it would have been deemed incredible to cover a few years ago. The small retailer in bonds is a new factor in distribution of securities, and he is becoming an important one, though but a short time ago he did not exist.

THE GENERAL SITUATION.

The general situation throughout the country, as well as in California, may be regarded as good in spite of certain adverse reports. Undoubtedly the bank at the last showing of which it is possible to obtain figures showed a decrease in actual resources, but this is the natural result of the deflation movement. Thus the total banking resources of all California banks, state and national, on June 30, 1921, amounted to \$2,444,272,000 as compared with \$2,570,395,000 on June 20, 1920. The figures were given the *Argonaut* by the San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank. In this respect it is believed that the state is in a better position than others and that the last half of the year will show improvement.

In the matter of savings the cities of California stand well to the front, the Federal Reserve Bank reporting an increase for the year ending September 15, 1921, over the preceding twelve-month period of 6.3 per cent. in the seven principal cities. San Francisco deposits gained from \$305,328,000 on the 1920 date to \$327,461,000, or an increase of 7.2 per cent. This record was surpassed, however, by Los Angeles, which has generally, in many matters of progress in financial affairs, been well in the lead this year. The southern city had \$208,964,000 in savings deposits on September 15, 1920, which it increased to \$239,808,000 for the same date this year, or a percentage of gain of 14.8.

There is no question that money is easier and cheaper. The various Federal Reserve banks reduced discount rates during the year, call money was at easier prices. A year ago at this period there was considerable strain on the money market, which is thus far not evidenced this year. Rates were then stiffer and the Federal Reserve ratio was then declining. This fall there is not the same strain, rates are easier, and the ratio steadily gaining. This is not saying that there is any more money for unessential enterprises, nor that it is easy to borrow money for any purpose. The banks have many demands upon them in the progress toward complete deflation, and a stiff rein is maintained by the Federal Reserve Bank. But on the whole there is an increase in available money, and this shown in the general activity and better prices in the investment market.

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The roof is of a kind common to many of the successful houses of this style in California, and is made to simulate the soft, dull grayish-red roofs of Europe, or some of the original roofing tile on the old California Missions. The separate tiles are dull red, dull pink, and even dull blue in color, but they are so judiciously selected and so carefully blended that the result is a wonderful color harmony which must be seen to be appreciated. They are laid irregularly as to courses and alignment rather than with mathematical precision. This method not only gives a much more interesting texture, but, along with their color, gives them the same appearance that very old tile roofs have. As one writer has said regarding them, "The illusion of age is perfect."—From "*Southern California's New Architecture*," by Elmer Grey. *Architecture*, April, 1919.

CALIFORNIA OIL IN 1921.

Few New Fields Found—Deflation Period Successfully Passed—Strike of Oil Workers a Failure.

By M. E. LOMBARDI.

In the year just drawing to a close the production, refining, and selling of petroleum in California pursued a course which might have been very accurately predicted by the wise observer at the end of 1920. The industry as a whole did not fail to respond to the general business conditions of the country and of the world; that is, it went through a period of lowering prices, overtopping of demand by supply and a strike. Its history in 1921 was a true reflex of its history in 1920, which was a period of intense activity, threatened shortage, and increasing prices.

Just as most industries in California escaped the depths of deflation suffered elsewhere in this country because they had not reached during and after the war the heights of inflation reached elsewhere, so California oil experienced neither the extremely high prices and feverish activity of the Eastern fields nor suffered, in the year just past, their extreme depression. In California the industry pursued a more even and healthy course. The fact that this state and the Pacific Coast is its own market for its produced petroleum and is isolated by distance from the influence of other fields has been, and always will be, a steadying factor.

At the end of this article are given several statistical tables with short explanations so that the interested reader may pursue them to his own conclusions. I will attempt first to call attention to some of the high lights which shone in the industry during 1921, some of which, indeed, are typical of this business in any year.

Broadly the industry is of two parts: The production of crude oil, and its refining and distribution to the public. There are many more producers of oil than there are refiners and distributors, though many of the large companies carry on both functions. The basis of the industry is production of crude, and we will first consider that phase.

The lowering of prices for crude oil at the well from \$1.60 base on January 1st to \$1.10 in August, the tremendous development of the Elk Hills field (discovered in 1920), the opening of two new and promising areas in Southern California, and the strike of the oil

workers' union in the San Joaquin Valley were the most interesting events of the year to the producer.

The total production for 1921 will probably be around 113,000,000 barrels for the state—a new high record. The production in 1920 was 105,721,186 barrels. It appears strange that in a year of decreasing prices production should materially increase. This is because of a very striking and not always understood feature of the producing business, to-wit: the lag of result behind effort. During the war tremendous efforts were undertaken to increase production all over the country, but the result of these efforts did not begin to show until six months or a year after their inception. The same thing occurs when lowering prices make decreased production desirable. Unless wells are actually shut in production is apt to refuse to decrease for many months after it theoretically ought to show a decline.

Late in the spring came the shipping strike, a general lowering of consumption by all industries, with the resulting piling up of stocks of oil and the inevitable drop in price.

Although the buyers of oil were somewhat embarrassed by lack of storage suitable for high gravity crude, this apparent overproduction caused more anxiety than a study of the situation justified, because consumption has shown and will show a steady increase through the years and is dependent on very broad causes, whereas increase in production over a period of years is entirely dependent on the opening up of new fields, a very uncertain and undoubtedly a diminishing prospect. Production is like a rabbit being chased by a dog, the dog impersonating consumption. The rabbit has been, in California for the past few years, just one jump ahead of the dog. The failure to find a new field at the necessary moment will be the signal for the lack of a supply of oil, the raising of prices, and finally, when prices are high enough, the bringing in of oil from outside sources.

The only new fields of consequence proven in 1921 are Santa Fé Springs and Long Beach, both in Southern California, although the Elk Hills and Huntington Beach, dis-

covered the year previous, were very largely developed during the past twelve months. The quick development of the Huntington Beach field was justified because the land holdings were small and danger of drainage great.

In spite of the decrease in price of oil, a realization of the necessity for future producing territory led to a great deal of prospecting, with the two above-mentioned fields as the only tangible result. There are about 165 "wildcat" wells now being drilled in the state. As far as opening up areas for future development is concerned, 1921 was disappointing.

Barring the flush production from problematical new fields, the future supply must come from an enormously increased number of wells of small yield in the old fields. This means a certain and much higher cost per barrel, since the cost of producing oil is measured by the number of wells pumped rather than by the number of barrels produced.

That this condition is not wholly unappreciated by some of our largest companies is witnessed by the fact that during the past year attempts have been made to locate oil-producing lands as far away as Alaska and Colombia. Mexican oil can be brought to California profitably only when there is approximately \$1 difference in selling price between the two points. Furthermore, it is authoritatively reported that the light oil fields of Mexico have passed their peak, although the non-refining heavy oil fields show very great promise.

Just when consumption was lowest and production highest and a cut in price anticipated by the producers, those workers who were members of a union decided to call a strike in the San Joaquin Valley fields, where more than half of our oil is produced. The strike was a failure and ended without any material loss of property or bloodshed. Nevertheless this strike was of such a remarkable character that it deserves more than passing notice. As a matter of fact what occurred was more in the nature of a revolution than a strike. No material advantages were demanded by way of wages, working conditions, or hours of labor. In no industry had the employers treated the men more generously; nevertheless there occurred in Kern and Fresno counties an armed uprising with the object of compelling certain political action, and this is a very good definition of a revolution. Certain of the oil companies had been forced during the war to meet the union's officials before a govern-

ment tribunal and sign a yearly contract, underwritten by representatives of a department of the Federal government, covering wages, working conditions, etc. The result had been a steady decrease in efficiency on the part of the men and an enormous rise in the cost of producing oil, not comparable with the actual increase in wages granted during the war and the consequent period of high living costs.

The strike was called by the leaders of the Oil Workers' Union to force a continuation and amplification of these government-supervised contracts, and for no other purpose. If the strike had been won the men would have received no material benefits, but the leaders of the union would have been one step nearer their goal of government, and eventually communistic, ownership. The most remarkable circumstance was the fact that the strikers succeeded in establishing and maintaining for weeks in the isolated oil fields of the state a true replica of soviet control. They took over practically all the functions of government and enforced them with armed men. They patrolled the roads and allowed only those whom they wished to enter the territory. They browbeat trades people and intimidated and attacked loyal employees with impunity. Only forbearance and good judgment on the part of the operators prevented enormous property losses and bloodshed.

In the end the strike was called off, because the operators "out-waited" the union men; nevertheless the fact remains and is remembered by all the young men engaged, that they successfully set aside constitutional government for a period of several weeks and have not suffered just punishment for their acts, and therein lies the future menace of this strike.

The most interesting phase of the oil busi-

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ness to the general public in 1921 was the lowering in price both of crude oil and gasoline and the fact that no shortage of gasoline was experienced this year as there was in 1920. This was not due to a decreased consumption, but to the fact that the refiners were better prepared to meet the demand. In 1920 some 496,000,000 gallons of gasoline was manufactured and 90,000,000 gallons imported. During 1921 the figures will probably be about 520,000,000 gallons manufactured and 120,000,000 imported. In spite of deflation and the general slump in business it seems that there is no stopping the use of automobiles and trucks, and we must look forward to an ever-increasing demand for motor fuel. The capacities of refineries can be increased indefinitely, so that the problem reverts at once to the supply of crude; in fact the capacities of the present refineries are something like 313,000 barrels per day, whereas the actual crude run was less than this by 50,000 barrels or more per day. It will always be possible, however, to import gasoline and lubricating oils as long as there is a plentiful supply of refinable crude in the Mid-Continent fields. Moreover, in addition to the gasoline refined from crude oil, there is a large and constantly growing supply from casing-head gas.

STATISTICS.

REFINERY OPERATIONS—CALIFORNIA.

	1918.	1919.	1920.	1921.
No. of Refineries.....	38	37	41	41
Daily Capacity (bbls. crude).....	283,000	280,000	320,000	313,000
Bbls. Crude Run.....	66,000,000	73,000,000	76,000,000	*85,800,000
Gasoline Manufactured (gallons).....	434,000,000	418,000,000	496,000,000	*520,000,000
Gasoline Imported (gallons).....			90,000,000	*120,000,000

*Estimated.

It is evident that for the past two years, under prevailing prices, it was possible to augment our home supply of gasoline by importations from the Mid-Continent fields. This was so, in 1921 particularly, by reason of the abnormally low price obtained during the recent depression in Oklahoma and elsewhere. This imported gasoline is often blended with home products.

CRUDE OIL PRICES—CALIFORNIA.

(Source—Standard Oil Bulletins.)

Gravity.	1920.	1921.
14° to 17.9°.....	1.23	1.48
18° to 18.9°.....	1.24	1.49
19° to 19.9°.....	1.26	1.51
20° to 20.9°.....	1.29	1.54
21° to 21.9°.....	1.33	1.58
22° to 22.9°.....	1.38	1.63
23° to 23.9°.....	1.44	1.69
24° to 24.9°.....	1.51	1.76
25° to 25.9°.....	1.59	1.84
26° to 26.9°.....	1.63	1.93

For each increase in gravity for

one full degree above 26° to 34.9°, per bbl. additional10 .10 .10 .10 .10 .10 35° and above..2.58 2.83 2.95 2.95 2.70 2.45

The first cut in price (25 cents per barrel) occurred in May, when it became apparent that the shipping strike and the general slowing up of industry on the Coast on the one hand, and the enormous new production from the Elk Hills and to a lesser extent from Huntington Beach, on the other, had created a temporary oversupply of oil. Following this price reduction, drilling slowed up except in the new Southern California fields, but oil continued to come faster than it could be handled—the inevitable “lag” of result behind effort—and a further cut of 25 cents a barrel was made in August. It is very probable that production and consumption would have continued along these same lines until another price cut was advisable in September or October, had not the oil field union called a strike and forced those operators affected to shut in for two months or more, something over one hundred thousand barrels per day. It is believed that these price reductions, under the existing business conditions, did not increase consumption any appreciable de-

gree, but did prevent the drilling of many wells and thus curtailed production.

WELLS DRILLED DURING FIRST NINE MONTHS.

(Source—Standard Oil Bulletins)

Field.	1920.	1921.
Kern River	67	70
McKittrick	8	3
Midway-Sunset (inc. Elk Hills).....	136	223
Lost Hills—Belridge	23	15
Coalinga	47	49
Lompoc and Santa Maria.....	25	16
Ventura County and Newhall.....	18	40
Los Angeles and Salt Lake.....		7
Whittier-Fullerton (inc. Richfield). 96		126
Huntington Beach		40
	420	589

Here we have the apparent anomaly of more wells being drilled in 1921 on a declining market than in 1920 on a rising market. The majority of these wells were drilled (1) in the Elk Hills during the spring before an oversupply of oil was recognized, and (2) in the new fields of Southern California,

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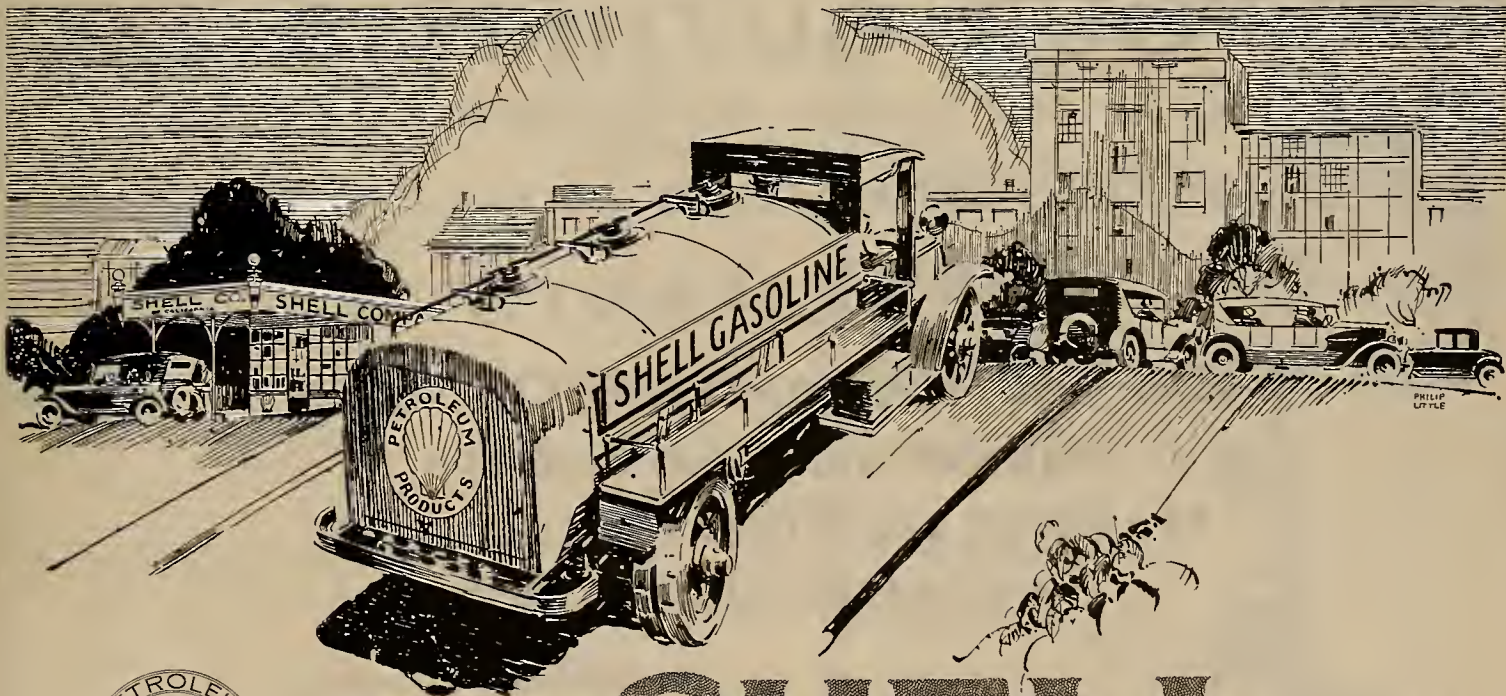
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where leases on small landholdings were striving to get the better of their neighbors. It also illustrates the fact that an impetus given to drilling can not be stopped abruptly, as a drilling campaign once laid out and the material bought, the tendency is to finish the well for a return on the money expended.

PRODUCTION IN BARRELS BY FIELDS—CALIFORNIA.
(Source—Standard Oil Bulletins.)

Field.	1920.	(estimated)
Kern River	7,456,515	6,518,935
McKittrick	2,607,240	2,096,244
Midway-Sunset (Elk Hills)	37,917,010	46,029,723
Lost Hills-Belridge	4,139,767	3,284,784
Coalinga	15,464,198	11,983,070
Lompoc and Santa Maria	5,928,060	5,609,599
Ventura County & Newball	2,122,449	2,398,870
Los Angeles & Salt Lake	1,311,264	1,353,856
Whittier-Full'n (Richfield)	28,694,163	31,721,183
Huntington Beach	54,910	2,583,982
Summerland	25,610	54,142
Watsonville		24,035

Total.....105,721,186 113,658,423

All of the old established San Joaquin Valley fields fell off in production in spite of very active drilling the first part of the year. The apparent increase in Sunset Midway came entirely from the flush production in the Elk Hills, which is in reality a separate field. The new production south of the Tebachapi is represented by the figures credited to Huntington Beach and Whittier-Fullerton.

PROVEN OIL LAND—ACRES—CALIFORNIA.
(Source—California State Mining Bureau Reports)

County.	As of March 1, 1920.	As of March 1, 1921.
Fresno	13,924	14,232
Kern	58,371	59,757
Los Angeles	2,931	2,959
Orange	3,879	4,666
Ventura	2,172	2,878
Santa Barbara	9,663	9,223
San Luis Obispo	772	772
Santa Clara	80	80

Total.....91,792 94,567

In spite of intensive prospecting the available producing oil land was increased only 3 per cent. during the year, whereas about 7 per cent. of the known recoverable oil of the state was taken out.

The amethyst is an emblem of humility and sobriety. It is dedicated to February and Venus. In the Zodiac it stands for Sagittarius, in metallurgy for copper, in Christian art it is given to St. Matthew, and in the Roman Catholic Church it is set in the pastoral ring of bishops, whence it is called the "prelate's gem."

An adobe structure is pointed out in Santa Fé, New Mexico, which is said to have sheltered Coronado in 1540.

EVIDENCES OF IMPROVEMENT.

Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President Guaranty Trust Company, New York.

There are multiplying evidences to prove that domestic business has "turned the corner" and is gradually but surely emerging from the deflation period that began about the middle of last year. Two of the outstanding indications of this improvement are cheaper money, with its concomitant—easier credit—and the more or less widespread industrial revival. A great financial readjustment has been made, liquidation has progressed far, and our banks are in a sound position. The Federal Reserve System shows reserves of more than 70 per cent. A great building boom is sweeping the country. There is decided betterment in the textile trades. The shoe and leather industries report marked progress. Our surplus copper is gradually being marketed at prices that tend upward. There is increased output of iron and steel, and the railroads are coming back into the market. Many industries, in brief, are increasing their production. Business failures are less numerous than they were during the deflation period. Unemployment generally is decreasing, and savings are increasing. Car loadings have increased and idle cars are fewer.

But much must be done to expedite better conditions. The maladjustment between the prices of farm products and other commodities must be eliminated before we can consider liquidation as completed, or before there can be a full measure of prosperity. The tax burden must be more equitably distributed, and the high surtax rates reduced. The railroad-funding bill should be passed as early as practicable, to put the carriers on their feet financially and reestablish railroad credit and operating efficiency. In view of our changed economic position, a permanent high protective tariff should not be enacted to hamper our foreign trade and prevent, or indefinitely postpone, the liquidation of our foreign debts. Every effort should be made to assure the success of the Disarmament Conference, and thereby reduce tax burdens and eliminate colossal economic waste. And finally we must assist other countries to return to prosperity as quickly as possible, largely through discriminating foreign investments and credits, for we can not hope for sound conditions and prosperous activities ourselves while Europe is in desperate economic straits.

Bishops in the Catholic Church wear violet gloves, cardinals scarlet, and popes white.

San Francisco and Java.

It will certainly interest a good many business men who are in close touch with the Dutch East Indian colonies that a new information service between San Francisco and Java has been established.

The general representative for the United States of the Aneta Press Bureau, Mr. Albert Rebel, informs us that he has appointed the Malayan and Eastern Agencies, 235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, as agents for his concern. The Aneta Press Bureau, with head office at Batavia, Java, and branches in Holland, Japan, China, Australia, India, and Europe, represents direct the Dutch East Indian daily, weekly, and monthly

papers, and entertains a cable service with Java.

The Malayan and Eastern agencies are fully equipped to give any information wanted on commercial, agricultural, and economical conditions in the Malayan archipelago. Mr. A. J. Prins Visser is in charge of the publicity and service department. Mr. Rebel, personally, has his office at 662 Mills Building, and is president of the newly-established Pacific Atlantic Travel Bureau, Inc.

Women first used gloves in France in the reign of Henry III. They were knitted gloves. Gloves were not introduced till the reign of Louis XIV. Their importation into England was forbidden in 1766.



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ASSIMILABILITY OF THE JAPANESE.

By T. Takimoto, General Secretary the Japanese Association of America.

Before deciding conclusively whether or not the Japanese people are assimilable it will be well to look briefly into Japanese history. The History of the Japanese shows clearly the fact that the Japanese people have found themselves able to assimilate any customs, ideals, traditions, religion, or form of civilization. First, they adopted Chinese civilization and assimilated it most thoroughly; and later they developed it. Second, they adopted the Indian civilization, through Buddhism, and highly developed this as well. Very recently they have adopted European civilization. Certainly it must be admitted that the ability of a race of people to adopt a new form of civilization and to adapt themselves to it, furnishes very real proof of the power of that particular race to assimilate.

Regarding language and literature, the Japanese, having had no written language of their own, adopted the fundamentals of the Chinese language and then, themselves, invented an alphabet from Chinese characters. At present the Japanese are using almost seventy-five per cent. of the Chinese characters in their writing or literature. Thus the Japanese have assimilated the language of the Chinese, which is true also with regard to Chinese art and architecture in all its forms. As to the English language, the Japanese began to learn it about sixty years ago and at present almost all of the thousands and thousands of the school children in Japan understand and are familiar with the English alphabet. Also, English is used now to quite a large extent in fiction and other literature, without accompanying translations. Furthermore, Japan has now reorganized her economic, political and social system and institutions so as to conform to and embrace European standards of civilization. Old methods, customs, systems and institutions have been supplanted by new methods and customs that are among the distinguishing characteristics of European or Western civilization.

As to the Japanese race as a whole, it is almost impossible to decide whether it is a branch of the Mongolian, Malayan or Caucasian groups. It is possible that it may be of Mongolian stock; but it is also true that Malayan and Caucasian stock also may be combined in it. The Japanese undoubtedly are a composite formed by the fusion of Caucasian, Mongolian, Malayan and, perhaps to some extent, negritic stock; and Japanese history and the present tendency of the people indicate the ability of the Japanese, in almost every respect, culturally as well as physically, to assimilate.

It should be remembered also, and particular emphasis laid upon it, that although the leading anti-Japanese agitators have been more than willing to charge freely that the Japanese are not assimilable, they have not upon any occasion, anywhere, given any proof or suggestion of proof to support their charge. Even Governor Stephens, in his letter to Secretary of State Colby, was content merely to express his dogmatic opinion, namely: that the "ethnological assimilation of the Japanese is impossible" and let it go at that. Not one scintilla of evidence or proof did he offer to support his assertion. Upon the other hand, there is proof—discoverable to any one who will take the trouble to investigate impartially—that the Japanese in this country have, at least to a considerable extent, already been assimilated. For instance, nearly all Japanese who have lived in America for a number of years, and who return to Japan for brief visits, always state upon their return to this country that they do not like to live in Japan because of the great inconvenience, amounting well-nigh to impossibility, of adjusting themselves to Japanese customs and manners. A friend of mine living in Idaho took his family to Japan for a visit of a year. But his twelve-year-old son (born in America) disliked Japan so much and complained so bitterly about remaining there that in a very little while his father sent him back to America to live with his aunt until his parents' return. Perhaps the best illustration of the cultural assimilability of the Japanese is furnished by the children of Japanese parents born in this country. They are actually more American than Japanese in their ideas and ideals, their language and manners, their mode of living and their attitude toward life in general. In daily conversation they speak almost entirely in English, and their parents often find it difficult to communicate with and understand them unless they too have a good command of English. Their eagerness to join the Boy Scouts, the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and similar organizations, also shows that they have assimilated American life, ideals and customs. During the great war, American-born Japanese were anxious to serve under the Stars and Stripes, and admirably demonstrated their love for and loyalty to America. Many Japanese not born in this country, but having been here a number of years, were eager to fight for their adopted country.

On the whole, if any one will take the time and trouble to investigate impartially, he will find that assimilability as a racial characteristic of the Japanese is proven by the history of the rapid growth of Modern Japan. Upon what else, if assimilability is denied, can be based the explanation of that remarkable growth and complete change, almost revolutionary, which has taken place within the last fifty years in Japan? The Japanese, indeed, have always shown that they are willing to and can assimilate. Their high respect for Western civilization and their desire and ability to adopt it and adapt themselves to it, have been amply demonstrated by the fruits which they are reaping today.—*Adv.*

THE MEANING OF "MARU."

Oriental words when they enter the everyday ken of the Occident always intrigue us oddly. They are exotic and mystical and the Western world inclines to them as to an adventure in Arabian nights. Some have been adopted by our speech, and have become commonplace—but never so casual as to lose their glamour. Thus we amuse ourselves with "kismet," but no tongue of a northern race ever has uttered this fatalistic word with the significance that attaches when it is spoken in Persia or the Arabian desert. East remains East, and West is West, for all that we avail ourselves of linguistic liberties. This is prefatory to a reply to a correspondent who wishes to know the significance of the Japanese word "maru," as neatly lettered on prow and stern of ships from the Mikado's empire—the inevitable suffix to the name of each vessel. To grasp the true meaning of the word one must be of Japanese birth, and it were as well, perhaps, for all Westerners to content themselves with interpreting it as "steamship." The little brown mariners themselves admit that we can draw no nearer to its meaning.

In a recent issue of the Japanese shipping magazine, *Japan*, there appeared an article pertaining to the word "maru," and its significance. The lexicographic facts, while quite comprehensible to the Japanese, escape us even as we read, but they serve to answer the curious and certainly do not in the least detract from the interest with which we scan a bit of cabalistic nomenclature. For "maru" does not mean "steamship," neither does it mean "ocean." It is symbolical of much more than that. It signifies in a material way a spiritual concept.

The Japanese themselves are not quite sure about it, when it comes to the quibble. It is ancient of ancients, one of the oldest and most venerable words in their language. Literally it translates as "round," hence implying the completeness and perfection of "circle." From this understanding of its meaning is derived its application to precious things, to children, for example. The son and heir was once entitled to add the word "maru" as a suffix to his name in testimony to his importance and value to the line. That, it seems, was some centuries ago—an indefinite number of centuries—and long before it came into use as a nautical term. Later it became associated with the architecture of feudal castles, and these because of their round watch towers received the name as their own. Thence it was but a step to the sea.

It is said that the warships of Commodore Perry, when they sailed into Yedo Bay, seemed to the Japanese who watched their impressive entrance to be veritable floating castles. They called the ships by that name and it was so that all great sea-going craft came to be known as "marus." When Japan forsook her policy of isolation, built fleets of her own, and sailed the seven seas, the word was retained in that significance. Yet there are other versions of its meaning, less historical, but no less interesting.

One of these relates that the argosies of Japan, in the dim past, were known as "marus" because they frequently held the fortunes of princely houses. In this sense the application was literally that of "the precious one," as applied to the momentous character of the enterprise. Still another version of its relation to the sea is found in the insular character of Japan, when to the islanders the ocean compassed them about as an insuperable boundary. Thus the sea signified not only a complete circle, but a perfection of isolation and the word "maru" became forever linked with the ocean.

Yet "maru" does not mean "ocean." There is, however, a Japanese suffix common to their shipping that has that significance. It is the word "yo." Its nearest translation into English is "ocean." Hence "Tenyo" may be freely translated as "Heaven and Ocean," or more poetically, "heavenly ocean"; while "Shin," the Japanese word for "Spring," when coupled with the suffix "yo," becomes "Springtime on the ocean."—*Portland Oregonian.*

It is not generally known that billiards had its origin in an outdoor pastime. This was "paille maille," an old French game played like croquet. Exactly when the billiard table came into use is not clear, but reference is made to it in a manuscript dated 1591, the writer classing billiards with "dice and cards and other thriftless games." For many years almost identical implements were used in the indoor game as in "paille maille." The cues were curved like hockey sticks, the balls were wooden and larger than those used nowadays, and the table was fitted with hoops. Eventually the latter were replaced by pockets. During the last hundred years the game has been played much as it is today, except in changing size of balls and tables.

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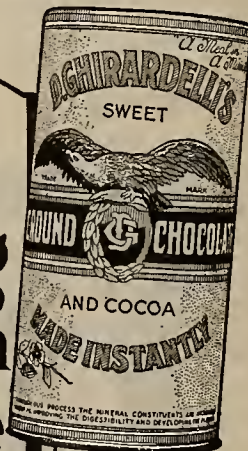
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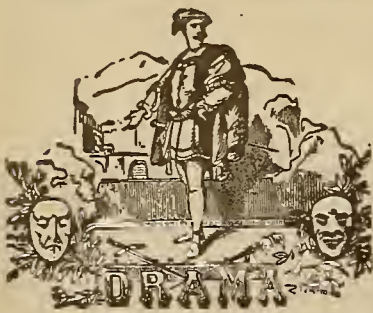
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AT THE MAITLAND.

The Wilde play was, after all, cut out of the Maitland programme this week, which, thus reduced, included two plays—Shaw's "Many of Destiny" and Goodman's rather too familiar "The Game of Chess."

Shaw has stated that he wrote "The Man of Destiny" with Richard Mansfield in his mind to fill the leading rôle, although Mansfield subsequently rejected the play. And I must confess I don't blame him.

"The Man of Destiny" has achieved many stage successes, probably by virtue of the historic interest attached to the central character and because there is brilliancy to the dialogue and clever intrigue to the plot.

But the play reminds me of Shaw's prefaces, which, stuffed though they are with observation, and wit, and humor, and the diverse points of knowledge of a very brilliant man, are generally so lengthy that the reader is worn out before he comes to the end of them.

In "The Man of Destiny" Shaw monologizes at frightful length on several occasions. It is, of course, supposed to be Napoleon who is delivering the monologue, but it is really Shaw. And while Shaw shoves Napoleon to one side and unpacks his soul of his opinions and ideas, the action of the play remains stationary, and "the lady" is obliged to do the same, her hands idle in her lap and her eyes politely fixed on the monologist.

Even Ellen Terry—who was in Shaw's mind, it seems, when he blocked out the character of "the lady"—could scarcely have retained her mental vivacity during that terrific monologue.

The principal point in the play is the Napoleonic psychology, put to the test. Napoleon wishes to come into possession of the stolen dispatches, but he wants to "do it beautifully," as Hedda Gabler would say. The play, therefore, is a long contest of wills and wits between the great general and "the lady."

It would take more experienced and more finished players than John Fee and Lea Penman to convey adequately, by look, and attitude, and gesture, and tone, the varying states of mind of the two antagonists. The two

players did only fairly well in their exceedingly difficult rôles. Mr. Fee, who rather disturbed the romantic sensibilities of his audience by the correctly disheveled wig he wore—for at that epoch General Napoleon of the republic had not yet developed into a dandy and was quite used to trailing his unkempt locks in the dinner sauce—was rather monotonously explosive in his depiction of the future emperor's imperiousness. But he deserves commendation for his delivery of that back-breaking monologue about the English.

Lea Penman's bright, arch expression helped her out in her difficult rôle, but it seemed to me that there were moments when victory hung in the balance between the two contestants, when the actress took refuge in a vaguely roguish look from the rather baffling but certainly most trying exactions that were made on her.

At one time in the development of modern drama the numerous changes in the balance of things between the pair whose wits were their armor, and each of whom repeatedly saw victory in sight, would be counted as a shining point of merit. But it seems to smack too much of the "well-made play," and, in the greater simplicity of the best modern drama, we have risen above that.

In fact, Shaw's hand was not at its lightest when he wrote this comedy, whose fault it is that it fails to suggest an actual experience.

"The Game of Chess" scarcely calls for comment, as it is a favorite vehicle for Mr. Maitland, and has been revived by him several times. It is an entertaining bit of atmospheric melodrama, and I suspect that one of the reasons Mr. Maitland and his special appreciators favor the play is because the actor, in respect to both matter and manner, contrives to achieve quite a patrician effect in the leading rôle.

WHAT WE DESERVE.

San Francisco has quite a glorious record in the past, theatrically. Here, to this far-away sentinel standing on guard at the westernmost extremity of the Occidental world, came all the great attractions of the civilized world; or very nearly all, for Eleanora Duse and some other famous ones never came to the Pacific Coast. But her great compatriots, Tomaso and Alessandro Salvini, came. And from England came Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, and, before them, the Kendals. France sent us very few. But Fechter came here in the maturity of his fame, Wyndham, the English comedian, Lily Langtry many times, and lesser lights from Europe that had their modicum of fame. Mrs. Pat Campbell paid repeated visits to this Coast, Mme. Modjeska was a familiar figure, and, going further back, Adelaide Neilsen's work was well known to San Franciscans.

And after Adelina Patti's managers had her blaze the way San Francisco at one time saw

the famous operatic stars every winter: Gerster, Schalchi, Nordica, Eames, Calvé, and hosts of others whose names one only finds in books of recollections.

Besides all the European celebrities New York sent us of its best. In the days of famous stock companies—the Union Square Theatre company, the Augustin Daly company, and those sent out by Frohman—San Franciscans fully counted on seeing the best high-class Eastern attractions.

It is curious to realize what a withering spell has fallen on the commercial theatres of the United States. Why is it that the commercial theatres, which cater to the great majority of the patrons of the spoken drama, have so lowered their standards? Or is it that the general public has?

It is a puzzling question. We do not really know whether the public showed a falling off in the quality of its demands or whether the managers, by the insidious propaganda of less meritorious plays and players, handsomely presented, did the business, but unquestionably the public, in time, contentedly accepted plays and acting of considerably poorer quality.

And yet, oddly enough, this change in the theatrical conditions came about in the era when there was a marked improvement in the quality of the output of writers of drama. The wider knowledge of the Ibsen drama had started a revolt against the harmless but rather banal plays which were in those days so exquisitely acted. For a high standard in acting dwelt alongside a very mediocre standard in plays.

Today library shelves are loaded with the dramatic works of the modern school developed since Ibsen blazed the way. Since his day Arthur Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Oscar Wilde, G. B. Shaw, John Galsworthy, Masefield, Maeterlinck, Rostand, Hauptman, Suderman, D'Annunzio, the group of Irish playwrights, Sir James Barrie, Tolstoy, Brieux, Björnson, Strindberg, a large group of brilliant French dramatists not so widely known to English-speaking play-goers, and other superior play-writers, St. John Hankin, Stanley Houghton, Arthur Schnitzler, Granville Barker, nearly all of whom stand for the drama of ideas, have come up and inspired a still younger generation of playwrights to put life and thought into their plays.

The general public, however, at least in America, apparently does not want the drama that induces the stimulus of thought, or that allows the fascination of seeing characters and events that reflect life on the stage.

Those who like superior plays must turn to the little theatres, which have come to their relief. But no matter how appreciative we are of the work of the little theatres we can but feel rueful at seeing dramatic masterpieces rendered by players who are either mere beginners in their craft or but half way up on the ladder that leads to the serene heights of artistic achievement.

The truth is that America lags in the race.

American play-goers love superficiality, sentimentality, gayety without wit, humor that smacks of the daily newspaper, gorgeous spectacle, beauty without soul, and youth without mentality.

In Europe even the working classes appreciate the finest works of the drama, and, before the war, Germany, Austria, and Russia were well accustomed to see on the stage the translated masterpieces of other nations. Here in America if you live in New York you may have the opportunity of seeing something first class on the stage every week. If you don't you can't, and that is all there is to it.

This centralization of the drama is certainly a great defect in the American system, and one wishes that the more thoughtful managers would follow out an idea that was advanced in one of his books by William Lyon Phelps, who loves good drama so fervently that he must plan something or burst.

Professor Phelps' idea was that every city of sufficient population to support a theatre should have a stock company, and every one of these companies should have the right to produce new plays. Thus all the great New York successes would appear simultaneously all over the country.

It seems simple, and would be if the leading managers and producers would form a business association and take bold of it.

But the question is, do we deserve it? Sometimes, when I see a really fine attraction passed by for something startlingly inferior I am almost afraid we don't.

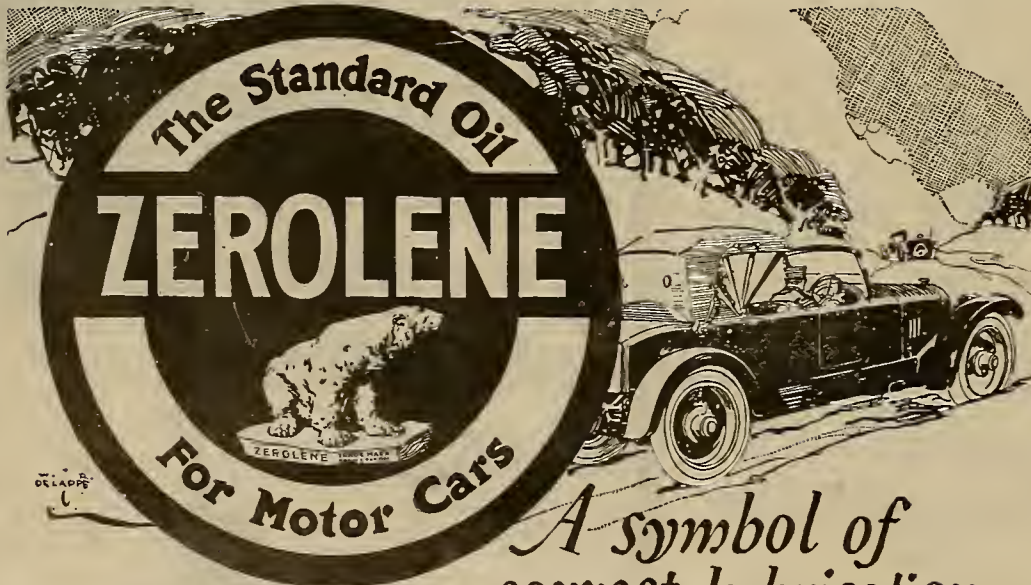
The other day I suddenly realized with a leap of satisfaction that the street-sweepers were paying one of their infrequent visits. I stood in the window to watch them for a few moments, and the spectacle was so absorbing that I stayed there until they were finished, and all my rash hopes of a cleanly-swept street extinct. It did not take them long. There were four sweepers and a man with a shovel; presumably a foreman. Two of the four sweepers languidly drifted off about one-third of my block. I suppose their job was to do one-half of it. They were old, gnarled, wrinkled, bald, bent, and gray. They looked as if a San Francisco trade wind would keel them over. No doubt they are the poor relations of those American monarchs, the city politicians who run the city.

As they feebly ambled along the two gave purposeless dabs with their brooms, and finally, by a mighty effort, each collected what might amount to three or four handfuls of paper and the like trash that was decorating the street.

Feebly one of them carried his heavy load of paper scraps down to a municipal wagon at the corner, drawn by a meditative steed who looked as aged as his human convoy.

But—oh, wonder!—the man with the shovel, who had remained stationary in a Napoleonic attitude, while he haughtily surveyed the streetscape, advanced and gathered up the half-dozen scraps of paper in the heap collected by the other nonagenarian, who apparently had fallen into a reflective doze while standing on his two venerable feet.

And this was all. All three, without a glance at the remaining scraps of paper fluttering invitingly under their noses, drifted down to the corner. All the space that the



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two nonagenarians had gone over was from ten to fifteen feet of gutter. The rest of the street surface was coldly ignored. The foreman gave no directions. There was no system, no conscience. Old and bunged-up though the ancient men were—the foreman seemed to be about twenty years younger—they plainly put a compulsion on themselves to make themselves crawl.

Nobody in the group cared a continental darn what any on-looking citizens thought of them. They indulged in only the ten-to-fifteen of camouflage. Otherwise they made no more pretense than the ancient Rosinante that drew the municipal chariot. For are they not the protégés of the American kings who run the city?

Now I am sorry for nonagenarians that are obliged to earn their living. But the point is, aren't we paying for having our streets swept? And shouldn't there be workers hired who can do it, and a competent foreman to direct them? And since we pay in, in taxes, enough money to have competent service, isn't it just what we deserve, since we don't get it? Plays, acting, or municipal service we can get the best if we really hustle, make a loud outcry, and do something.

THE EMMY DESTINN CONCERT.

Emmy Destinn, I remember, when she was here before, was vaguely disappointing. I couldn't exactly lay my finger on the reason, but now I realize that her artistic sympathy was already beginning to fail her. In other words her temperament was evaporating prematurely.

Emmy Destinn still has a big, strong voice, and it still has a youthful timbre. Also, to many apparently, her singing retains an element of charm. But her listeners, this time, discovered a feeling of insecurity about her high notes. They were afraid that she wouldn't reach up to them. Also, her breathing was too obvious, nor was she always sure on pitch.

But her greatest and gravest fault is the uniformity of her delivery in songs of diverse sentiment. As a result there is a monotonous flow of vocalism characterized by a lack of artistic differentiation on the singer's part.

And this is where her lack of artistic sympathy shows. In the "Cradle Song," for instance, instead of soothing her listeners by a gentle, melodious flow, she gave it with al-

most as dramatic a delivery as the "Dieh theuse Halle." The same fault could be found with "Bocca, bocca bella," which should be rendered as bel canto.

Those of her hearers, however, who understood the Roumanian and Hungarian numbers discovered that the singer has quite a remarkable ability in facial expression. Perhaps that is why she overdoes it, because there she is sure of herself.

It is rather disheartening to see a fine artist resort to an excess of physical demonstration in order to convince her hearers that she is doing good work. Audiences are generally only too willing to be convinced, and when a singer pours forth a full vocal volume with gestures and energetic heavings of the chest, and a superabundance of facial play, the audience—or the good-natured major part of it, anyway—is apt to think that all this to-do means artistry.

Emmy Destinn still has enough left of her once beautiful voice to give genuine pleasure to the discriminating by a rightful use of her artist's resources. But it seems to me that at her last Sunday's concert she almost used vocal and facial subterfuge. She has not, apparently, during her years before the public, acquired and retained the best opinion of her public's judgment. And that is where the emotional side of her temperament failed her, and where her artistic sympathy went back on her. For it is always well for public performers to do their best for the best in the audience. And in the doing of it they will educate and win the others.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mr. Henry Woods, R. A., who has died in Venice at the age of seventy-five, began his artistic life as a draughtsman on the staff of the *Graphic*, which appeared in 1869, with Fred Walker, Pinwell, Herkomer, Sir Luke Fildes, and other well-known men. He found his life-work when in 1876 he took the advice of his friend Fildes and went to Venice. The city bewitched him, as she has bewitched so many other artists. Woods settled in Venice in 1878, and thenceforth was absorbed in the study of Venetian life. Unlike Ruskin or Whistler, he was less concerned with the architecture than with the people. Venice herself forms an agreeable background for his gay and spirited scenes from the daily life of the fisherfolk and the artisans. As typical examples of his work may be named "Cupid's Spell," of 1885, in the Tate Gallery; "Rivals," of 1891; "A Venetian Autolycus," of 1900; "La Tombola," of 1904; and "The Honey-moon," of 1912. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1882 and a full member in 1893. In recognition of his love of Venice the Venice Academy admitted him as its one foreign member.

Pearls are pearls, whether produced by the Japanese method of artificially stimulating their production in oysters or formed in the usual manner, so far as French science can determine. M. Boutan, in a report to the Academy of Science, shows that the process of formation is the same in both cases, and the only difference is in the larger core of the "Japanese" pearl. In the "Japanese" method some small object is placed in the oyster, which promptly protects itself by depositing about the intruder the pearl substance exactly as it does when such an object gets into the shell accidentally. There was no explanation as to why "real" pearls are found only about small cores.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

"The Passion Flower," the remarkable Spanish drama from the pen of Spain's greatest dramatist, Jacinto Benavente, will open a two weeks' engagement next Monday night at the Columbia with San Francisco's favorite, Nance O'Neil, in the rôle of Raimunda, Benavente's soul-tortured mother heroine, said by the reviewers to be one of the greatest emotional characterizations ever conceived by an English-speaking actress. The play is now in its third season, having enjoyed extended runs in New York, Chicago, Boston, and other Eastern cities during the two seasons just preceding her engagement in Chicago. Miss O'Neil is supported by a cast which has been acclaimed everywhere as a notable one, and with the original metropolitan production her engagement in San Francisco should prove one of the dramatic events of the season.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Caste," the charming comedy by Thomas William Robertson, is to be given a revival this coming week at the Maitland Playhouse, and those theatre-goers who can recall the beauties of the play and the humor of "Caste" will be anxious to see the performance as handled by Director Arthur Maitland and the capable members of his company. It will be equally interesting to the younger generation, who doubtless have heard of "Old Eccles" and will be delighted to see the work of Selby Roach in that famous character. "Caste" was to have been revived last season, but other plans intervened. "Caste" opens Monday night and continues all the week, with opening matinee on Tuesday.

The one-act plays, "Man of Destiny," by George Bernard Shaw, and "The Game of Chess," are proving wonderfully attractive this week and will be brought to a close on Saturday evening.

"Liberty Hall," another such play as the dainty "Rosemary," has been chosen by Director Maitland for the Christmas week attraction.

The Orpheum.

In addition to the regular eight-act bill next week all of the artists on the bill will get together for a last act directed by Joe Howard. This added attraction is being put on as a special holiday feature and is brimful of the Christmas spirit. It is described as a hodge-podge of musical comedy, reviving several of Mr. Howard's old songs and introducing several of his new ones. Jack King is at the piano.

If the golf bee has not stung you, it undoubtedly will. The entire country is golf mad. There is golf for breakfast, dinner, and supper. There is also golf between meals and after meals. Golf is found, in the home, office, and in fact anywhere and everywhere. This fact has caused Jack Kennedy to produce a farce called "A Golf Proposal," which is described as a comedy of the links.

Al and Fanny Stedman, as everybody who goes to vaudeville knows, present a unique blending of fun and music, aptly described with the one word, "Pianocapers." The Stedmans have been borrowed on many occasions for musical comedy and have done well in such pieces as "The Red Mill," "Hanky Panky," and the George M. Cohan Revue, but their stronghold is the two-a-day.

If it is dancing, the O'Mearas do it. They are one of the most versatile and proficient dancing teams in vaudeville. This fact was recognized when Bessie Clayton, the queen of American dance, selected them from all other dancers to assist her in one of her productions.

Frank and Milton, the two jazz beaux, are

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May Wirth and her act with Phil and the family will remain a second week, as will Thomas Dugan and Babette Raymond in their comedy stunt.

Katharina Schratz, formerly actress at the Theatre Royal, Vienna, and trusted friend of the late Emperor Franz Josef, has been the recipient of many tempting offers from America for the publication of the letters of the late emperor. Mrs. Schratz has, however, refused every offer. Before the war, says the Central News Vienna correspondent, an American publisher offered the lady the then considerable amount of 1,000,000 kronen in an endeavor to induce her to publish her memoirs. Again, recently, Mrs. Schratz has received two commissions from American agents regarding the publication of Franz Josef's letters which are in her possession. The sum quoted is an enormous one, but the lady is not to be tempted.

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San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 4017**VANITY FAIR.**

An association of actors in New York has a new idea on censorship. It would appear that in the past actors have often been forced through the exigencies of commercial management to take rôles that excruciated their fine moral sense and to act in plays that rubbed every fibre of their sensitive souls the wrong way. Now the actors have revolted. They want a system of actor censorship, whereby the public's taste as manifested by foregoing successes will not be the last court of appeal of a too financially-minded producer. One can imagine the old phrase, "educate the public's taste," being declaimed according to every school of elocution from the Shakespearean to the Shavian during the enthusiastic convention of outraged actors. One wishes he knew all the facts in the case. It is a sad thing that one never does know all the facts and must resort to a more or less active imagination to supply them. In the present case we should love to know just what was the final straw that led to the actor's revolution. Some Broadway success, no doubt, lacking in both taste and ethics, albeit amazingly lucrative. And every one knows that that is the last thing an actor is concerned about. However, in justice, it should be remembered that the left branch of the theatrical profession believing in the Gallic wisdom, "*amour fait beaucoup; mais argent fait tout*," have gone into the movies. It may be that the diminishing though still extant hand of legitimate Thespians are quite in earnest in their present hold attempt to outwit the commercial producer. Perhaps they figure that since the cash rewards have been swung, however illegitimately, to the harsher branch of the family, they, the Thespians proper, may as well claim the rewards of a righteous glory.

The Kaiser is reported engaged to marry the widow of one of his officers. By the way, why is one supposed to call the ex-ruler of the Germans anything but the Kaiser? It is not such an honorable title that we need begrudge it to him and it seems to fit him so beautifully. To get back to Wilhelm—who after all is of royal birth—our noble Prussian seems to be following the example of other royal and ex-royal houses of Europe. He is marrying beneath him. There is something infinite touching in a picture of the vainest and most arrogant man alive driven for consolation to the arms of a widow of—we like to think—low estate. But this is sheer romancing. The meagre report did not give her estate, beyond the information that her former husband had been an officer in the Prussian army. He may have been an archduke. Moreover, the official statement from Doorn denies the report. But many a more important truth has been denied at the Kaiser's instigation. In the present instance we can understand his natural feelings of reticence and modesty. Particularly, if she is not a duchess.

Beauty is rare; hut modest beauty is even rarer. An example of the species has yet to be produced by our own, our oative land. There has, on the contrary, been a lot of comment on the aplomb and serene assurance with which our young girls contest to be called the most superlative example of this or that section of the country—when indeed they are modest enough to stop with a section. Anyway France has heat us to it and produced a modest professional beauty. We are of necessity limited to the consideration of professionals, since many a beauty of the unofficial sort may flourish in seclusion far from the siren song of a press agent. Unfortunately both her beauty and modesty are wasted then. But to return to Agnes Souret, called the loveliest woman in France, and now the most modest. Two years ago she was chosen by the votes of her countrywomen as the most beautiful of many thousands who had submitted their photographs in a competition organized by the *Journal*, and when once judgment had been given no one challenged it. At once theatrical and motion-picture managers hombarde her with tenders of engagements, and fortunes were offered her to appear in public. One of the most famous dressmakers in Paris undertook to make all her frocks if only she would consent to let the fact be known. Agnes, who is the daughter of a country lawyer at Biarritz, hesitated, but the offers were too generous to be resisted. Now she has tired of her exacting career as a professional beauty champion and voluntarily relinquishes the title. To judge from report, she is showing as much sense, as modesty. But the vanity of most women, we suspect, would be proof against even the terrors of being mobbed upon public appearance. The strain was too much at least for the lovely Agnes and she has announced her retirement from the stage—withholding, however, a woman's privilege to return if the spirit moves her.

An amiable prohibition sentiment was expressed the other day by the *World Digest of Reform News*, an organ of a church board of temperance. Says the *World Digest*: "We

would be the last to advocate the unwarranted use of weapons by officers, but a hootlegger is worth a lot more to the country dead than alive." This Christian observation seems to express the general tenor of prohibitionist feeling. A prohibition enforcer is warranted in pulling his gun is the hut too obvious conclusion of the moral axiom quoted above. Who, indeed, should be warranted if not he, now that he has the whip hand over the entire potential drinking public. That is to say—over the public as distinct from prohibitionists. And sometimes—dare we say it?—as indistinct. The demarcation, alas, is not always a line of sharp relief. But what will you? The evils of prohibition are enough to corrupt anything. Meanwhile we can look gayly forward to a time when prohibition sleuths begin to track each other down. It's an ill wind that blows no good. And since we are indulging in ancient saws, it might be added that it is a poor rule that does not work both ways. There was an Arkansas hills man at the outbreak of the war whose advice to his enlisting son was: "En if you see a Boche, Johnnie, killem. Kill him as cheerful as you would a revenue officer."

Pueblo Indian Paintings.

The romance attaching to a civilization unthinkable centuries old, and the opportunity which the gay costumes of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico in a setting of superb mountain vistas, sagebrush mesas, and jagged cañons affords for the lavish use of pure colors and vigorous painting in its depiction, constitutes sufficient reason for the immediate interest which the exhibition of the Taos Society of Artists, represented by thirty canvases at the Print Rooms, will awaken.

Of equal importance with the interest of the subject-matter is the fact that all of the artists whose works are on display are established as medal winners and are of recognized rank in the American art world. Lured by the field which this dramatic and primitive race presented in their age-old domestic customs and traditions, still untouched by the imminence of our modern civilization, these artists migrated some years ago to the Pueblo village of Taos in New Mexico, finding studios in deserted cloisters and later perhaps permanent homes, and handing themselves together into the Taos Society of Artists, giving annual exhibitions of their work in the states.

At the British-grown vegetable show in October the most remarkable exhibit was a new daffodil yellow orchid, *Maoelata Aurea*, shown by Baron Schroeder, and valued at over £500.

Professor—What do you know about Fielding. *Stude*—Nothiog much. I was always a pitcher oo the team whenever I played.—*The Orphan*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The professor was deeply absorbed in some scientific subject when the nurse announced the arrival of a boy. "What—who?" stammered the professor absently. "Why interrupt me—isn't my wife at home?"

The swain and his swainess had just encountered a bulldog that looked as if his bite might be quite as bad as his bark. "Why, Percy," she exclaimed as he started a strategic retreat, "you always swore you would face death for me." "I would," he flung back over his shoulder, "but that darn dog aint dead."

Young Harold was late for Sunday-school and the minister inquired the cause. "I was going fishing, but father wouldn't let me," announced the lad. "That's the right kind of a father to have," replied the reverend gentleman. "Did he explain the reason why he would not let you go?" "Yes, sir. He said there wasn't bait enough for two."

The politician rushed past the official Cerebus in the editorial sanctum. "What do you mean by insulting me as you did in last night's *Clamor*?" "Just a minute," replied the editor. "Didn't the story appear as you gave it to us—namely, that you had resigned as city treasurer?" "It did," admitted the politician. "But you put it under the head, 'Public Improvements.'"

The station master, hearing a crash on the platform, rushed out of his room just in time to see the express disappearing round the curve, and a disheveled young man sprawling out perfectly flat among a confusion of overturned milk cans and the scattered contents of his traveling bag. "Was he trying to catch a train?" the station master asked of a small boy who stood by, admiring the scene. "He did catch it," said the boy happily, "but it got away again."

"Do you know anything about palmistry, Herbert?" she asked. "Oh, not much," he answered, "although I had an experience last night which might be considered a remarkable example of palmistry. I happened to glance at the hand of a friend, and I immediately predicted he would presently become the possessor of a considerable amount of money. Before he left the room he had a nice little sum handed to him." "And you foretold that from his hand?" "Yes, it had four aces in it."

"If a banana costs 3 cents," said the teacher, "what will a dozen cost?" Willie hesitated, then gave it up. "Well, do you suppose you could do the sum if we were to play at keeping store?" Willie thought that he could and consented to enter the make-believe market and address the storekeeper: "Have you got any good bananas today?" "Some fine ones at 3 cents apiece," was the reply. "I'll take a dozen, if you please," said Willie, digging into his pocket for imaginary cash. "And how much'll that be?"

The enmity between two charming comediennes on the Paris stage has reached an extreme pitch, especially since one of them scored a particularly telling hit against her rival the other evening. It was on the stage, too, before a crowded house. They appeared in the same scene together, and during the patter one said to the other, "My dear, you have the air of a calf." "Thank you, mamma," came in a flash the tart rejoinder. Of course, the house roared, little dreaming that the passage was quite unrehearsed.

"A great many titles if they are sounded ring false," said Cortlandt Bleeker at a Newport tea. "Since the world war especially there has been a lot of queer titles floating about. Some of them are as suspicious as the Rev. Washington White's. His title was 'D'—the 'Rev. Washington White, D.' A stranger asked him to explain it and he said: 'De Holy Saints' University of Vicksburg, sah, will sell me a D. D. title fo' fo'ty dollars. Well, Ah took up a collection among mah flock and collected \$20, sah, and de university done sent me mah fust D. Soon's Ah send de udder twenty Ah gits de full title.'"

"Sir Thomas Lipton told me he is going to take up flying instead of yachting," said a member of the Aero Club in New York. "He says the air is cheaper than the water. He said in his jovial way that he liked to save, even in the matter of sports, and added that he was rather like the old fellow in the smoking car. Crossing the plains in a smoking car an old fellow and a young one sat side by side. After some hours of travel they fell into friendly talk, and finally the old fellow filled his pipe from a big pouch and lit up. The young man took out his own pipe. 'Would you kindly oblige me with a match?' he said. The old man gave him a match, and the young man began to search his pockets.

"The deuce!" he said, with a sheepish smile, "I haven't got any tobacco with me." "Then you won't need the match," said the old fellow, and reaching out his hand he took it and replaced it in his match-box."

"I never saw the equal of those Jagsbys next door," said Mr. Bibbles. "They are always wanting to borrow something. I honestly believe we've lent them everything in the house except the piano and our twin beds." "I'm sorry you are so wrought up," said Mrs. Bibbles. "Mr. Jagsbys has just sent over to know if—" "Don't say it! Don't say it!" "If you have a few empty bottles you could spare, pint or quart size." "Out of the way, woman! I'll take them over myself."

William Martin, aged five, ran into his grandmother's bedroom with a small kitten he had picked up in the street, and asked if he might keep it. He also asked if it were a "boy cat" or a "girl cat," as he wanted to give it a name. His grandmother told him she would find out, and that he might keep the kitten. The next day he burst into the room in great glee and announced, "I named her Mary." "How did you find out that it was a 'girl cat'?" his grandmother asked. "Well," replied William, "I watched her, and she washed her face, and she washed her ears, and she washed behind her ears, and nobody but a girl cat would wash behind her ears."

The late Edgar Saltus—that brilliant cynic—was lunching with a friend at Claridge's Hotel in London one day. A young couple entered, and Mr. Saltus' friend murmured

with a smile: "See that couple? Well, Edgar, they're engaged. I heard him in the lounge this morning begging for just one." "Engaged? Nonsense," said Mr. Saltus, and he laughed cynically. "That's Lord Laceland and his rich American wife. They've been married over a year, man. It was a fiver he was begging for."

"The moderate drinker," said William N. Anderson, the prohibition leader of New York, "is usually some such type as Peleg Mannesman. Old Peleg Mannesman sat in his parlor with a demijohn of home brew beside him. He tossed off a couple of glasses of the stuff and proceeded to lecture his son on the evils of drunkenness and the benefits of moderate drinking. 'Never drink too much,' old Peleg concluded. 'Be a moderate drinker, like me, boy.' 'But, father,' said the young man, 'how can I tell when I've had enough and when I've had too much?' Old Peleg Mannesman pointed out of the window. 'Do you see those two women standing on the corner?' he said. 'Well, if you saw four women there you'd have had too much—you'd be drunk.' 'But, father,' said the young man, 'there's only one woman there.'"

That brilliant and erratic novelist, the late Edgar Saltus, despised politicians. "When a politician," he once said in his Madison Square apartment, "does or says a good and generous thing it is always an accident, a mistake. The politician in this is like the stingy farmer. He was walking his wife along a city street looking for a place to eat in. They approached a handsome restaurant with a sign before the door saying: 'Luncheon 12 to 3,

50 Cents.' The old lady never dreamed of stopping before such a fine place, but her stingy husband held her up. 'We'll go in thar,' he said reflectively. 'It aint a bad bargain, Hanner—three hours' steady eatin' for half a dollar.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Palmam Qui Meruit—

Spurn not the man, nor brand him dud,
Who tends the homely, slighted spud
And woos it from its native mud.

It is a nobler trade he plies
Than those who rend the helpless skies
With "Anti-Waste" and suchlike cries.

It is a far, far better job
Than any chosen by the swah
Who ornaments St. Stephen's moh.

If I'd my way, right now or later,
The man who grows the toothsome 'tater
Should rank as Rex et Imperator.

And all who sell the things or harter,
From grocer's lad to market carter,
Deserve a K. C. B. or Garter.

Even the unobtrusive she
Who peels and cooks the spud for me
Should have at least an O. B. E.

A knighthood, in my noble plan,
Should soothe the last declining span
Of every baked-potato man.

And peerages galore should drop
On those—the state's support and prop—
Who keep a chip saloon (or shop).

Thus all who tend this fairest bud,
Creation's masterpiece the spud,
Should rank with those of bluest blood.

—Lucio in Manchester Guardian.



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Frances Melvor, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. George Melvor, and Mr. Paul Runyon, son of Dr. Weyford Runyon of South Orange, New Jersey, was solemnized December 3d in the chapel of St. Sebastian at Fort Slocum, New York. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the bride's home. Mrs. Runyon is the granddaughter of Mrs. William Smedberg of San Francisco.

Mrs. Joseph Grant gave a reception Friday to introduce her daughter, Miss Edith Grant. Mrs. Adam Grant and Miss Josephine Grant assisted in receiving the guests.

Mrs. Robert Currey entertained at luncheon last Thursday at the Town and Country Club, her guests including Mrs. James Langhorne, Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Robert Woods, Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary, Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Mrs. Arthur Hellmann, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. D. Y. Campbell, Mrs. William Barbour, Mrs. William Bliss, Mrs. William Geary, Mrs. John Conrad, and Mrs. Elliott McAllister.

Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley gave a luncheon Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club.

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Among their guests were Lord and Lady Rodney, Lady Corisande Rodney, Colonel and Mrs. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering, and General George Barnett.

Colonel and Mrs. John McDonald gave a dinner last Thursday at Alcatraz for General and Mrs. William Mason Wright.

A musicale was given Monday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Harry Scott. Among those contributing to the programme were Mrs. Frank Cheatham, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mrs. Axton Jones, Mrs. Stanley Morshead, Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow, Mrs. Leon Jones, Mrs. William Roth, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. John Rosseter, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mrs. Roy Folger, and Miss Golcher.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams and the Misses Elizabeth and Ellita Adams gave a dinner Friday evening for Miss Edith Grant. Others at the affair were Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Lawrence Requa, Mr. Peter Jackson, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Eric Pedley, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. George Tallant, Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. William Schuman, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, and Mr. Talant Tubbs.

Mrs. Wayne Cuyler of Paris was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Thursday in Burlingame by Mrs. Richard McCreery. Among her guests were Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. William Fullam, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. James Flood, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained at luncheon a few days ago, having among her guests Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Marion Bird, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Rosamonde Lee, and Miss Inez Macondray.

Mrs. Marshall Madison gave a luncheon Wednesday, complimenting Miss Inez Macondray.

Mrs. Edward Tobin gave a children's party Monday in San Mateo for Miss Barbara Tobin, her guests including Miss Jane Anderton, Miss Barbara McCauley, Miss Mary Hayne, Miss Gloria Wood, Master Paul Clark, Master George Rodney, Master Edward McCauley, Jr., Master Richard Tobin, and Master William Parrott, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer entertained at dinner Saturday night, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. John Drum, Mr. Cliff Weatherwax, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Mrs. Marmaduke Kellogg gave a tea last Friday for Mrs. Arthur Whitney and Mrs. Lewis Spear.

Mrs. John Mpoon gave a dinner and bridge Thursday evening for Miss Laura Miller and Mr. John Knox.

Mrs. E. D. Chipman entertained at tea last Thursday afternoon. Those who assisted Mrs. Chipman in receiving her guests were Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Frank Dray, Mrs. Lawrence

Draper, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mrs. Dwight Chipman of New Haven, Connecticut, Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. Langley Porter, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade were dinner hosts Friday evening.

Mrs. Joseph Tobin entertained at dinner Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent gave a dinner Thursday at the Burlingame Club, those at the affair having been Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Mrs. Carroll Cambron gave a tea last Thursday for Miss Carroll Cambron. In the receiving party were Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mrs. William Boericke, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Charles Johnson, Mrs. George Beveridge, Miss Kathryn Maxwell, Miss Elizabeth Terry, Miss Elizabeth Wright, and Miss Margaret Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott are giving a dance for their granddaughter, Miss Mary Martin, at their home in Burlingame on Saturday, January 14th.

Miss Frances Pringle was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Wednesday by Miss Inez Ma-

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Enticing Music by the Rose Room Orchestra under the direction of Ray Tellier. ~

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STRINGER STORAGE
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condray. Among the guests were Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Katherine Wigmore, and Miss Jane Carrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox entertained at a dinner recently at the Curzon Hotel, London. Their guests included Baron Hyashi, Japanese ambassador, and his daughter, Mme. Okomoto, Admiral Twining, naval attaché to the American Embassy, and Mrs. Twining, Lady Arnold, Admiral Sir Percy Scott, Major and Mrs. Du Plot Taylor, and Mrs. Leymomm Hughes.

Absinthe was at first used by the French only as a flavor for other beverages.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., arrived last week from Washington en route to their future home in San Diego. They have been staying at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles have arrived in New York from Europe. They will return in a few days to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin have recently purchased the Burlingame residence of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Tower in Los Angeles, will return next week to New York.

Mrs. Herbert Payne and Miss Amy Brewer, who left for the East last week, will sail for Europe at the end of the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth returned Wednesday from a trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. Sidney Peters arrived Monday from Portland to visit Mrs. Winslow.

Mrs. Arthur Whitney and Mrs. Lewis Spear left Monday for Panama en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Currey of Dixon, who have been spending several days at the Clift Hotel, have gone to Coronado for a brief sojourn.

Mr. Redmond Stevens of Santa Barbara is visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron have come to town for the winter. They are at the residence of Mr. de Young.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Curran will return to California within a few days. They have been abroad for several months.

Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman has arrived from San Diego to spend the Christmas season with Judge and Mrs. Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury have purchased the residence of Miss Mauricia Mintzer on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor left Friday on a trip through Southern California.

Miss Helen Hammersmith will return to San Francisco the first of the week to remain until after Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin returned last week to California from the Atlantic coast. They accompanied Mrs. Baldwin's sister, Mrs. Walter Perkins, to New York, where the latter will spend a few weeks before leaving for her home in South America.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent and Mrs. Correnah De Pue spent the week-end at Pebble Beach.

Colonel and Mrs. Guy Edie have decided to make their permanent home in San Francisco. The army officer has recently been retired from active service.

Mr. Léon Walker has returned from Europe and has joined Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker in Minneapolis.

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower has arrived from Philadelphia and is at the Fairmont. She will spend some weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. William Robertson, in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore, who have been in the Orient on their wedding trip, will arrive shortly in California to make their permanent home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson will remain abroad indefinitely. They are contemplating residing in Italy for several years.

Mrs. Jane Hayne and Mrs. Alvah Kaine will return next week to San Francisco. They have been in England and France for the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble are spending a fortnight in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jennings, and Miss Isabelle Jennings are spending the week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. Alexander Rutherford returned Wednesday from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt have returned to San Francisco from a trip to their ranch at Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. George Choate Kendall will arrive within a few days from Santa Barbara to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad.

Miss Marie Brewer, who has been visiting in Honolulu for several weeks with Captain and Mrs. Everett Upson, will not return to San Francisco until the close of January.

Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Russell of Los Angeles are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Requa, in Piedmont.

Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson and Miss Isabel Smith, who left for the Orient in August, are at present in Hongkong. They will go to India before returning to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne have returned from Montecito and will spend the remainder of the winter in San Mateo.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph Moody will arrive in San Francisco from Florida next week to visit Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody for a brief period.

Mrs. Wayne Cuyler of Paris is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Richard McCreery, in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Price have come out from Chicago to pass the Christmas holidays in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hohart.

Mrs. William Carr has returned from Santa Barbara and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. P. Howard, Jr., in Burlingame. She will be with her son-in-law and daughter until the latter part of January, when she will return to Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Bertheau are entertaining Mrs. Ralph McCurdy, little Miss Jane, and Master Ralph McCurdy at their home on Gough Street. They will be joined next week by Mr. McCurdy.

Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux are entertaining the former's father at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Arturo Orena will return to Santa Barbara next week. She has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. James Guilfoill for the past fortnight.

Mrs. Cliff Weatherwax will sail in January for Europe to be away several months.

Major and Mrs. Trench Vulte are occupying Miss Amy Brewer's house in Hillsborough during the owner's absence in Chicago.

Prince Miguel de Braganza arrived last week from Europe and has joined Princess de Bra-

ganza and their children at Long Island, New York. The family will pass Christmas in New York City with M. and Mme. Jean de St. Cyr, who have apartments at the Ambassador.

Mrs. Arthur Lord returned yesterday from Burlingame, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott for the past fortnight.

Mrs. Athearn Folger will sail January 10th for Europe to be away several months.

Senator and Mrs. Hiram Johnson have returned from San Mateo, where they passed a few days with Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain are spending a few days in town from Woodside.

Mrs. James Blaine has arrived from Rocklin and she will be here until after the New Year. She will be joined at the Fairmont next week by Mr. Blaine.

Mr. John Hays Hammond, Jr., and Mr. Richard Hammond arrived last week from New York to pass the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hammond are also enjoying the Yuletide in the southern city.

Colonel Edwin Wittenmyer has returned from his estate in Ohio, where he has been for the past three months.

Among those recently registered at the Palace are Mr. Mortz Thompson, Seattle; Mr. Lloyd Henley, Mr. L. A. Nares, Fresno; Mr. W. S. McCarthy, Salt Lake City; Mr. A. F. Kerry, Alaska; Mr. H. L. Buckley, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. Leo Schatz, Portland; Mr. C. J. Laughlin, Los Angeles; Mr. Thomas C. Leake, Mr. S. O. Church, New York; Mr. George G. Morse, Denver; Mr. David Breslauer, Redding; Mr. F. A. Frederick, Seattle; Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, Monterey; Mr. J. P. Godfrey, Mr. W. A. McNeill, Mr. H. D. Brown, Los Angeles; Mr. W. A. Worthington, New York; Mr. Alfred L. Flesh, Piquet, Ohio; Mr. J. F. Sartore, Los Angeles; Mr. A. J. Porter, New York.

Recently registered at the St. Francis are Mr. Jules E. Mannberger, Mr. Fred J. Keegan, New York; Mr. Jesse Whithead, Los Altos; Mr. William B. Berkowitz, New York; Mr. W. J. Joy, Chicago; Mr. T. A. McCann, Minneapolis; Mr. R. E. Dwyer, Seattle; Mr. D. P. Mason, Fresno; Mr. A. B. Jackson, Colusa; Mr. Barney Oldfield, Los Angeles; Mrs. Russell Wallace, Chicago; Mr. William Fernholtz, Los Angeles; Mr. Harry Freedman, Cleveland; Mr. George Gregory, Denver; Mr. M. J. Brennan, Chicago; Mr. D. P. Mason, Fresno; Mr. John G. Wright, Mr. T. W. E. Snook, Mr. A. E. Watt, Mr. G. A. Aaron, London, England; Mr. Lee L. Gray, Fresno; Mr. W. J. Bossert, Shanghai; Mr. W. T. Black, Portland.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Charles L. McPherson, Stockton; Mr. E. W. Williams, Seattle; Mr. E. T. Dumble, Houston, Texas; Mr. Fred R. Brown, Tonopah; Mr. J. F. Mason, Los Gatos; Mr. F. C. Hook, Hanford; Mr. E. A. Soper, Detroit; Mr. Thomas Schoenfeld, Seattle; Mr. W. O. Lynch, Los Angeles; Mr. L. A. Catlin, San Jose; Mr. J. A. McMicken, Los Angeles; Mr. A. B. Stroup, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Dr. O. F. Montgomery, Lindsay; Mr. Lacy Hofins, Seattle; Mr. Wendell C. Thomas, San Jose; Mr. C. L. Montgomery, Merced; Mrs. Mary L. Williams, Miss Jane W. Williams, New York; Mr. M. R. Schafer, Modesto; Mr. F. I. Duprey, San Pedro; Mr. D. Carmichael, Sacramento; Colonel Van Morgan Smith, U. S. A., Chicago; Mr. J. M. Short, Reno.

Reduced Holiday Railway Fares.

The Sacramento "Short Line" announces special holiday rates to and from all stations on their line between San Francisco and Sacramento and on the Sacramento Northern be-



THE holiday season will be celebrated with special events at the Whitcomb. On Christmas day you will find Yuletide welcome and a perfect dinner at \$2.50 a cover.

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SAN FRANCISCO

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yond Sacramento. The special tickets will be on sale December 22d-26th and December 31st-January 2d; return limit on all tickets January 4th. The fares are the same that have been in effect in past years, being one fare and a half for the round trip. The one-day round-trip fare between San Francisco and Sacramento on December 25th and January 1st is \$3.52.

Palace Announces Formal Night.

Manager Halsey E. Manwaring of the Palace Hotel has announced the inauguration of Formal Night in the Rose Room "Bowl," commencing Wednesday evening, December 14th, and each succeeding Wednesday thereafter for the remainder of the season.

This decision was reached after numerous requests had been received from many of San Francisco's most prominent families that the Palace establish a series of formal dinner-dances.

Since its reopening the Rose Room has been a mecca for San Francisco's smart set and is nightly the scene of many fashionable dinner and after-theatre parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe of Burlingame are being congratulated on the birth of a second son, whose grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau and Mr. and Mrs. William B. Storey. Mr. Storey is president of the Santa Fé Railroad.

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(resignedly)—When have they promised to deliver it?—New York Sun.

"Mary, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?" "That's for him to say, mum. I was doing my best with the materials I could find."—Liverpool Mercury.

"My good man, you had better take the trolley car home." "Sh' no ushe! My wife wouldn't let me—hic—keep it in th' house."—Colgate Bonter.

"Have you broken off your engagement?" "Yes. The wretch told me he was a hook-maker, hut I found out that he was only an author."—Copenhagen Klods Hons.

"Had a great day at the golf club yesterday." "Lowered your score, eh?" "No. Better than that. Stuck the club tightwad for the lunches."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Perfectly Respectable Citizen—I am taking my hoy to the South Kensington Museum. Perfect Ass—Great Scott! Is that so? What is there peculiar about him?—London Mail.

Mistress—But why do you want to leave? Moid—Well, mum, I've always been before where four servants is kept, so as we could 'ave a little hridge in the h'evenings.—London Opinion.

"Well, well, Bill, I haven't seen you for years. Do you know where we can get a drink?" "No." "Well, come in here and have a necktie on me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, Jack, you left the kitchen door open and the draught has shut my cookery hook, so that now I haven't the faintest idea what it is I'm cooking.—Paris Le Ruy Blas.

Mr. Henpeck—I am thinking of taking a cottage hereabouts. Former—But don't you think the climate would disagree with your wife? Mr. Henpeck—Disagree!—it wouldn't dare.—Pearson's Weekly.

Mrs. B—I'm certainly glad to make your acquaintance. Mrs. L—I've heard so much about you! Mrs. B—Oh! So you're the one who enticed my servant girl away from me last fall!—Boston Globe.

Irote Golfer—You must take your children away from here, madam—this is no place for them. Mother—Now don't you worry—they can't 'ear nothin' new—their father was a sergeant-major, 'e was.—London Opinion.

Wife—The tailor said he couldn't make the gown for less than \$125, so I told him to go ahead. He—Why in the world didn't you consult me first? Wife—I didn't want to spend a nickel telephoning, dear.—New Haven Register.

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She—I like your cigarette holder. He—Why, I never use one. She—Don't be so dense.—Williams Purple Cow.

He—Why did she marry Dick? I thought she valued her freedom. She—She did. But she couldn't hear to think of Dick having any.—Detroit Saturday Night.

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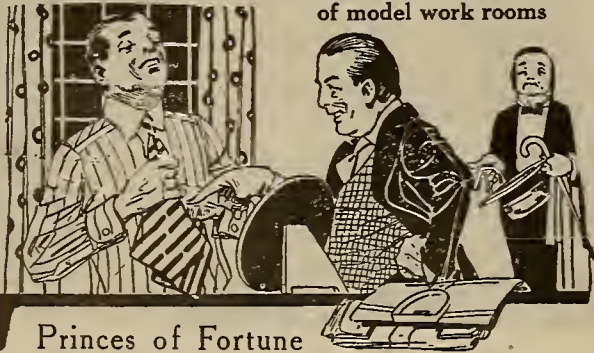
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VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2335. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 24, 1921. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Fifth Year

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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In the Sweet By-and-By!

From the foot of Market Street to Hunter's Point it is practically four miles. From a point opposite Hunter's Point to the Alameda shore it is approximately five miles to the centre of Oakland and another five miles to Berkeley. The government will not permit construction of a bridge north of Hunter's Point. These being the conditions, it would seem not to require an excessive degree of common sense to comprehend the fact that any project of connecting the cities of San Francisco and Oakland by a passenger bridge is out of the question. Practically—no matter what engineers may report—the thing can't be done. But the government will permit the construction of an under-bay tunnel, with elevated (bridge) approaches, under restrictions protecting the harbor from obstruction. There you have it! It seems easy—anybody who wants to tunnel the bay may do it. The only requirement is money. How much, nobody has yet had the hardihood to say in terms enforcing conviction. The work would call for many, many millions and would take anywhere from five to ten years. So far as we are able to learn, nobody has come forward with the necessary bullion. And we venture to guess that nobody is likely to. A suggestion that the state do it as a detail of the highway system is not likely to find favor in the interior—or in the region round about Los Angeles. Viewing the matter broadly, the Argonaut is not hopeful—at least it declines to join its contemporaries of the daily press in getting het-up about it. Some day, no doubt,

a tunnel will be made, but not just yet. We venture to advise our transbay readers that in the judgment of the Argonaut they will run no risk of loss in buying their January "commutes" as usual.

Japan's "Twenty-One Demands."

By Japanese statesmen, the Japanese press, and frequently by writers of other than Japanese nationality we are told over and over again that the "Twenty-One Demands," made by Japan upon China in 1915, were not conceived in a spirit of aggression upon the territorial integrity and political autonomy of China. Why, then, is there insistence on the part of the representatives of China at the Washington Conference that these demands—which still stand in whatever vitality they originally had—shall be nullified? Answer is found in the content of the Twenty-One Demands; and we shall here run them over briefly as an aid to those who are trying to follow the issues of the Conference with intelligent understanding.

Article One (of the Twenty-One Demands) requires the Chinese government to give "full consent on all matters upon which the Japanese government may hereafter agree with the German government relating to the disposition of all rights," etc., "in relation to the province of Shantung." Article Two requires the Chinese government to pledge itself that "no territory or island of the Shantung province shall be ceded or leased to a third power" under any pretext. Article Three requires the Chinese government to consent to the building of a railway in Shantung to join the Kiao Chou-Tsing Tao Railway. Article Four requires the Chinese government to open certain ports, to be "selected jointly" by Japan and China, in Shantung. (It is to be borne in mind that at the time these demands were made Shantung was in the hands of Germany.)

Article Five requires China to consent that the term of the lease by Japan of ports in South Manchuria shall be extended to the period of ninety-nine years. Article Six requires that Japanese subjects in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia shall have the right to lease or own lands and erect buildings "for trade and manufacture or for farming." Article Seven requires that Japanese subjects shall be free to reside and engage "in business of any kind whatsoever" in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia. Article Eight requires the Chinese government to grant to Japanese subjects the right of opening mines in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia. Article Nine requires that when permission is granted to the subject of a third power to build a railway or make a loan in South Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia, and that whenever a loan is to be made with a third power, consent of the Japanese government "shall be first obtained." Article Ten requires that if the Chinese government wishes to employ "political, financial, or military advisers or instructors in the provinces named, the Japanese government shall first be consulted." Article Eleven requires that the Chinese government shall "hand over control and management of the Kirin-Chang Chun Railway to the Japanese government for ninety-nine years."

Article Twelve requires that, without the previous consent of Japan, China "shall not dispose of the rights and property of the Hanyehping Company," a Japanese corporation. Article Thirteen requires the Japanese government to agree that no mines "in the neighborhood of those owned by the Hanyehping Company" shall be worked by persons outside of the said company, or that "any undertaking" which may directly or indirectly affect the interest of said company shall not be permitted until the "consent of the said company shall first be obtained." Article Fourteen requires that the Chinese government will not cede or lease "to a third power" any harbor along the coast of China.

Article Fifteen requires that "the Chinese govern-

ment shall employ influential Japanese as advisers in political, financial, and military affairs." Article Sixteen requires that "Japanese hospitals, churches, schools in the interior of China shall be granted the right to own land." Article Seventeen requires that the police service of important places in China shall be jointly administered by Japanese and Chinese, and that "the police departments of these places shall employ numerous Japanese that they may help to plan for the improvement of the Chinese police service." Article Eighteen requires that China "shall purchase from Japan a fixed amount of munitions of war (say 50 per cent. or more) of what is needed by the Chinese government, or there shall be established in China a Sino-Japanese jointly worked arsenal"; and that "Japanese technical experts are to be employed and Japanese materials to be used." Article Nineteen requires China to grant the right of constructing important railways in China. Article Twenty requires China to agree that before foreign capital shall be employed in building railways and constructing harbor works in the province of Fukian, "Japan shall first be consulted." Article Twenty-One requires that Japanese subjects shall have the right of missionary propaganda in China.

These demands we are told, grave-faced, imply no infringement on the part of Japan against the territorial integrity or political autonomy of China. Now, as an aid to understanding, let us consider what these demands would imply if they were made upon the United States. Substitute California for Shantung and apply the first four articles as above set forth. What would we think of demands that should require us to consent that rights in California held by aliens could only be transferred to Japan; that we give guaranties to Japan that no territory or island in California should be ceded to anybody other than Japan; that the building of a railway in California to join the Southern Pacific Company should be granted to Japan; that Japan should decide what cities, towns, or ports in California should be opened to Japanese commerce.

How would we receive the propositions involved in Articles 5, 6, 7, and 8 that we should lease to Japan the port of Seattle with lease of the Northern Pacific Railways for a term of ninety-nine years? What would be our attitude if we were required to grant to Japanese subjects the right to lease or own land in the states of Oregon and Washington and the territory of Alaska, "either for erecting suitable building for trade and manufacture, or for farming"? Further, what would be our attitude if required by Japan to permit Japanese subjects to reside in the states of Oregon and Washington and Alaska, and to "engage in business of any kind whatsoever"? And what would be our state of mind if we were required by Japan to agree that her consent should "first be obtained" before (a) we should grant permission to anybody to build a railroad, or (b) to make a loan for building a railway, or (c) agree not to employ political, financial, or military advisers or instructors in Oregon, Washington, or Alaska unless the Japanese government should first be consulted? And how would it sit upon the American stomach to be required to agree that the management of the Oregon Short Line Railway should be "handed over" to the Japanese government for a term of ninety-nine years?

The tale grows tedious. But how, let us ask, would we look upon demands (a) that the United States Steel Corporation and its associated industries should be made a joint concern of Japan and the United States; (b) that the mines desired by the Steel Company and its associated interests should not be worked without the consent of the Steel Company thus organized; (c) that the American government should employ at Washington "influential Japanese advisers in political, financial, and military affairs"; (d)

that Japanese hospitals, churches, and schools in the United States should be granted the right of owning land; (e) that the police departments of our American cities should be jointly administered by Japan and the United States, and that our police departments should employ "numerous Japanese" to help plan for the improvement of our American police service; (f) that we purchase half of our military supplies from Japan and permit the establishment in the United States of arsenals jointly worked by the parent companies, with further agreement to employ Japanese technical experts and use Japanese materials; (g) that we grant to Japan the right to construct a railway connecting Chicago with St. Louis and Pittsburg, another line between Pittsburg and Baltimore, and another line between Pittsburg and Charleston; (h) that we first consult Japan before permitting foreign capital to develop mines, build railways, and construct harbors; (i) that Japanese subjects should have the right to Buddhist propaganda in the United States?

We are asked by the responsible statesmen of Japan, by her press, and by subsidized or sympathetic foreign writers to believe that these demands are simple, legitimate, neighborly, friendly, not conceived in a spirit of aggression upon the territorial integrity and political autonomy of China. Verily it is to laugh! Verily again it is to say—at least to think—phrases that would not be permitted to go through the United States mails. Is there a man, woman, or child in this country whose gorge does not heave in moral resentment against proposals so colossally impertinent, so grossly selfish, as to discredit the claim of those who make them to consideration as a civilized people? What must be the opinion of Japan as to the credulity of the world when it asks that these exactions shall be construed as neighborly and friendly proposals? And, bear in mind, the Twenty-One Demands have never been recalled. They stand today as they stood when they were proposed six years ago. They represent the spirit of Japan in her dealings with defenseless peoples. Particularly they exhibit the purposes of Japan toward China—purposes that have been thwarted by the Washington Conference. No wonder the representatives of China at the Conference demand their cancellation! No wonder that they are urgent, persistent, insistent that their country shall be relieved of the menace of slavery to a nation whose remorselessness finds demonstration in its administration of Korea!

The Conference.

That France seriously wishes to build ten big naval ships, or any other number, is hardly thinkable. Already her expenditures on military account are excessive—so far beyond her means as to enforce a heavy annual addition to her already swollen score of national obligations. In presenting to the Washington Conference a demand for allowance to expand her fleet France is doing nothing more than to assert a theoretical right to create and maintain a fleet proportionate to those of Britain, America, and Japan. There is something to be said in logical support of this position. The fact that France now has practically no fleet is in the view of her statesmen and militarists not a sufficient reason for cutting her off from a privilege, if she should choose to exercise it, that would place her on a relative parity in the matter of sea power with other and associated nations. Her demand, reduced to the simplest terms, is for equality of privilege. Whether or not she shall choose to exercise this privilege is in the logic of her spokesmen a matter of her own concern.

Why the demand on the part of France for the privilege of enlarging her fleet has disturbed the Washington Conference is not far to seek. Under the arrangement as originally proposed, and to which Japan has been brought under pressure to accede, there would remain in the hands of Britain and the United States, if they should act in concert, a sufficient naval power to maintain absolute mastery of the seas. That they will use this power illegitimately is not thinkable from the standpoint of the English-speaking world. But that they could do it is obvious. And this being so, it is not difficult to conceive—or even to sympathize in a sense with—the fears of other nations, notably of France and Italy. Their view of the matter is that under the proposed plan Britain and America might substitute a fish-and-aggressive naval policy and that there would be nobody in position to restrain them. On the other

hand, the position of Britain and America stands related to a possible combination on the part of France, Italy, and other lesser countries if they should create considerable naval forces. The real point of the situation is that America and Britain wish to hold power to keep the world in restraint so far as naval force is concerned, and the fact that they cherish no ulterior motives inimical to the peace of the world is to their way of thinking a sufficient justification. That France and Italy should not view the matter in precisely this light is not, on the whole, surprising. But that they will make serious effort to create a "balance" of naval power is unthinkable.

That France will yield—that she will withdraw her demand—is to be expected. Her position is such that a cordial relationship with America and Britain is essential to her peace of mind. Far more so than an enlarged navy. Having presented a demand for leave to create a fleet relatively comparable with those of America, Britain, and Japan, she will probably let it go at that, and in the end subscribe to the terms proposed. She has no vital need of a fleet, and in plain truth no means for creating one. The presentation of the demand, with its recall, will give her a definite claim to protection should an emergency arise. It would be going too far to say that the demand was not made in good faith, but assuredly it was not made with the intent of entering upon a project of naval expansion.

The Four-Power treaty between America, Britain, France, and Japan is an unexpected by-product of the Conference. There was no thought of it or anything like it when the conferees assembled. Previously we had declined to join in an alliance which France very much desired for her protection against a revived and vindictive Germany—this upon the theory that any sort of international alliance would be a breach of American tradition. But as the Conference progressed it became necessary to nullify the British-Japanese alliance. If this had been done arbitrarily the supersensitive Japanese would have suffered a painful shock. Something had to be done to save Japan's face, as the phrase goes, and the most available and obvious means was the agreement which takes the name of the Four-Power pact. Under this engagement Japan is enabled to consent to nullification of the British-Japanese treaty without humiliation. Incidentally, France gains through this arrangement, since there is implied in it a friendly association with Britain and Japan. While the pact was not entered by America with respect to the advantage of France, it becomes in the view of the world, and not unreasonably so, a species of guaranty not without its moral effect upon Germany or any other country that may openly or under cover hold unfriendly motives. True, France has no guaranty under the arrangement. But her position under it as an associate of Britain, America, and Japan is inferentially strengthened. In the situation there are not unreasonable presumptions tending to caution and pause on the part of Germany in any project looking to future assault upon her dearly hated neighbor.

It is true that the Four-Power treaty is not in terms an alliance. It contains no pledge looking to employment of military power. As stated by Senator Lodge, there is in it "no provision for use of force to carry out any of the terms of the agreement, and no military or naval sanction lurks anywhere in the background or under cover of these plain and direct clauses." To denominate the Four-Power treaty as a substitute for the Anglo-Japanese alliance is to indulge in exaggeration. As measured by the standards of treaty language, it is innocuous. It is merely a declaration on the part of the four participating powers that they propose to conduct themselves, one to the other, in the matter of their respective insular possessions in the Pacific in decent and honorable fashion. The futility of treaties has sufficiently been exhibited to the world in recent years. The only assurance of peace is the will to peace on the part of the nations. The Four-Power agreement is merely an expression of the will to peace on the part of the four countries entering into it. Yet it remains to be said that whatever brings a group of countries into a publicly declared accord, and that pledges them to a common line of policy and conduct, that is assumed by the world to imply between them a special and friendly relationship, is in its moral effect an alliance. If not an alliance in the sense that tradition imputes to that

term there is still implied in it a pledge of coöperation—limited, to be sure, but none the less a thing of vital import.

Senators Reed and La Follette are shouting against this arrangement because it is their habit to shout. Each is a professional ranter. Their views do not count, since they are always negative and without backing of moral or other worthy purpose. Senator Borah stands in another category. He assails the compact upon specific grounds. Article Two he declares to be a paraphrase of the iniquitous Article Ten of the covenant of the league of nations in that it pledges the participating nations to respect the geographical rights of each other. It is idle to deny that the parallel exists. But in the Four-Power treaty there is no Article Eleven as there was in the league covenant, and Article Eleven is the one that supplies authority for the employment of military power. Articles Ten and Eleven of the league read in connection one with the other create the super-government in which this government refused to join. They erected an authority superior to any individual government by authorizing the league (in Article Eleven) to assemble military forces to enforce the will of the league. There is nothing comparable to this engagement in the Four-Power compact. It does not go beyond requiring reference to the participating nations before any one of them takes aggressive steps against the other. There is nothing in the pact, either definite or implied, justifying Senator Borah's heated remark that it is letting this country into the league of nations by the back door.

It is common expectation at Washington, and it is clearly the hope of the country at large, that the Senate will confirm the acts of the Administration and its representatives in the Conference. Opposition there will be undoubtedly, since there is no way of stopping the mouths of the Reeds and La Follettes. But the common sense of the arrangement with its obvious advantages will surely commend it to a body of intelligent and patriotic men. It has been a great achievement to provide an agreement under which threatening conditions in the Pacific Ocean have been transmuted into security; and there is both humanitarian and moral appeal in the protection which this arrangement affords for China, at the moment floundering in political and social confusion, and but for the restrictions imposed by this arrangement open to exploitation at the hands of aggressive selfishness and greed. The insistence of President Harding, reinforced by the powers of the executive office and further supported by an overwhelming public opinion, should win for the treaty senatorial approval.

Failure of the treaty would in its effect mean failure of the Conference. It would nullify achievements of the highest moral value. It would nullify what the Conference has brought to us in the way of reestablished universal respect. It would be in effect a rejection of the new and better fashion in diplomacy. In brief, it would be a calamity.

Editorial Notes.

The suicide of Congressman Elston of Alameda district at Washington last week was undoubtedly an effect of disappointment upon a supersensitive mind. There is probable truth in the explanation that Mr. Elston had given his constituents—likewise certain friends—a too positive judgment that the Alameda naval base project would go through. It is believed that certain friends, acting upon his assurances, made investments that may in the end involve them in serious losses. Criticism, it is suspected, reached the point of downright arraignment of Mr. Elston at the hands of disappointed speculators. It was more than a supersensitive mind could endure and retain its balance. Elston was a man of the soundest character and of many lovable qualities. His weakness was lack of the hardihood of mind qualifying him to accept defeat and the criticism following it with equanimity.

The announcement that Eugene Schmitz is again to be a candidate for the office he once dishonored to the lasting moral injury of San Francisco should be a notification that the time is ripe for the responsibility and respectability of the city to stir itself. Surely there are more worthy than unworthy people in San Francisco. Surely if they can be brought to co-operative action in the interest of public decency and of the common welfare they should be able to rebuke

impertinence on the part of Schmitz and his kind and put a man of unquestioned character in the mayor's chair. There are hopeful suggestions in the results of the late municipal election, but there can be no achievement in the line of better things until there shall be vigilance allied with intelligent foresight and generous cooperation. The issue presented by Schmitz' candidacy is mainly a moral one, and this being so, moral elements should take notice and find means of getting together and pulling together. The iniquities of the Schmitz régime were serious enough. Vastly more serious would be the moral effect of *reëlecting* to the mayoralty a man whose open and proven delinquencies once put upon San Francisco an indelible mark of shame.

Protests in Congress and throughout the country against the proposed grant of twenty millions of dollars from the national treasury for Russian relief are not without a basis of justification. Once we enter upon this sort of thing there will be no limit to demands and—the precedent once established—no logical means of protection against them. Assuredly there is similar and even greater reason why we should bestow relief on countries other than Russia. There is suffering in our own country under conditions that have followed the war. Why should we overlook the cries of the hungry and the cold at home to seek objects of our bounty abroad, and particularly in a country that owes its present distresses to its own delinquencies? Twenty million dollars looks a large sum, but it will not serve to relieve all the distress in Russia or even any considerable portion of it. It is further to be borne in mind that while Congress has the power to tax the American people, it has no license to make impositions for other than public purposes. Charity abroad, like charity at home, is not a matter of governmental obligation, but for private generosity. The argument that the end of disorder in Russia will sooner be attained, with less suffering in the aggregate, by leaving Russia to her own devices, however they may press upon certain elements of the Russian population, is not without force. Is it not possible that projects of wholesale relief, however well intended, may serve, not to promote the ultimate welfare of the country, but to delay its restoration? The matter is one calling for discretion in consideration of all the circumstances and of possible effects rather than of action inspired by sympathetic emotion.

The latest development of the fast-growing pension movement in the United States is a proposal, advocated by the "Interborough Association of Women Teachers of New York," that an allowance of half a year's pay shall be made to the kin of teachers who die in service. To be made thoroughly effective this proposal should be accompanied by another—a requirement that the kin of a taxpayer shall continue to pungle up after the demise of the original victim.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Bouquet.

HARTFORD, CONN., November 28, 1921.

DEAR MR. HOLMAN: For thirty years I have been a subscriber to your paper. I was led originally to subscribe through my having married a daughter of the Golden State. In all these years I have been a firm admirer of your rigid, independent attitude in your editorials. Would that there were more like you. But in no editorial have I been more impressed than yours on the bonus question. In my mind it is perfection.

Yours very truly,

W. A. SANBORN.

University of California Regents.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 16, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: A morning paper announces that the labor unions will endeavor to procure the appointment of one of their members to a regentship of the University of the State of California to become vacant by expiration on the first of the year.

It is to be hoped that the governor will not yield to any such request or importunity. The State University is an institution for the teaching of young men and women on the broadest lines of universal education, and not upon the lines of any class. In a city in a northern state there is a school, established under the auspices of labor unions, where the tenets of socialism are taught, where a studied and continuing effort is made to inculcate class distinctions, the effect of which is to produce broods of vipers—communists, syndicalists.

No one should be appointed on the board of governors of a great university who treasures class ideals—whose ideals are in any wise narrow or prejudiced, or whose loyalty and patriotism could, under any circumstances whatever, become suspect.

EDWARD A. BELCHER.

The Real Thing in History.

OAKLAND, December 16, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In these times, when the true discovery of American claims so much attention, let me bring to light ancient archives which I came across years ago which might illuminate. It appears that some back a party of fishermen, with a Scotch cabin boy by name of Sandy Hook, were busy off the coast of a European island placing rows of foot-

lights along the shore. Blown to sea, after many days land was sighted by the cabin boy. It was named Sandy Hook, in honor of the event. Sailing in, the party was received by the King of New York at the head of friendly natives. One of the party was asked to sign the visitors' register, whereupon he wrote, with a big flourish, Andy Merrigan. The king, favorably impressed, turned to his people, and announced that henceforth they would be called Americans and the land should be called America.

With Andy Merrigan was his brother Mike and two Carroll boys, Pat and Dennis. Pat Carroll carried on the palaver with the king, through interpreters, as he knew the deaf and dumb alphabet.

After a barbecue and clam bake, in which the various fruits of the land were named, potatoes being called Spuds or Murphies, from friends of the voyagers, and California named because of the calories contained in prunes, the king gave gifts of land, Andy naming his portion Maryland, after his wife, Mike calling his Virginia, from his wife's name, and the two Carrolls, quarreling over their shares, had theirs called North and South Carolina.

Sandy was left out of the land deal, for when the king showed the party a field of corn the Scot dryly averred it was amazing. This is the only untoward incident recorded of the visit.

The visitors' book, with the bold signature of Andy Merrigan, is said to be kept in Tammany Hall, New York.

I trust this contribution will end unjust claims and bickerings.

B. N. F.

VICTORIOUS CHINA.

It is a token of the immensity of China, both in size and range of idea, that almost any adjective can be truthfully applied to her. An attempt to estimate the essential character of the country in a single term is, of course, another matter. It is rather like pinning a price tag to the world. But many people seem to feel that the inevitable word has been chosen when, for example, they speak of China as "quaint."

Various ideas are implicated in the prevalent use of this term. One of them is China's long isolation from the competitive principle that has made war a commonplace among the Occidental nations. Another is her detachment from the process of mechanical development so noticeable in every other country during the last two centuries. Another is her quietist philosophy which sees the end of things in her beginnings, and marking how time has an art to make dust of all ambitions, disdains the ardors of struggle as futile.

In a more usual sense the word indicates among us a rather contemptuous but fascinated interest in the "romantic" aspects of Chinese life. She presents herself most clearly to the popular Western eye as a quaint lotus land, a bourn of dreams and incense, of green jade, ebony fans, and a strange moral incuriousness, a tapestry region of yellow streams and pond lilies, or a pattern of whispered assignations and quiet murders in silk-hung, darkened corridors.

All these things are doubtless true of China, in a sense, just as everything one can say about the world is true, in a way. Particularly it is true that the Chinese are inclined to look with mild astonishment at the confined perspective that causes Westerners to be elated or depressed by the temporary accidents of triumph or failure, or that prompts them to spill their blood over small distinctions that matter no more in the convolutions of the centuries than the shadow or sparkle of falling leaves. I once heard this phase of their philosophy summed up as follows by a person who had little sympathy with it: "The slogan of the Chinese," he said, "seems to be, 'Why worry, we have met all calamities: why hurry, we have all eternity.'" This is a rather crude but accurate representation of a certain facet of the Chinese mind, and it is admittedly "quaint."

But if we mean by all this accent on China's quaintness that she is a remote, ineffectual, and sleepy giantess, whose power is a much more negligible factor in the destiny of modern nations than the tempting plunder offered by her possessions, we are profoundly mistaken.

Quietism, it should be remembered, may be a symptom of strength as well as of weakness. The mild-eyed apathy with which China has endured the threats and bullying of nations infinitely her inferior in size and potential strength is just as reasonably attributable to a sense of security as to one of helplessness. The Chinese have cause to be serene in the knowledge that in the long roll of time they will survive their tormentors. Fretful little empires have towered and crumbled while China has endured. She has absorbed all the Asiatics who have attempted to govern her in the past, and even the Western nations may learn by sad experience that there is no more firm and immutable fact in the history of humanity than her unalterable permanence.

I do not think the consciousness of this truth is often with the Chinese; their mode of conquest is instinctive rather than purposive. There is a peculiar vitality and imperiousness in their blood that makes them in time the silent masters of all who come in intimate contact with them. Whoever the invader, and whatever his power, he is eventually lost in the immense tide of China's population, leaving never a ripple or trace to tell of his disappearance. "I am large," one can imagine the voice of China saying in the words of Whitman, "and I contain multitudes."

Here we confront something greater than the majesty of armies. It is the power of Chinese motherhood. "Dux femina facti" might well be the paradoxical motto of China in the strange process of conquest by absorption that makes her the unacknowledged mas-

ter of Asia. By this means she has overcome the Malays in Malayasia, and the Siamese in Siam, and drawn the women of these regions and of Java under the influence of the Confucian doctrine of fertility. In time to come she will spread, just as triumphantly, into Northeastern and Southeastern Asia, and over the long chain of great islands that stretches from Singapore to Australia.

During the hundred and ten years prior to 1851 her population increased from something over a hundred millions to more than four hundred and thirty millions, a gain of some 300 per cent. This in spite of an appalling infant mortality now estimated at eighty-five out of every hundred children in Hongkong, and representing in China proper a death rate of not less than 10 per cent. among infants under a year old. What the spread of her population may be when Chinese parents learn modern methods of child culture is an overwhelming thought. She has ample room for expansion, and it is an expansion against which no such barriers are raised as when nations extend their power by force of arms.

The masterstroke of irony held in reserve by the destiny that China reveres will have been achieved when the Japanese themselves, as some ethnologists predict, are engulfed in that tide. And the absorption will be a good thing for the peace of the world. It is a fortunate biological or providential circumstance that the nation gifted with this extraordinary fecundity is the most patient, friendly, and unaggressive in the world, when fairly treated. Indeed, with such a source of strength she has no occasion to be vindictive. As a race she knows herself to be the ultimate victor, whatever ephemeral tyranny other nations may effect.

When, therefore, our alarmist press pictures China as a tottering structure before which Japan stands grimly ready with the salvager's axe, the joke is on us, and very much on Japan. It is, however, one of China's disabilities that a thousand years are to her as one day, and that she consequently sometimes requires a demi millennium or so to turn the jest on her enemies. And in the meantime the danger for her is that Japan, while incapable of dominating her physically, will retard her progress in the new political rôle she has recently chosen. Such a retardation would be a matter of the utmost concern to the world.

There have lately been indications that China is synchronizing her clocks to keep pace with those of the Western nations, and that very momentous changes are afoot. The importance of what lessons the new republic will learn from us regarding the polity of nations is obvious enough, since what we teach her now will be a source either of great profit or great discomfort to posterity. We meet here with our Nemesis or our ally, as we choose to have it.

Under the circumstances, the changes now operating in China are amply worth our attention. One of the most important of them is the altering status of Chinese women. If it is true, as certain authorities on heredity maintain, that great men inherit their qualities through the female line, the rarity of great men in China during the long bondage of her womankind is satisfactorily explained. That cause is being removed in ways that are too numerous to detail here. The change is a slow one, but it leaves no question that the potential influence of the Chinese woman in a free state is unlimited.

There has been a tendency in some Western countries to regard the women of China as natural slaves in a country destined to slavery. But before such a view can be accepted several instances to the contrary in not very remote history will have to be accounted for. There is, for example, that amazing lady, Yehonhala, the Empress Dowager, who rose from concubinage to the Chinese throne after the Taiping rebellion and who for fifty years set all Europe by the ears with an indomitable resolution, craft, and daring that rather take the lustre from the most willful women sovereigns of the Occident. She ruled with a tenacious and iron hand throughout that period, and had her title been disputed by Queen Elizabeth or Catharine de Medici, these ladies would undoubtedly have met a swift and gloomy end. On the death of her consort, the Son of Heaven, she discovered that Su Shun, the imperial clansman, and his two fellow Grand Councillors were plotting to seize the throne. Securing by a clever strategy the imperial seal, she made her way at great speed to Peking, whither the Grand Councillors were compelled by etiquette to proceed very slowly with the bier. Here, by means of bribery, wiles, and an adroit use of the imperial seal, she won the support of the troops, the nobles, and the officials, and when Su Shun arrived with the relics she had him promptly executed. The other two Grand Councillors were permitted as a gracious concession to commit suicide and Su's tremendous fortune was confiscated, to defray the costs of her subsequent career of splendor and extravagance.

Yehonhala lived her own life with a thorough and serene abandon that makes the progressive ladies of Greenwich Village look like early Pilgrims. She "re-moved," one after another, relatives who stood inconveniently in the way of her ambition and pleasures, and when the path was clear, inaugurated an era of intrigue against foreigners in China that culminated in the Boxer outbreak. By way of relaxation, she indulged a capricious amorous fancy in a series of adventures that outdid the ingenuities of Faustina and

Lucretia Borgia, notably in the case of the so-called "Eunuch" of the palace. Nothing deterred her, neither threat nor disaster, nor the diplomatic remonstrance of the powers of the Western world, whom she despised. When the full tale of her extraordinary career is told, she will without question appear as the most self-sufficient, self-willed, and dauntless woman sovereign in history.

Yehonhala was altogether a very disreputable person, and is not representative of the women of China: she is worth alluding to merely as an offset to some of the nonsense that has been spoken and written about the ingrained servility of Chinese wives and their incapacity to influence affairs of state. When the freedom of women in China becomes a realized fact, the greatest "undeveloped resource" of the Oriental republic will have an inestimable effect on the ambitions and principles of its leaders.

Another new and important figure in China is the patriot, who dreams of uniting the sundered divisions of his race. In the old days it used to be thought clever to allude to the Chinese Empire as being in some respects very similar to the British. It would be quite as logical now to speak of China's similarity, though on an astral plane of magnitude, to the Irish Republic. There is the same conflict between a republican south and a monarchistic or conservative north, with the important difference that while the north is the seat of Ireland's most important manufacturing industries, the south is that of China's. Japan is not Britain, but there is a certain strategic parallel. The conflict in China seems to be giving birth as in Ireland to a stronger sense of nationality. Out of strife has come unity in the history of our own country and in that of most republics. And there is the same Avatar in China as in Ireland of great idealists and great leaders.

But while the greed of Japan and the peculiar ethics of some Western countries have helped force the growth of this national spirit, much of it seems to have been voluntary. The Chinese are very emulative, and now that their policy of isolation from the other nations of the world has been abandoned, and they have seen the wonders of the West, and the value of cohesion and union, we may look for a very rapid integration of her scattered power.

The fact that this republic has the friendship and good will of the most important states in the Americas and Europe, and particularly of those nations in whose friendship China reposes most confidence, will tend to secure it from the ordeal of another counter revolution. The failure of the recent attempt of Yuan Shih Kai to reestablish the throne hardly lends encouragement to another pretender, especially since Yuan failed in spite of ideal opportunities and marked qualities of greatness as a leader and a man. A little earlier he might easily have been the Napoleon of his country. A masterful northerner, with the strong "common sense" and impatience of cant that characterize the Chinese of that region, with every sign of competence and power in his strong body, immense head, and piercing eyes, with the advantage of having proved himself the great man of the revolution, of having held the reins of government as president of the republic, of having distinguished himself as a general in the field, and of being favored by the British in China who hoped to see unity achieved under a strong-handed ruler, he had every guarantee of success. That in spite of all this he did not succeed speaks well for the vitality of the new ideas which the young Cantonese are spreading throughout their country, and with equal cogency against any repeated attempt in the near future to gamble for the throne.

The two great men of the new order in China are Dr. Sun Yat Sen and Wu Ting Fang. They are the idols of the young Cantonese, though neither of them could be called "young" in our sense of the word. Sun Yat Sen has inspired the different Americans and Europeans he has met with the most varied impressions; some regarding him as an intriguer with a mere gift of rhetoric, others as the noblest character of modern times. If the amount of controversy surrounding a man's name is a proof of his greatness, Sun Yat Sen deserves to rank high. The burden of the opinion regarding him is that he is rather visionary than practical, but that he has supplied the young republic with what every young republic has most needed and craved at its outset, a code of ideals and a high objective. As he was the first president of the republic, the analogy of Washington was inevitable, and I believe the two have been often compared by the revolutionaries.

Watching the sudden emergence of the young man in place of the ancestor as the ruler of Chinese thought, one finds it pleasant to think that many of these young men are gray-bearded. Wu Ting Fang regards himself as young at seventy, having announced his intention to live to 150. The trusted representative of the revolutionaries at Washington, he was chiefly responsible, with the Australian journalist, W. H. Donald, for the recognition of the new republic by this country. The latter, as well as that other astute young Australian journalist, Donald MacDonald, who has been so effective in Chinese politics, should some day be in the position, if they are not now, to tell the world a very interesting tale. Dr. Fang is a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and has been schooled in the best thought of Europe and America. Like Sun Yat Sen, he is well

qualified to lead his countrymen to an understanding of their place in history, and of the new world that is now so rapidly evolving before our eyes. Such men are quite without precedent in the history of China, and they are not accidental. In a sense leaders are created by the demands of those whom they lead, and both the above statesmen are symptoms of a new force in the Orient that is beginning to command a respectful and astonished greeting.

China, as I said at the outset, is a world. I began this with an intention to write of her attitude toward the Consortium and the Four-Power pact, but have found the pathway too thickly strewn with significant detail. Every fact about China at present symbolizes the same evident truth about her destiny, and to apprehend it, one can begin here as well as there. As Stevenson's fisherman says in the fable, "It is my thought that one thing is as good as another in this world, and the shoe of a horse will do."

The evident truth is that China is on her way toward a synthesis of the two great principles that have hitherto conveyed the thought and action of East and West in separate and distinct directions. The union of the two has long been the dream of men of vision in the Occident. The advantages of such a moral and intellectual combination have been finely expressed, for instance, by our own historian, Fiske. It will be a means of avoiding great calamities and enriching the life of the race in a way that the exclusive policy of Japan could never do. China is the bond and pledge of the future peace of the world. Japan has copied our mechanical growth, and the worst aspects of our aggressive tradition. It remains for China to combine our best thought with the more contemplative ideals of the Eastern mind. In the words of her ancient Canon of History:

"Emperor Shun asks for advice in the regions of the four sacred mountains. He throws open all the doors of communication, and seeks to see with the eyes of all and hear with the ears of all." Obviously, these people have a prophetic gift.

AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 21, 1921.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Hanns Riesser, the newly-appointed secretary of the German Embassy in Washington, has arrived there accompanied by his wife and son.

"Ian Hay," whose English novels have won him high esteem, both in his own country and here, was recently appointed chairman of the Committee of Management of the Society of British Authors.

Louis A. Servatious, at the advanced age of seventy-six, is amateur three-cushion billiard champion of New York State, by virtue of his recent victory over M. W. Leake, also over seventy, in a sensationally close match which the veteran won by a single point. Neither of the cue experts suffered from "nerves."

Vassar College can boast among her alumnae the unprecedented number of ten deans. They are Ella McCaleb, '78, dean of Vassar; Lida Shaw King, '90, dean and professor of classical literature and archaeology, Women's College, Brown University; Bertha K. Young, '96, dean of women, Reed College, Portland, Oregon; Margaret A. Knight, '03, dean of women, Pennsylvania State College; Mary Yost, '04, dean of women, Leland Stanford University; Ruth Andrus, '07, dean of women, Kentucky College for Women; Hazel N. Harwood, '08, dean of women, Iowa State College; Dorothy Stimson, '12, dean of women, Goucher College, and M. Frances Jewell, '13, dean of women, University of Kentucky. The tenth and last is Julia Stimson, now dean of the Army Nurses' Training School and a bona fide army officer, the first and only woman major in the United States.

Camille Saint-Saëns died last Friday in Algiers, Africa, at the age of eighty-six. Making his premier public appearance as a pianist in Paris two years before the French revolution of '48, he lived to experience the tragedies of the great European war into which his country was plunged in 1914, and though then eighty, he was still in possession of such vigorous energy that he undertook a mission across the seas as the French government's representative at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915, and also to deliver a series of lectures in America as the "first delegate to the Franco-American commission for the development of political, economic, literary, and artistic relations." The early life of the great composer was that of a wonder-child. At two and a half years he played the piano; he played with taste and skill at five. His first symphony was written and performed when he was seventeen with success by the Société de Sainte Cecile. He became organist of the Church of St. Merri in 1853 and organist of the Madeleine in 1858. He did some teaching also at that time, but gave most of his time to his beloved occupation of composing. More than ten pages of small print are necessary to catalogue all of his musical compositions. In addition, he traveled for more than a half-century, performing his own works, conducting and helping to produce others, and giving piano and organ concerts all over Europe and the United States. It was of Saint-Saëns that Wagner said, "He is the greatest living French composer"; and Liszt is recorded as saying, "Saint-Saëns and I are the only two men left in Europe who know how to play the piano."

OLD FAVORITES.

Wassail Chorns at the Mermaid Tavern.

Christmas knows a merry, merry place,
Where he goes with fondest face,
Brightest eye, brightest hair:
Tell the Mermaid where is that one place,
Where?

Raleigh.

'Tis hy Devon's glorious halls,
Whence, dear Ben, I come again:
Bright of golden roofs and walls—
El Dorado's rare domain—
Seem those halls when sunlight launches
Shafts of gold thro' leafless branches,
Where the winter's feathery mantle blanches
Field and farm and lane.

CHORUS. Christmas knows a merry, merry place, &c.

Droyton.

'Tis where Avon's wood-sprites weave
Through the houghs a lace of rime,
While the bells of Christmas Eve
Fling for Will the Stratford-chime
O'er the riverflats emboss'd
Rich with the flowery runs of frost—
O'er the meads where snowy tufts are toss'd—
Strains of olden time.

CHORUS. Christmas knows a merry, merry place, &c.

Shakespeare's Friend.

'Tis methinks, on any ground
Where our Shakespeare's feet are set.
There smiles Christmas, holly-crown'd
With his blithest coronet:
Friendship's face he loveth well:
'Tis a countenance whose spell
Sheds a halm o'er every mead and dell
Where we used to fret.

CHORUS. Christmas knows a merry, merry place, &c.

Heywood.

More than all the pictures, Ben,
Winter leave hy wood or stream,
Christmas loves our London, when
Rise thy clouds of wassail-steam—
Clouds like these, that, curling, take
Forms of faces gone, and wake
Many a lay from lips we loved, and make
London like a dream.

CHORUS. Christmas knows a merry, merry place, &c.

Ben Jonson.

Love's old songs shall never die,
Yet the new shall suffer proof:
Love's old drink of Yule hrew I
Wassail for new love's behoof.
Drink the drink I brew, and sing
Till the herried branches swing,
Till our song make all the Mermaid ring—
Yea, from rush to roof.

FINALE.

Christmas loves this merry, merry place;
Christmas saith with fondest face,
Brightest eye, brightest hair:
"Ben, the drink tastes rare of sack and mace:
Rare!"

—Theodore Watts-Dunton.

Knbla Khan.

In Xanadu did Kuhlha Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermittent hurls
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kuhlha heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Ahora.
Could I revive within me,
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The Belgian painter M. Fernand Knopff has died at the age of sixty-three.

MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE.

Mr. Ralph Nevill Holds a Brief for Rank and Revelry.

In one of his essays on London journalism Gilbert Chesterton introduces an enchanting and unforgettable character named "Hibbs However," who earned his quaint name and a high reputation on Fleet Street by qualifying every controversial statement with a "however" clause that completely evaded the point at dispute. This habit ingratiated him with editors who believed in giving the least possible offense to the greatest possible number of readers. For while the writings of Hibbs were well calculated to undermine the public sanity, they offended no one's convictions, and accordingly appealed to the general reader as eminently just and sound.

As time passed, and his use of "however" won him increasing renown, Hibbs became convinced that no sober statement was complete without this term. In the full maturity of his powers he achieved a masterpiece to which the following quotation from memory can only do partial justice: "The President of the United States, who was shot a few days ago in Washington, has been removed to his rooms at the White House, where sanguine hopes are entertained for his recovery. The would-be assassin was not, however, as is thought by some, an anarchist." Strong men swooned in an effort to grasp the meaning of that mysterious conjunction, but their failure merely confirmed Hibbs' reputation for discretion and thoughtful reserve.

Now there is only one circumstance that plainly distinguishes the writings of Mr. Ralph Nevill from those of the eminent "Hibbs." Out of the maze of discreet incoherences that compose Mr. Nevill's volume, "Mayfair and Montmartre," there does emerge one clear and perspicuous idea, namely, that the bane of modern England is Puritanism, and that it is a hard case when a man can not drink as he pleases and spend the early morning hours as he thinks fit. Mr. Nevill asserts this principle with unhesitating force. But all his other thoughts are obscured in a mist of evasions, or in a labyrinth of anecdote whose intention is for the most part undiscoverable. The attitude toward the reader is that of Hibbs, and the transitions, as will shortly appear, are those of Hibbs in his more incalculable moments.

We gather somewhat vaguely that Mr. Nevill's sympathies are divide between old Mayfair and an indefinable region no longer existing called Bohemia. This is not the Bohemia of which Murger wrote, or which Dowson and his friends saw symbolized in steak and onions at a cab rank, nor is it the quasi-Bohemia to which suburbanites allude in that peculiarly mellow tone when they speak of "a little restaurant in a little back street," or "the little wine shop all hung with cobwebs and kept by a little Greek with shifty eyes," or the "petit trou pas cher," or what not of the same sort. It may be a trifle of all these things, but it seems to comprise mainly the resorts in which wealthy men with a proclivity for brandy, cards, the turf, and allied diversions, spend their midnight hours. The chief difference between Mayfair and this Bohemia evidently consists in the way the members of the respective milieus put in their evenings.

When this fact has been grasped, it is not so hard to understand why Mr. Nevill should shed one and the same tear over what he calls the passing of Bohemia and the wane of the old aristocracy. The Bohemia he regrets is the Bohemia whose Prince Florizel was Edward, Prince of Wales, and most of whose members had connections with Mayfair. It was no doubt a very engaging society. But had it not been a great deal more positive and vivacious than Mr. Nevill's account of it, there would be small reason for deploring its disappearance. The truth is that Mr. Nevill writes of aristocracy with the bemused adulation of a certain class of English journalists who seem to feel that nothing said or done by a man of title is insignificant. One is tempted to believe, indeed, that these writers attach their own platitudes to vanished "men of quality" in the assurance that rank can lend lustre to anything. At least we can see no other reason why a country so rich in humor and good spirits as England should be so overrun with flat and pointless anecdote. We know that Bohemian London was a great deal more interesting than Mr. Nevill reveals it, and there is good reason to think that the aristocrat of the old school was vastly more entertaining than as he appears in this collection of stories, which have all the pith and vitality of a House of Commons membership list interspersed with exclamation points.

Mr. Nevill is not quite the most consecutive writer of modern times, but his claims to that distinction are not lightly to be passed over, as may be judged from the following passages. Here is a baffling thought curve that Hibbs himself could hardly have excelled:

A legal member who was wont to wax eloquent over the woes of the Emerald Isle was known at heart fully to realize what a hopeless country it was to govern. As one of his critics put it, he was a humbug who merely had a good platform opinion of the Irish.

Another Radical lawyer, according to his enemies, had got into Parliament only owing to his personal resemblance to the pictures of the Messiah!

On the other hand, the late Sir Frank Lockwood, a man of

great personal charm, fond of sending his friends whimsical caricatures of his own composition, was universally popular.

Royalty finds in Mr. Nevill a rather unfortunate apologist. But by a whimsy of fate it has fallen to him to shed a light of humanity about a queen who appears in most pages of history as a severe abstraction:

The wedding at Windsor, on 21st March, 1863, was a very fine affair. Queen Victoria was very anxious that an old shoe should be thrown at the pair at their departure, and the Lord Chamberlain accordingly furnished himself with a beautiful white satin slipper, presented for the occasion by the Duchess of Brabant. Alas, when the hour arrived his courage failed him and no slipper was thrown.

Even amid the wedding festivities the memory of her beloved consort seems to have taken the first place in the queen's mind, for, dressed in deep mourning, she was photographed gazing at Prince Albert's bust, the newly-wedded couple, seemingly rather embarrassed, standing close by.

Queen Victoria, by all accounts, had not a very great sense of humor, nevertheless she has been credited with making a joke. On the birth of the Prince of Wales, it is said the bulletin ran: "Her majesty and the prince are perfectly well." When this was shown to the queen by Prince Albert, previous to its publication, she said with a laugh: "My dear, this will never do." "Why not?" asked the prince. "Because," replied the queen, "it conveys the idea that you were confined also." Prince Albert was a little dumfounded, but the bulletin was altered to: "Her majesty and the infant prince are perfectly well."

Here is another and more convincing anecdote concerning Queen Victoria:

The modern Admiralty, close by, according to a story for which the writer will not vouch, has an amusing origin. The architect who had been commissioned to prepare the designs for the new building was at the same time engaged planning a new lunatic asylum.

Summoned suddenly to Windsor to show Queen Victoria his drawings, he took with him by mistake those for the asylum. This he only discovered when her majesty, to whom he had handed his portfolio, expressed herself highly pleased.

As she approved very much of the design, nothing more was to be done, and the Admiralty as it stands today was constructed on the plans made for the asylum.

Now and then Mr. Nevill permits himself a mild criticism of kingly delinquencies, but always softens the effect with a genial if rather inarticulate reservation:

At the present day, young men seem to be a shade wiser than they were. The most glaring instances of folly were possibly perpetrated by the aristocrats associated with the late King Edward when he was a young man.

Though the then Prince of Wales never encouraged his companions to ruin themselves, some of them undoubtedly did so.

His tales are really most damaging when he retails them in what he would doubtless call the "lighter vein." Lord Brougham deserves little of posterity, but Mr. Nevill's two isolated stories about him constitute almost too grim an indictment for any human offender:

Some of the old school of politicians were very theatrical in their methods. Lord Brougham, for instance, was always threatening or praying, or both together; and in his speech on the second reading of the Reform Bill he tried the effect of kneeling by way of giving efficacy to the concluding prayer. The experiment was not successful, and was on the verge of becoming ludicrous. During a four hours' speech he largely availed himself of the privileges of the Lords to support his strength and voice with something stronger than oranges. Five tumblers full of mulled wine, with a soupçon of brandy, were brought to him at due intervals. While he was imbibing the fifth, a Tory peer near the bar exclaimed, "There's another half hour good for us, and he damned to him."

On another occasion, at Edinburgh, responding to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers," he exclaimed, extending his hands, "My fellow-citizens of Edinburgh, after being four years a minister, these hands are clean." They happened to be remarkably dirty, which raised a titter among those sitting close to him.

And John Bright had at least a better sense of humor than the second of the following anecdotes would indicate:

Some of the old school of gourmets were quite amusing about their culinary vicissitudes. Such a one was the old nobleman who, to an inquiry as to what sort of a cook he had got now, replied: "One with a great reverence for the Old Testament, who ought to be at a parson's."

"Why?"

"Because she glories in sending up either a 'burnt offering' or a 'bloody sacrifice.'"

The old school hated unpunctuality, and were not fond of sending a second invitation to people who were not in time for dinner.

"Better late than never" was not a maxim which made any appeal to the epicures of the Victorian age, one of whom declared that it ought to be altered into "Better never than late."

Sitting next a lady at dinner who had kept the whole party waiting, John Bright said: "There are two unpardonable sins—one writing an illegible hand and the other being late for dinner."

Among the best passages in the book are those dealing with the club life of old London. There are some interesting pictures of the famous gambling club "White's" in its earlier days, when Sir Thomas Rumbold, governor of Madras, was a waiter there. In a chapter on the night clubs of later times the author writes:

The Corinthian Club in York Street, St. James's, which flourished in 1899, was about the most successful of the old night clubs, frequented as it was by many pretty ladies, some of whom were minor stars of the lighter stage.

It was not badly conducted, and the Bohemian life of the London of that day received a blow when it was closed.

The end of the Corinthian, I believe, arose owing to the protests of a householder close by, who complained that he could not sleep owing to the noise made by cabs coming and going all night. The dancing-room of the Corinthian, which still exists, would appear to have formerly been the "French Chapel," originally built for Honoré Curtin, the envoy of Louis XIV to Charles the Second, the French Embassy at that time being just around the corner at No. 8 St. James's Square.

The night life of London has always been a source

of anxiety to the reformers, and Mr. Nevill, who refers to them unsympathetically as "these gentry," tells several stories at their expense. While "Zaeo," the famous woman acrobat, was appearing at the Aquarium, in the days when the Middlesex magistrates had charge of the licensing of the music halls, a member of her company was annoyed by the moral investigations of the Vigilance Society. Accordingly he designed a poster of Zaeo in tights, had it posted all over London, and then wrote letters to the society complaining that the poster was indecent. The matter was taken up with the authorities, and as a result all the placards next day had large pieces of white paper pasted over the legs.

From Bohemian London, Paris is no great step. But here the jinx that inspires Mr. Nevill's pen throws off every restraint:

Men come and men go, but the life of Paris remains much the same, depending as it has always done in this city of facile gaiety and love, upon the eternal feminine.

Whether it be in the Quartier Latin, or the Boulevards, or in Montmartre, woman is the pivot upon which everything turns.

The French woman, while rarely endowed with such a good skin as her sister across the Channel, has physical attractions of her own. Many a piquante little face, together with great vivacity of expression, shows great character.

In the 'eighties the masked balls at the Opera House were still in full swing.

Old Parisians used to complain that the revels in question had lost all animation and life; nevertheless the place, crammed as it was with women in fancy costume, presented a wonderful scene of gaiety, while the music was gay and inspiring to a degree.

Bands of young men students and others used to ramble all over the Opera House during these halls looking out for girls dressed in startling or particularly scanty dresses. When they found one they would hoist her on some one's shoulders and carry her in triumph round the corridors at the back of the boxes, joking, singing, and making every kind of din.

The girls, it should be added, generally enjoyed the fun, into which they entered with zest.

When, however, they found things getting too lively they generally managed to get away—the Frenchwoman possesses a self-assurance and tact which stand her in good stead in any predicament.

Of passages dealing with the resorts of gay Montmartre, this is representative:

In the last days of the Second Empire Mahille was thronged by facile beauties arrayed in the most sumptuous costumes that Worth could furnish, the costliest bonnets that Lucy Hocquet could build—Valenciennes lace, poulx de soie, cashmeres and diamonds. There might be seen dandies from the clubs, senators, deputies, diplomatists and bankers, English peers and Members of Parliament, millionaires from across the Atlantic, all, together with the Messalines who attracted them, now long gone into the night.

At Mahille, as at all French dancing-places up to recent years, the great attraction was "la quadrille excentrique," otherwise known as the Can-can.

Though generally considered an improper performance by the English who flocked to see it, this was really nothing but an acrobatic dance, the high kicking indulged in necessitating a good deal of practice and training.

For the time being the popularity of jazzing and other exotic forms of terpsichore have banished this quadrille from Parisian resorts. Its tradition, however, still lingers, and in course of time will no doubt lead to a revival.

Mahille was celebrated all over Europe.

The poet Verlaine is accorded a merited place in the pages dealing with cafés of the past, but we read this account of him with mixed emotions:

As a man Verlaine was utterly impossible. Besides being a devotee of absinthe, he often drank to excess, when his behavior was apt to become outrageous. Though he appears really to have been in love with his wife—a pretty young girl whom he married before the war of 1870—during the latter portion of his life he consorted with women of the lowest class; indeed, one of the last of his mistresses was a degraded creature whose real lover was an Apache. The latter, curiously enough, was rather proud of the woman's connection with the poet, and at bars which he frequented used to warn the company what he would do to any one who might dare to molest Verlaine.

Besides this, the poet had been in prison more than once, the first time for violence towards his mother, who, for good reason, had declined to have anything more to do with him.

Nevertheless, owing to his great intellectual gifts, the Parisians, especially those who loved art and letters, always retained a feeling of admiration for him, looking leniently upon his squalid extravagances.

The Prefect of Police, for instance, instructed the police in the Latin Quarter where the poet lived to try and keep him out of trouble—under no circumstances were they to arrest him.

Only in a city like Paris, where artistic genius really does cover a multitude of sins, could this have occurred.

Finally, when Verlaine died of an illness mainly produced by his own excesses, many people prominent in the world of literature and art followed him to the grave.

The last sentence is commended to the attention of the "columnists."

These excerpts give no adequate impression of the range of information contained in Mr. Nevill's book. One finds in it many instructive bits of gossip about lesser-known personalities in the social and literary annals of the two capitals, and much of the data about Montmartre has the virtue of freshness.

And on the whole it is safe to say that, with whatever sensations the book may be read, apathy will not be one of them.

MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE. By Ralph Nevill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

Poppies transported from Flanders fields to bloom upon the dump heaps of Jersey City will not see another spring. The Federal horticultural board has adjudged them a nuisance and a pest to agriculture and ordered them plowed under until they haven't time to rise again. The poppies were brought over in ballast, shipped in France by troop transports. They threaten to overrun surrounding gardens and creek farms.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ended December 17, 1921, were \$131,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$175,100,000; a decrease of \$24,100,000.

Although the signs of improvement in general business were not as pronounced or as uniform in the closing days of October and at the beginning of November as they were a month or so earlier, there was nothing in the outstanding developments or in the uncertain tendencies of the markets that indicated any pronounced change for the worse in the fundamental or basic situation, and experi-

full, the moderate betterment which developed in some departments in September.

That the increase in activity, upon that occasion, though supported by an improvement in the conditions surrounding money and credit, was, in large part, a seasonal movement—which appears, already, to have passed the peak—is clearer now than when the crops were being hurried to the markets; but very few persons actually—aside, possibly, from a few superficial observers in the financial district—were deceived as to its true character, and no one with an intimate knowledge of the prevailing situation could have believed, seriously, that the movement would develop into anything approximating a business boom. Unless all experience goes for naught, the markets are destined to enjoy many revivals like that which manifested itself recently, and like those which developed on one or two occasions earlier this year; and some of the movements in the future, in all probability, will assume even larger proportions than any of those which have figured in the recent past, but the true recovery in industry—the sustained, expanding, and confident movement that every one is looking for—can only come with the clearing up of many serious problems here and abroad.

Whether the Interstate Commerce Commission will feel justified in authorizing a cut as extensive as 25 per cent. in the rates applicable to iron and steel, now that the United States Railroad Labor Board—as a feature of the strike settlement—has made it virtually impossible for the carriers to reduce wages or alter onerous working conditions at any time short of a year or so, is a question that time alone can answer; but that the iron and steel interests, prior to the avoidance of the strike, were counting confidently upon a drastic reduction in traffic charges is indicated by the action of the United States Steel Corporation, on October 22d, in reducing the price of steel rails to \$40, or \$7 a ton. "The present costs of production," said Judge Gary, in announcing the cut, "do not justify this action, but it is hoped and expected that reductions in freight rates and otherwise will soon have a beneficial effect upon our costs."

There are many reasons, aside from its possible hearing upon lower freight rates and the revenues of the railroads, why the reduction in the price of rails by the United States Steel Corporation should have attracted deep interest. In the first place, the price of \$47 a ton, so far as the corporation is concerned, has been in effect since March 21, 1919, and the cut is the first that has been made by the chief producer since May, 1901. Prior to the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, in January of that year, steel rails sold at varying and changing prices, like everything else. According to the statistical abstract of the United States, they ranged as high as \$166 a ton in 1867 and as low as \$17.62 a ton in 1898. Rails were "stabilized" shortly after the formation of the trust, and it is doubtful if there is another such instance in all economic history as the maintenance of a fixed price for an article of wide and general use for as long an interval as was the case with steel rails.

"Why the Railroads Can Not Reduce Rates" is the caption of an article written by J. A. Graves, president of the Farmers and Mer-

chants National Bank of Los Angeles, in the bank's monthly financial letter, as follows:

Few people know the inner workings of the Adamson Act and the 118 working rules which, Mr. McAdoo says, Mr. Walker D. Hines was responsible for.

That a more widespread knowledge of their results can be had, we reproduce a few examples of the increased pay these rules give all classes of trainmen, the correctness of which examples the writer vouches for:

TRAINMEN.

Example No. 1. Because the regular yard crew was engaged in other important work it became necessary to use a freight train crew for switching at the terminal for one hour and fifteen minutes before the train crew left on its trip. For this the members of the crew claimed and were allowed one yard day: Conductor \$5.44 and brakemen \$5.11, in addition to eight hours' road service. Thus the conductor received for the day's work \$10.84 and each brakeman \$9.41, whereas the regular compensation for eight hours' work was: Conductor \$5.40 and brakeman \$4.30.

Example No. 2. Freight train crew left terminal on round-trip day's run with stock train. Finding the switch engine at the turning point engaged in other important work, the road crew consumed three hours and thirty minutes in unloading stock and then returned to the starting point. As a result members of the road crew submitted and were allowed these claims: Conductor \$5.44 and brakemen \$5.11, in addition to one day's pay in road service. Thus they received: Conductor \$11.35 and each brakeman \$10.18. Regular compensation for eight hours' work, road service: Conductor \$5.91 and brakeman \$5.07.

Note—Under present rules trainmen are paid a minimum of one yard day when required to perform switching service at points where yard crews are employed, thus making it possible for a crew to receive pay for three or four days within eight hours, if switching is done at two or three points where yard crews are employed.

ENGINEMEN.

Example No. 1. A local freight crew on a day's run, Oakland to Niles and return, distance forty-eight miles, found on arrival at Niles that locomotive on passenger train was disabled. The local freight crew was therefore used to handle the passenger train from Niles to San Jose, a distance of seventeen and a half miles. The crew then returned to Niles with their engine and continued back to Oakland, completing the trip for which they were originally called. Members of this crew claimed and were allowed: One day's pay for the trip from Oakland to Niles and return; another day's pay for the run from Niles to San Jose, and still another day's pay for the run from San Jose to Niles. All of the work was completed within a spread of twelve hours and fifteen minutes. For the work the engineer received \$21.20 and the fireman \$14.88, as against regular compensation with overtime after eight hours, engineer \$10.71 and fireman \$7.47.

Example No. 2. An engine crew after making the round-trip run from South Vallejo to Suisun, distance forty miles, was used for fifty-five minutes on return to South Vallejo to switch and place freight cars. Members of the crew claimed and were allowed two days'

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pay, or engineer \$12.54 and fireman \$8.82. Regular compensation for eight hours: Engineer \$6.30 and fireman \$4.50.

Example No. 3. A local freight crew on the Oakland to Port Costa run, distance twenty-six miles, on account of shortage of water, took the engine to the terminal, distance of seven miles, returned and brought train forward. The crew was allowed two days' pay, or engineer \$14 and fireman \$9.76. Regular compensation for eight hours: Engineer \$7 and fireman \$4.88.

Example No. 4. Engine crew assigned to perform combination road and yard work. On dates no road work performed were allowed full day in road service, in addition to eight hours consumed in yard. Were allowed two days, or engineer \$14, fireman \$9.76. Regular compensation for eight hours: Engineer \$7, fireman \$4.88.

Example No. 5. Freight engine crew on completion of day's work brought engine from "tie-up" point to terminal, distance thirty miles. Claimed and were allowed one additional day's pay, the engineer thus receiving \$13.48 and fireman \$9.04. Regular compensation for eight hours: Engineer \$7 and fireman \$4.72.

Example No. 6. Enginemen released after reporting for duty are allowed a minimum of one day, or approximately: Engineer \$6.48,



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fireman \$4.48. Previously allowed two hours, or engineer \$1.20, fireman 90c.

Example No. 7. Engineer completes eight-hour day and used for additional service, consuming forty minutes. Claimed and was allowed one additional day, or a total of \$12.64. Formerly would have received \$7.11.

Example No. 8. Engine crew assigned to what is known as "helper service" brings to terminal a train, the crew of which was tied up for rest under sixteen-hour law. Two days' pay was claimed and allowed, the engineer receiving \$13.28 and fireman \$9.28. Regular compensation for eight hours' helper service: Engineer \$6.64 and fireman \$4.64.

Example No. 9. Helper crew on arrival terminal performed miscellaneous work, consuming one hour. Claimed and received two days and thirty minutes, or engineer \$14.11, fireman \$9.86. Regular compensation for eight hours' helper service: Engineer \$6.64, fireman \$4.64.

YARD SERVICE.

Example No. 1. A yard crew assigned to duty from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. was required to report at 7 a. m. in emergency. Having worked from 7 a. m. to 4 p. m., the members of this crew must be paid their regular day's wages, and for the extra hour in the morning

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enced observers, with but few exceptions, continued in the opinion that the industry of the country had shaped itself definitely in the direction of a further recovery (says John Grant Dater in *Harper's Magazine*). The foregoing is a general characterization, of course, and does not imply that any improvement which may be impending will be continuous or that it will proceed without a setback. The latter contingency is most unlikely, for all experience goes to prove that a revival in business, after an acute depression, has never been a sustained and unbroken upward movement, but rather an alternating series of rallies and recessions.

As hearing upon this feature it may be re-

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garded as fortunate that the community in general has become better acquainted in recent months than at any time in the immediate past, with the theory of "business cycles," and is better equipped, in consequence, than ever before to place a true appraisal upon the current happenings and tendencies and determine, with a fair degree of precision, the probable course of the markets, in action or reaction. And it is not unlikely that a livelier appreciation or knowledge, now, than was once enjoyed, of the economic principle outlined above—namely, that a revival after a major depression in industry is never continuous—is responsible for the fact that no very deep significance has attached itself to the failure of business to sustain, in

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another eight hours' pay at the rate of time and one-half. Total for nine hours' work: For conductor \$15.80, brakeman \$14.60, engineer \$16, fireman \$12.40.

Example No. 2. Because of an emergency, a yard crew, assigned to duty from 7 a. m. to 3 p. m. was used in road service from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m. and was released from yard service at 3 p. m. For the eight hours' work thus performed the crew received pay for one full yard day for two hours' work, and in addition pay for six hours' road service, or

TELEGRAPHERS.

Example No. 1. A telegrapher's hours of duty are from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. At 2 a. m., while the telegrapher is at home sleeping, a conductor uses dispatcher's phone to copy a train order. The agreement with telegraphers requires telegrapher to be paid three hours' pay, or \$1.75, on account of this transaction, in which he had no part.

Note—The telephone, of course, did not belong to the telegraph operator, but to the company.

When one considers that there are over two million people engaged in railroad work, receiving the benefit of these rules, and that things of this kind are occurring daily on every railroad in the United States, one can readily understand how the railroads paid nearly three billion dollars more for labor in 1920 than they did in 1917.

The man who consented to the adoption of these rules on the part of our government, to the everlasting robbery of the American people thereby, will never be adequately punished, except by the execration of the American people.

The writer holds no brief for the railroads, but he does for the great body of the American people who are daily pillaged by these exactions. The devising of these rules under which such outrageous robberies of the public are possible could only have been done by the educated cunning of labor unionism, and men who can demand such exactions must be moved by the instincts of brigands. And yet one of the cabinet portfolios of this great nation, that of Secretary of Labor, is occupied by a man holding a labor-union card, and who must naturally be in full sympathy with the 118 working rules and their dire results. Nelson in the Senate and Blanton in the House seem to be the only members of Congress who are brave enough to denounce the outrages of labor-unionism.

Referring again to the Adamson Act, Dean Bates of the University of Michigan Law School well said of it in an address before the Texas Bar Association in July, 1921, that it "has opened a Pandora's box and released a swarm, which probably neither God nor the devil has been able yet fully to appraise."

Since writing the above it is reported that the Railroad Labor Board has virtually abrogated the celebrated 118 working rules and substituted therefor rules of its own which take the sting out of the situation and virtually declare the open shop for all of the railroads. This sounds like a new Declaration of Independence for the people of the United States. A saving of \$50,000,000 per year is predicted for the roads under this change and efficiency will be increased. The only people who do not seem to understand that the war theft wages of railroad employees are to be reduced are the employees themselves. They thought themselves so thoroughly entrenched, through the efforts of the last administration to deliver the nation to Gompers and his rabid followers that they were above the law and bigger than the people at large. Their congressional representatives can not save them. They are fighting public opinion and, in America, it always wins.

The money market has made but little response this fall to the usual seasonal demands, as the general tendency to liquidation has been releasing funds in sufficient amounts to meet them (says the National City Bank of New York in their monthly letter). Member bank loans have increased slightly, but the aggregate discounts of the Federal Reserve banks are lower than in August. There was a moderate outflow of funds from New York in September, October, and the first half of November, but of late the flow has been this way. The Western and Southern Federal Reserve banks, which have been horrowing of the Boston, New York, and Cleveland banks, are now reducing this indebtedness, and on the 16th it was down to \$13,900,000.

The progress of hanking liquidation is much more apparent in the condition of the reserve banks that in that of the member banks, as the latter naturally use the first free funds they get to reduce their own borrowings. Thus, while the aggregate of earning assets for all the reserve banks declined from \$3,306,000,000 on November 19, 1920, to \$1,482,000,000 on November 16, 1921, the aggregate earning assets of the member banks have declined in the same time only about 14 per cent.

The reduction in the holdings of the reserve banks of course makes a very great improvement in the reserve position of the hanking system. The reserve banks are again becoming what they were intended to be, institutions with resources in reserve, able to support the entire hanking situation in an emergency. Their reserve percentages are in marked contrast to what they were a year ago, being 68.3 per cent. on November 16th, against 39.1 per cent. on November 19, 1920. The present figures look very high as compared with the former requirements of the national hanking system, but it must be remembered that these reserves are calculated only upon the direct liabilities of the reserve

banks while constituting practically the only reserves against the liabilities of all the banks in the country.

There has been a further marking up of prices here and there in the stock market, with particular attention of late given to some of the so-called specialties. It will be remembered that a year ago, during the difficulties experienced by certain large operators, stocks like Vanadium Steel, Replogle Steel Stromherf Carburetor, and others came down with a crash to fractions of their former market valuation. It is a simple matter in such cases for the old insiders, if they have money left, or for new insiders to accumulate large lines of stocks and mark up prices in rather sensational fashion.

Among the specialties that would seem to warrant particular attention now so far as the hull side of the market is concerned is American International. It will be recalled that subscribers to this stock advanced \$100 a share and were for quite a while receiving 6 per cent. on their money. Later this dividend was discontinued and the stock fell below \$25 at a time when foreign business was practically upset and gossip was going the rounds of the many millions that this company had lost. It was even intimated that the strong hanking interests had let loose all of their stock and would let Wall Street work out its salvation as best it could—*The Trader*.

The returns for the chartered banks in Canada for the month of October (according to the monthly commercial letter of the Canadian Bank of Commerce) show increases in deposits of \$18,903,000, in note circulation of \$6,748,000, and in current loans of \$9,140,000. These changes are of a seasonal character, except that current loans have not contracted as anticipated, and the note circulation did not expand to the extent usual at that period of the year. Bank clearings continue to contract, particularly in western Canada, where they are 20 per cent. less in volume than a year ago.

During November there was a pronounced demand for Canadian government and municipal securities both at home and from the United States. Dominion government bonds due 1937, which were quoted at 98½ in March last, reached 102.70 on November 24th. Corresponding advances have taken place in municipal and provincial securities, the keenest demand for them being from the United States.

In the agricultural districts there exists a persistent demand for mortgage loans, for which there is but a limited amount of money available. The sterling debentures issued by mortgage-lending companies and maturing in Scotland at Michaelmas, were renewed on a more liberal scale than had been anticipated, and the application for new debentures provided sufficient funds to replace those paid.

Debt payments of all kinds were below normal in November, and it is anticipated that the carry-over into 1922 will be larger than usual.

Close market students and the most authoritative financial statisticians are unanimous in predicting that much higher prices for securities will be seen this coming winter.

These predictions are based primarily on the theory that money rates will be much lower during the next six months and that market prices on good bonds and dividend-paying stocks will automatically adjust themselves to lower interest rates. Between now and the first of the year it is thought that the market will show some minor irregularities, and these slight depressions should be taken advantage of, not only to make initial purchases, but to increase one's present holdings.

In addition to the lower money rates anticipated, a healthy recovery in business is forecasted for the spring months, and security prices will anticipate this business improvement several months in advance.

That the great economic and financial problems of Europe, which have so seriously affected our securities market for the past few years, are on the way to adjustment and permanent settlement is being strongly verified by the recent rise and strength in foreign exchange.—*A. W. Coote*.

Commercial aircraft transportation, which seemingly has been neglected on the Pacific slope, is now engaging the attention of some enterprising Californians. It does seem strange that no advantage has as yet been taken of the exceptional flying conditions existing here. In Europe air lines are everywhere and the published time-tables are an evidence of the great development that has taken place since the termination of the war. There is no question that, like the automobile, the aeroplane has come to stay. In the East it is noticeable that regular services exist along the Atlantic coast and there is a popular and well-patronized service between Key West and Havana. "There may be a reason for this," but it would seem that a well-established commercial service between San Francisco and Los Angeles, conducted



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Breakfast in San Francisco, luncheon in Los Angeles, three hours' business in Los Angeles, and back to San Francisco for dinner the same night would indeed be a novelty.—*Fred Bennion*.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Any one with a penchant for the good old atmosphere of the '90s—that happy era when good writing and good pictures still had charm in addition to any other merits—can relive some of the fine, careless rapture of youth in at least two recent books. It is hard to think that a generation from now any one will remember, say, "Miss Lulu Bett" or "Moon-Calf" with a half-painful, wholly sweet, clutch at the heart. And yet it may be so, for was not Whistler anathema to many in his day as well as a god to the rest of us? And though it is impossible to think of any one disliking Max Beerhohm, many of the contemporaries of his youth were hailed less ostentatiously than are our present-day perpetrators of sordidity. George Moore, for example, despite the beauty of his prose, was labeled a pagan and a pernicious influence. And yet Moore belongs with Whistler and Beerhohm and the rest of the school who—whatever their other faults—worshipped beauty and did their best to keep its cult alive in our all too ugly world. True, our radicals of today are radical in a new direction. They are not merely more so. Unlike the decorative school which it is plain our affections are dedicated to, they are seldom guilty of the charge of amorality. We refuse to even the worst of the late Victorians the term immorality. But in our opinion, they—the young writers of whom we

have rather cruelly chosen the above examples—are guilty of the greater literary fault of ignoring beauty. They revel in squalor. They think they are being photographic. Actually, they are pathologic. However, comparisons are odious—a moral reflection that one can always make after he has compared to his heart's content. The point of this diatribe is that he who wills may recapture something of the spirit of his youth if that glorious epoch is associated with Whistler and Beerhohm.

Incidentally, it is rather funny to link the two in this fashion. For though they are both facets of the same bright period and though they may both be one's own heroes, there was no love lost between them—not, at least, on Whistler's part, of whom the Pennells say, "How he hated Jews!" Yet the publication within a few weeks of each other of a new volume of Beerhohm essays and the long-promised Whistler Journal seems nothing short of a coincidence and something of a miracle. Not that Beerhohm is an old man: from a calculation of the date in "Who's Who" he must be forty-nine. But he belongs so intrinsically to the period under discussion. He is so much better than anything of the same class that we have today. That is to say, he is not a faddist. He is not a pot-boiler. So much the better for him, the impecunious exploiter of fads may retort. Yes, and so much the better for us. He is not an egotist, writing for self-aggrandizement, as not a few of the cleverer moderns are, particularly, one might add, and without malice prepense, of his own race. He is not a poseur nor a defender of causes, good, bad, or indifferent. In short, he is an artist, and one of the very few living writers of prose who are. He writes for none of the reasons catalogued above; but solely in the interests of cultivating beautiful English and clarity of thought. Critically speaking, "And Even Now" (Dutton; \$2) has lost ever so little of the old sparkle, the verve that was Max himself. But that was to be expected. Otherwise the miracle would have been complete. But if the feathery lightness that belonged to youth and the '90s is gone, that is all that has vanished. The rest is there, the limpid English, the imagination that is so oddly both fanciful and logical, and all the old kindness that is not sentimental nor mawkish, but what the English call "decent."

As for "The Whistler Journal" (Lippincott; \$8.50)—that is admittedly a miracle. It was in May, 1900, that Whistler gave his consent to William Heinemann for the latter to negotiate the writing of an official life. Every one knows the charming two-volume life by the Pennells that was the result of that permission—given at long last to the Pennells after Heinemann had suggested various others as potential biographers, all of whom were declined by Whistler. But the life was the result of selection and deletion from the journal kept by Elizabeth Pennell from the day that she and her husband agreed to compile a biography of Whistler. And it is the first three years of that journal that we have before us. And with it the spirit of Jimmie Whistler is revived, in all his eccentricities and endearing qualities, smallnesses and greatnesses. The Pennells announce that it is not their intention to now reveal the "true Whistler," but that it is time many of the myths that have grown up about his reputation were dispersed. The Pennells in fact reveal themselves as latter-day Bosworths, whose chief concern since 1900 has been to collect authentic data about their hero. His every word in their presence since then was recorded. His movements have been made history. It is not every man who can face posterity so authentically—few, indeed, beyond Johnson himself. It is a curious rôle for so great a man as Pennell himself to play, but it shows the innate graciousness of his spirit that he has rejoiced to have the opportunity. Both E. and J., as one gets to think of them through the Life and the Journal, seem to consider Whistler's friendship the greatest distinction that was theirs. And though an unsentimental public may consider Joseph Pennell to have enough distinction of his own without, as it were, borrowing any of Whistler's, we think this devotion of one great artist to another to be one of the most charming stories in art history.

Our gratitude for the Journal as a record of Whistler's life and work is all but superseded by admiration of the book itself and the wealth it represents of reproductions of Whistler's own work, of Pennell's and Haden's where theirs was associated for any reason, and of photographs of all sorts of Whistleriana. The book is further adorned by two etchings by Whistler of the Pennells that have never before been published, and by an appendix containing some of the papers in the Whistler v. Ruskin action.

Frankly, we have not read the Journal yet. It is not a pleasure to be destroyed by hasty reading for review. It is being reserved for leisurely delectation.

R. G.

Fashionable persons in ancient Athens slept under coverlets of dressed peacock skins, with the feathers on.

Currency Inflation and Public Debts.

A timely study of the relations between excessive issues of paper money and the financial stability of nations that have been forced to this desperate expedient is being issued by the Equitable Trust Company of New York. The book amounts to a brief and lucid historical sketch of the rise of paper currency in the commerce of the world, from its first institution by China in the Orient and by Austria in Europe, to its present universal employment, both as a legitimate equivalent of gold and firm securities and as a means of horrowing on potential wealth.

The book has been occasioned by the present uncertainty as to the credit of the nations most affected by the war, and has particular reference to the ability of Germany to pay her obligations in spite of progressive inflation now occurring in her currency. As Mr. Alvin Kreh, president of the Equitable Trust Company, points out in a preface to the study, this process of inflation is regarded by many of her critics as a sinister device to evade her obligations. If, on the other hand, as the German minister of reparations declares, it is really a catastrophe resulting from the sale of the mark in order to obtain the necessary means of effecting the reparation payments, there is a growing wonder as to how this state of things can be brought to a sound conclusion.

In the course of his comments Dr. Seligman shows that inflation which has reached this extreme point can only be contracted by two expedients, either repudiation of the debt or a gradual cancellation of it as the country develops new sources of wealth. Repudiation has almost always brought disastrous consequences in the past. But if the debt is not repudiated, it must either be canceled by a process of gradual payment or greatly discounted to facilitate an early liquidation and a return on the part of the debtor nation to a normal exchange.

Professor Seligman draws attention to what has happened in the shipping and coal industries of Great Britain in consequence of her pressing for speedy payment of the Allied debts, as symptomatic of the perils attending that course. Such a gigantic debt as Germany's, he maintains, can at present be paid only through the medium of exports of goods from the debtor nation, and this process is bound to react injuriously on the creditor nations by curtailing their exports.

In summary, Dr. Seligman insists that the remedy must be universal in character, and that the slogan of economic and fiscal reform must be, "Set your own house in order, but join with your neighbors in setting the world house in order."

"For the sake of this economic necessity, old shibboleths must be discarded, and outworn political programs relegated to the dust heap. No aloofness, but constructive co-operation in both politics and economics must henceforth become the watchword of the United States."

According to Floyd Dell, Frank Swinnerton goes on a tear every now and then. Not the sort of a tear one usually imagines—but a literary tear that lasts for weeks. In his capacity as a literary adviser to a London publisher Mr. Swinnerton occupies a desk in the publishing house. For months he will appear regularly—then he will disappear utterly. For weeks there will be no word from him. His work will pile up—no one will know where he is. Suddenly he will reappear. Where has he been, what has he been doing? Merely writing a new novel. His literary spree has lasted just long enough to present the world with a work as excellent as "Nocturne" or "Coquette." The morning-after sensation is far more pleasant for him—he has gone farther in the literary world and added another masterpiece to his collection. Arnold Bennett, when speaking of the way that Swinnerton takes time to write his novels, said: "Publishing is only a side line of his. He still writes for himself in the evenings and during week-ends. The office never sees him on Saturdays. Perhaps the most astonishing feature of his publishing work is the fact that questions as to fonts of type, width of margins, disposition of title-pages, tint and texture of bindings really do interest him. Misprints, when he has read the proofs himself, give him neuralgia."

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The World's Oldest Lawsuit.

What is almost certainly the oldest lawsuit in the world is being heard once more at Nancy (says the New York Times). It began more than 600 years ago, and though in the interval scores of attempts have been made to settle it, a legacy of litigation and appeal has been left from generation to generation with apparently no end.

It all began in the year 1232, when a royal charter was drawn up distributing some acres of forest land in the Jura Mountains between the communes of Charcilla and Meussia. For nearly 100 years the two communes seem to have accepted the distribution, but in the year of fateful date, 1313, the inhabitants of Charcilla laid claim to a part of the forest which was held by their neighbors of Meussia.

The text of the charter was found to be very confused and judgment went to the claimants. Meussia naturally could not accept such a defeat, and so they carried the matter to an appeal. Against that judgment there was a new appeal, and so the affair has gone through the whole history of France. Kings lost their heads, revolutions split the country into a thousand factions, Louis of every sort reigned and departed, two Napoleons arose with glittering splendor to rule over France and faded to eclipse, but still through all these troubles the quarrel of Charcilla and Meussia went on steady and unchanging. Attempts without number were made to bring the peoples of the two communes to reason, but they are hard-headed and obstinate up there in the Jura Mountains. Their quarrel is as important to them as the even longer quarrel of the Irish against England, and no Lloyd George has arisen to settle it.

In legal fees and costs the value of the disputed forest has been spent again and again in the past seven centuries, but that has not prevented the matter being raised once more.

Recently the Court of Appeal at Besançon once more gave an award in favor of Charcilla, but Meussia at once took the matter to Paris, and in the Court Cassation got the judgment reversed and a retrial ordered at Nancy. It is that trial which is now going on, but no one has the least hope that it will be an end of the business. The quarrel is too interesting to end yet.

There are more telephones in Chicago than in all the land of France, not as many phones in all Greece as may be found in one large office building in one of the cities in this country, and in all Europe not one-third as many as there are in the United States.

The sea hug holohates is the only insect living on the surface of the ocean and what it eats is unknown.

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YOUNG HEROES OF BRITAIN AND BELGIUM. By Kathleen Burke. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50.

A Fortnight in Naples.

André Maurel is a French writer of travels of great charm and observation. His "A Fortnight in Naples," recently translated into English by Helen Gerard, is not the least attractive of his contributions to the literature of Italian travel. M. Maurel's close knowledge of Italian history and expert appreciation of classic art and literature set his books aside from the too familiar book of loose observations on the part of publicity-loving travelers. Maurel is a scholar and a connoisseur, as well as a charming writer. "A Fortnight in Naples" is very fully illustrated with photographs of Neapolitan views and charts of the more interesting parts of the city.

A FORTNIGHT IN NAPLES. By André Maurel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.

Notes of Books and Authors.

An autograph edition of the "Writings of Mark Twain" brought \$610 at a recent sale in the American Art Galleries.

"The Old Soak," Don Marquis' delightful recant, is to have a stage career and the Old Soak Company has been incorporated for that purpose.

George Madden Martin's position among the well-known women novelists of the day and her new novel, "March On" (Appleton), have led to some questioning as to her name. Mrs. Martin is a Southern and, following

frequent usage in the South, the name George (so confusing to many) was given her, for Dr. George Pringle-Smith, a South Carolina cousin of her mother's.

The distinguished English novelist, Archibald Marshall, whose novel, "Peter Binney," has just been published by Dodd, Mead & Co., sailed for England on the *Adriatic* on November 30th. Mr. Marshall's visit to America made him a host of new friends here, but his plans for lecturing were unfortunately interrupted by ill-health, and, indeed, his visit was shortened on that account. His publishers are announcing for March a new novel, in an entirely different vein from his previous work, entitled "Big Peter."

Washington is at present the stamping ground for several Doran authors. Mary Roberts Rinehart is reporting the Conference for 600 papers throughout the country. D. Thomas Curtin, author of "The Land of the Deepening Shadow," and Frederick William Wile, author of "Explaining the Britishers," are also reporting the conference. Mr. Wile had contemplated writing "Men Around the President," but bowed before the earlier debut of "Mirrors of Washington."

There is one of the French classics which, while it is known by name to everybody, is rarely read in this country, and has never been thought of before as a story for children. This is Rabelais' "Gargantua," which is now for the first time brought out in an English version for children by Duffield & Co. The fascinating story of the giant will appeal to every one, old and young, and the genuine humor and real philosophy which underlie this famous book make even this expurgated version a classic.

A biographical booklet of A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "If Winter Comes," will be sent by the publishers to any one writing for it to Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon Street, Boston. "If Winter Comes" is at present the best selling novel in the United States.

Donald Ogden Stewart, author of "A Parody Outline of History," came to New York last January, sold his first article to *Vanity Fair* and has never had a refusal since. He is now one of the best-loved features of *Vanity Fair* and is under contract for a series of articles for both *Judge* and *Life*. He is also at work on a play and a novel.

W. L. George, creator of "Ursula Trent," will arrive in America December 28th on the *Olympic*. It may be assumed that this tour will be a honeymoon trip for the famous English feminist, for, according to cable dispatches, he was married recently.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published the annual volume, for 1920, of "American Book Prices Current." It contains some 9000 titles, carefully selected from the books published during 1920, of volumes priced at more than \$5, including chiefly books of interest to collectors and others dealing in, or having to value, book rarities.

Louis H. Chalif, former member of the Russian Imperial Ballet School, now a teacher of dancing in New York, has written and published a book on Russian festivals and costumes. The volume is profusely illustrated with Russian peasant costumes and costumes for Russian pageants. In his foreword Chalif admits that he hopes America will some day have a national ballet school patterned after the Russian one.

One of the authorities most frequently quoted by H. G. Wells in his "Outlines of History" is James Harvey Robinson, well-known writer and popular lecturer on historical subjects. Mr. Robinson is organizer and lecturer in the New School for Social Research in New York City. His most recent book, "The Mind in the Making," presents facts in a stimulating manner which can not fail to have a wide appeal. After reading this volume, one knows whether one has an open mind or is still entertaining dead and gone ideas.

"Although the 'nineties," says James L. Ford in his "Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop," lately published by E. P. Dutton & Co., "is not yet sufficiently remote to enjoy the importance of a distinct historical period now ascribed to the 'eighties, it nevertheless left its mark upon the annals of the town. It was then that Mr. Hearst appeared in Park Row and by his contest with Mr. Pulitzer over the privilege of printing the 'Yellow Kid' pictures fastened upon their school of journalism the term 'yellow.' It was then, too, that E. W. Bok entered the literary field and Eleanor Duse made a profound impression on the play-going public. Comic opera began to degenerate into musical comedy and the science of publicity extended its activities into many new fields."

The publication in English of Elie Faure's "History of Art," translated by Walter Pach, marks the first of a series of four volumes which Harpers will publish from time to time. The series is one of the most important contributions to the literature of art that has been

made in America in a century. "Ancient Art" is the first volume. The others to be published are: "Medieval Art," "Renaissance Art," and "Modern Art." The work differs from similar works in that it tells, not only about the art of the various peoples and nations of the ages, but about their laws, religions, literatures, and music—in fact, everything that went to make up their civilization. Octave Beliard has declared in an eminent French journal: "In my opinion, before Elie Faure, the history of art was never written. Doctor Faure's 'History of Art' is one of the ten French works recommended to America by the Comité France-Amérique. Mr. Pach, his translator, is one of the soundest and most respected art critics in America. He is also well known in England, France, and Italy."

In writing his "Maritime History of Massachusetts" (Houghton Mifflin Company) Mr. Morison gleaned his material mainly from custom-house archives, old newspapers, ships' logs, sea journals, and account books. The garret of an old family mansion in a seaport town yielded the records of three generations of China traders. Heaped up behind a pile of rubbish in a Plymouth cellar, Mr. Morison found the only customs records of Colonial Boston that have ever come to light. In the Harvard College Library are the letter books of Bryant & Sturgis, on one of whose ships Richard Henry Dana sailed "Two Years Before the Mast." The trade of this firm with Spanish California paved the way to the annexation of California to the United States. In the New Bedford Public Library, Mr. Morison went through manuscript records of the old whaling firms that escaped the notice of previous writers on whaling. A State Street office yielded the letter books of William Tudor, whose ice trade with South America and India is one of the most romantic stories of Massachusetts commerce.

New Books Received.

HERMAN MELVILLE, MARINER AND MYSTIC. By Raymond M. Weaver. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3.50.

Biography.

MEXICO AND ITS RECONSTRUCTION. By Chester Lloyd Jones. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.50.

YOU. By Magdeleine Marx. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$2.

A novel.

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE. By Edward E. Eagle. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Company; \$2.

With forewords by President Harding, Lloyd George, Arthur Meighan, William Morris Hughes, William Massey, and Sir James Craig.

THE SENSE OF HUMOR. By Max Eastman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

A theory of the causes of laughter.

THIS CROW'S NEST. By Clarence Day, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

Essays.

THE WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIONS AND THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE. By Alfred W. Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

CHIMNEYSMOKE. By Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

"Lyrics for households of two or more."

THE OPEN SEA. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

Verse.

AMERICAN HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT. By Matthew Page Andrews. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.

THE SONG OF SONGS. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.

A new translation based on a revised text.

HORATIO STEBBINS. By Charles A. Murdock. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

His ministry and his personality.

SPLINTERS. By Keith Preston. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

Verse.

JACK OF JUDGMENT. By Edgar Wallace. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.90.

A detective story.

MORAL EMBLEMS AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

The DAVOS Booklets, with an introduction by Lloyd Osbourne.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Autobiographic.

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Travel.

SANDMAN GOOD NIGHT STORIES. By Abbie Phillips Walker. New York: Harper & Brothers; 75 cents.

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GARGANTUA. Text by Sautriax. New York: Duffield & Co.

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THE MIND IN THE MAKING. By James Harvey Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.50.

The relation of intelligence to social reform.

FAERY LANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS. By James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$4.

SELECTED POEMS OF YONE NOGUCHI. Boston: The Four Seas Company; \$3.

OLIVER CROMWELL. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

A play.

THE STORY OF MANKIND. By Hendrik Van Loon. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$5.

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SPENDING THE FAMILY INCOME. By S. Agnes Donham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

Household economics.

DRY AMERICA. By Michael Monahan. New York: Nicholas L. Brown; \$1.50.

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APRILLY. By Jane Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75.

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LADY LUCK. By Hugh Wiley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

A humorous novel.

TROUBLE-THE-HOUSE. By Kate Jordan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.90.

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John Gay—the all but overlooked author of "The Beggar's Opera"—is breaking into print to assert himself against modern revampers of his classic. His letters recently published in England reveal him as a human and mellow person, who consorted with dukes and duchesses, courtiers and men of letters, and moved in an orbit as far removed as possible from the world of thieves and worse characters depicted in his opera. Gay's last years were spent as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury and among his correspondents were Pope and Swift. It was Swift who first suggested the variation on the pastoral drama of faded convention which became "The Beggar's Opera."

Mr. Huebsch has also published an edition of "The Beggar's Opera"—a popular one which sells for one dollar, but has nevertheless a cover in colors designed by Lovat Fraser and its text follows the edition of 1765.

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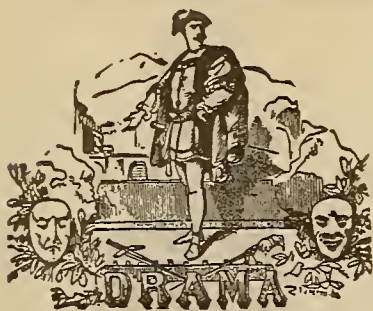
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"THE PASSION FLOWER."

Nance O'Neil had a long and large welcome on Monday night, when a good-sized audience showered many flowers on the star, on the occasion of her return to her home town after a prolonged absence. Miss O'Neil is probably happy in returning in a congenial rôle, for "The Passion Flower" is a play of emotional tempests. Being by a Latin, its psychology is, of course, strongly sexual. Like the majority of his countrymen, Jacinto Benavente writes of secret, illicit love. And when that love hursts out like a long-suppressed volcanic flame there are showers of red-hot stones, ashes, and mud.

"La Malquerida," the Spanish title, which means evilly loved but is freely translated as "The Passion Flower," is the story of the unlovely love of a step-father for his step-daughter. Unknown to any but its object, this love works havoc in the heart of the unhappy man, to whom the thought of possession of the loved object by her affianced is madness, and leads to crime.

Nance O'Neil plays the rôle of the mother, the handsome, dominating chatelaine of the farm in remote Castile; a woman whose affections are rooted deeply.

Evidently the interesting "Note" on the programme, which describes the locale of the play and the character of the people of Castile, who live in a "conflict between elemental impulse and an imposed civilization," has been written by the translator, as it is too illuminating and to well expressed for the generally banal press agent.

The interior of the house of Raimunda indicates the austerity of the religious sentiment which prevails among the people of the countryside. There is a Virgin in a niche, and religious pictures on the stone walls, and when the Angelus rings all the guests at the simple festivity in celebration of the betrothal of Acacia—"the passion flower"—cross themselves and murmur prayers.

Thus it may be seen that there is an abundance of atmosphere. It may be remarked of the Spanish drama that it frequently expresses the life and character of

the province which is the locale of the play. Also that the national taste for emotional melodrama is generally ministered.

We in America know little of it, "The Great Galeoto," together with a couple of Angel Guimera's plays, about comprising what has been presented in this country. The presentation of this play is partly the result of a movement to make English-speaking countries better acquainted with the Spanish drama, John Garrett Underhill, the translator of "La Maquerida," having particularly identified himself with the translation of Jacinto Benavente's plays.

It is rarely that the people of one nation find themselves wholly appreciative of the drama of another. The Spanish themselves, we are told by Barrett H. Clark, who has done so much valuable service in opening to English literature the gates of a knowledge of the Continental drama, feel little or no interest in any drama other than that of their own country.

Naturally one of the first things we notice in "The Passion Flower" is an absence of the modern spirit. It is purely a drama of emotion, and the economic spirit which decrees that dialogue should be brevity itself evidently is not yet recognized in Spain, which is a land of national conservatism. Also, the author allows himself to place the auditor *en rapport* with previous events by means of narrative, although it tries to pass itself off as chit-chat.

In the American drama a character such as Juliana, the ancient serving-maid, would not be allowed to unree her garrulity at such length as to veer upon boring an audience. But Benavente was depicting a type, and he was faithful to his task.

In a subsequent scene Juliana, the old fool, developed into a Juliana of considerable insight. Here an American drama would stick to the safe rut and cause Juliana to retain her consistent folly. But I think that Benavente's idea was to show how the simple peasant nature lives with such a child-like intensity of observation of what is under its eye that old Juliana saw in Acacia's troubled and guilty heart what her own mother failed to divine.

When the emotional climax came we realized how ably the author handled the situation, although there were signs that there was some working up to attain it when Raimunda insisted that her daughter give to Estehan a daughter's embrace.

When the play began, and Raimunda's guests babbled at the betrothal festivity, there was a whole raft of actresses that were probably fished out of some local dramatic school, and I feared the worst. But the rôle of Estehan was very well played by Alfred Hickman, an actor who was familiar to San Franciscans in the past. Also, Mr. Hubert Wikie gave an excellent impersonation of Tio Enshio, the father of the murdered boy, except for one point: in the scene when he

speaks to Raimunda and Estehan of the murder he seems to indicate a suspicion of the latter, which later totally evaporated; a bit of melodrama which was misplaced.

Howard Miller's efforts with the rôle of Norbert were rather too patent, but he succeeded in conveying an idea of that faint knight's terrorized cowardice. H. H. McCollum lends plenty of significance to the rôle of Rubio, although it would be a good thing if the actor could sand-paper away some of its unwieldy voice.

Nance O'Neil, at first, seemed to run her voice, in moments of emotion, along a rather well-used rut. Some of the celebrated temperament has, in fact, evaporated. Still there is quite a lot of it left, as was demonstrated when the storm hurst during the embrace of Estehan and Acacia. But Nance O'Neil has never been able, as is the case with many experienced actors, to make technique stand as a substitute for temperament. I shall never forget how, in "Magda," she took me by the scruff of my neck and shook emotion out of me. She was a sort of human earthquake then. No temperament of that kind can endure in the routine work of the stage. Its very intensity makes it burn out.

As I intimated, it is not all burned away, but I doubt if Miss O'Neil can ever again move people as she has moved them in the past.

But she is a handsome and significant figure dramatically, able to convey a suggestion of hidden fires, which, however, when they flare up, only flare, and do not convey, as formerly, the suggestion of a terrific incandescent heat.

Miss Dorothy Ellin, who plays the rôle of Acacia, the "passion flower," is curiously suggestive of Nance O'Neil, not in appearance, but in the suggestion of inward heat and in the quality of her deep, dramatic voice. Possibly she has, as is so often the case with admiring younger players in a company, saturated herself with the methods of the star, although she does not seem to be an imitator.

She is, nevertheless, not in all respects entirely suitable to the rôle of the fiercely chaste maiden, who denies, even to herself in the depths of her soul, the guilty response from which Juliana, with peasant-like directness, tears away the veil. Miss Ellin is apparently of an entirely suitable age for the rôle of Acacia, but she gives one an impression of having the precocious maturity of a girl married young; so that at all times she presents the appearance of a young matron instead of a young girl.

Her value, however, lies in the quality of her temperament, already alluded to, and in her ability to infuse a strongly dramatic quality in each scene in which Acacia figures, whether silently or otherwise.

Viewed generally, the play is interesting as an example of Spanish drama, of emotional melodrama, and of the Latin tendency to inject dramatic and psychological subtlety into the stage depiction of a guilty love.

"CASTE."

This is, or has been, a very famous play. It came at a time when the drama of the British stage was suffering greatly from the need of some life-giving tonic. Adaptations from the French were all too common then, while anything in the form of initiative, or reform of the turgid, dehumanized drama of the times was frowned on by the leading producers, who are always conservative for financial reasons, if for no other.

In the early and mid-Victorian days, while men and women of genius were enriching the fictional literature of the era with riches that are now the boast and glory of those times, the native drama was suffering from dry-rot. The lower orders were not recognized on the stage as human beings, except as servile menials ministering to the romantic patricians who alone were considered capable of interesting and edifying sentiments. Ladies who figured as leading characters showed such extreme sensibility that they always fainted during scenes of culminating emotion. Some of the old guard may remember how Mrs. Langtry used to add a further touch of sensationalism to such scenes—thus affording the genteel Victorian a sensation resembling what we moderns term a taste of "ginger," or a "kick"—by having something at hand, a light table or a flower-stand laden with plants, to clutch and overturn with a crash as she fell in a faint.

It was the same, or a similar idea as that utilized in Henry Arthur Jones' "The Dancing Girl" when Drusilla faints and rolls over and over down an imposing central stairway; and in Sardou's "Fedora," when the anguished heroine takes similar measures to impress the receptive spectator with the inconsolable might of her woe. The authors of those two plays came in a later era than Tom Robertson's, but it is difficult to emancipate one's self from the faults of one's times.

Although he was not innately great, Tom Robertson did succeed in humanizing the drama by the simple expedient of peopling it with characters founded on personages he knew in life. Naturally these people did not belong to the upper classes, since Robertson

himself was only an impecunious and not too successful actor.

The public is an incalculable and wayward force, and is always surprising the men of the theatre. They took to the Robertsonian drama; took to it so heartily that their approval was the means of giving a dramatist of not wholly remarkable gifts both name and fame. For it will be noticed in "Caste" that it is as romantic as its predecessors.

But the new man in the dramatic field had other qualities: humor, sensibility, and freedom from high-class snobbery. For he had gone hungry often enough to be emancipated from a worship of rank.

And so the history of British drama rounded a turn in 1865, when Tom Robertson's play, "Society," was played at the Prince of Wales' Theatre by Squire and Marie Bancroft, whose fortunes were for many subsequent years built up by the vogue of the Robertson plays.

The old play comes out very well at the Maitland this week. To be sure, we have rather too large a dose of Eccles, who, nevertheless, handles the rôle on traditional lines. But I do not hesitate to say that I consider Eccles is a first-class horse, except at occasional moments when his vague, discontented rumblings and grumblings take amusing shape. Somewhere in the last third of the nineteenth century, when Eccles was created, a character of that kind was a novelty to a public stifled with stage artificiality. But the novelty is gone now, and in all revivals of "Caste" Eccles should be shorn of some of his lines. I found it rather surprising that Mr. Maitland permitted Eccles to do so much of his tipsy, tuneless warbling, and I would suggest an excision of, say, three to four-fifths of them.

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which move, unless I am very much mistaken, would find favor with the audience.

All this is not to find fault with Seldy Roach, who tackled the character with understanding. But even an actor of Cyril Maude's ability could not prevent a sensation of relief in the audience every time that Eccles left the stage.

However, Tom Robertson, as he was always called, atoned for Eccles by making all the other characters in the play—with the exception of the Marquise de St. Maur—so attractive that audiences are apt to welcome the appearance of each one with romantic delight.

The romantic Esther and the charming Polly form a charming contrast. It is written all over the character of Polly that she was cut to fit the famous comedienne, Marie Bancroft, just as either the Honorable George or Captain Hawtree suited the characteristics of Squire Bancroft, who, although an actor, was a born member of the English aristocracy, and knew how to depict the men of his class.

Conditions in "Caste" are rather more idyllic than they are in the drama of today. The two men have an element of romance in their friendship, and the love affair of Esther and George is romance itself. Polly is beautifully insistent as to the good traits of the murky old vagabond who sponged on his unselfish and devoted daughters, and is unswerving in her constancy to her low-born lover.

One of the author's most agreeable traits is his ability to bring about a situation—Polly's warm-hearted, girlishly expressed joy over George D'Alroy's return to life, for example—which works agreeable on one's sympathetic receptivities. In fact, except for our disapproval of Eccles, the major part of the emotions inspired by the play are of an agreeable nature.

For "Caste," although it blazed out a new path in the drama, preceded the era when a play was a reflection of life. So, in seeing the play, we find ourselves back in the old days when the sensibility of the heroine was so extreme that it was feared the joyful tidings of her adored husband's return might cause her to keel over and die from excess of happiness.

Lea Penman and Alice Easton were attractive figures in the rôle of the two sisters, Alice Easton showing a pleasing girlishness in the rôle of Polly, the pretty hoyden.

Mr. Maitland and John Fee, also, won approval by the agreeable shape they gave to the two warriors, each of whom made a fine appearance in his regimentals. The dependable Mrs. Beyers gave appropriate expression to the aristocratic awfulness of the Marquise, whose character is the most fancy sketch in the play, for Robertson knew very little about the terrifying dowagers of the English upper classes, and has been laughed at for putting in those numerous vainglorious allusions made by the dowager to the military chronicles of the soldier men of her house.

It was rather a shock, by the way, to see the ladies in modern dress. Particularly in respect to the length of the skirts was the dress inappropriate. For who could imagine the awfully lorgnetting marquise allowing her high-born mid-Victorian ankles to be skittishly uncovered as dowagers do nowadays? It was just as inappropriate and ill-timed as the numerous "Gees!" which seemed to grow instinctively on the lips of Sam, Polly's gas-fitter, and which should have been shoed away in rehearsals.

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The Columbia Theatre.

Nance O'Neil has triumphed as seldom before in the great drama, "The Passion Flower," now being played by her at the Columbia Theatre. None of Miss O'Neil's rôles give her greater opportunity for emotional acting than that of Raimunda in this play from the pen of Jacinto Benavente. It is a vivid drama with all the intensity of Spanish sunlight lying on Castilian hills. In such a land, where unrestrained emotions have their fullest play, where romance and tragedy go ever hand in hand, passions sink deep. The play plumbs the depths and sweeps a gamut of human emotion as has been seldom depicted on the stage.

The second and final week of the Nance O'Neil engagement at the Columbia Theatre starts Monday night, December 26th. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Liberty Hall," by R. C. Carton, a play as dainty as "Rosemary" and "Pomander Walk," will be the holiday attraction at the Maitland Playhouse, commencing with a special Monday afternoon matinee and continuing throughout the week. Carton, as the author of "Lord and Lady Algy," has a reputation as an exceedingly brilliant playwright. "Liberty Hall," though entirely new to San Francisco, was a big hit for more than a year in New York. It is particularly appropriate to the holiday season and promises to be one of the best attractions offered this season by Director Arthur Maitland at his Stockton Street house.

"Caste," William Robertson's great play of some years ago, which is being revived this week at the Maitland, has attracted many of the old-timers as well as the modern generation anxious to see the play they have read so much about.

The regular Tuesday and Saturday matinees will be held as usual.

The Orpheum.

Sam Mann's new vehicle is said to be a fine successor to his "The Question." The new sketch is "Home Made Justice," by Andy Rice. Mr. Mann is supported by a capable company of three.

With Ed Janis in his revue are Carmen Rooker, who has gained popularity through her toe and Oriental dance, Hattie Towne and Hélène Ward, and Ben Macomber, and the quintet offer a smart divertissement of music, song, and dance.

The reunion of Lyons and Yosco is of interest to vaudeville fans. Their harp, their violin, their voices, and their personality have contributed sixteen minutes of pleasure to many audiences.

Moss and Frye are darky funsters who provide fifteen minutes of song and fun. "How High Is Up? How Come?" are the cause of the argumentation.

Glima is the national sport of Iceland. It is also the art of self-defense, just as boxing is in America and jiu jitsu in Japan. The effectiveness of Glima as demonstrated by Johannes Josefsson and his company is marvelous. Josefsson is a champion, and it is therefore to be expected he is an expert in Glima.

Sophie Kassmir is better known abroad than she is here, although in this country her fine voice should gain her an equal reputation. She offers a cycle of delightful songs which range all the way from a little descriptive number to an operatic aria.

Nellie and Josephine Jordan call their vehicle "A Singing Dancing, and Surprise Offering." It is a novelty costume creation interpolated by two charming and capable girls.

Joseph E. Howard and Ethlyn Clark remain a second week with their "Hodge-Podge of Musical Comedy," and will present a new repertoire of songs.

The Players Club.

Reginald Travers announces that the Players Club will present in January Molière's masterpiece, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." It is to be regretted that in the last decade too many of the finest things of the French classic stage have been allowed to remain in the obscurity of print. True, the spirit of many of them has vanished with the customs of the age they adorned, but this is less true of the plays of Molière than many of his contemporaries.

"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is a vital play, modern in its texture, for the follies and weakness at which it gibes so deliciously are follies and weaknesses that will exist as long as human nature is what it is. M. Jourdain, who suddenly found, much to his astonishment, that he had been talking prose all his life, has his counterpart in every community. The parvenu we shall always have with us, and he will always provide fun for the sophisticated.

Molière's masterpiece is usually regarded as the most spectacular of the entertainments that enlivened the court of the great Louis. Its worthy staging is looked upon as something of a triumph for the producer who has enterprise enough to produce it. The Players have made up their minds to carry out something stately beyond the ordinary in this production, and their efforts will be followed by the keen interest of every one in the city who has any predilection for the old French classics.

Not the least important feature of this satire of Molière's is the device of the interlude, given over to song and dance, enlivened with the most exuberant fun, buffoonery, and farce, yet so skillfully subordinated that it serves to carry on the action of the piece. Katherine Edson has under training a corps of ballet dancers who will perform in the interludes. The music will partake of the spirit of the whole, and its original composition for this staging is in the able hands of George Edwards, the musical director of the Players.

In setting and lighting effects the production will be the most beautiful that has been seen on the stage of the Bush Street little theatre. It will be carried out in the most elaborate manner, with strict adherence to the costume of the period by Gerstle Mack, who has devoted much time to a critical study of the manners and costumes of the time of the great Molière.

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of the Guard" will be given before it is withdrawn, and an additional performance will be given Saturday afternoon, December 31st (New Year's Eve). Atha Hillbeck will alternate with Marguerite Fry Silvey in the leading feminine rôle. The revival of Gilbert and Sullivan will close as one of the most pleasing runs that the cast of the Players Club has yet offered to its friends.

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VANITY FAIR.

Troy Kinney, the artist whose etchings are inspired by the dance, has just returned from a pilgrimage abroad whose object was to study the various ballets of Europe. Mr. Kinney is a staunch defender of the hard-working artist, particularly the hard-working dancer. Dancers, he says, are among the most serious-minded people in the world. And the technique of dancing has a peculiarly salutary effect on the mind. He tells the following amusing story to illustrate his theory. "It was in Paris (writes Mr. Kinney in the *New York Times*) that I saw an interesting incident which illustrated the power of beautiful dancing upon the mind, and the manner in which the French people respond to it. Fokine staged there 'Daphne and Chloe,' which he composed for the Russian ballet. It was a pastoral Greek affair and the members of the ballet were in Greek costume. There was a flock of little goats on the stage and they were infinitely charming with the dancers, but one little goat started in for a performance of his own entirely in keeping with goat nature, which threatened to ruin everything. He was a little black and white spotted goat, and stood out with great distinctness on the stage. He became interested in the costume of one of the dancers and began to nibble at it. It suited his taste exactly, he pulled with more enthusiasm, the draperies of the girl began to slip and disappear as he continued, and the audience was in roars of laughter. The girl had been so well trained in her performance, to hold her arms in just such a way over her head, that it never occurred to her to drop her hand and give him a rap. She only glared at him while her costume was melting away. Some one finally came out and drove him off, but I said to myself that the thing was ruined—that no audience, after a screamingly funny performance like that, could be brought back to a serious frame of mind and appreciation. But I was wrong; in two minutes all laughter had died down and the audience was again lost in the charm of the dance."

After telling a story illustrative of Pastora's, the great Spanish dancer's, "difficult" temperament, Mr. Kinney gives a characteristic anecdote of Pavlowa, whose sarcasm is proverbial. Asked how she liked the performance of a young woman who was obviously imitating her, Pavlowa said, "I think she is trying to be original." An interview with the great Russian dancer was one of Kinney's chief objects in going abroad. He visited her in her home at Hampstead Heath, in the etcher's own words, "a dream of a place, the home of Turner, the artist, where he painted some of his later pictures, and next door to what is said to have been the home of Nell Gwynne." Mr. Kinney also mentions a performance that he saw in France given by Pavlowa at Bagatelle, "the little chateau on the road to Neuilly which was built in 1777 by the Comte d'Artois, on a wager with Marie Antoinette, in sixty-four days. The performance was given at night, outdoors on the terrace with an orchestra, and was for the benefit of a home in Paris for Russian orphans."

Every dog has his day. We foresee the dawn of the dog's day. We should not be surprised if the next serious movement would be an agitation for canine suffrage. In fact an intelligent dog would make a better voter than many scarcely intelligent people—we will be chivalrous—that we know. Just as the old argument for women's suffrage was that a high grade of feminine intelligence was better than a low grade of masculine—which it undoubtedly is. Getting back to the original contention—dogs and also children would make excellent voters because their instinct is unerring. Even a dog of low degree and no pedigree to speak of will show a surprising amount of instinct. The new system, however, would necessitate a change in the machinery of voting. Balloting could not be done simultaneously all over the country, but would have to go on during the months of campaigning while the candidates toured around collecting votes instead of promises of votes—an arrangement that would meet with approval from all politicians. Each little township would have its own voting day, when the candidates would be on exhibition for canine opinion. As a matter of human pride we recommend that children also vote on these occasions. If none of the candidates was any good the dogs and children would quickly discover this and the whole process of nomination would have to be gone over. We have been inspired to this bright dream of a really practical Utopia by the dog lawsuit that the *Bulletin* assures us is being prosecuted. We have no inside information on the subject, but it would not be the first time that animals were sued. The mediæval custom upon being injured by an animal was to sue the animal, and not the owners. After all, there might be no owners, and one had to have justice. Strange to say, in the days before dog pounds and societies for the pre-

vention of cruelty to animals, animals were supposed to have rights—had, indeed, legal rights. A cow could be sued for trespassing, and if the lawyer, who actually was summoned to the defense, could plead his brief efficaciously the cow—which had been called to court—was dismissed. Then there was the famous case of an ancient city which sued the rats with which it was infested. The lawyer for the defense, duly called by the state, averred that the rats could not appear in court because of the danger from cats en route. All this brings up the mediæval ecclesiastical problem of whether animals have souls. If one believes in both souls and Darwin—and many people are so sublimated that they believe in neither nowadays—one must assume that animals have souls. Otherwise—if a soul were the mark of a certain high development over and above the animal stage—we should have to come to the shocking conclusion that many people were lacking in soul-commodity. Which is absurd.

American and English Fashions.

Lady Henry, an American-horn woman (but widow of an Englishman), has been requested (says the *New York Times*) to express her views on a quotation from the article by Anne O'Hare McCormick, appearing in the *New York Times Book Review and Magazine*, which reads: "In England, where there are complexions, but no clothes worth speaking of, the American woman looks fallow, but startlingly trim and smart."

Lady Henry warmly extolled the Englishwomen, while, however, quite willing to admit that American women could be credited with a complete knowledge as to how to "wear" their clothes. "So much depends upon the individual," she asserted. "Personally, I think a beautiful Englishwoman shines wherever she may be."

"But, in any case, I do not think that clothes count for as much nowadays as they did before the war. Englishwomen who did war work are, perhaps, not so super-particular about their clothes as they were. I think they have found out that more depends on personality than on clothes."

"Another point is that so many of the American women one sees are merely passing through from one place to another. Naturally, they wear the kind of clothes which are suitable for traveling—that is, the 'trim, smart' tailor-mades to which Miss McCormick refers."

An American business man who visits London twice a year added his quota of comparison:

"What always strikes me about Englishwomen, when I return to London after three or four months in New York, is their restful appearance. It seems to me that their clothes express some quality of this kind which the majority of our women lack."

"Americans abroad are naturally in what may be called 'luggage kit,' Englishwomen in their own country are not under the necessity of being so absolutely trim. They can overflow a little into broken lines and hunchings, to express the thing untechnically, which, after all, have their own charm."

About 1970 years ago Julius Caesar invaded Britain, and Roman cohorts took their compulsory departure about 450 years later; yet much has to be ascertained concerning their enterprises in England, and fresh discoveries disclose relics of their skill and industry under Claudius, Hadrian, Severus, and Constantine. Not many years since a plowman turned up a tasseled Roman floor at Castor, near Peterborough, on the site of what is believed to have been a Roman city (the floor now being on view in the dairy of Fitzwilliam Hall), and, according to the *Referee*, at Huntingdon, it having been determined to provide work for the unemployed of the district, the laborers excavating a new sewer suddenly happened upon an old Roman road, built of flint and concrete of great thickness. The site of their discovery stood on the old Roman via known as "Ermin Street," and close by were unearthed several molded stones apparently belonging to some old monastic establishment.—*New York Times*.

Paper Money.

Foreign paper money differs materially from United States bills, often printed on flimsy stock and lacking the "feel" of bank-note paper. Some members of the French delegation believed cigar store coupons were money when they first arrived in Washington; or did until they tried to spend them. Buying cigars and cigarettes, several delegates paid for them in large bills. Change they received in one and two-dollar bills, silver, and coupons for the amount of the purchase. They picked it all up together and crammed it in their pockets. A little while later, paying for a bottle of apple juice, they proffered a "green certificate" believing it to be collateral. "There's no use saving up a million coupons to get an automobile, we won't be here long enough," said one of the delegates laughingly, when the matter was explained to him.

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NILES, CALIFORNIA

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The teacher in an East Side schoolroom had been telling the class about the four seasons. Then she began her questioning. "How many seasons have we?" she asked Rachel. "Two, miss," replied the little denizen of New York's sweatshop district, "slack and busy."

The rector was on his way to church when he met the gamekeeper. "Ah," said the rector, "how is it, my friend, that I never see you at church?" "Well," said the gamekeeper, "you see, sir, I don't want to make your congregation smaller." "What do you mean?" the rector said, sharply. "Well, you see, sir," the keeper said, "if I came to church some of the others would go poaching."

The village worthies were discussing the veracity of one of their neighbors, and the oldest inhabitant ambling up, they appealed for his opinion. "Would I call Bill Perkins a liar?" repeated the old man. "Well, I don't know as I'd go as far as that; but I tell you what, when feeding time comes he can't get his pigs to stir until he gets some one else to call them for him."

The big missionary meeting was over. There remained behind a little boy who had insisted on seeing one of the speakers who had come from a far land. At length the wish was granted. "Ah, my little lad," said the clergyman, as he patted the boy's head, "do you wish to give a donation to this noble fund?" "Well, n-no, sir," replied the boy. "I really wanted to know if you had any foreign stamps."

I plucked an autumn leaf in the park and took it to the studio. Showing it to The Man with the Wonderful Relatives, I said: "How's that for an imitation leaf made out of a very fine grade of leather?" "Le-seeit?" asked The Man with the Wonderful Relatives. Passing his fingers over the tinted surface, he remarked: "My uncle used to make imitation leaves." "I suppose," I queried, "that they were much better than this one?" He looked at me in pity, and sneeringly said: "I'll say they was!"

Senator Oddie of Nevada hails from Reno, where the divorce mills work night and day, and he has been the subject of quite a bit of mild spoofing from his colleagues on this account. The senator was in a group listening to some of these wise observations on his home city, and when he had an opportunity to get into the conversation he remarked: "Well, Reno is the only city in the world where the people go down to the trains to see the tide come in." For a second or two nobody got just what he meant, but about the minute it was beginning to percolate into the minds of his hearers he added with a smile: "And they go down to the trains to see the untied go out."

She was a schoolteacher, and he a four-button model summer student. He had just finished a graphic description of how a friend of his had been struck in the eye by a golf ball, and nearly lost his sight. It was a delightful moonlight evening, and as they strolled through the campus he had grown eloquent in the details of the terrific drive, the whir of the ball through the air, and the audible crash as it struck his companion full in the face. Then he followed up with a description of the blood and pain and a couple of subsequent major operations, and paused to light a cigarette, while he let the effect sink in. They moved slowly on for a few moments, and then she suddenly looked up at him. "Gee," she murmured, "I'll bet that boy had a black eye!" The janitor found her remains in the frog pond the next morning.

It was an Irishman's first visit to the wilds of America, and, strange to say, he was soon fast friends with an American. The American was a dead shot. One day, while they were strolling together through the woods, the American, wishing to show off his shooting abilities, said: "Say, pard, d'ye see that bi-rd high up yonder tree?" "Yes," answered the Irishman. "Waal," replied Sam, "I'll get that bi-rd, first shot." As he spoke, he raised his gun to his shoulder, took careful aim, and fired. It was a good shot, and the bird, after several somersaults, fell at their feet. The American picked it up. "I guess I've killed this bi-rd, pard," he drawled proudly. The Irishman pondered a while, then said: "Oi'm glad it's only guessin' ye are, for the fall was enough to kill it."

The prisoner came before the bar with the bored air of the hardened offender. The judge looked down at him and paused for words. His face wore a look of disgust. "Jacks, this is the nineteenth time you have appeared here to answer to a charge of petty larceny. You're absolutely hopeless, and I don't see what I am going to do with you."

Have you anything to say for yourself?" "Yes, sir, judge," the prisoner hastened to reply. "You see, it was this way, I—" "It's no use!" the judge interrupted. "It doesn't make any difference how you want to tell it. I wouldn't believe your statement if you swore to it on a stack of Bibles." There was a moment's awed silence. Then the prisoner smiled craftily. "Judge," he stated, "I plead guilty."

Harry Léon Wilson, the humorist, was praising California. "California is so wonderful," he said, "that if you praise it unreservedly strangers will think you are lying. Like little Mike, you know. Little Mike was telling his little Eastern friend about his California visit and about Santa Catalina, with its wonderful glass-bottomed boats wherein you float over rose-colored coral reefs and watch the gorgeous fish swimming in the crystal water thirty or forty feet below. 'Yep,' Mike concluded, 'we could see the fish just as plain, laying on the bottom of the ocean.' 'Lying, dear,' corrected one of the ladies present. 'I aint neither,' said little Mike, 'it's the Gospel truth.'"

It was at a football dinner, and one of the diners had dined too well. About 10:30 p. m. he rose from the table murmuring something about sending a message to his wife to the effect that he would not be home that night. An hour later, as he has not returned, some of his friends went in search of him. They looked in the lounge, the conservatory, and all over the place until some one remembered his remark about a message. "Let's look in the phone box," he suggested.

They looked, and there he was in a heap in the corner. They woke him up. "Thank heaven!" he sighed, as he opened his eyes. "Some one has come to bail me out at last."

According to a tale that hails from the Middle West, a traveling man once said to the proprietor of a livery stable: "What is the price for a rig to go over to Blankville?" "Ten dollars," he replied. After the journey had been taken, the owner of the horse and carriage said: "Twenty dollars." Asked to explain, he added, "Ten dollars over and ten dollars back." The next time the traveling man came he again inquired, "What is the price for a rig to go over to Blankville?" "Ten dollars," again answered the liveryman. Several days later the traveling man reappeared without the rig and handed the stableman \$10. "But where is my rig?" demanded its owner. "Over at Blankville," said his patron. "All I wanted to do was to go over."

A discussion once arose between a wealthy New Yorker and a British sportsman as to the relative efficiency of the noisy American newsboy and his stolid English cousin. "I'll bet you even money," said the American, "that my newsy can go to England and out-sell your boy on his own corner." "Taken," answered the confident Britisher. Ten days later little Danny O'Brien received his armful of papers and began to get busy on a crowded London corner. Twenty feet away was Wally Stackhouse, the entry of the British sportsman. The two gamblers stood across the street. In two minutes a milling crowd was fighting to buy from Danny, while Wally stood alone on the outskirts. "My

word!" exclaimed the Britisher. "What's the secret of this?" They strolled across the street to see. "Big social affair at the palace!" cried Wally. "Read about it! Big social affair!" A more sensational call came from Danny. "Big surgical operation on the king!" he yelled, raucously. "Read about it!" "Here! Here!" interrupted the excited Britisher. "There's no such news as that!" "Watcher you talkin' about, you big mutt?" flashed Danny. "Don't you see the big headlines, 'King's Fête Comes Off Tonight'?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Mistle Three.

There are three words, the sweetest words
In all the human speech—
More sweet than are all songs of birds,
Or pages poets preach.
This life may be a vale of tears,
A sad and dreary thing—
Three words and trouble disappears
And birds begin to sing.
Three words, and all the roses bloom,
The sun begins to shine;
Three words will dissipate the gloom
And water turn to wine.
Three words will cheer the saddest days—
"I love you!" Wrong, by heck!
It is another, sweeter phrase,
"Enclosed—find—check." —Brown Jug.

It is asserted by naturalists that, while ducks are asleep in the water at night, the birds mechanically paddle with one foot, so they are kept traveling about in a circle during their slumbers and find themselves when they waken not far from the place chosen for slumber.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Lolita Galpin and Mr. Earle Edward Jones was solemnized last Thursday evening at the bride's home in Alameda. The bridesmaids were Miss Katherine Bixy of Los Angeles and Miss Mary Frances Porter. Miss Lolita Ireland and Miss Julia Lint were the flower girls. Mr. Clinton La Montagne was Mr. Jones' best man and his ushers were Mr. Paul Fagan, Mr. Francis Davis, Jr., Mr. John Orcutt, and Mr. James Lowe Hall. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Philip Galpin. Mr. Jones is the son of Mrs. Lemuel Jones of Seattle. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Jones will reside in San Francisco.

Lord and Lady Rodney were the guests of honor at a dinner given Saturday in San Mateo by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark. Others at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. William Tevis, Jr., Mr. Archibald Johnson, and Mr. William Crocker.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster gave a bridge-tea last Wednesday. Among her guests were Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Benjamin Brodie, Mrs. William Perkins, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Jr., Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. George Wolf, Mrs. Joseph Oyster, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Ola Willett, and Miss Helen Perkins. Mrs. Edward Van Bergen gave a dinner and bridge last Wednesday evening, her guests including Mrs. Charles Foster, Mrs. George Page, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Gustave Ziel, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. George Boyd, Miss Mary Pauline Coppee, and Miss Margaret Foster.

Miss Katherine Ramsay gave a dinner Saturday night at the San Mateo Polo Club for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCrery, Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. Frederick Tillman, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Gordon Armsby.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw gave a bridge-tea Monday at Stanford Court, among her guests having been Mrs. George Rodolph, Mrs. Edward

Prather, Mrs. Lyman King, Mrs. Richard Lyman, Mrs. Alexander Marx, Mrs. Hayward Thomas, Mrs. Frederick Cutting, Mrs. George Dillmann, Mrs. George Whitney, and Mrs. Charles Rodolph.

At the Town and Country Club on Wednesday, Mrs. Harry Evans of San Rafael gave a luncheon complimentary to Miss Audrey Williams, who, on the evening of January 24th, will marry Mr. Evan C. Evans, Jr. At the luncheon Mrs. Evans announced the engagement of her sister, Miss Gertrude Claire Minton, to Mr. Nicholas Kittle Boyd, son of Mrs. George P. Boyd of San Rafael. Miss Minton is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Collins Minton of San Rafael, formerly of Concord, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rothschild entertained at dinner at the Fairmont last Saturday for Miss Flora Marx.

Miss Audrey Williams, Miss Alice Goodfellow, and Miss Avery Ransome were the guests of honor at a tea given Saturday in Piedmont by Mrs. Charles Allardt and Miss Marion Allardt. Those assisting the hostesses in receiving were Mrs. Frederick Allardt, Mrs. Gertrude Shoemaker, Mrs. Oliver Ellsworth, Mrs. L. A. Carter, Miss Virginia Crosby, Miss Betty Gayley, Miss Mary Rixford, Miss Frances Knight, Miss Virginia Allardt, and Miss Florence Breed.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle entertained more than a score of the younger set at a dance Tuesday evening in compliment to Miss Frances Pringle. The affair was held at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Edward Hume of Piedmont gave a luncheon Monday at the Woman's Athletic Club for Mrs. Charles Eckert of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening for their nephew, Mr. George Wheaton. Some of those who attended the affair were Miss Harriet Brownell, Miss Mary Searles, Miss Beulah Gibbons, Miss Jean Johnston, Miss Margaret Fuller, and Miss Kate Boardman.

Mrs. Edward Bosqui entertained at luncheon last Thursday at the Francisco Club, having among her guests Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mrs. Robert Nuttall, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Harry Hatch of Chicago, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Frederick Tallant, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. George Lent, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, and Mrs. Seward McNear.

Mrs. Frank Somers gave a luncheon Monday at the Woman's Athletic Club, her guests including Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Perry Cumberson, Mrs. William Weir, Mrs. Charles Judson, Mrs. George Somers, Mrs. William Pierce, Miss Gertrude Palmer, Miss Maud Woods, and Miss Dorothy Woods.

Mrs. Sidney Peters of Portland was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Paul Fagan. Among the guests were Mrs. Ralph McCurdy, Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mrs. E. H. Stillman, Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Helen Pierce, and Miss Elena Folger.

Mrs. John Harold Philip entertained at tea Thursday afternoon, complimenting Mrs. William Fitzhugh. Among the guests were Mrs. Alexander McCrackin, Mrs. C. S. Wheeler, Mrs. James Stewart, Mrs. James Reid, Mrs. James Edwards, Mrs. Charles Butters, Miss Nellie Lowry, and Miss Agnes Lowry.

Miss Inez Macondray was the guest of honor at a luncheon Mrs. Marshall Madison gave Wednesday, those at the affair having included Mrs. Herman Pbleger, Miss Rosamunde Lee, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Frances Pringle, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Mrs. Fitzgerald Marx gave a bridge-tea Wednesday in Oakland for Miss Doris Rodolph.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin entertained at luncheon Saturday in Burlingame.

Mrs. Clinton Worden gave a luncheon Wednesday at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club for Miss Antoinette Quay of Hudson, Ohio. Others at the luncheon were Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Edward Bosqui, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. George Whittell, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. Charles Green, Mrs. Calion Beaton, and Mrs. Frank King.

Miss Elena Folger gave a luncheon Wednesday, having among her guests Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mrs. Sidney Peters of Portland, Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Miss Josephine Grant, and Miss Elizabeth Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a dinner-dance at the Palace last Thursday for Mr. Edward McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rosseter entertained at dinner Wednesday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay, General and Mrs. W. M. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grace, Judge and Mrs. William Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. William Sesnon, and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Whitehead.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams gave a dinner-dance Friday evening, some of those attending the affair having been Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick.

Miss Vere de Vere Adams gave a dinner-dance at the Palace last Thursday, complimenting Miss Hélène de Latour and Miss Lawton Filer.

Miss Cecily Casserly was a luncheon hostess Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mrs. Alfred Ehrman entertained at a small luncheon Saturday in the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Gallichan, diet expert, who has been experimenting with ostrich eggs supplied by the New York zoological gardens, declares that the food value of the ostrich egg is about the same as that of the domestic hen's egg. The flavor is identical, and although the ostrich eggs contain less protein than meat, they have more fat and a fair amount of phosphorus and iron. One egg will make an omelet sufficient for thirty persons.

The Coming "Imperial Council"

Elaborate and systematic preparation is making for the Forty-Eighth Imperial Council of the Order of the Mystic Shrine to be held in this city next June. Among the arrangements already made are the following:

The Civic Auditorium will be open daily and nightly to Shriners with a variety of entertainments.

A grand hall will be given under the auspices of Illustrious Potentate Ira W. Cohurn and the officers of Islam Temple.

There will be a day and night street parade. The latter will be unique, in illustration of the origin and progress of Masonry. Aeroplane exhibitions will be given under the direction of Captain Rickenbacker.

A series of motor races will be arranged by William L. Hughson.

Trips by land and water to different places of interest in the vicinity of San Francisco are planned.

Other features will be announced later. It is the intention of Chairman Filmer of the executive committee to make the session, which will commemorate the Golden Jubilee of the order, of unusual and extraordinary interest. Something more than ninety temples have already secured reservations and others are expected.

The probability is that something like two hundred and fifty thousand visitors will attend this great meeting. The housing problem is, of course, a difficult one. The hotel proprietors are lending assistance and there is assurance that all will be comfortably housed, with further assurance that there will be no overcharge.

The executive committee is determined to promote the enjoyment of visiting Shriners and no pains or expense to this end will be spared.

San Francisco Law School.

The San Francisco Law School is to start a class for first-year students on Tuesday, January 3d. A complete course in law is given, covering a four-year period, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws. The success of this institution is exceedingly pleasing to those connected with the school, and also to the local business world, particularly those who are dependent upon getting their technical training while employed. Applications are being received now for enrollment in the new class.

Special Music for the Holidays.

During the holiday season, from Christmas until after the New Year, Prince Lei Lani will sing each evening in the lobby of the Whitcomb Hotel. The Whitcomb orchestra will also give its usual concert during the dinner hour and throughout the evening. Thoughts of providing an old-fashioned Yuletide welcome and Christmas happiness for its guests have entered into the plans for Christmas at the hotel.

With the death, at seventy-eight, of Professor Montelius, announced in a telegram from Stockholm, one of the greatest living archaeologists has passed away. Montelius laid a solid foundation for his future fame by his early publications on Scandinavian antiquities, in which, by means of a new scientific method, he succeeded in establishing a reliable chronology for the prehistoric ages. His new typological method, as well as his chronology, has since been adopted all over the world. His achievement of tracing the development of one period out of another by means of the gradual change in the forms of stone axes, iron swords, bronze howls, and so on is something of a romance. Montelius' interests covered many fields besides archaeology and history. He took an active part in numerous undertakings for promoting international cooperation in the world of science. For a long time he was chairman of the American-Scandinavian foundation.

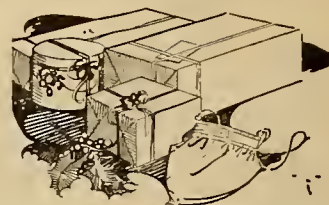
At the meeting of the British Association attention was drawn to the preponderance of red-haired people in the neighborhood of Aherdeen. We can only say that it is a pity a body of scientists can't go to Scotland without making personal remarks about the inhabitants.—Punch.

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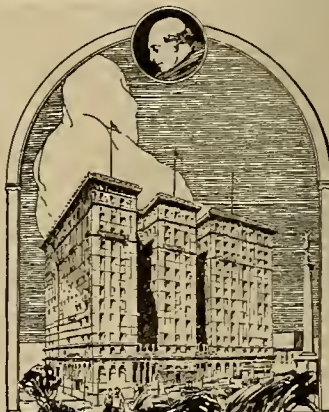
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Major and Mrs. Charles Morris have closed their Saratoga home and have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Ernest Meiere has returned to San Francisco from a sojourn on the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham returned Tuesday from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carpenter came up several days ago from Del Monte. They are staying at the Palace.

Mrs. William Porter, Mr. Hugh Porter, and the latter's little daughter have gone to Los Angeles to spend the holidays.

Miss Alice Hicks of Los Angeles, who recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean in San Francisco, has gone to Southern California for the Christmas season.

Mrs. William Wilshire and Mrs. James Coleman will leave Tuesday for New York en route to Europe. They will be gone indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark McDonald of Santa Rosa have taken an apartment on California Street for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. George Tallant of Santa Barbara and Miss Genevieve Tallant, who went abroad several months ago, are in Italy visiting the former's sister, Signora David Trezzi, at Florence.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Miss Aileen McIntosh, and Miss Mary Julia Crocker returned

Thursday to San Francisco, after an absence of several months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Wallace sailed Saturday for Honolulu to be away until the middle of January.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Antwerp have returned to Burlingame from Pebble Beach.

Commander William Glassford will sail in January for the Orient, where Mrs. Glassford will join him the following month.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling and Mrs. Herbert Allen returned the close of the week from the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Loren Van Horne of Merced has been spending a few days in town with Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Kroll.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett have returned to San Francisco from New York. The Misses Alice and Lucy Hanchett, who have been abroad for several months, will spend the holidays in Rome.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor has been spending the past week in San Diego with Mrs. Paul Wegeforth.

Mr. Sidney Peters of Portland has joined Mrs. Peters in San Francisco over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin returned last week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Macleay left last week for Portland, after a brief visit in California with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant.

Ensign Atherton Macondray, U. S. N., is spending the week-end in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Stuart Courtney of Santa Barbara have left for the south, after a week's sojourn in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Rush left Saturday for Boston to join Captain Rush, U. S. N. They will sail in January for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Prince of Chicago have returned to San Mateo from a visit at Pebble Beach. They are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne have been passing a fortnight in Santa Barbara with Mrs. John William Heaney.

Commander and Mrs. Kent Hewitt left Saturday for Southern California, after a fortnight's sojourn in San Francisco. They have taken a house at Long Beach while the navy officer is stationed at San Pedro.

Miss Sarah Redington of Santa Barbara is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington in San Mateo.

Miss Jane Vail, who has been attending the College of the Sacred Heart in Menlo Park, has gone to Santa Barbara to join Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden and Miss Antoinette Quay of Hudson, Ohio, will leave today for Pasadena, where Miss Quay will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Worden will return next week to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark of New York are spending the Christmas season in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr.

Commander and Mrs. William Lee will leave in January for Shanghai, where the former will be on duty for several months.

Mr. Heine von Schroeder has returned to San Francisco from Southern California.

Mrs. Edward Bosqui spent the week-end at her ranch near Gilroy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have been passing several days in town at the Fairmont.

They will sail for Europe after the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brooke and Miss Cécile Brooke, who have been abroad for some months, returned to San Francisco last Thursday and will be at the Fairmont for the remainder of the winter. Mr. John Brooke, Jr., who has been attending Harvard, has also come to San Francisco to remain here over the holidays.

Mrs. Thomas Rees arrived a few days ago in San Francisco. She is en route to Honolulu to join Colonel Rees.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams have reopened their Spruce Street house for the winter. They have been spending the last eight months in Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick returned last week from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. Alfred Holmes and Mr. Philip Baker have gone East on a business trip. They are staying at the Biltmore in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule have gone to New York to be away until the middle of January. They will be joined in the Eastern city by Miss Marie Louise Baldwin.

Miss Helen Hammersmith returned a few days ago from New York to spend the holidays with her parents.

Mr. Martin Dinkelspiel will arrive Monday from the Atlantic coast to pass the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dinkelspiel. He will return to Harvard the second week in January.

Among those recently registered at the Palace are Mr. E. W. McAfee, Los Angeles; Mr. W. C. Butler, Everett, Washington; Mr. O. Ray Rule, Los Angeles; Mr. L. F. Dempsey, Mr. Wells Gilbert, Mr. George L. McPherson, Portland; Mr. E. J. McCormack, New York; Mr. Milton Cohen, Los Angeles; Mr. E. F. Allen, Portland; Mr. Harry Hammond, Byron; Mr. J. P. Lippincott, Mr. C. W. Wigmore, Los Angeles; Mr. G. Austin Haskell, Seattle; Mr. G. F. Martin, Portland; Mr. A. G. Agnew, Everett, Washington; Mr. Huntington Taylor, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Mr. E. B. Mums, Mr. A. E. Paulsen, New York; Mrs. Epes Randolph, Tucson, Arizona; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Kuhnrt, Los Angeles; Mr. John Cudahy, Milwaukee.

Included among those registered at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. G. O. Fries, Portland; Mr. L. A. Chenoweth, Santa Rosa; Mr. J. F. Avery, Detroit; Mr. J. S. Williams, Los Angeles; Mr. W. B. Lee, San Luis Obispo; Mr. I. C. Johnson, Los Angeles; Mr. R. Fred Brown, Tonopah; Mr. J. E. Walter, Fresno; Mr. L. F. Lettis, Watsonville; Mr. W. H. Richards, Visalia; Mr. E. A. Cooper, Covina; Mr. Samuel E. Burke, Los Angeles; Mr. S. S. Semple, Titusville, Pennsylvania; Mr. G. E. Orr, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kinnear, San Jose; Mr. L. O. Wymoor and family, Costa Rica; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lawrence, Los Angeles; Mr. M. M. Ruggles, Palo Alto; Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Leim, Mr. J. F. Leim, Mr. F. J. Buys, Semarang, Java; Mr. G. G. Grano, Seattle.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. Genario Russo, Naples, Italy; Mr. William H. Leonard, Chicago; Mr. W. A. Hannibal, Shanghai, China; Mr. F. H. Rindge, Stockton; Mr. John Bausman, Seattle; Mr. Parker Holt, Stockton; Mr. R. M. Kinnear, Seattle; Mr. Edward H. Fowle, Denver; Mr. F. D. Moss, Seattle; Mr. A. W. Woodruff, Cheyenne; Mr. Ernest J. Kump, Fresno; Mr. H. Marion Rodgers, Watsonville; Mr. A. B. Jackson, Colusa; Mr. G. W. Tape, Paso Robles; Mr. Gould Dietz, Omaha; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Daly, Kansas City; Mr. Benjamin S. Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Schweitzer, New York; Mr. C. D. Lindstrom, Minneapolis; Mr. L. T. Merwin, Portland; Mr. Brooks L. Jarrett, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. M. H. Kleim, Cleveland.

Sousa's Band.

Miss Mary Baker, who is heralded as one of America's most promising young sopranos, is coming to sing at each concert to be given by Sousa and his band in the Exposition Auditorium, commencing with a Christmas Day matinee. Since the opening of the organization's present transcontinental tour music critics have congratulated "The March King" on his good fortune in "finding" her. Miss Baker is scheduled to sing, exclusive of encores, a varied repertoire, including Wilson's "Carmena," Benedict's "The Wren," Fleigier's "I Have Watched the Stars at Night," Sousa's "The Crystal Lute," an aria from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," and a selection from Charpentier's "Louise." Her encore songs, with which she is said to be very liberal, afford further evidence of versatility. Miss Baker is one of a trio of talented young American women accompanying Sousa this season, the others being Miss Winifred Bambrick, harpist, and Miss Florence Hardeman, violinist.

In addition to the feminine contingent of soloists Sousa will present John Dolan, cornet; George J. Carey, xylophone; P. Mere with Wilson, flute; William M. Kunkel, piccolo; Joseph Norrito, clarinet; Paul O. Gerhardt, oboe; Antony Maly, coranglais; Charles C. Thompson, bassoon; John Guere-wich, saxophone; Joseph De Lucca, euphonium; William Pierce, horn; J. P. Schueler, trombone, and William J. Bell, bass.

Enough men by the name of Smith joined the American army during the war to make up fifteen regiments. There were Johnsons enough to make up eleven, Browns eight, and there were seven regiments each of Williamses, Joneses, and Millers.

"The Piper," the poetic drama by Mrs. Peabody, is to open the year 1922 at the Maitland Playhouse. Patrons of the Maitland have been looking forward to this performance.



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When Frank W. Healy announced that Fritz Kreiser would be heard in San Francisco at the Exposition Auditorium next April music-lovers in Northern California were so enthusiastic that Manager Healy engaged the large Auditorium rather than one of the small concert halls, as it is his belief that the Auditorium will be taxed to its utmost capacity. Mr. Kreiser is now in Vienna, but he recently gave a concert in Queen's Hall, London, where, after an absence of seven years, he once again scored a great triumph.

John McCormack, the famous tenor, will also be heard in recital at the Exposition Auditorium under the management of Frank W. Healy. McCormack is billed to sing here on April 9th.

There will be three matinees next week at the Maitland Playhouse during the Christmas week bill of R. C. Carton's "Liberty Hall." The special matinee will be given Monday afternoon with the regular Tuesday and Saturday performances.

Stars for the near future at the Columbia Theatre are May Robson, David Warfield, Chauncey Olcott, Otis Skinner, Ethel Barrymore.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Angry Wife—Are all men fools? *Husband*—No, dear. Some are bachelors.—*Weekly Telegraph.*

North—Has Alice any of the old-fashioned virtues? *West*—I suppose so—most of them are.—*Kansas City Star.*

Old Scot—Dinna cry, ma wee laddie! If ye dinna find yer penny afore dark, here's a match.—*Wayside Tales.*

"They have a new phonograph." "All right. Let's stay away until the novelty has worn off."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hermione (ecstatically gazing at her first alimony check)—I don't see why every woman doesn't get married.—*Judge.*

He—Is he old? *She*—Is he? Why, he's so old that he thinks Thursday's as good a night as Wednesday.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Tragedian—I hope to make a furor with my Hamlet. *Comedian*—Oh, rather! More than a few, I should say!—*London Passing Show.*

"Why don't you give that poor beggar a dime?" "He's one of my depositors," said the hanker, briefly.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Maud—Why should she want her portrait painted? *Grace*—Well, she's getting too old to look well in a photograph.—*London Opinion.*

"Waiter." "Yes, sir." "I'll have some of this." "You are having it now, sir." "Eh?" "The orchestra's playing it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"What is your son doing since he got through college?" "Acting as an usher at weddings. That's about all."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A writer says chop suey is not what it used to be. He will now confer a great favor by telling us what it used to be.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

"Why did he soak you?" "I said his brother looked like a sap." "That aint no reason." "No, but they're twin brothers."—*Washington Sun Dodger.*

"Why do you think a classical education is not desirable for your boy, Josh?" "Folks don't appreciate it," replied Farmer Cornot-sel. "I never yet saw a summer hoarder

who was educated enough to hold his audience when a feller pulled out a pack of cards and began to do tricks."—*Washington Star.*

"So you desire to become my son-in-law?" "No, I don't. But if I marry your daughter, sir, I don't very well see how I can get out of it."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

"A" Operator—Has Marjorie any education along musical lines? "B" Operator—I should say so! Name any record and she can tell you what's on the other side.—*Telephone Review.*

Keen Tennis Player (to partner, after winning stubbornly contested game)—You were absolutely topping, Miss Lovebird. Why, you played just like a—a thwarted woman.—*Punch.*

"Well, Mose, how'd the races come out yesterday?" "Putty good, suh, putty good; only some fool drapped a hag o' oats on de track an' all de hosses hesitated."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

"Willie!" "Yes, mamma." "What in the world are you pinching the baby for? Let him alone!" "Aw, I aint doin' nothin'! We're only playin' automobile, an' he's th' horn."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mother (visiting son's room)—Son, what's that bottle in your closet? *Son*—Why—er—that's hair tonic. *Mother*—That's funny. Your father uses the same thing and he has been bald for thirty years.—*Yale Record.*

Mr. Jones—Mary has cooked this steak too much again—didn't you reprimand her about it last week? *Mrs. Jones*—Yes, dear, but you're two girls late—the present cook's name is Martha!—*London Passing Show.*

"Yes, I can give you a job. You may gather eggs for me if you are sure you won't steal any." "Youse could trust me wid anything, lady. I wuz manager of a hathhouse for fifteen years an' never took a bath."—*Judge.*

"I am afraid Jack's married life is not going to be particularly happy." "What makes you think so?" "I was watching the bride's family all through the marriage ceremony, and they looked too darned cheerful to suit me."—*Judge.*

"I hope you are saving that money that was left you, George. With care, you ought to be able to live comfortably for the rest of your life." "Oi means to, squire—Oi he a-join' to use some of it to get a divorce, I be."—*London Opinion.*

Judge—Did you steal those hogs? *Rastus*—No, suh. I nevah stole no hawgs, jedge, yo' honor. *Judge*—Have you money to hire a lawyer to defend you? *Rastus*—No, suh, I aint got no money, jedge; but I kin give him one o' de hawgs.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Mistress—When I engaged you, Susan, you told me that you had no man friends. Now, almost every time I come into the kitchen I find a man there. *Susan*—Bless you, mum, he aint no friend of mine! *Mistress*—Then who is he? *Susan*—My husband.—*Boston Transcript.*


Film Producer (seeking location)—You say your mistress is away? I suppose she wouldn't object to my taking a few scenes on her grounds? *Trusty Old Retainer*—I don't suppose so, but you mustn't come 'round afterwards hothering her to huy the photographs.—*London Passing Show.*

"Honey," said the colored suitor, "when we gits married you aint gwine to give up dat good job you has workin' for de white folks, is you?" "But aint we gwine to have no honeymoon an' take a trip on de train somewhere?" "One of us might go, honey. Dey aint a thing holdin' me, but you's got 'sponsibilities."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

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failed to fold up his napkin each time when he is through eating," said the waiter in a downtown restaurant. "Still he knows that as soon as he leaves I throw the napkin into the laundry. He just wastes his energy." "Who is the man?" "His name is Johnson. He's an efficiency expert."—*New York Sun.*

We have communicated with the spirit of Diogenes. "Ask him," we requested the medium, "ask him if he really lived in a tub." The table moved nervously, the medium snored, and from her lips came the very voice of the great Athenian: "I owned a yacht; you call it a houseboat," said the sage. "I lived on it. The jealous yachtsmen of the times call it a tub. Gimme a drink. I say, gimme—" The voice died away, but we had solved a mystery.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

The roots of the kiziuha palm of Central America all spring from the stem above the ground, every new root emerging from a point higher on the stem than the one which preceded it.

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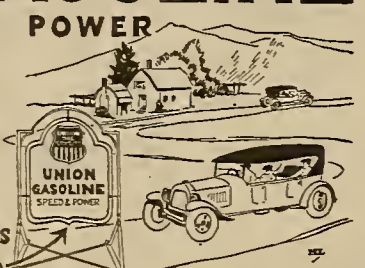
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VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2336.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 31, 1921.

Price Ten Cents

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Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Donnybrook Up to Date.

Great Britain is trying to settle ages-old Irish contentions in terms of good-will. She has conceded conditions that imply the substance of absolute freedom—those of partnership, with the benefits and dignities attaching to partnership, in the empire. She has yielded every material point, reserving only that which would give to the Irish opportunity of conspiring with her (Britain's) enemies. That she should go further is unthinkable. In view of the Irish record in the late war it would be supreme folly. The element in Ireland which is amenable to reason favors the proposed settlement. But there is a mad crew made up of professional agitators, chronic malcontents, and sentimentally-crazed women which shouts "No"—that will be satisfied with nothing less for Ireland than an isolated position comparable with that of Switzerland. It reckons nothing of geographical facts or of the historical record. It insists upon a concession not material to political liberty or to economic welfare—a concession that Britain could not make and retain its self-respect or the respect of the world.

We are now to see if common sense or hysteria shall control the Irish people. However the immediate contention shall be determined, it is manifest that Ireland is to remain a seat of embittered contentions. The truth is that the champions of an isolated status for Ireland do not want peace. They have long thriven on agitation—thriven, we regret to say, upon contributions mainly coming from this country.

They do not want a settled condition for Ireland because it would mean the cutting off of the stream of money from America that hitherto, for a generation or more, has supported their activities. De Valera and his following are in no mind to see the shutting down of flood gates upon the stream of American money by which they have been sustained and made rich. Their politics is founded in the sinister motive of sustaining in embittered activity the propaganda upon which they have long lived. They have no mind to abandon the exciting and profitable business of agitation and to redirect their energies to getting means of livelihood by honorably working for it.

It remains to be seen if the gullible element of American Irish sympathizers will continue to support a movement that refuses to accept reasonable conditions and proposes to continue its activities from obviously selfish motives. It would seem that the most emotional American hyphenate would be able to appraise the situation in its true bearings, to understand that in further contributing to support of an unreasonable and impossible cause he would add, not to the welfare, but to the chronic miseries of the "Ould Sod."

Enlightened Maternity.

Mrs. Wenona Osborne Pinkham of Boston—not to be confounded with the more famous Lydia—writes to the *Argonaut* a letter printed in another column. We gather that Mrs. Pinkham intends to be critical of certain remarks recently made with respect to the Maternity bill, but with true feminine logic, her statement tends, not to deny, but to confirm the *Argonaut's* assertion that the pattern of the proposed legislation is largely drawn from Bolshevik Russia. The woman who according to Mrs. Pinkham's own statement is the inspiration and the main authority is one Mme. Kallontai, formerly head of the Russian governmental bureau having in supervision the Russian maternity system, which deals mainly with children of unmarried mothers, and more recently a "commissaire" of public welfare under Lenin and Trotsky. From the official journal of the "commissariat" we quote:

We must remove children from the pernicious influence of the family. We must register, or—let us speak plainly—we must nationalize them. Thus they are from the very start under the beneficial influence of communist kindergartens and schools. Here they will grow up to be real communists. To compel the mother to surrender her children to us, to the Soviet state, that is the practical task before us.

It is from this high source of moral inspiration that one Dr. Harris made a commendatory report to the Children's Bureau at Washington, to which report Miss Lathrop, main champion of the American maternity programme, wrote a commendatory preface. "That," says Mrs. Wenona Osborne Pinkham with dignified emphasis, "is the whole story of Bolshevism in the Sheppard-Towner bill!" In the name of all the saints, alive and dead, is it not enough?

Mrs. Pinkham—not the revered Lydia, let us again caution readers—attempts to score a point by informing us that Miss Lathrop has retired from the Children's Bureau over "the protest of every friend of the Sheppard-Towner bill," and that every "professional worker" for the proposed system of maternity supervision "regrets her going." But, we are assured, the good work will go on, since another spinster, Miss Grace Abbott, is pledged "to sustain the high tradition of scientific service that has been set by Miss Lathrop," in the behoof of American motherhood as inspired by Mme. Kollontai, friend and aid of Lenin and Trotsky.

There is comfort in the assurance that despite changes in the organization at Washington motherhood, under the guiding hand of Miss Abbott, is to continue to function. There are still on the job—and on the pay-roll—some thirty-one other *misses*, whose aims have been defined as: (a) The forced registration of pregnancy; (b) governmental pre-natal examination of

expectant mothers; (c) interference with the right of a woman to secure the services of a midwife or physician of her own selection; (d) the sending of government agents into the homes of people to interfere in the most private and sacred relations of life; (e) the inspection of the mother before childbirth and the intermeddling by officials in the care a mother may give her child.

Thus it would appear that American motherhood is not shorn of hope. It will not be compelled to mess along in the old and unenlightened ways. It will have the aid and guidance of thirty-three young women who know all about maternity and the care of babies from having studied the subject in the documentary literature of the Bolsheviki "commissariat" and in other books, mostly printed in German text.

There is pathos in reflecting upon the neglected status of American women of former generations—notably the mothers of Jonathan Edwards, the Adamses, Washington, Franklin, Marshall, Jackson, Lee, Grant, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Abraham Lincoln, and other products of the unsupervised era of American motherhood. What would it have meant to these unsophisticated mothers if they might have brought their sons into the world under the directing wisdom of that rare aggregation of maternity experts of whom formerly Miss Lathrop and now Miss Abbott and thirty-three other spinsters are the guiding lights?

Release of Debs.

In pardoning Eugene Debs, under conviction for treason against the United States, President Harding exhibits the whimsical side of a nature at all times disposed to kindness. Clemency in the case of Debs was forecast several weeks ago in a statement made by Mr. Harding that he would deal with the case of Debs "apart from the others." The idea implied was this, namely, that Debs, having been a candidate for the presidency in 1920, and in a sense a rival of Mr. Harding, was entitled to a kind of consideration not obligatory or proper in other and similar cases. The basis of this theory is in a sense of chivalry illustrating, as we have already said, a whimsical side of Mr. Harding's nature. The motive is one commanding a certain measure of respect. But we think that the President would have done better to have left justice to take its own course. For Debs' offense was open and flagrant. At a time when under conscription men were being taken from their homes and sent across the ocean to fight in a cause vital to our national life, even to civilization itself, Debs was preaching treason. Many a man has been hanged for conduct less vicious and less calculated.

If anything were needed in exploitation of the fact that in getting his freedom Debs has got more than he merited, it is exhibited in his conduct immediately following his release from prison on Christmas Day. It is the practice of the government to give to every man released from prison the sum of five dollars in addition to means of travel to his home. Debs accepted the money, but so used it as to illustrate his contempt for government. Ostentatiously he gave it to a fund for defense of the two Italian radical murderers, Sacco and Vanzetti. These men are criminals of the deepest dye. There is no question about their guilt. The effort to save them from the penalty for an outrageous crime of which they have been duly convicted is based on radical sympathy—sympathy on the part of those whose declared aim is to destroy organized society and who have no scruples as to means. It would seem that a man who in a spirit of charity had been released from a penal obligation might at least have postponed activities against a government that so favored him to a later date. Obviously Debs is a man of a low degree of sensibility.

Having thus signalized the fact that he is by no means repentant and ungrateful, we may now expect from

Debs a new crusade in support of criminal radicalism. If he is to continue to be active in treasonable propaganda—and from the beginning he has made there would seem to be little doubt of it—he is likely before a great while to find himself again in Atlanta. And it is to be hoped that no chivalric theory or no misapplied kindness will for a second time save him from his deserts.

The Late Henry Watterson.

Colonel Watterson, dead in his eighty-second year, was for forty-and-odd years the editor of the Louisville (Kentucky) *Courier-Journal*. He came to this post in 1868 at the age of twenty-eight. Previously he had distinguished himself as a soldier in the Confederate service, and in the intervening period had demonstrated journalistic capability as the editor of a minor newspaper in Louisville. In his youth, as in maturity, Watterson was a man of high physical and mental energies, with an inherent propensity for fellowship in the world of men and things. He was sincerely a patriot and he gave to the reconstructed Union the same absolute devotion that he had given to the Lost Cause. He had in a supreme degree the sense of social obligation which is a fundamental factor in the character of a man—or of a newspaper. These qualities, exercised unremittingly in the conduct of the *Courier-Journal*, would have made that paper notable under any circumstances. Under its special conditions of time and place they made it in many ways and for considerable periods the most important in the United States. It was for four decades spokesman of the best intelligence and the highest patriotism of the South, and as such it rendered a service which could not well have been spared from the post-war life of the country.

Colonel Watterson lived and grew old in the service of a journalism whose value was not more in its brilliancy than in its patriotism, not more in its activity than in its judgment, far less in its prosperity than in its response to conscience. Time wore on; the fashion of journalism changed, and not for the better. But Colonel Watterson made no concessions to the new order of things. He remained a journalist of the old school; of the school in which were reflected conscience, scholarship, a profound sense of responsibility. And until he laid down his pen two years ago he sustained the prestige of old-school journalism by a power and a dignity which no man of the newer fashion had—or has—ever been able to match.

Journalism with Colonel Watterson was something very much higher than mere newspapering. It was statecraft applied to current life. Its inspirations were of the head rather than of the stomach. Writing in the *Courier-Journal* on its forty-fourth birthday in 1912, Colonel Watterson said:

The *Courier-Journal* has done its part as a chronicler of the transactions in which the living and dead we have named were the heroes and *dramatis personae*. It was born amid the ruins of the Confederacy. Above all else it has placed the solidarity of the Union and the restoration of the South in that Union, seeking to pour some sunshine into the daily life of the community; without ostentation to support the law, without ostentation to aid the church, a kindly, cleanly visitor to each man's fireside. It has lived to see with exultation its own boys wearing the blue; to have its exultation echoed in all hearts, and instead of looking back with sorrow upon the disasters of Vicksburg and Appomattox, to hail the glories of Manila and Santiago as more than compensation for the shattered hopes of its Lost Cause, tinged by the single regret that Grant, Lee, Sherman, and Johnston were not alive to witness the comradeship in arms of Miles and Wheeler, of Shafter and Lee, the partnership in glory of Dewey and Hobson; once again, as in days of old, the Puritan and Cavalier—no longer such, but simple Americans—joined hand in hand to advance the cause of religion and civilization and to extend the area of civilization.

Truly said and beautifully said! And—since the death in 1910 of Harvey W. Scott, for more than forty years editor of the Portland *Oregonian*—said by the one man in American journalism then living who could have said anything comparable with it. The *Argonaut*, seeking in its own way to serve the ideals of the journalism of social responsibility, ambitious in its own time and place to live in sight of these ideals and by standards in harmony with them, in reverence lays a wreath upon the bier of Henry Watterson, long the most knightly figure in the journalism of the region.

In its issue of November 23, 1912, the *Argonaut*, commenting upon the birthday of the *Courier-Journal*,

said something consonant with the sentiments above expressed. Shortly thereafter the editor received from Colonel Watterson, with whom he had long been on terms of friendship, the following characteristic letter. Nothing said by others—and much has been said of Colonel Watterson, living and dead—has, we believe, so definitely revealed the inner springs of his life and of his work:

LOUISVILLE, Ky., November 30, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. HOLMAN: I am indebted to our friend Loomis for a clipping from the *Argonaut*—best written paper between the two oceans—which so touches me that I must write you directly and thank you for it.

Appreciation is so rare—even rarer in discrimination than in sympathy—that during a long life one may count the occasions when it came to him. Abuse laid on with a trowel is preferable to praise laid on with a sponge; for the one is a tribute to a kind of power whilst the other means just nothing at all except a flabby misuse of words that upon the smallest provocation are ready to change their coats!

You describe what I have tried to do much better than I have been able to do it. Born at Washington and growing up in the thick of it, I acquired an early distaste to office and official life. Thrown into the newspaper service, I put a rather sullied estimate upon its possibilities. Here at home, among the best people, the response to my effort towards responsibility, accuracy and cleanliness has been ungrudging and sustained; and yet, amid the hurly-burly of high party times, how often I have fallen short of the mark I set myself. We never know our limitations until we have passed them.

Sometimes I have thought I suffered unduly from environment. The ascription of devil-may-care—the poker-playing jokes—the mint-bed jokes—emphatically the imagined Kentuckian and not unkindly meant—have often fallen harshly upon a mind seriously bent upon serious things and not unsuccessfully pursuing a very different career.

I have no talent for self-exploitation, but have been woefully advertised as the city-editor-rooms' ideal of a "devil of a fellow." Only yesterday, whilst I was ill in New York, the headlines were sprawling away about a challenge to fight a duel a crazy man, of whom I knew nothing, said I was sending him!

Heavens! I am not inditing an autobiography! Just a line to say "God bless you!" and if the McEnerney's have returned, the same to them!

Sincerely,
HENRY WATTERSON.

ALFRED HOLMAN, Esq.

The Conference.

There was anger and calculation in the demand of the French delegation in the Conference that France be permitted to increase her naval establishment by the addition of ten battleships. France has no intention of building ten ships, nor even a wish to do it. And she could not if she would. The proposal was designed as a trading point. Anger on the part of the French commissioners was due to resentment at British leadership, combined with chagrin, under what the school men would call an inferiority complex. Since the departure of Briand and Viviani the French visitors have been overcome by a sense of isolation. They have been less adroit and less successful in cultivating friendly relations with the other delegates and with the press than either the English, the Japanese, or even the Dutch. They have reacted in a social reserve that has not made for the best understanding in a decidedly democratic atmosphere.

Conditions in France, too, have had their reflection. There is in France a growing grouch against Britain and one of slightly less degree against the United States. Thus France has visualized herself as the butt of the nations. The league, which was to have given her in conjunction with the three-power alliance protection against the potential German menace, has failed. The three-power alliance is on the scrap heap. Reparation money is not coming along. Britain, with the sympathy of the United States, has been holding up to criticism France's maintenance of a great standing army. And now at Washington France, in the vision of her sensitive representatives, has been cast for an inconsequential part. On top of all, Britain last week started a drive to outlaw the submarine. The submarine, as Mr. Balfour admitted early in the Conference, is the poor nation's navy. It is relatively economical of operation and highly effective as a weapon of coastal defense. Announcement of the British move against the submarine appears to have been the final straw, for immediately after it was made the French commissioners threw a monkey-wrench into the machinery by demanding the right to build ten battleships. France did not and does not want ten battleships, or any other number. She wants recognition of her right to build ships when she may have the money and the wish to do it in a ratio that would enlarge her naval power. But what she wants above all is more con-

sideration, more weight, than she has been thus far given in the Conference. Particularly she wants leave to maintain a fleet of submarines; and her battleship demand was put forward in the hope of gaining this privilege under compromise. The incident has ended harmlessly, but it goes to illustrate the difficulties under which details are being worked out in the Conference.

The incident serves further to emphasize the responsibility and delicacy of Secretary Hughes' job in his capacity as presiding officer of the Conference. Upon him more than upon any other individual rests the task of bringing the nations into accord and of sustaining good nature all round. Suddenly Mr. Hughes has been elevated to a vastly high place in world affairs. It is not alone that he is America's chief representative in the Conference, that he must bear the burden of his great responsibility. Much is due to the fact that he has won the confidence and respect of all the nations represented. No man is master of the Conference, but Hughes comes nearer the position than any other, and it is because he never seeks to drive, but always to lead. All of the eight visiting commissions turn to him in their troubles and place themselves in his hands. It is Mr. Hughes who is called upon to compose differences that arise constantly between delegates. It should be a matter of pride to the country that this is so and that Mr. Hughes bears himself so well under the strain.

Of course the Irish agitators and other ill-wishers, including Mr. Hearst, proclaim variously and loudly that the American delegation has been out-generated and out-jockeyed by the Japanese, according to one group of critics, and by the British, according to another. Whoever hearkens to the ill-wishers are told that we are bartering away our national soul. This, of course, is not true. It is no time to boast of American achievements in the Conference, or even to define them. To do so would be an irritation. But as we check up carefully from day to day and measure the work of the Conference in its actual form, and not as presented by propagandists, the conclusion is inevitable and positive that America is in the way of emerging with honor, with augmented respect of all nations, with greater safeguards against war than ever she has possessed. It is certain that for a considerable term of years at least the understandings already reached and in the way of attainment, no matter if their treaty form is non-enforceable, will effectively (1) remove the Japanese war menace and (2) stop the competitive naval race that has been in progress now for several years. These are great accomplishments—greater than perhaps we now realize. They do not constitute the sum of what is demanded by the proponents of an artificial millennium, but they go beyond what anybody could have expected a year ago.

With naval debates out of the way, the attention of the Conference will soon be centered on China. There is small hope, or none at all, of arranging an international agreement with respect to that country that will be satisfactory to the representatives of the different Chinese factions. Sun Yat-Sen's South China Republic frankly announces that it will be satisfied with nothing less than withdrawal of recognition from the Peking government and general recognition of the South China government. It may be that the South China government is as truly representative of China as the Peking government, but that is not saying much. It is plain that neither the one nor the other is the authoritative voice of the Chinese people, or even of a considerable minority of them. Meanwhile, that captain of industry, General Tso-Lin, who has elevated brigandage to a systematized big business, stalks across the stage at Peking and the North China cabinet falls. China is not an entity and can not be dealt with as such. Much of benefit to China will come out of the Conference, but much will be withheld until China by her own efforts or through the benevolent leadership of exterior forces shall be made cohesive and coherent. Of course the self-selected spokesmen of China will shout their protest to high heaven, but the fact remains that before the salvation of China shall be attained the Chinese must get together. There can be no satisfactory dealing with the Chinese people in the existing state of their affairs—with one section fighting against the other, not to mention an inter-provincial turmoil in which no Western mind can find either head or tail.

Attendant upon but not recognized by the Confer-

ence there are a whole flock of propaganda bureaus. There is one from North China and another from South China; and still another from Chita representing the Far Eastern Republic. Each has its selfish purposes and is pursuing them by methods more or less calculated to command attention and support. Chita wants first of all that the Japanese be ejected from Vladivostok, representing that with the Japanese removal from control of the new republic's exits and entrances a profitable trade with the United States will begin immediately. Then there is established at Washington an East Indian revolutionary junta. The monarchical party of Russia, euriously in close communion with representatives of the one-time Kerensky government, have headquarters in Washington and are very busy. "Free Korea," whose press agency has long been established at the capital, emits a blast from time to time. The Irish (God bless 'em) are, as always, on the job, and are devoting their activities chiefly to an endeavor to convince the public that Balfour, and not Hughes, is the dominant voice of the Conference. There are others, but the list is too long to be recited—or to be read—without weariness.

Editorial Notes.

It may be that there are those who can understand the ship subsidy project as defined in Tuesday's press dispatches. The *Argonaut* has tried to get the proposals fixed in its mind, but has failed. Three conscientious readings leave the impression of a scheme founded in no principle, proceeding upon no principle, tending to confusion of unrelated interests—an arrangement wholly and elaborately artificial. Any attempt to establish a foreign shipping service by means so involved is a foredoomed futility. There is one way—and only one—by which the end desired may be arrived at, and that is to remove from American ships and shipping the restrictions which obstruct free operation upon business principles. Under our laws, built up with regard to the protective system, in fear of the labor oligarchy and in deference to politicians and doctrinaires, American shipping is tied hand and foot—if the simile be allowable. What American shipping needs is to be made free, to be allowed to pursue its own purposes relieved of the restrictions and burdens that now meet it at every turn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Supervision of American Motherhood.

BOSTON LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS.

BOSTON, December 20, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: My attention has been called to an article in the *Argonaut* of December 10th concerning the Sheppard-Towner bill for the protection of maternity and infancy.

Although the bill is now a law, I think it well that people of the country should have correct information concerning it. I am, therefore, sending you a copy of a letter which was prepared by the chairman of the Child Welfare Committee of the National League of Women Voters, Mrs. LaRue Brown. She says:

"I have been familiar with the work of the Children's Bureau since its creation; and as committee chairman of the National League of Women Voters I have worked for the Sheppard-Towner bill for over a year and have studied the various forces working for and against it. At present the favorite methods of opposing the bill are either to attack Miss Lathrop personally or to talk about Bolshevism. Miss Lathrop has just resigned as chief of the Children's Bureau. Her work there was the culmination of a distinguished career devoted to human welfare. She resigned under the protest of every friend of the Shepard-Towner bill, including many members of the Senate and House, who felt that the honest administration of the measure was assured if she was responsible for it.

"She resigned because of ill-health and exhaustion, and because, at the age of sixty-three, she had served her country for nine years with scarcely a day of rest. I do not know a professional worker for the welfare of children in the country who does not regret her going.

"The appointment of Miss Grace Ahcott as her successor is a gratification to all those who count qualification as of more importance than political pull. She will sustain the high tradition of scientific service that has been set by Miss Lathrop. President Harding is to be commended most highly for making a non-political appointment, based only on merit.

"The facts about the Bolshevik spectre are as follows: Some years ago Dr. Henry J. Harris, chief of the division of documents of the Library of Congress, prepared a technical summarized report on 'Maternity Benefit Systems in Foreign Countries,' which described the methods employed in England, France, and elsewhere to give financial aid to needy child-bearing women. His report contained a section on Russia, which was, he said, of historical interest only, as the only material then available was that of the Czarist régime. In this section he mentioned that an exhaustive Russian report on this subject had been written by a Mrs. Kollontai. The Children's Bureau published Dr. Harris' report, and Miss Lathrop wrote a brief preface, commending the study and explaining why the subject was of importance.

"That is the whole story of Bolshevism and the Sheppard-Towner bill! Dr. Harris mentions that, before the war, a Mme. Kollontai in Russia wrote a book. Miss Lathrop commends Dr. Harris' report. Some years later this same Mme. Kollontai becomes an officer of the Soviet government. Therefore the Children's Bureau is for Bolshevism, and the Sheppard-Towner bill is a Bolshevik scheme! Thus the reasoning

runs. If it were not so easy to get publicity for the word Bolshevism the whole matter might better be ignored."

Very truly yours,

WENONA OSBORNE PINKHAM,
Executive Secretary.

THE CHINESE CODE.

In this age of tolerance, one feels disinclined to judge a man or a nation on grounds of religious belief. And yet there is a sense in which the religion of a nation is the most essential fact about it. Certainly one could ask for no clearer token of the fundamental difference between Japan and China than appears in their respective ethical codes—in as far, that is, as Japan can be said to have a code of ethics.

Christian missionaries in China have found a serious and discouraging obstacle to the progress of their teaching in the Chinese fidelity to the traditional creeds of Tao, Buddha, and Confucius—more especially to the last, which represents the moral basis of Chinese civilization. Many Westerners lament this obstinate loyalty toward what they regard as, relatively speaking, a mere codex on manners. But might it not be just as reasonable to consider the Chinese devotion to that creed as a mark of moral integrity? It is not within the scope of this article to examine the value of Confucianism as a religion; the important thing about it from a lay viewpoint is that it has taken living root in the Chinese nature, and that it indicates a desire for moral perfection well worth contrasting with Japan's agnostic and skeptical indifference to all systems of ethics. The religious or irreligious peculiarities of Japan are reflected very plainly in her political and diplomatic processes, just as the moral earnestness and the doctrinal loyalties of China find an echo in the comparatively higher degree of sincerity she displays in her intercourse with other nations.

Of Japanese religions, it is manifest on the surface of things that they express nothing to which the people of Japan can devote themselves with any ardor of belief. The legend of the Man-God emperor is merely a ruse in favor of despotism, and has no moral significance. As for Buddhism, which came into Japan through China and Korea, the final commentary on the extent to which Japan has been affected by it is the contempt for all its tenets revealed in her treatment of the nations to whom she owes her acquaintance with it. A conviction seems lately to have been forced on Japan that her lack of a national religion is a source of weakness to her civilization—of political weakness, one must add, for her standard of value here, as in all else, is political expediency. This is the reason for *Shintoism*, a primitive form of nature worship she has recently disinterred from the dust of antiquity and refurbished in the hope of making it serve the ends of imperialism. Thus also the doctrine of *Bushido*, which has come into being during the last decade or two, evidently as a means of buttressing her governing class with something resembling the old European order of chivalry. These beliefs have not developed naturally: they have been forced growths, unrelated in any way to what our ancestors would have called "the fulfillment of the ends of God." To all purposes, Japan remains a nation without a faith.

This will probably be granted much more readily than the proposition that China is more fortunately situated. There may be some question as to the vitality of a belief that leaves the Chinese as disintegrated as they appear to be, as corrupt in politics, as honeycombed with piracy and intrigue, and as apparently deficient in what we are accustomed to term "civic righteousness."

The answer has to do with a striking peculiarity of the Confucian creed. One of the chief effects of that doctrine has been to discourage popular interest in state affairs. Confucius based his teaching, as do some of the statesmen of modern Ireland, on a belief in the fundamental goodness of human nature. Law was unnecessary as long as men were good. Mutual trust and "the rule of men" took the place of "the rule of law." It was asserted that Heaven would not permit a bad ruler to continue in power. The scholar alone was supposed competent to administrate the affairs of a community, and men of other occupations were thought to discharge their greatest service by confining their efforts to the industries for which they had been trained.

These principles have had very good and very bad effects on the social life of China. The main good effect has been the accent placed on individual probity and on the binding nature of verbal agreements. The greater part of business in the Chinese towns is transacted very effectively by mere word of mouth, and the Chinese horror of law courts and suspicion of litigants has a certain foundation in the Confucian teaching that "in a perfect society there are no lawsuits."

The bad effect of the doctrine has been its encouragement of unscrupulous governors in taking advantage of the detachment of the people from political affairs to concentrate power in their own hands and for their own uses. The present disunity of China and the peculiar independence of the district administrator and

the military governor arise logically from a tradition of popular aloofness from the matters of government.

But the remarkable thing about the operation of Chinese government is not its corruption, or the helplessness of the people under their rulers. It is that, when all is considered, the system works at all, and that under it the people enjoy so great a degree of freedom from state interference. Only a thoroughgoing optimist could imagine a similar system operating in our own country without producing sheer anarchy or tyranny. The Chinese officials are undeniably corrupt; the wonder is that they are not more corrupt than they are. They are confronted evidently with a kind of tacit restraint; not the restraint of force or the check of representative government, but the deterrent effect of their respect for the national creed.

Underneath the surface confusion in China there lies this strong and homogeneous moral sentiment. Where the interests of the nation as a whole are affected this sentiment is capable of uniting Manchu, Mongol, Tartar, constitutionalist of the south and militarist of the north with a common purpose. It is significant that during the war China answered the German argument of force by an appeal to the principles of Confucius, just as many Occidental countries argued the teachings of Christ. Indeed Mr. Sih Gung Cheng in his political study of modern China contends with every show of reason that the Confucian classics are a more widespread force in Chinese thought and life at present than the Bible among the peoples of the West, and that their pages have served the people of China almost as the equivalent of a constitution of national rights.

The creed they express is broad enough to unite the widest variations of race and temperament. In a recent article on China in the *Nation*, Bertrand Russell maintains that the hope of China is her freedom from the religious prejudice that has provoked so many wars among the countries of Europe. This seems a rather inverted way of saying that China has always shown a high degree of religious toleration. The reason for this tolerance, however, is not that she is irreligious, but that her code enjoins such concessions. There has never been a religious persecution in China. When the Christian missionaries were massacred in 1900 it was not because they were Christians, but because they were foreigners, and the native converts were persecuted, not because they were converts, but because they associated with foreigners.

Within the Confucian system there are, of course, many plies of prejudice and superstition, most noticeable as one leaves the coast and the great rivers and the more enlightened vicinity of the ports of trade. The doctrine perhaps achieves its sanest expression among the citizens of the great coast towns, like Canton, where the fusion of Eastern and Western ideas is most active. Canton in South China was the first point of contact between Oriental and European traders. It has been ever since, of all Chinese cities, the most hospitable to foreign influences. For this reason, or because of some extraordinary native endowment, the Cantonese are the cleverest people in China, the most adaptable, nimble-witted, and resourceful. In the present stage of transition many shortcomings can be forgiven them; the rather reckless disorder of their society and industries, the abandon of their votaries of pleasure, and the questionable means by which their government sometimes acquires a much-needed revenue—a process now and then interrupted, as with us, by tidal waves of righteousness. Shanghai, the great port of North China, shows the same tale of progress, though here the progress has been more strictly mechanical, and the introduction of modern industrial features and living conveniences has been directly accomplished by foreign settlers.

In these great centres the Confucian philosophy is slowly being brought into harmony with the methods of democratic government. The process is one of combining the best traditions of China with the best of Western discovery, and it is to be hoped that it will not be impeded.

There will, of course, be attempts to prevent the readjustment and the consequent unification of the scattered Chinese power, and China's only immediate hope lies in the attitude toward her future adopted by the powers that have joined the recent alliance in the Pacific. Japan's attitude is known, but it is to be expected that she will be held in check by at least two of the three powers joined with her. Both Britain and America have much in common with China, though they are slow to admit it. In the matter of government we have at times departed just as flagrantly from the principles of our creed, as has China, and, like China, we have in the end proved ourselves faithful to it, after a fashion. In this respect the three Western powers in the alliance, and China, are unlike Japan. The latter has not been faithful to anything, and has had no tradition of justice to be faithful to. There is something in Gilbert Chesterton's ironical contention that their religion is jiu jitsu, or the yellow principle of using surrender as a weapon—of yielding to conquer.

In leveling such a criticism at Japan, however, we can not assume any high ground of faultlessness. We should be better employed in examining the consistency of our own position. While a country is always ready to decry the religion of another when questions of material interest are at stake, it often finds little dif-

faculty in wrenching its own creed to meet any occasion for profit that may arise. During the recent war the press was deluged with attacks on German religion by writers who now, for some reason or other, neglect to hurl the same charges at their own governments for assuming an identical attitude on questions involving the sanction of force. This tendency has been sufficiently general to lend color to the theory that ethics and ideals are mere flotsam on the economic tides that control the destiny of nations.

But whatever reason and logic may inform this doctrine, it is not a principle that we can now urge without disastrously "losing face" in the eyes of the world. No country has said more, or said it more emphatically than we, regarding the necessary connection between ethics and statecraft, and without utter inconsistency and an abysmal fall in the world's respect, we can not now desert the principle we have so resolutely and resonantly declaimed.

As regards China, our responsibility is heightened by the fact that the Chinese have taken our words at their apparent value, with the simplicity of a people who believe in virtue. Of ethical phrases masking quite other intentions, they have had ample experience. A country active in spreading Christian teaching in China was responsible for imposing on her people the un-Christly institution of opium, and that country stood being perpetuated by Japan, who postures to the world as the maternal protectress of China—a truly diverting thought. And there have been similar contradictions in the pretensions of other countries.

Of all the nations interested, we chance to be the one in which she has the greatest remnant of faith. This, however, gives no occasion for self-righteousness. Though the Chinese trust us more than any other people, they do so in spite of more than one confusing and discreditable gesture on our part. When we talk of the sanctity of our pledged word, *foran et meminisse jurabit* the rape of Korea. It is worth recalling that before the Russo-Japanese war we had a treaty with Korea guaranteeing our mediation should any other power interfere with her independence. Five years after the war Korea was annexed by Japan, and though our treaty with Korea was still in force (and has, in fact, never been denounced), we permitted the outrage without a word of protest in Korea's favor.

More than that, we condoned it. Colonel Roosevelt justified the annexation by intimating that as Korea was unable to defend herself, she was hardly worth defending, or words to that effect. One thinks of Belgium, particularly in view of the atrocities committed by the Japanese in Korea in the uprising of 1919. China saw us fight Germany in defense of the sanctity of treaties; what does she think of this broken pledge? No one, of course, will pretend that what China thinks in this connection is immaterial. The case, when all its aspects are considered, including the assassination of the Korean queen, the way in which Japan afterwards "exonerated" herself, the value and strategic importance of the seized property assumes all the features of a lively cause of future wars.

China's confidence in us has therefore a comparative rather than an absolute foundation. But it is not forgotten that after the Boxer trouble we were the first nation to return the indemnity funds, with the suggestion that they be devoted to education. Among the young Cantonese who have established the republic in South China respect for the United States amounts almost to a faith. And in this, of course, we are confronted with a large responsibility. It need not be said that the Chinese are a discerning and clear-sighted people, though they have often been treated on the contrary assumption. They are a nation of philosophers in the sense that they have long been proficient in separating the essential from the apparent: in distinguishing motives from pretenses, words from the thought that inspires them. They are the keenest of logicians. And while they contemplate us as a teacher and a friend, it is not from blindness to the fact that the ideals we have maintained so vigorously have happened hitherto to coincide with our material interest. In our previous self-contained isolation we had everything to gain and nothing to lose by insisting on a certain integrity in international relations. But we have been lured out of that seclusion and faced with a test of our sincerity. The result thus far has not been lustrous, and the hopeful eye of young China must have clouded to see us on our first emergence from isolation attempting to impose on other nations an idealistic doctrine which we ourselves refused to accept.

In Japan, China has a neighbor regarding whom she cherishes no illusions. But there is this to be said for a thoroughly selfish competitor: one knows where to have him. At no time trusting him, one is never betrayed. And there is a conceivable danger that China may one day incur for us an antipathy as much greater than her hatred of Japan as one's aversion is greater for a false friend than a sworn enemy.

Concerning China predictions are always difficult, but one must be gloomily disposed not to see indications of a remarkable era of growth and prosperity for her. When the Chinese private virtues are brought into public affairs, her government will very rapidly improve. As regards trade, she will be able to borrow money for her industries on better terms and dis-

pose it to better uses. Even now there seems to be plenty of money in the country, but a strong disinclination on the part of the owners to entrust it to official hands, and the industrial development of the country has been in this way greatly impeded. The Consortium was a step toward the establishment of clean finance in China and it has been justly called "the first example of international good sense known to modern history." If the Four-Power pact follows this lead, and does not become an inner ring of bargainers in the Orient with the rights of China and the Pacific islands for merchandise, it will be an unmixed benefit to the vast new republic. Whether it does or not rests largely with us, who have been given the greater part of the world's negotiable wealth to use or misuse as a weapon. We are now in a position either to prove or confute our words. The outcome may be that we will be despaired of, as Tagore despaired of Japan because of her "great industries and little heart." To this we may add a large voice, vociferating unfelt maxims and dogmas in the key of what the Chinese call "disordered talk." But one trusts not. The greater probability is that America, with England and France as reluctant allies, will guarantee for China the course of free development essential to her progress and help her toward the reform in her government so much needed by herself and by the world. AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 28, 1921.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The world's oldest man, Djuro Ghendine, is a Turk, who according to authentic records is 146 years old. Despite his remarkable age, Ghendine is mentally alert. He remembers seven Sultans of Turkey and the days of Napoleon I.

The new Archbishop of Baltimore, Michael Joseph Curley, was formerly Bishop of St. Augustine, Florida. He was born in Golden Island, Athlone, Ireland, October 12, 1879, and is therefore a comparatively young archbishop. He was educated at the Royal University, Ireland, and at the Propaganda Theological University in Rome. He was ordained in 1904, when he was sent as a missionary to Florida. Ten years later Pope Pius X appointed him Bishop of St. Augustine.

Ernst Harzmeyer, a tar in the German navy, has the unique distinction of being decorated by the British government for bravery and humanity. In February, 1914, Harzmeyer of the German tanker *Deutschland* put out in a small boat and a heavy sea to rescue the crew of the wrecked British steamship *County of Devon*, which had capsized and been abandoned in the North Atlantic. Harzmeyer was recently presented with a British medal and a loving cup by the British Consul to New York.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is a nephew of the late Marquis of Salisbury, whose biography by Lady Gwendolyn Cecil is now appearing in England. There is a singular family drama in this (remarks the *Graphic*), when we remember the historic part which the Cecils have played in English, and, therefore, in world history since the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Burleigh, the founder of the family, was her chief minister. The late Marquis of Salisbury was the third Cecil to be prime minister of England. And Mr. Balfour himself, though not a Cecil by name, makes a fourth of the famous family to be British premier. Mr. Balfour's mother was the Lady Blanche Gascoigne Cecil, second daughter of the second Marquis of Salisbury.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who has received a tentative offer of the Albanian throne, is the great-grandson of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Betsy Patterson of Baltimore, whom Jerome Bonaparte married after his exile from France by his brother. Jerome later had the marriage annulled and remarried after he became King of Westphalia. Charles J. Bonaparte, former Attorney-General of the United States, is his uncle. Through his mother, who was Miss Caroline Leroy Appleton of Boston, Mr. Bonaparte is a grandson of Daniel Webster. His father was the late Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, who died more than twenty years ago and who served in the French army under his kinsman, Emperor Napoleon III. Seven years ago Mr. Bonaparte married Mrs. Blanche Pierce Strebeigh.

The Duke of Atholl, who has recently succeeded the late Lord Sandhurst as Lord Chamberlain, becomes by virtue of his new post the censor of the drama in England. He is the eighth Murray to hold the dukedom, though he sits in the House of Lords as Earl Strange. The duke, who is fifty this month, started his career in the Blues and has been interested in soldiering all his life. The regiment that he raised in South Africa still wears his tartan. He is intensely interested in all Scottish activities, as is the duchess, who is extremely clever. In fact her grace, who has a keen literary instinct, will probably assist her husband in his new task as official play reader. The duke has largely taken the place of the late Lord Balfour of Burleigh as the head and front of Scots affairs. He has made an excellent Commissioner of the General Assembly, and he is greatly interested in the proposed war memorial to Scots soldiers in Edinburgh.

The theatres in Germany are said to be filled at every performance, although prices have been increased tenfold since the armistice.

OLD FAVORITES.

Golden Gate Park.

Nestled close by
The Golden Gate,
Little it dreamed
Of future state.

For ages known
As "no man's land,"
Out there alone,
Just dunes of sand.

Now maze of green,
Where once was bare,
Miracle wrought
With some man's care.

Nature tricked
On a summer's day,
Made to blossom
Some other way.

—W. D. Curtis.

Hellas.

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star;
Where fairer Temples bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclops on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies;
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must he—
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free,
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall hush, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued;
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy!
The world is weary of the past—
O might it die or rest at last!

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The House of Memories.

There's a little house in a little street,
A little way from the sea,
And oh, when I'm weary of all the world,
It's there that I fain would be.

For the world is full of sorrow and care,
And the darkness lies before,
And the little house is full of the dreams
That were ours, but are ours no more.

In the little street, in the long ago,
In the little house by the sea,
We dreamed of the days that have had no dawn
Of the years that shall never be.

But you were young and I was young,
And we dreamed and had no care;
And dearer and better than life has been
Were the dreams that came to us there.

And so when I'm weary of all the world,
Of its sordid hopes and its pain,
I think of the little house that was ours
And sigh to be there again.

'Twere heaven enough if we found our dreams,
And dreamed them again, maybe,
In the little house, in the little street,
A little way from the sea.

—Pall Mall Gazette (1907).

Song

O fly not, Pleasure, pleasant-haunted Pleasure;
Fold me thy wings, I prithee, yet and stay:
For my heart no measure
Knows, nor other treasure
To buy a garland for my love today.

And thou, too, Sorrow, tender-hearted Sorrow,
Thou gray-eyed mourner, fly not yet away:
For I fain would sorrow
Thy sad weeds tomorrow,
To make a mourning for love's yesterday.

The voice of Pity, Time's divine dear Pity,
Moved me to tears: I dared not say them nay,
But passed forth from the city,
Making thus my ditty
Of fair love lost for ever and a day.

—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

Dean Inge, an English clergyman, says that he believes that the time is ripe for a new Christian philosophy which will take up the able and subtle speculations of the mediæval schoolmen and bring them up to date, taking into full account and giving full weight and value to all recent discoveries. It is only in this direction, says the dean, that he sees any hope that the church will reconcile the very great intellectual difficulties which confront it.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROMANCE.

W. R. H. Trowbridge Adds a New Figure to Hans Andersen's Fairyland.

It seems rather a sad thought that princesses should ever become queens. In their unthroned state they are much more appealing, possibly because, like the sea king's daughter, they appear to be happiest during this brief term of natural contact with the world. All too soon comes an inevitable and awful hand of state to cut short their springtime of illusion and of flowering in the sun, and enclose them under glass or seal them up in the wax of majesty. And then we pity them, for there is something tragic in being doomed to a lifetime of symbolism. But afterwards we forget that these symbols were once as human as ourselves. And doubtless so do they.

At best a queen is always subject, in some degree, to this kind of dessication. Even Victoria, whose domestic life was conspicuously happy, did not escape its effect. Kings may have impulses, but a good queen nowadays must remain the rigid figuration of an idea. In this respect, Queen Alexandra was a very good queen. Indeed she was one of the best of royal wives, just as Mary Stuart was one of the worst. If the latter stirs our emotions more than the former, this is the sign of her failure. There could be no surer token of Alexandra's complete submission to her queenly duty than the fact that no one would ever think of writing songs about her.

But in the pages of Mr. Trowbridge's book we catch a glimpse of Alexandra of Glucksburg at a time before the immolation had taken place, and whether the author intends it or not, the story is a very plaintive one.

Her father and mother, the Prince and Princess Christian of Glucksburg, were people of very modest estate, who rose suddenly into prominence after the first Schleswig war, which was caused by Frederick VII's grant of a constitution to the people of Denmark in 1848. Frederick had no direct heir, and in the negotiations that followed the war he suggested Prince Christian as his successor:

Lord Palmerston said of this treaty that "only three understood it—God, himself, and a German professor who died mad after understanding it." It was, however, not beyond the comprehension of Bismarck, as subsequent events proved.

On the advice of Frederick VII, the settlement the powers made was the one his father had proposed six years before. The Danish Parliament accepted it now without demur, and by a protocol signed in London in 1852 Prince Christian of Glucksburg was recognized as heir-presumptive to the Danish throne. To enable him to maintain his position with dignity he was given the Castle of Bernstorff and a suitable income.

This event, which occurred when the Princess Alexandra was eight years old, was the cornerstone of her future career.

After her father had been recognized as heir to the throne, the family moved to Bernstorff Castle, not far from Copenhagen, which had belonged to the famous Struensee, the lover of George III's ill-fated sister, Queen Caroline Matilda. It was a much more elegant abode than they had previously occupied, but here as before the Princess Christian, Alexandra's mother, continued to supervise all the details of the household and the training of her children:

Princess Christian expected much of her daughters. She taught them to make their own clothes, and instructed them as well in the art of housekeeping. Masters and governors were provided for the more refined accomplishments. Much attention was paid in those days to the study of deportment. From it the Princess Alexandra acquired the extreme grace of her carriage. Her dancing and riding instructors were loud in their praise. For music she had a special talent, and her progress was so rapid that she soon rivaled her mother, who was a fine musician. She was deft, too, with her needle. A strip of ribbon in her fingers was like a wand in a magician's hand. For such studies as were elegant or amusing she had a natural aptitude, but in those that required serious application her progress was slow.

Punctuality was the rule of the establishment, and to conform to it was the most arduous of all the princess' tasks. For unpunctuality at meals Prince Christian would make no allowances. It was with the greatest difficulty imaginable that she could arrive in time for the blessing, and often, by stopping on the sound of the gong to give one last fleeting glimpse at her mirror, she would be compelled to eat her meal in solitude.

She could never overcome this failing, and even on ceremonial occasions, when punctuality is essential, her attendants were obliged to resort to many a subterfuge to enable her to be ready in time.

The princess never forgot her childhood's home. It was endeared to her by a thousand childish associations. With every tree in the park, every nook and cranny of the old castle, she was familiar. In the lofty position to which destiny had raised her she liked to recall the days when she sat unknown and obscure upon the chintz settees at Bernstorff, looking out over the level fields of Zealand towards the Baltic, which could be seen gleaming in the distance between the waving boughs of the old beeches, speculating pensively on what the future had in store for her, and envying girls who were not doubly restricted as she was by high birth and slender means.

Neither she nor any of her family had the faintest trace of the feeling which causes a vulgar parvenu to hide the relics of his humble past. Many stories are told of her parents, which prove how unspoiled they were by the fortune that raised them to the throne of Denmark, to which neither of them had dreamt of aspiring. From Bernstorff to Marlborough House, with Windsor in perspective, is a change hardly to be paralleled in private life, and it pleased the princess, in after-days, to talk of her past and to show people the house in which her girlhood was spent.

First communion was for her an event of unusual importance:

From this day the Princess Alexandra had a room to herself, which she was permitted to furnish according to her own taste, and where she could enjoy real privacy, which is only

possible for royalty in such a home as Prince and Princess Christian's. Heretofore, outside the family circle, she was merely one of Prince Christian's three daughters, a pretty child—they were all that—nothing more. Now she suddenly blossomed into womanhood. People noticed that she was tall, slim, and beautiful, and began to wonder what the eldest daughter of the heir to the throne was like, with her fair hair, dazzling skin, and the blue of the Kattegat in her eyes, and whom she would marry.

While the princess lived thus secluded in the garden of her dreams, the young heir to the throne of England was facing a very serious dilemma. There being only six ladies in Europe to whose hand he could aspire, and some of these being of rather forbidding age, he found himself in danger of having to propose to the pride of Prussia, the Princess Alexandrine. But as English sentiment was opposed to this alliance, discreet messengers were sent forth on what seemed the very difficult quest of an alternative:

This tour of inspection having proved fruitless, the princess royal confided its secret to her favorite maid of honor, the Countess Walburga von Hohenbalk, who was engaged to be married to Sir Augustus Paget, the British minister at Copenhagen.

"My future husband being an Englishman and a diplomat," she says in the account she has given of her conduct in this delicate affair, "I knew he would be discreet, and I confided to him the dilemma of 'no princess' for the Prince of Wales; 'But I know the prettiest, the nicest, the most charming,' he exclaimed. 'Princess Alix, the eldest daughter of Prince Christian the future King of Denmark. She is only sixteen, and as good as she is pretty!'

"Armed with this knowledge, I went at once to the princess and told her all about it.

"You must tell the queen at once as soon as you go to England," she said, "and find out all you can in the meantime."

As a result of this suggestion, the family at Bernstorff now received an unofficial visit, and the Princess Alix was given a very thorough once over, with favorable results. The prince's sister professed herself enchanted, and the romance proceeded. But how differently from the weddings in the works of the young Princess Alix's favorite author, Hans Andersen! Lady Paget carried the news of her find to London, just at the time the Prince of Wales was returning from Canada in a ship much delayed by rough weather:

Lady Paget sat next to the prince consort, who looked pale and worn with anxiety he could not conceal. The conversation naturally reverted to the Prince of Wales.

"I now saw my opportunity," she writes, "and when the prince spoke of his son I ventured to beg him to forgive me if I alluded to a subject that had been kept a secret, but that perhaps he might remember that I had accompanied the crown princess the year before on a fruitless expedition to Germany; but I now thought the princess so much searched for had been found, and I told him all I knew about Princess Alix. I heard him repeating it to the queen, who was on his other side.

"After dinner her majesty asked me many questions about Princess Alix and to send her as many photographs as I could find."

An interview was arranged between Victoria and her daughter-to-be:

On the meeting with the queen everything depended. It was, therefore, for both mother and daughter, a question of "to be or not to be."

To allay the nervousness that the young princess might naturally feel at such moment, her presentation to the queen was quite informal. It took place in King Leopold's writing-room at the palace of Laeken. While waiting for the princess and her mother to arrive, Queen Victoria sat in a small boudoir adjoining. To the dismay of Lady Paget, who was alone with her, and on whom the burden of the presentation had been placed, the queen suddenly burst into tears.

"Oh, you can understand what I feel," she said. "You have a husband you love, and you can realize what I have lost!"

The emotion of the queen at such a moment was very characteristic. It had been given to very few of either sex or of any degree to experience the bliss of such a marriage as hers. The sudden manner in which she had been robbed of it had made its memory the crowning sorrow. The thought of the grave in which her happiness was buried colored all she did. Very truly did she write to King Leopold after the prince consort's death: "I live on with him, for him; in fact, I am only outwardly separated from him, and only for a time." By sheer force of her powerful will she kept her husband's memory alive long after his influence had begun to fade. This self-consecration was the key to the strength and weakness of her character. All who came into contact with her were obliged to take it into account.

The queen being well impressed, it remained only for the young Prince Edward to go to Copenhagen and propose to his future bride in the garden marked X on the list of instructions. He did so. Followed the bridal journey and the arrival in London, which, in spite of occasional touches of riotous comedy, must have fulfilled the princess' fondest dreams. We are glad to know that she enjoyed at least this interval of abandon:

After having taken leave of the king, the princess drove to the railway station in an open carriage with her parents and eldest brother. Immense crowds thronged the streets, in the decoration of which great taste had been displayed. Escorted by Hussars of the Guard, the carriage proceeded so slowly that it took an hour to traverse the route, which was comparatively short. At sight of her the enthusiasm of the populace knew no bounds. Flowers rained upon her from the windows as she passed. Her fair girlish loveliness excited universal admiration. The costume she had selected for the occasion suited her to perfection. It was "brown silk with white stripes, and one of those natty little bonnets which seemed to sit better on her head than on anybody else's."

Her spirits, sustained by excitement, were gay. There was no sadness of farewell to oppress them. Her parents and all her brothers and sisters were to accompany her to England. It seemed to her as if she were the heroine in one of her beloved Hans Christian Andersen's fairy-tales that began "Once upon a time" and ended "lived happily ever afterwards."

At the railway station, bedecked with English and Danish flags, a guard of honor was drawn up, and all the ministers, high functionaries, and élite of Copenhagen were assembled.

Before entering the train the mayor presented her with a farewell address, for which her father returned thanks. She received so many of these before she reached London that they became a source of merriment.

"I found her pounding Prince Willy's head with the address of the mayor and corporation of Margate," wrote one who traveled in her suite. "They were all very jolly and merry together."

In London, meanwhile:

A single idea possessed all minds, a single topic was on all lips. No other subject seemed able to win for itself so much as five minutes' attention. Nobody could remember anything like it. In the popular eagerness to welcome the bride every vestige of antagonism between the crown and the people had vanished.

The police were insufficient to control the enormous crowds, and no troops lined the route. To add to the confusion, no definite hour having been fixed for the procession to start, nobody knew when it would appear at a selected point. The weather, too, was most unpropitious; rain and snow fell at intervals throughout the day.

Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, the enthusiasm of the people was unabated. The day previous it seemed as if London, unable any longer to contain itself, had come out into the streets to anticipate the pleasure of the morrow. The city was all but impassable. Early in the afternoon a cab was an hour and three-quarters going from Faringdon Street to London Bridge. A gentleman who was in it declared that he saw but one policeman between these points. From which some idea of the confusion and excitement on the great day itself may be gathered.

On Saturday morning, the 7th of March, when the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, with the princess on board, arrived at Gravesend, the very river was filled with a seething mass of humanity. At the sight of the princess on the deck, surrounded by her family, a mighty shout rent the air. She was dressed entirely in white, with a white shawl draped loosely around her shoulders, and a little white bonnet on her head. In this informal costume, with her fair hair parted in the middle, à l'Impératrice Eugénie, she appeared a mere girl. She was, in fact, barely nineteen.

Though warned beforehand what to expect, she was evidently astonished. With a frank display of wondering pleasure she advanced to the starboard taffrail, and, looking from side to side, bowed her acknowledgments, every now and then speaking earnestly to her mother, who stood near. Occasionally, as the cheering on the port side grew deafening, she went to that side also. But this did not stop the cheers. Nothing did. Even when she had gone below, her white bonnet and delighted face, peeping from some unexpected window, was instantly discovered and acclaimed. She did not, nor could not, doubt the sincerity of her greeting.

The Prince of Wales, who arrived at noon, received a delirious welcome.

And Hans Andersen could not have surpassed what followed:

As the procession went down the Old Kent Road snow began to fall. But the elements, which behaved in the most capricious way, failed to damp the ardor of the multitude that day, and "the smile of the princess was more enchanting than ever."

The first hitch occurred on London Bridge. Here the procession was detained nearly half an hour, while a bleak wind blew down the river, with gusts of snow and rain. The reason of this unconscionable delay was due to the difficulty experienced by the lord mayor and corporation, who had lingered too long over lunch at the Guildhall, in proceeding through the dense crowds to welcome the royal couple. The lord mayor alone was able to reach them. The coaches of the corporation remained stuck fast in the crowd, which, finding them an impediment to its comfort, forced them into the obscurity of the side streets. In the meantime the anxiety and inconvenience of the prince and princess may be imagined. It was impossible to prevent the people from pressing round their carriage. One man actually mounted behind the Prince of Wales to avoid being crushed.

In the end, owing to the inefficiency of the police, it was necessary to send for a squad of cavalry to clear a way for the royal carriage with drawn sabres. But, though a way was cleared, what a way it was! From King William Street to the Mansion House was a battle-ground, strewn with hats, caps, bonnets, shoes, crinolines, and the fragments of almost every variety of human attire, male and female, torn from their wearers in the fearful crush. But for the good temper that prevailed there must have been a serious loss of life. As it was, many were injured, and some past recovery.

On arriving at the Mansion House, the royal carriage, which had proceeded with the greatest difficulty, was separated from the others and hemmed in completely. For a time it seemed as if the spectacle, from which all semblance of order had vanished, would end in some terrible catastrophe. "Above the cheering the shrieks of women were plainly audible, and boys, in a pitiable state of terror, were seen waging a struggle for life." The princess herself, with her own hands, was seen to rescue the head of a youth which had got entangled in the wheels. An attempt was even made by some to unharness the horses and draw the carriage.

Though the streets in the West End were broader than the old narrow lanes of the city, the crowds that thronged them were as great. It was estimated that there were 30,000 people at least in St. James's Street. Many who had paid large sums for windows were unable to get to them, while others arrived to find their places already occupied. The tedium of waiting, reports of a disaster in the city, and the general absence of police control, only added to the confusion. Even at so open a space as Hyde Park Corner the press was terrific. "At one time," reported an observer, "a baby was held up which had all the appearance of being dead. At another a woman was seen to throw an infant into a passing vehicle to save its life, and was then swept into the vortex herself."

Moving slowly through the midst of such scenes, the royal carriage finally reached Paddington at 5:30. It had been over four hours in coming from the Bricklayers' Arms! Throughout the day it had snowed and rained at intervals, now it began to rain steadily. This, however, did not deter the crowds that were waiting to cheer the princess on her way to Windsor. Even the poor inmates of Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, drawn up in the grounds skirted by the railway, brandished flags and shouted "Welcome!"

Interesting details in this book concerning the subsequent career of Alexandra as queen will be dealt with in the next issue of the *Argonaut*.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A Paris message says that a copy of the original edition of "Les Dieux Ont Soif" has been sold in public auction for 18,450 francs. What doubtless added to the value of the volume was the fact that a draft of the plan of the book in M. Anatole France's own handwriting was bound in with the work.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ended December 24, 1921, were \$123,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$123,300,000; an increase of \$200,000.

Steel companies have laid away such substantial amounts of surplus earnings out of their large war profits that their hands are among the most attractive of the whole industrial bond list.

The better mortgage securities of these concerns have little or nothing to fear from even a fairly long period of depression. In addition to their well-bulwarked position, most of these securities are protected by sinking funds which operate to reduce the float-

ing supply, and many of them are redeemable at substantial premiums.

This latter feature has particularly interesting possibilities in the case bonds of Steel Corporation subsidiaries. At the close of its 1920 year the Steel Corporation had cash and marketable securities of \$274,881,379, as compared with about \$64,000,000 in 1914. At the same time net working capital has increased from \$227,000,000 to \$545,625,269. The corporation is now in a position where it might be good policy to retire some of the subsidiary bonds out of surplus quick assets which may not for a time find full employment in the ordinary channels of its business.

Two of the bonds in the list, the Illinois funding 5s, which may now be bought to return 5.6 per cent., were part of the pre-war funded debt, and they are now very strongly secured by earning power and physical assets. They are a mortgage upon the entire property, now owned or hereafter acquired (except a few parcels of real estate), subject to the purchase money 6s and the first extension 5s. They are guaranteed principal and interest by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

Colorado Fuel and Iron has gradually been getting its properties into better condition, and this process has been helped considerably by the conservative dividend policy of its directors. The general 5s, of which only \$5,160,000 are outstanding, are secured by a mortgage on the entire property, and are redeemable at 105 and interest on any February 1st for the sinking fund.

The Lackawanna Steel Company has reduced its funded debt, including that of subsidiaries, nearly \$20,000,000 since 1914, placing the outstanding securities in a much stronger position than before the war. In 1920 bond interest was earned nearly five times over. Since the conversion privilege carried by the 5s of 1950 expires next February, it is no longer a market factor. The bonds are a direct obligation of the company, secured by a first mortgage on the Pekin limestone lands, near Buffalo, New York, and a second mortgage on the manufacturing plant at Lackawanna, New York, subject to the first 5s. They are also a first lien on the capital stock of the Ellsworth Collieries and a second lien on about 90 per cent. of the capital stock of the Lackawanna Iron and Steel Company of Pennsylvania and other stocks.

The Midvale Steel convertible sinking fund 5s are a direct obligation of the company, secured by a deposit of all the capital stock of the Cambria Steel Company acquired or to be acquired. The conversion privilege is not attractive. Midvale has developed a rather substantial earning power, and after five years of operation has reported a profit and loss surplus of \$60,000,000, as against only \$18,600,000 at the close of the first year. Total interest requirements were earned fully five and one-half times over in 1920.

Republic Iron and Steel sinking fund 5s are the only mortgage security of the Republic Iron and Steel Company, with the exception of a small amount of subsidiary company bonds outstanding. They are a first mortgage on all its property now owned or hereafter acquired, being subjected to only \$234,000 bonds of the Martin & Paine Coal Company. It is provided in the mortgage that the net quick assets shall at all times equal at least 40 per cent. of the amount of bonds outstanding.

The striking rise in the foreign exchange markets, and particularly in sterling exchange, recently reflected the favorable considerations given to the progress of the Armament Conference at Washington. Another recent reason for this development is to be found in our foreign trade figures. Our exports for last month in value amounted to little over \$295,000,000, which was \$30,000,000 below the last previous low month of the year and more than \$350,000,000 below the export values of last January. At the same time there was also a large decrease in imports, but not in the same proportion, and

our excess of exports over imports for November was not much over \$84,000,000, which was even below the low record made last April and compared with the January excess of exports over imports of \$445,000,000. A plan is being formulated to organize a company for the export of raw materials to Germany, where they will be made up into finished articles by the cheap labor of that country and offered in foreign trade. Report says that the American Woolen Company, which for several years had done a very good export business, has discontinued its export department, confessing its inability to compete in foreign trade. These two straws suggest what is ahead for those of our manufacturers who must look to foreign business to absorb a large proportion of their output. Of course, there are some of our exporters who practically have the field to themselves, in view of the inability of foreign manufacturers to offer the same character of goods, but the proportion will prove very slight in relation to the total, and the general situation certainly suggests that "back to normal" in world business will be accompanied with some unfavorable circumstances for our foreign trade.

The Washington Conference is expected to do wonders in the way of limiting new expenditures for war purposes, but, of course, there is nothing *ex post facto* in its decisions. What has been done has been done in the war line and must be paid for. In consequence we, as well as other nations, must look forward to a prolonged period of high taxation.

Railroad net earnings reports for November may show very poor results as compared to October, in view of the fact that business has been declining and, probably, most railroads have found it necessary to increase their maintenance expenses. It is possible that some business is being held up pending expected reductions in freight rates, but there is nothing in the general situation that warrants any high degree of optimism, and it looks as if we would enter upon a period of competition which would mean decreasing profits in a great many lines. Meanwhile wages, of course, must come down a good deal on the average. There seems, happily, a better feeling on the part of many labor leaders in this connection as they are led to believe that as living costs come down wages, naturally, can not be so high until general business conditions improve.

How these matters will affect the stock market will develop later. At present the bullish tendency is rather pronounced, and there are a great many specialties that are entitled to sell much higher. Bulls will overdo things, just as both hells and bears always do, and when poor earnings reports are coming in we will note a very different feeling in the market.

The copper group is discounting the reopening of many mines that have been closed down for a long while, and there are some in this group that are worthy of purchase. Among them may be chosen Magma, United Verde Extension, Chile, Ray Consolidated, and Nevada.—*The Trader*.

Russia is in the market for our wheat and, according to Chicago advices, has already shipped 100,000 bushels and is expected to take half a million bushels more. Relief

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measures in Russia are expected, however, to go far away beyond the Soviet's requirements, and it is believed that the demand from this source generally will mean a good deal in the way of improving wheat prices as the later options, particularly the May contracts, come to maturity. Every reaction in wheat due at times to stories of improving weather conditions should be taken advantage of to buy the May option, which at least has a good chance for a spectacular rise early in the new year. The other grains look pretty well sold out and it would not require any great demand to bring rather striking advances, especially in corn.

The government's crop report issued recently shows a production of 8,340,000 halves of cotton this year as compared with an estimate of around 6,500,000 made two months ago. There has been nothing whatsoever occurring in the meantime to have brought any such a change in the cotton situation, and either, two months ago, the government's figures were radically in error on the conservative side, or else the latest figures were quite as much in error the other way.

Raw sugar has been very heavy of late and, in fact, made a new low record for this year. The situation is anything but favorable, in view of the enormity of the surplus stocks. There has been an improving tendency, however, in a good many commodities, among which rubber has been conspicuous. Crude rubber has been selling for months at far below the cost of production and, naturally, this situation could not continue indefinitely.

The steel market is still a very spotted affair with many concerns operating at a loss and large-sized contracts eagerly bid for at lowering prices in a good many lines. There is expected, of course, to be a pretty good business in rails, while some fair-sized equipment contracts are being made. Building operations the country over seem to be improving, and 1922 should see a decided improvement which would, to an extent, help the steel business.

The principal copper producers are looking forward to resumption of operations on a fairly large scale some time next spring. If international relations are favorable, and especially if successful plans are made for the readjustment of the debts owing to us by the Allies and the German reparations matter is finally arranged, it would seem that there is a chance for much more liberal buying of copper on the part of Europe, which would naturally stimulate prices.

A sensational advance in sterling and the continental exchanges has been the most striking development of the past fortnight. Its immediate cause has been attributed by some observers to the Disarmament Conference, as well as to the desire of Europe to build up dollar credits in this country in anticipation of the next German reparation payments (says McDonnell & Co. in their monthly letter on the business outlook).

While these may have been transitory stimulants, it is not probable that political events are the main underlying cause of the movement. To begin with, a general advance in European rates is seasonal at this time, with grain shipments out of the way for the year. However, this seasonal movement is not sufficient to explain the extraordinary advance which has taken place, particularly in

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sterling. More probably it heralds the temporary ending of our favorable balance of trade with Europe. No longer able to pay us in gold for the goods she needs, Europe is steadily working to increase her exports in order to regain a portion of her lost gold reserves and, incidentally, her credit.

All this may mark another turning point in the long road to restoration of normal conditions in world trade. Far from being a serious matter, a general increase in European exports to us would be one of the healthiest possible developments. We can not forever maintain the tremendous favorable balance of trade which we have enjoyed the six years past. If we expect Europe to buy our goods, we, in turn, must buy from her. If, then, European recovery has progressed so far that she can again export her products in quantity, it will not be long before she

which he purchases. He can not be blamed for holding out for a better trade, although charges of profiteering might well be laid at the door of the highly-paid industrial worker who is still receiving war-time wages. The process of readjustment can not be completed until the latter accepts the same sacrifices as his country brother in the general process of deflation. There is only one other alternative for the farmer—to plant a smaller crop, and bring agricultural prices up to the level of prices for manufactured goods. Such a procedure would cause great distress, perhaps starvation, to many, and would be a boomerang to the industrial worker who hangs grimly to his war wages, even though there is no employment for him. Fortunately, this course has not yet been necessary. Let us hope it will never be necessary. It is, however, inevitable, if war-time railroad and industrial labor prices are not more speedily reduced.

In an effort to secure greater efficiency and lower manufacturing costs a number of great industrial consolidations are being discussed. In one or two cases they have actually been put through. The most important of all, however, a proposed combination of seven or eight of the more important independent steel companies, has to date gone no farther than the tentative proposal stage. Whether it will be consummated or not remains to be seen.

European industry has long been organized on the principle of monopoly in many lines, but it is yet to be demonstrated that the system has proved more efficient than American competitive methods, or more profitable, either. Nevertheless the trend now seems to be in that direction here. The government has taken an encouraging attitude toward railroad consolidations. Now a rival to the United States Steel Corporation is being discussed. While it has so far not been possible to agree upon terms, and while the advantages to the stronger individual companies are somewhat dubious, the stock market has taken a bullish view of the matter and the prices of certain of the independent steel stocks have been written up violently.

Those who follow the market will do well to watch this phase of the general industrial situation closely during the next few years. Whatever the merits of these consolidations, it is certain that mere rumor, or suggested possibility of one of them taking place, is generally sufficient to mark up the price of the stocks concerned several points.

There is still not much evidence of improvement in business. A better demand for copper has resulted in a 2-cent advance in the metal from the low of recent months. The railroads are doing remarkably well, considering the poor gross earnings reported. In October they earned, as a class, almost the full 5½ per cent. laid down by the Transportation Act. Some few other lines show moderate improvement. But we can not expect a general revival much before spring and the stock market is running true to form in discounting the recovery some months in advance of its consummation.

The invasion of India by the American salesman is discussed at considerable length by a British official at Calcutta, who calls attention to the fact that the United States is now supplying from 10 to 12 per cent. of the imports of India, whereas the share we supplied prior to the war was only 2.6 per cent. The valuation at the ports of India of American merchandise entering that country, he says, has advanced from £10,766,000 in the Indian fiscal year 1918-19 to £25,267,000 in 1920 and £35,298,000 in 1920-21, and adds: "While the American merchant houses established in India since the war are suffering from the present trade slump in common with their British rivals, they are gradually strengthening their hold, and during our cold weather season India is full of American travelers and business men studying trade facilities."

This official record of the growth of India's importations from the United States (says the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York) is illustrative of the growth in the share which the Orient generally is making in our export trade. Prior to the war the share of our exports sent to Asia as a whole was only 4.8 per cent., advancing to 6.4 per cent. in 1916, 7.6 per cent. in 1919, 9.3 per cent. in 1920, and 10.1 per cent. in the ten months of 1921 for which figures are now available. The total value of our exports to Asia advanced from \$113,000,000 in 1914 to \$772,000,000 in 1920 and will be about \$500,000,000 in the calendar year 1921. The fall-off in the exports to Asia in October, 1921, the latest month for which figures are available, is far less than that to any other of the grand divisions, the reduction in the October sales to Asia having been less than \$2,000,000 when compared with October of last year against a decrease of \$13,000,000 in the exports to Africa, \$19,000,000 in those to Oceania, \$34,000,000 in the shipments to South America, \$102,000,000 to North America, and \$227,000,000 to Europe.

To India, in which American activities are officially discussed by the British trade representative above quoted, the exports in 1920

were practically ten times as much in value as in the year immediately preceding the war, the total value of our exports to India have grown from \$10,379,000 in 1914 to \$99,828,000 in 1920, and while the 1921 exports to that country show a decline, as they do to all other parts of the world, they will be for the current year approximately six times as much as in the year immediately preceding the war.

Figures of our trade with India, adds the bank's statement, are illustrative of the growth of our trade with all of Asia and Oceania, which has jumped from \$526,000,000 in the fiscal year 1914 to \$1,773,000,000 in the fiscal year 1921. Imports alone from Asia and Oceania grew from \$329,000,000 to \$969,000,000, and exports thereto advanced from \$197,000,000 to \$804,000,000.

A further slight drop in the general level of wholesale prices is shown for November by information gathered by the United States Department of Labor through the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The bureau's weighted index number, based on 327 commodities or price series, stands at 149 compared with 150 for the preceding month.

The largest decreases took place among farm products, particularly cotton, wheat, rye, cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry. Clothing and metals also were cheaper than in the month before. No change in the general price level was reported for the groups of foods, chemicals and drugs, house-furnishing goods, and miscellaneous commodities. In the groups of fuel and building materials prices averaged higher than in October.

Compared with prices in November, 1920, the general level has declined 28 per cent. The greatest decrease is again shown for the group of house-furnishing goods, in which prices have fallen 41 per cent. Farm products were 31 per cent. cheaper in November than in the corresponding month of last year, metals and metal products were 30 per cent. cheaper, and fuel and building materials were 28 per cent. cheaper. Food products in the aggregate have declined 27 per cent., chemicals and drugs 21½ per cent., and clothing 20½ per cent. since November of last year. In the group of miscellaneous commodities, including such important articles as cottonseed meal and oil, lubricating oil, jute, bran and millfeed middlings, newsprint and wrapping paper, and wood pulp, the decrease has been 34 per cent.

Mr. Barnaby Conrad of George H. Burr & Co., who is a director of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, reports that this company is just completing the most efficient run in the history of its factories. The extract of sugar from the beets has been remarkably good. The tonnage of beets is about 10 to 15 per cent. less than the company anticipated some months ago, but the sugar content is considerably higher than the company had estimated. It appears as though the final output for the season would be in the neighborhood of two and a quarter million bags.

The First Securities Company and Hunter, Dulin & Co. are offering \$800,000 Rich Steel Products Company ten-year 8 per cent. sinking fund convertible gold notes, due 1931, at 100 and interest. The company's plants and real property at Battle Creek, Michigan, and Vernon, California, were recently appraised at \$1,469,945, and net earnings for the last five years have averaged four times all interest requirements. These notes constitute the sole funded debt of the company. Holders of the notes have the privilege of converting them into shares of the stock of the company prior to maturity at an advancing scale of prices ranging from par to 115.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. announce that \$470,000 West Tulare Land Company 7½ per cent. serial gold bonds recently offered by Girvin & Miller and themselves have been made a legal investment for savings banks in California, the superintendent of banks having issued his certificate to this effect.

Earnings of the Cities Service Company for November, 1921, showed a good increase over earnings for the preceding month, gross for November being \$1,176,893.23, an increase of \$203,020.02 over gross for October, October having shown an increase over September of \$253,603.72, November thus showing an increase over September of \$456,623.74, these increases in earnings reflecting in part the increase in the price of Mid-Continent crude oil from \$1 a barrel to \$2 a barrel and also the improved conditions in other branches of the oil industry. Net earnings of Cities Service Company for November after providing for all expenses and interest charges were \$973,432.73, an increase of \$209,136.66 over October, with a balance after providing for preferred dividends of \$563,813.63 available for reserves, dividends on the common stock and surplus, comparing with a balance of \$359,787.47 for the preceding month. For the twelve months ending November 30, 1921, gross earnings of Cities Service Company were \$14,094,814.17, with net earnings of \$11,442,556.22, and a balance for the twelve



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months available for reserves, dividends on the common stock and surplus of \$6,594,751.77. For the twelve months the preferred dividend was earned 2.36 times and \$14.44 a share was earned on the average amount of common stock outstanding during the period.

Frank J. Mountain, assistant superintendent of banks, has resigned from the state banking department to accept a position with Hunter, Dulin & Co., well-known Pacific Coast investment house.

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the buying department of the investment house and his legal knowledge and experience acquired at the University of California, Harvard University, and general law practice in California, in addition to his recent connection with the banking department, in which he has been employed during the past five years, will be invaluable in his new connection.

Mr. Mountain will follow the example of his former associate, Mr. Charles F. Stern, who is now executive vice-president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, by making his headquarters in that city.

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Temporarily, a halt has come in the general trend toward easier money, and, consequently, toward higher bond prices. Governmental financing, and income-tax payments due on the 15th, are doubtless largely responsible. Further, liquidation in the agricultural sections of the country has not progressed as rapidly as might be desirable.

Certainly no blame for this can be attached to the farmer. He has seen the price of his products decline to or below pre-war levels, without corresponding reductions in the goods

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

It is said that since the war French youth have become so serious, so interested in politics and commerce, that even the arts are neglected, notably literature. Few books are read by the young men and women in France today, says one report, and those few are not novels. The elder generation still loves its Balzac and its Gourmont, but the younger have other work afoot. Novels seem to be pouring out of England, though, at quite the old-time speed. Most of the noteworthy novels of the season are English. But one wonders after a glance at the authors if it isn't the elder generation again who are reading them. Or perhaps English youth, which never was so frivolous as we are led to suppose their Gallic cousins are, have not so far to go in the matter of serious reform. For certainly English novels have always been gotten out with the English "young person" distinctly in mind, a custom that is not held by French writers. The criterion of the young person is the real censor of the Anglo-Saxon press—a fact that seems to give color to the theory that young people read novels in England and do not in France. This old theory to the contrary, we are told that French flappers and their brothers are giving up novel-reading for more serious pursuits. And one wonders if English youngsters are doing likewise, and if so why the deluge of English novels. But there again is the older

generation, which can not change its habits at this late date, war or no war.

Three romantic novels from England that suggest they are written to supply the elder with food for reminiscence are "The Young Enchanted," by Hugh Walpole (Doran; \$2); "Romance to the Rescue," by Denis Mackail (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.90); and "The Tower of Oblivion," by Oliver Onions (Macmillan; \$1.75). Of the three "The Young Enchanted" is the only one that takes the war into active consideration or that has anything about it to imply that it is written for post-war youth. Post-war youth, in fact, is its theme and its sub-title is "a romantic tale of that strange year 1920 in that strange town London." Now London in 1920 might seem strange to a Londoner who had known 1820 or to one who had merely known 1880, as there is very little to choose between the two dates. But to the post-war youth, whose recollection does not date much before the war, it is not strange. It would be stranger still if it were less or more strange than it is. So Mr. Walpole gives away that he, too, is writing for old ones whose view is discolored by the artificial tints of earlier generations. It is not written from the point of view of the young. As for the "Tower of Oblivion," that is frankly a book for middle-aged people about middle-aged people, as in fact Mr. Onions' usually are.

"Romance to the Rescue," also written about that strange town London in the strange time the present is the most Victorian of them all—not that that is an aspersion, for, whatever else the age of Victoria can be praised or arraigned for, it produced good novels. "Romance to the Rescue" is a thoroughgoing novel of solid build and unusually charming people that remind me in many respects of William De Morgan's work. It is better written than De Morgan's average, but it is not quite so delightful. The people of "Romance to the Rescue" are human but less entrancing. No one ever knew any one like a De Morgan character, and yet how real they all were. It should, however, be said for Mr. Mackail that he has succeeded in reconciling reality and charm. His people are both natural and real, and that is half the game for a novelist. If his figments seem real to his readers they question nothing else. If under analysis they act naturally his book is bound to be well done. It couldn't be otherwise. I have almost neglected to state that "Romance to the Rescue" is a novel of stage life. It is not, however, a novel concerned with actresses, but with playwrights and with the stage from the angle of production.

"The Tower of Oblivion" was a disappointment because one expects so very much of Oliver Onions. A writer who has so doting a train of admirers should think long and weightily before daring to change his style, or rather his method of writing. One expects of Oliver Onions more of the sort of thing exemplified by "Mushroom Town," which was a book of a unique degree of charm. The reason was that it was a spontaneous book. It was simply Mr. Onions himself projected into print. "Mushroom Town" was a distinct experience as a novel. Then Mr. Onions made the mistake of writing factitiously—of modeling his style on other writers. He did a book of middle-class English life in the style of Wells. It is more than possible that Onions' adaptive style is unconscious. His is naturally a plastic mind. And it is foolish to suppose that a man of his decided originality would deliberately cast that originality out of the window in order to use a manner less fresh and original than his own. In the "Tower of Oblivion" one can trace so many influences that finally the interest of the book consists in tabulating the sources of Onions' inspiration rather than following the unfolding of a rather mechanical and foreseen plot. Incidentally this is the sort of plot De Morgan reveled in. If Mr. Mackail had got hold of it and written it still appropriately enough under the title of his own book, "Romance to the Rescue," it would have passed for a veritable De Morgan. But nothing could be further from the De Morgan style than Onions' own, which he has pretty well retained despite his difference of treatment. Briefly the inspiration of Mr. Onions' weird theme—which might indeed have been called a strange yarn in that strange year 1920—is an amalgam of Einstein, the gland theory, multiple personality, and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The last two overlap a bit, but they are both there. No. Mr. Onions, we are disappointed. Parts of your odd conglomeration have the fascination that psychic research always has, especially if well handled. But the theme has become backneyed.

Hugh Walpole's latest, "The Young Enchanted," which is the book with the label that seems to fit either of the other two in our trilogy better than it fits itself, is a story about two extremely young people, brother and sister, and their juvenile affairs. The interest is centered in the fact that the war has changed everything—one wonders if it has so very much, since life goes on in the same humdrum sort of way—and that this is the era of youth. The latter half of Mr. Walpole's thesis is also dubious. It is true in

the sense that this is not an era of old fogysm. Where the balance of power used to lie well over the line of middle age it has now swung to the other side. It is an era for young men certainly, but not for callow youth. Now as never the world needs character and experience—not the dreams of youth, which are all "the young enchanted" have to offer. It is a pretty idea and it is a pretty story, but that is all. Mr. Walpole also is writing for the elder generation, who want only to relive the enchantment of youth.

The foregoing are three of the most important novels of the season—three of the best written and by men of the first class. One wonders if the youngsters of France who are so busy with politics and airships are not about right in eschewing novels. It may or may not be an era of youth. But this is certainly not an era of fiction.

R. G.

EXCAVATIONS AT MYCENAE.

Some very interesting discoveries have been made by the British School of Archaeology in this season's work at Mycenae, the ancient Greek city, which already has yielded some of the most remarkable finds bearing on the epic period which preceded the dawn of authentic history.

One of these discoveries is of a tank bath in the palace of the Acropolis at Mycenae, which suggests the possibility that it may have been the legendary bath of Agamemnon in which he is reputed to have been murdered by his wife Clytemnestra.

At all events, if Agamemnon were a historical person, he should have lived in this palace, for it was built about 1400 years before Christ, and was destroyed before the end of the twelfth century, B. C.

Mycenae was one of the most important cities of ancient Greece, and was the fabled seat of Agamemnon, son of the king of that city, and most powerful ruler in Greece. It was Agamemnon whom the Greek historians credit with having led the Greek expedition against Troy. On his return from that expedition he was slain. In the tragedy of Aeschylus the scene of the murder is laid in the palace of Agamemnon at Argos, some miles distant from Mycenae.

The bath uncovered by British investigators is lined with red stucco, and its sides are composed of steps.

The palace, which was discovered in 1886, has now been completely cleared as the result of this season's efforts. One of the most interesting parts of it is the great hall, or Megaron, in which is a raised ceremonial circular hearth made of painted stucco and having floors of the same material edged with slabs of gypsum.

The walls of the hall were covered with painted fresco, which suffered much in the fire which destroyed the palace. Some fragments of these decorations were found. They represent elaborately dressed women with auburn hair.

The domestic quarters of the palace were much destroyed, but in them were found a

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row of jars and a shrine with the remains of painted stucco altars.

Under the floors of the palace have been found scanty remains of a yet earlier edifice, dating probably from 1600 to 1400 B. C. There probably lived the kings who were found by Schlieman in 1876 buried with their treasures in the famous shaft graves of Mycenae.

Below this again are the tombs of still earlier periods, going back to about 2000 B. C.

In addition, the British archeologists found several new chamber tombs in the Mycenaean cemeteries. The two largest tombs just discovered have not yet been cleared. In the entrance to one were found painted vases, gold and amethyst beads, and five splendid intaglio seal stones. On two of these are standing lions and the figure of the great mother goddess dressed in the elaborately flounced and gathered gown worn by Mycenaean women. Above her head is her secret symbol, the double ax.

One of these big tombs has an entrance passage nearly 100 feet long and six feet wide. The tomb chamber is twenty-one feet square and lies thirty feet below the level of the ground. It is hoped that they contain articles of great historic value.—New York Times.

The cornerstone has been laid at Santa Clara for a \$250,000 high school.



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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Fir-Flower Tablets.

An unusually interesting hook of verse is the collaborated work, "Fir-Flower Tablets," by Amy Lowell and Florence Ayscough. Translations of Oriental poetry have become rather common lately, but this collection is unique. According to the publishers, and we have no information to the contrary, this is the first time that an English version of Chinese poems has been at once the work of a sinologue and a poet. The method of translation was peculiarly difficult. Mrs. Ayscough, who is a life-long resident of China and librarian of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, wrote literal word-for-word translations of the Chinese poems, which were mailed to Miss Lowell in Boston, who worked out her poetic version and returned it to Shanghai. Four years were needed to complete the collection and many poems, Miss Lowell says, made the round-trip between Boston and Shanghai repeatedly before Mrs. Ayscough was satisfied as to accuracy of translation. The poems themselves are filled with a beauty that we suspect is more than a little Miss Lowell's contribution. It must be a great pleasure to a poet to handle fresh material of this sort and to be able to write phrases of a loveliness not yet staled by hackneyed usage.

FIR-FLOWER TABLETS. Poems translated from the Chinese by Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.

Andivius Hedulio.

There has been an epidemic recently of historic novels—the natural reaction, the publishers says, to too much realism in modern fiction. One of the best of the new type of historical novel is "Andivius Hedulio," by Edward Lucas White. The difference between the new and the old in historical novels is distinct. Even the best of historical romances of the Victorian and pre-Victorian schools were largely romance with a flavoring of history. The new school aims at revealing the dramatic in the actual historic facts. "Andivius Hedulio" gives a very authentic picture of ancient society. Not that it is necessary to romance when writing of Rome. One's wildest dreams could hardly outstrip the reality of semi-harshous splendor. For, highly civilized though the Romans were, their love of splendor was a semi-harshous trait. The Emperor Commodus is represented as a super-athlete, but after all he had that reputation. And the story of the adventures of the Roman nobleman, Hedulio, makes a gripping yarn of the picaresque variety.

ANDIVIVUS HEDULIO. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Stories by Turgenev.

The Macmillan Company has just published "Knock, Knock, Knock and Other Stories"

in their edition of the novels of Ivan Turgenev. The present volume has been translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. We quoted from Edward Garnett's preface to "The Jew":

"Turgenev's art is both wider in its range and more beautiful in its form than the work of any modern European artist. The novel modeled by Turgenev's hands became the great modern instrument for showing the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure. To reproduce human life in all its subtlety as it moves and breathes before us and at the same time to assess its values by the great poetic insight that reveals man's relations to the universe around him—that is an art only transcended by Shakespeare's own in its unique creation of a universe of the great human types."

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK AND OTHER STORIES. By Ivan Turgenev. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

The Grandeur That Was Rome.

A hook that is welcome alike to the general reader and to the scholar is "The Grandeur That Was Rome," by J. C. Stohart, now appearing in a revised and moderately-priced edition. The hook, which first appeared in 1912, is a sequel to the author's "The Glory That Was Greece," and like the former work is not only a complete summary, but an original study of those two phases of history. The present volume, which is subtitled "A Survey of Roman Culture and Civilization," is more than a compilation, for as Mr. Stohart says, it has a viewpoint of its own. The plates, of which there are about one hundred, are an acquisition in themselves to the student and lover of Roman antiquities.

THE GRANDUR THAT WAS ROME. By J. C. Stohart. London: Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.; 21 shillings.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Joseph Conrad celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday on December 6th.

It is said that before the *Quest* sailed for the Antarctic with Sir Robert Shackleton in command, on its journey of exploration, three stanzas from Kipling's poem, "If," were engraved on a brass plate, and placed just below the bridge of the vessel.

"The Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier," by Oscar Douglas Skelton (The Century Company), is the authorized biography of Canada's most picturesque leader and greatest premier. The author has been accorded full access to all the revealing family papers, records, correspondence, etc.; the illustrations, which are said to be particularly rich and interesting, include many intimate family photographs, some of quaint and appealing character. Mr. Skelton, who is professor of political economy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, was the one man to do this biography. His expert knowledge of the political and economic history of Can-

ada, his studies of "The Day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier" and of Canadian Liberalism, and his acquaintance with the Laurier family gave him an especially helpful equipment, to begin with, in writing the book.

Claud Lovat Fraser, the ill-fated young artist whose sketches illustrate the "Beggar's Opera" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), had one touch of eccentricity well known to the group of younger English artists and dramatists of which he was a brilliant member. He was too sane to pose, but he preferred the fashions of the 1830s and his clothes suggested always the cut of that period. They were not so extreme as to cause particular notice, but in little details, such as the cut of a coat collar or cuff or in the waistline of his coats, he followed the lines of the early nineteenth century.

It is an interesting coincidence that Mark Twain started his career in a printing-house just across the street from the establishment of Harper & Brothers, who were later to become his publishers. Young Mark must often have looked with ambition upon the imposing building opposite him as he was setting type, and, incidentally, laying the foundation of his education. After he had worked as printer's apprentice for a year or two, Harper's Magazine was brought into existence, a publication which was later to print many of his stories and serials before they were brought out in hook form.

It will be interesting to readers of Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo," that small and lovely book which the critics have been moved to greet with such enthusiasm, to hear that although its author has been known for some years as a writer of realistic long short-stories, he is really running true to form in producing a romance for which James Branch Cabell "seemed to find no praise too exquisite." His first stories as well as his best and last are in the romantic vein.

"Edwin Austin Ahhey, R. A." (Charles Scribner's Sons), is the life story of this great American artist written by E. V. Lucas. A notable feature of the publication is its more than 200 photogravures, half-tone, and line plates, representing the best reproductions attainable of Ahhey's important works in every genre—pen and ink, charcoal, watercolor, pastel, and oil. The selection of the more important of these was made by John S. Sargent, R. A., Ahhey's friend and compatriot. Ahhey was born in Philadelphia in 1852 and died in England at the age of fifty-nine years, with many projects unfulfilled, but leaving behind him an astonishing mass of work completed and a reputation as one of the foremost painters of his period.

Three manuscripts of Robert Burns were found recently among the possessions of a Dumfries haker who has been dead for thirty years. They have been declared genuine.

Booth Tarkington comes closest of present-day novelists to the popular picture of the frantic genius, driven by a demon of writing, with a household breathless and on tip-toe to keep the slightest interruption from him. During his Indianapolis winters he locks himself in his room and writes frantically hours at a stretch. Summers he vacations, tramping and hoating.

Midnight oil was the fuel of David Graham Phillips' genius. Perhaps his years on a newspaper got him into these nocturnal habits, for after midnight was when he would do his writing.

Truly modern is Stephen French Whitman's adept composition directly on the typewriter. Fannie Hurst and Edna Ferber, rumor has it, also find inspiration in the typewriter ribbon. Don Marquis, that genial genius, does a great deal of his writing on a typewriter, nonchalantly placing it on anything in sight that is convenient. His most famous poem, "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith," which is just appearing in book form, was written in this manner. Henry Kitchell Webster dictates, tramping up and down his office. George Barr McCutcheon allows nothing to interfere with composition. 'Tis said he once used his writing pad between shots of a house-party hilliard match.

New Books Received.

THE SPIRIT OF THE COMMON LAW. By Roscoe Pound. Boston: Marshall Jones & Co.; \$2.50. A study of the traditional mode of thinking in Anglo-American law.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ivan Turgenev. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett.

THE SECRET WAY. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

ENTER JERRY. By Edwin Meade Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75. A novel.

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Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.

Verse.

FAIRY TALES AND STORIES. By Hans Christian Andersen. Prefaced by Francis Hackett. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2. Illustrated by Eric Pape.

THE COCKPIT. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.60.

A romantic drama in three acts.

THE GEORGE SAND-GUSTAVE FLAUBERT LETTERS. Translated by Aimee McKenzie. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$4.

THE NIETZSCHE-WAGNER CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche. Translated by Caroline V. Kerr. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A CRUISE TO THE ORIENT. By the Rev. Andrew W. Archibald. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$3.50.

THROUGH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Albert Rhys Williams. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2. Written by a war correspondent.

AMERICA AND THE BALANCE SHEET OF EUROPE. By John F. Bass and Harold G. Moulton. New York: The Ronald Press Company; \$3. Political economics.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SEA ON THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF JAPAN. By Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard, R. N., C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.

THE PSYCHIC STRUCTURE AT THE GOLIGHER CIRCLE. By W. J. Crawford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5. Psychic research.

THE COMPLETE DOG BOOK. By Dr. William A. Bruette. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$3.

JUGO-SLAV STORIES. Translated from the original by Pavle Popovic. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.

TALES OF MEAN STREETS. By Arthur Morrison. New York: Boni & Liveright; 95 cents. The Modern Library.

MEN, WOMEN AND BOATS. By Stephen Crane. New York: Boni & Liveright; 95 cents. The Modern Library.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE. Edited with introduction by Dr. Benjamin Harrow. New York: Boni & Liveright; 95 cents. The Modern Library.

SATURDAY PAPERS. By Henry Seidel Canby, William Rose Benet and Amy Loveman. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

Essays from the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. By Richard H. Dana, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. Illustrated edition.

Christine Nilsson, one of the brightest luminaries of the operatic stage of a generation ago, died in Copenhagen, November 22d. Called by many the "Second Swedish Nightingale," as a fit successor to the marvelous Jenny Lind, she won triumph after triumph, both in Europe and America. Born in Stockholm in 1843, she made her debut in Paris in 1864 as Violetta in "Traviata." It was while Christine, a peasant girl, was tending her flocks near home that a noted philanthropist heard her singing some of the simple Swedish folk songs. He became interested in her and sent her to the leading musical conservatories of Europe. Mme. Nilsson married August Rouzeaud of Paris in 1870. She died ten years later and in 1887 she was Count Casa di Miranda.

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"THE BAT."

Wow!—but didn't we have a good time! "The Bat," which has kept New York guessing and betting during a long run, has now come to the local Century to give San Franciscans a chance. A very good company, well selected to convey the varying characteristics of the numerous population of the play, puts the audience in a good humor at once, for it perceives it hasn't been put off with a cheap and ineffective company.

"The Bat," as everybody knows by this time, is a detective story of murder, mystery, and thrills. Whoever has read Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The After-House" will realize that deft story-spinner's ability in keeping her thread of narrative unreeled at a lively rate and baffling the guessing proclivities of the confirmed story-reader. Well, "The Bat" is even fuller of mystery than "The After-House"—so full, in fact, that the audience finally gets gleeful, and laughs joyously at the sudden lowering of the lights, or the excited eruption of a new personage, big with a tale of alarming and mysterious happenings.

But although the audience got frivolous it never for a moment abated its keen interest in the solution of the puzzle. The play is full of lithe young men who move as if they kept up their physical exercises, and upon each one in turn we bend a suspicious scrutiny. There were arguments as the curtain went down. Who was "The Bat"? Mustn't it be that furtive Japanese butler? No, he is only scared by the mysterious happenings. Well, then it must be that fake gardener. But no, he has the face of an honest man. Well, then, the doc. Yes, it might be he, for he has an antagonizing personality. And so we go on, but the clever authors suddenly clear up each little baby mystery—that of the lovely Dale, for instance, leaving us still blindly groping and saying "Who is the Bat?"

I frankly confess that I didn't try to guess, for I knew perfectly well I would never solve the puzzle. I just handed myself over unreservedly to be startled, surprised, baffled, confounded, to jump at the lights, and thrill at the snaky shadows, knowing all the time that the whole thing was a grand game to trick the perspicacious public into forgetting itself, and its cares and worries, and be a child again, entering into the grand game of guessing.

All the same, though, it would never have done to put poor players in those numerous rôles.

Josephine Morse is very funny in the meaty rôle of Miss Van Gorder's fearful maid, and Miss Van Gorder herself is delightfully rendered by Lizzie Evans, who makes that intrepid scorn of men a most likable, plump little package of competence.

Lucile Morris, pretty and willowy, expresses aptly repressed emotion and pained and unwilling secretiveness, and also pleases us by filling the rôle of a lovely and loved woman; always necessary in a detective story.

Joseph Holicky as the doctor is clever in his suggestion of falseness and unreliability; Charles C. Wilson as the gardener in his suggestion of the reverse; William L. Thorne as Anderson, the detective, keeps us guessing as to whether or not he is the vain and self-important detective entirely lacking in psychological insight. Arthur Hughes as the Jap huter is delightfully furtive about the eyes. Paul Huber convinces us almost immediately that Reginald Beresford is straight in a place of tortuosities, and Edward Pawley as the nephew of the missing hanker—yes, there is a hush-up bank and a missing banker, together with the banked treasure—and George A. Wilson as two of the mysterious intruders served capably as stokers to add fuel to the ever-growing mountain of mystery.

And finally, there was the solution at last, Simplicity itself! Why hadn't we thought of it? Because there were so many mysterious arrivals, strange noises, wall-tappings, disappearances of honest lights, and alarming crawlings of dishonest shadows. We were kept so busy being intrigued and amused and comprehensive that we hadn't time for anything simple. And besides, was it so simple? In the whole, it is the audience, fortunately or itself, that is simple; so simple that it can for a time drop dull care and be a child again.

"LIBERTY HALL."

R. C. Carton's day was contemporaneous with the prime of Henry Arthur Jones and Arthur Wing Pinero. His plays had considerable vogue at the time, the popular English dramatist touching his peak with "Lord and Lady Algy," which play has held its own so well that Maxine Elliott and William Faversham on the occasion of their last visit to San Francisco, when they came as co-stars, selected it to use as a vehicle in which each would have a congenial star rôle.

"Liberty Hall," also, has had a lengthy and popular revival in New York by Henry Miller and his company. This play belongs to a past epoch; the epoch when the lengthy soliloquy was frequently heard in the drama. And that certainly is a long and unashamed specimen indulged in by Mr. Owen in the second act.

There are various other suggestions of old-fashionedness in the piece. But it is a sweet and winning old-fashionedness, rather refreshing to our twentieth-century sensibilities. We notice it a little in the language occasionally; and the sheltered girlhood of Blanche and Amy, the old-family fealty of the lawyer, the unworlly sweetness and gentleness of old Todman, the hectoring self-assertion of Briginshaw, and the romantic device of Sir Hartley Chilworth to win his proud and disdainful lady without the adventitious aid of rank and fortune, all these belong to the drama of an earlier and more romantically inclined epoch.

"Liberty Hall" preceded the epoch of the drama of ideas, and the spectator who objects to searching for symbolism or running down a baffling case of soul psychology may lean back comfortably in his seat and enjoy relaxedly.

Character acting was more in vogue in R. C. Carton's day, and the rôle of the gentle, unworlly old second-hand book dealer has a very decided flavor of those earlier times. I would not be surprised if the old inventor in "The Fortune Hunter" was founded on R. C. Carton's conception, for there is certainly a very marked resemblance in the two characters.

Mr. John Fee's talent for make-up showed in the aspect of silver-crowned venerableness he gave to old Todman, whose character he impersonated very delightfully, while succeeding in entirely submerging his own individuality.

Mr. Maitland finds himself more and more congenially placed in such rôles as that of Sir Hartley Chilworth, a gentleman of good sense, perspicacity, kindness of heart, and humorous readiness of tongue.

Miss Lea Penman has the romantic rôle of Blanche Chilworth, a high-born young lady, who learns through a descent into poverty, and the acceptance of benefits from a low-born connection, that

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood;

which couplet, by the way, was quoted in "Caste." It was rather interesting to see in succession these two plays, both belonging to the same class, but the later one to a later era. After all there isn't so much difference in their chronological flavor as one might expect, considering that the hey-day of the two authors was some forty or fifty years apart. Miss Penman duly invested with a dash of well-bred hauteur the character of Blanche, and, for such a youngling, Elsie Wilson did pretty well as Amy, although her rather rankly American accent needs regulating. The same might be said of Walter Carry, but the collective work of the company is so conscientious that the finer work of the principals is not discredited and the play is much enjoyed.

SOUSA'S BAND.

These concerts by the Sousa band are the best of their kind, and the great spaces of the Civic Auditorium are particularly well adapted to giving a mellow tone to the mingling of big harmonies compounded of wind and brass.

The march king reigns just as surely, apparently as in the past over his band of young players. But so great a change has come over the outer man that it is rather surprising to see how tensely the commands of that less briskly moving baton are obeyed. The body of musicians, however, are so thoroughly under the command of their leader, and so perfectly rehearsed, that they give one the impression of being able to keep onward, right on, in perfect time and tone, if their leader should suddenly suspend operations in order to pick his teeth or look at a pretty woman in the audience.

In fact, in the piece called "Showing Off Before Company," a frivolous but highly long, elaborate, and entertaining arrangement which exhibits amusingly the leading characteristics of the different instruments and their players, there was no visible leadership at all.

Sousa is a master hand at making varied and highly entertaining programmes, and is prodigal with encores, which almost invariably take the form of the ever-popular Sousa marches. Besides the lighter numbers, the

programme included a Liszt rhapsodie, Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun" from "Iris," and solos played by Mr. Dolan, the cornetist, Miss Bambrick, the harpist, and Miss Harde-man, the violinist.

Miss Mary Baker, the vocal soloist, gave Wilson's "Carmena," following it up with "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny." All three of the young lady soloists, by the way, began with show-off compositions, but, creditably though they were rendered, all three pleased their audiences more particularly by the simpler and homelier numbers they so feelingly rendered.

The Sousa band is a fine body of men. They are as brisk, smart, alert, up to the minute, and each as competent in his specialty as they were in the days when Sousa was as young as they; which shows that the veteran leader is still a leader par excellence. His later pieces, too, show an undimmed spirit and a cheerful outlook. Yes, Sousa still has the trick of adding to the sum of the world's cheerfulness, as will be shown more particularly by his more numerous attended later concerts, although on Christmas Day the enthusiastic audience scattered over the vast spaces of the Civic Auditorium would have filled, say, the Scottish Rite Hall.

OLD MASTERPIECES.

Synge, the Irish dramatist, has said, in his contention that drama should not be didactic, "Analysts with their problems, and teachers with their systems, are soon as old-fashioned as the pharmacopoeia of Galen—look at Ibsen and the Germans—but the best plays of Ben Jonson and Molière can no more go out of fashion than the blackberries on the hedges."

And while it is true that neither the Ben Jonson nor the Molière plays have remained in fashion, certain it is that the Molière plays never go wholly out. It is due, partly, to that lasting gaiety of Molière's, which is always stimulating to the human enjoyment of what puts us in reflex good spirits. And then, Molière's very restrictions, a sort of instinctive conservatism which made him feel that man must conform to the social rules established by the herd, put him in congenial relations with the majority. They went with him, step by step, when he held up to ridicule the man who went too far in his knavery or hypocrisy, and their sense of comfort in the established order of things was never affronted by the most famous dramatist of his time trying to make over society. Molière's principal warfare was against the follies and foibles of individual human nature, and there he had his public with him, for he always made his task an agreeable diversion to his readers and auditors.

Dramatists were not so strenuous in Molière's day, and the shafts aimed by the great satirist never cut to the bone.

In fact, Molière has always kept his throne—old-fashioned though it has become—because he was at once a great dramatist and a most successful amuser.

Therefore I find myself looking forward with considerable interest to the January production of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at the Players Theatre.

I am glad, too, that they have adhered to the original title. No translated version of the name of the play could quite do justice to it as Molière named it. And besides such an aroma of fame clings to it that one would hate to see it changed. I do not remember ever having seen a Molière play acted in English, except "The Misanthrope," played by Richard Mansfield. The great Coquelin we have seen as Tartuffe, also here in San Francisco, but this coming opportunity to see a masterpiece is something to gratify the curiosity of both the rising and the risen generations.

In Paris one can always see the famous classics played in first-class style. When André Ferrier first opened his French theatre here he had two expert Parisian players to help out himself and Mme. Gustin-Ferrier, and we then saw a number of the old French classics. One of them, indeed, is soon to be revived, as Mons. Ferrier is going to give Labiche's "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon."

At present, however, he is giving something very modern; a Grand Guignol play, in fact, entitled "La Griffe," although it is not the Bernstein play of that name. "La Griffe" is a short play by J. Sartène, who may feel complimented because in the picture play called "While New York Sleeps" the scenario maker borrowed from "La Griffe" the tragic figure of the old paralytic who, stricken motionless and dumb, sees the drama of a wife's infidelity openly and shamelessly enacted before him in his mute helplessness.

Mr. Ferrier played the rôle of the elder Hardouin with power. The play is a very shivery affair, and the members of the company who were selected to assist him in "La Griffe" are particularly well suited to the rôles they fill. Indeed, as the curtain fell on the final, terrible scene the thrilled audience experienced a very adequate conception of how it feels to see a Grand Guignol play.

However, in order to prevent the sense of

horror to be carried away by the spectators, "La Griffe" is followed by "Le Peintre Exigeant," a lively trifle by Tristan Bernard, which is full of fun and burlesque extremes. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

In his new book, "And Others of the Peace Conference," Robert Lansing writes as follows of Paderewski: "My original impression was not one of a complimentary nature in view of the task which he had undertaken in behalf of his country. It was due undoubtedly to the fact that he was a great pianist, the greatest, I believe, of his generation. I liked him personally. I was glad to see him enter my office, for I always found pleasure in talking with him. Yet at the time of which I am speaking there was the ever-present sense that he lived in a realm of musical harmonies and that he could not come down to material things and grapple with the hard facts of life. It seemed as if he could not realize the difficulties of the part which he had chosen to play in the tragical drama of world affairs. This was my early impression of Mr. Paderewski. It was only with time and with a fuller knowledge of the man that I learned how wrong this impression was and how completely I had failed to estimate correctly his attainments and his real mental strength. The new impression, which I feel is the true one, did not at once supplant the old. It came by degrees and only overcame the first impression by observation of facts which could not be successfully questioned or denied. Possibly it is erroneous to term this later view an impression, as it is based on substantial evidence. It may be more exact to term it a conviction."

The railroads have been the greatest single economic factor in the development of the United States (says Caroline E. MacGill in the *North American Review*). Yet no other industry has been so persistently fought by the very people whose whole economic existence depended upon it. It began with the first charters. Many cities forsook entrance to the new device, like Providence and Buffalo. The State of New York hampered the building and extension of railroads in a fashion that would have been economic suicide if Dame Nature had not decreed, several zones earlier, that the route from the West to the East which could be best utilized by a railroad lay through the Mohawk Valley. Then there were the burdens of ignorance. The mistakes of the first builders were funny beyond measure, if we do not look too closely and see what tragedy lay in them. The road, for instance, which was built for eternity, with sills of granite; and in which less than three years had to be torn up and relaid. Or the road which was built on stilts, to avoid the danger of grade crossings; which also had to be rebuilt, because the rapidly increasing weight of the trains was too heavy for the structure. Or the many years when dead weight was carried over the driving wheels of engines, to increase the friction and prevent them from dancing gayly off the tracks provided for well-behaved locomotives.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

A brilliant first-night audience will greet the Russian Grand Opera Company at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, when the singers offer for the first time in San Francisco the Tchaikowsky work, "Pique Dame" (The Queen of Spades). Not only does the Russian Opera Company promise artistic performances of the work selected for their first American tour, but the fact that the singers are refugees from the principal opera houses of Russia, artists who fled from their native land following the Bolshevik revolution and toured for three years in Asia, adds a romantic interest to their appearance here.

A complete equipment for the thirty-five operas in the repertory has been brought to America. There is a special orchestra of

twenty traveling with the company as well as a corps de ballet.

The principals are Sophie Osipova and Marie Mashir, lyric sopranos; Olga Kasankaia, coloratura soprano; Ina Boursayka, mezzo-soprano; Vala Valentino, contralto; Vladimir Radeeff, Leonid Gorlenko, and Gabriel Chigranowsky, lyric baritones; Nikolai Bousranovsky and Vladimir Daniloff, lyric tenors; Jacob Lukin and Max Panteleff, dramatic baritones. The conductors are Michael Fivelsky and Eugene Fursts.

The complete repertory for the first week is as follows: Monday night, "Pique Dame," in three acts and seven scenes, by Tchaikowsky; Tuesday night, "Carmen"; Wednesday night, first time here, "The Mermaid," by Dargomizsky; Thursday night, "Dubrovsky," by Napravink; Friday night, first American presentation of "Eugene Onegin," by Tchaikowsky; Saturday matinee, "Pique Dame"; Saturday night, "Faust"; Sunday night, first American presentation of the Rimsky-Korsakov work, "The Tsar's Bride."

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Getting Married," one of George Bernard Shaw's best satirical comedies and a play never before offered in San Francisco, will be presented at the Maitland Playhouse for the first week of the new year, commencing with the Monday night performance. The opening matinee for the Shaw comedy will be held Tuesday afternoon and "Getting Married" will be the bill for the entire week.

"Liberty Hall," the dainty holiday spirit drama by R. C. Carton, is doing a good business this week. It is much like "Pomander Walk" or the sweet "Rosemary" and is particularly appropriate for this time of the year. "Liberty Hall" closes with the Saturday matinee and evening performance.

The Orpheum.

Eddie Foy and the growing generation of younger Foyes are headlining the Orpheum next week, presenting their latest travesty, "The Foy Fun Revue." A great deal of fun in the present sketch is derived from a review of the prices on a menu card. The scene is a restaurant. The Foyes and the Foylets attempt to get a cheap meal, and that affords the plot for a riot of fun. They are asked to do a bit of cabaretting in order to pay for the meal they have ordered, and the individual abilities of each member of this interesting family are brought forth to the best advantage by this novel idea.

Harry Holman and company present Mr. Holman's latest comedy success, "Hard-Boiled Hampton," by Billy Miller and Steve Champlin. Mr. Holman in recent years has confined his efforts entirely to vaudeville, and in this field he has been unusually successful. His present vehicle, like its predecessor, is built on original situations.

Rockwell and Fox, "Two Noble Nuts," in street clothes and without make-up of any kind, dash out and immediately launch an avalanche of the most absurd nonsense. While the straight man tries to get in a word now and then the comedian keeps up a continual rain of extemporaneous eloquence with incredible rapidity. During this pot pourri of foolishness they cleverly satirize a shrewish wife berating her husband and a timid maiden taking her escort's advances as too forward.

Synopated melody is supposed to be a stimulant. At any rate, it has many of the effects that the stimulants popular in the dear old days before July 1st. It gets into the blood and tingles. That is why Raymond and Schram call their little song offering "A Synopated Cocktail."

Feats, that is the word to use in connection with the Worden Brothers. These phenomenal foot jugglers hardly use their hands at all. With their pedal extremities they are more dextrous than any layman or most jugglers are with their hands.

Lucas and Inez are a 1921 Apollo and Venus. Mr. Lucas in size is a giant. He is perfectly proportioned and his muscular development is marvelous. Miss Inez is apparently a perfect 36. She is trim, neat, and has a bewitching smile.

Ed Janis with his excellent dancing revue and Moss and Frye, who will spill some new fun and sing new songs, remain another week.

May Robson in "It Pays to Smile," the De Courville Revue from London, "David Warfield in 'The Return of Peter Grim,'" and Ethel Barrymore in "Declassé" are among the early attractions for the Columbia Theatre.

The first week of the Russian opera at the Columbia Theatre will bring five operas entirely new to San Francisco, and three of them to be staged here for the first time in the United States.

Grand Rapids, Michigan, claims the unique distinction among American cities of never having had a bank failure.

One of the best grades of Italian cheese is sold only after it has been seasoned for at least four years.

French Features.

For every change, and many imaginary changes, the war is made responsible (says the New York Times). Here is a French journalist trying philosophically to account for the disappearance or greater sobriety of gesture in France since the war. Dignity, simplicity, reserve have made great gains. No longer, if he can be believed, does a Parisian wildly wave his umbrella to attract the attention of a bus conductor or practice a deperate "optical telegraphy" to induce a taxicab man to stop. Vanished in the waving of handkerchiefs at partings. A "little familiar sign of the hand" is all that is left of the linen-cambrie farewell. There is no more loud, jovial greeting in the terraces of the cafes. Gone is the old classical "boulevardier" of the times of Aurelien Scholl, a gardenia in his buttonhole, a cane swinging in his hand, a thumb in the armpit of his vest.

Gone are the flowing beards, the curiously curled mustaches. Almost everybody is clean shaved or has at most only a toothbrush mustache. No more handshaking with the hand held even with the shoulders. No more smacking of friends on the back. "A certain ideal of American impassiveness inclines us to gravity. Wearing the single eyeglass has all but killed the smile." The roar and rush of innumerable automobiles and motor buses have made vain against them the competition of human sound. The exterior life of the citizen of today is more timid and modest than it used to be. "Man is humiliated by the frenzy of machines."

It may be true enough that, in the struggle for life against the insatiable motor, the Parisian can't talk as gayly and freely as he used to. It may be that those great comedians and farceurs, the cab drivers, have had to mitigate their repartees and excise their witticisms since the age of gasoline began. It may be that Parisians are quieter than of old; and even the bold feminine spirits of the markets may have been sobered. At least in the south the genial traditions, the liberal pantomime, the large wealth of gesture dear to Tartarin or Tarascon and to Numa Roumestan, survive unmitigated. There the loud laugh survives, even if the monocle has killed the smile on the swell boulevards. Besides, the sociological journalist was amusing himself by creating a Quaker Paris.

Fifteen ships of the old navy are to go to the auction block, it is announced by the Navy Department. Several of them helped make American history, among them being

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the cruiser Brooklyn, flagship of Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley during the battle of Santiago. Others are the cruiser Columbia, which in her prime was one of the fastest ships of the sea; the battleship Maine, which replaced the battleship of that name destroyed in Havana harbor; the battleship Missouri, launched in 1901; the cruiser Memphis, now a wreck on the San Dominican coast, and the torpedo boat Dale, which recently has been known as the Oriole, while serving as headquarters of the Baltimore Naval Militia.

Under the English law tobacco in any form can not be sold on Sunday, but in most towns the law is regarded as a dead letter.

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VANITY FAIR.

Of divorce it has been said that it has ceased to be a custom and has become a mannerism. And yet the subject continues to attract discussion. Divorce, by the way, is said to be on the wane in England. We conclude that the fad has lost its ultra smartness. When even so radical a thing as divorce becomes common—like baby lamb collars or any other fad—its doom is decreed by the exclusive founders of fashion. Only, alas, the mob follows. It is easy to foresee a day when the domestic virtues, or at least the appearance of them, will become, *de rigueur*, a prerequisite to good social standing. Question: what will happen when the domestic virtues or their semblance become common property—a fad? History may repeat itself, but society tries not to. This prospect opens up so fertile a field to the imagination that one is only limited by the extent of the latter and the amount of sensational reading one has done. Meanwhile, Charles Norris, who has been discussing the divorce question, has made some suggestions that may prove of benefit to suffering humanity. Mr. Norris, despite the prestige he enjoys as the author of that profound study in matrimony, "Brass," claims that his opinion is of no value to the individual. He has the right idea about the uselessness of a theory. No theory about personal conduct fits any individual, since by its nature a theory is a sort of average that if it applied to any one would apply to a composite man or an ideal one, or a man generalized out of all his own idiosyncrasies. So Mr. Norris is quite right in saying that, for practical purposes, his opinion is worthless. However, for other purposes it is interesting. And one impractical use it can be put to is to answer the question we have asked—after divorce, what? As well as may be deduced from a garbled account whose headline contradicts what follows, Mr. Norris believes in divorce. This seems to be contrary to the philosophy of "Brass," which was that the marriage bond could not be dissolved. But a hook does not necessarily reflect its writer's philosophy. We are sure that many a writer of best-seller divorce propaganda is in his or her heart of hearts an ardent disciple of monogamy. But economic pressure is not to be disregarded. We suspect Mr. Norris, who seems to be an advocate of divorce, of having cleverly foreseen the path of the pendulum, which oscillates. Divorce today—something else tomorrow. Result "Brass." All this is purely hypothetical. Unlike many of our colleagues, we never pretend to have inside information when we haven't. To return to the published account of Mr. Norris' lecture, which we suspect of several inaccuracies, the gist of it is that Mr. Norris holds a formal marriage vow superfluous. That is the theoretic answer to the question, "What is the sequel to divorce?" Of course, it is only a theory so far as a working solution to the problem that vexes society is concerned—namely, how to be exclusive though human. The chief difficulty with Mr. Norris' solution is that though it has occasionally been practiced by decadent members of society, it has been very general in certain other strata of society. And we fear always will be. It may be a bit hard for the intellectual swells and the smart set to get a monopoly. But as Mr. Norris so sagaciously remarks, no theory will cover the case. Every one must solve his own matrimonial difficulties. Every one might add—if he were only given leave to.

Plans for the Princess Mary's wedding are going ahead apace. The most important item—the dress—has been settled. Reville, Europe's most famous dressmaker, is said to have achieved an artistic triumph in his design for the royal wedding dress. The fashion of the day and the exceptional nature of the ceremony had to be harmonized, with the result that short sleeves and a long skirt mark the character of the princess' dress. Reville is said to have handled the famous English point lace—worn by both Queen Mary and Victoria and by the latter's mother, the Duchess of Kent, at their weddings—with the greatest distinction and felicity. The lace is to be worn over specially woven ivory-colored satin and will fall at the sides in deep cascades to the skirt hem. Lace also forms the elbow-length sleeves. The neck is cut with a V-shaped front, while the lace is draped over the back in the shape of a priest's cope. A gorgeous court train four yards long will be in striking contrast to the tulle veil, which will be arranged off the bride's face to fall in graceful fullness over the back of the gown to the hem of her dress. The train is of cloth of silver with white satin on the reverse side and is to be heavily embroidered. The short skirt has wavered for a long time—has fluctuated with varying degrees of shortness. But it will not be surprising if Mary's long dress will prove its death knell—for hymeneal occasions, at any rate.

It would seem that hohhed hair is always with us in some phase or other. The proper

attitude towards the clipped coiffure is one of derision, needless to say. But the society of the Propagation of the Faith has decided that it is an ill wind that blows no good. Or maybe their motto is to make hay while the sun shines. At any rate the diocesan director of the missionary society has asked that women who hob their hair contribute the clippings for sale towards the raising of foreign missionary funds. Probably the girls who have sustained so much adverse criticism on their shorn locks have decided that it is a long lane that has no turning. Father Hurley comments on the fact that all the clippings received up to date are blonde and wonders if the fad is restricted to fair-haired women. Here is an opportunity for one of the deriders of the hohhed to say that hobbing is perhaps not the first experiment that has been tried on these ladies' crowning glory. We are reminded of the peculiar fact that poets are exclusively brunette and that poets are horn, not made.

Probably the faith society mentioned above does not realize the onerous nature of the thing they have done. At first blush they seem to have done nothing more serious than restore to blonde women with hohhed locks a little of their lost prestige. But the significance goes much deeper than that. The hulk of the hair that is sold commercially in this country comes from the Orient. The hulk of missionary work functions in the Orient. This is pure coincidence. But from the standpoint of new developments, i. e., the faith society's sale of American hair, it is an unfortunate coincidence. If our missionary societies, with however benevolent intent of restoring the respectable status of hohhed heads, continue to promote a competitive false hair trade, there may be disastrous results—for missionaries. Needless to say, the subtle and wily Oriental will resent this factitious competition—the more so as any one who can buy hair guaranteed to come from an American head will do so in preference to buying the imported article. We bring this to the attention of the faith society purely in the interest of missionaryism. Personally we should like to see an American hair trade. But hereafter the missionaries can continue in their unbusinesslike ways at their own expense. The missionary trade will slump if they do. Is it likely that any logical Chinaman will consent to have his soul saved with money hrought from an American trade that has crowded his own pigtail product off the market?

Except under foreign influence the Japanese small boy does not wear hat or apron, but, in a figured or striped kimono of gray, dark blue, green, or brown, he looks like a little image of his father. From his babyhood he is serious and manly. At three and at five years of age he goes to the temple to give thanks to the protecting deity and at home he honors the ancestral shrine (says Marietta Neff in *Asia Magazine*). At school he studies Chinese and Japanese literature and ethics and is introduced to various subjects borrowed from Western curricula. The New Year's season he celebrates with new clothes and new toys and with sweetmeats, games, and visits. On the day of Buddha's birth and at the great "matsuri" of the parish temple, which gives him a chance to help carry a "dashi," or float, through the streets, his heart keeps holiday. Best of all, he has his own special "Shohu Matsuri," or Feast of the Iris, when offerings are made indoors to the images of heroes and in the yard a huge paper carp, symbol of strength and endurance, floats from a tall bamboo pole in honor of the son of the family.

Chinese make candies from the wax found covering the seeds of the fruit of the tallow tree.

Construction of a \$3,000,000 state capital building is to start at Sacramento before February 1st.

Some phosphorescent deep-sea fish catch their prey by means of the lights from their glowing fins.

Berkeley Chamber of Commerce—New President.

Wells Drury, head of the Drury Advertising Service, has been elected president of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce for 1922.

"California is one of the permanently prosperous states," declares Mr. Drury, "and among the major reasons for that continuous well-being is advertising. Our communities are notable for their long-maintained and well-directed campaigns of publicity, and our great marketing associations through their national and international advertising have rendered the name of California doubly renowned as the home of good things. Now our manufacturers are seeking wider fields, and advertising is making known everywhere the high quality of California workmanship. California's present prosperity is assured by modern methods of sales development."

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CALIFORNIA NURSERY CO.

(on main Highway)

NILES, CALIFORNIA

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Orville Wright said at a dinner in Dayton: "My new airplane wing, which is to revolutionize flight, has been the subject of many proposals. I doubt some of these proposals. They are like the count's. 'Dear,' said the heiress, 'were you embarrassed when you proposed to me?' 'Er—well,' stammered the count, 'only to the extent of about \$45,000, love.'"

Frederick Franklin, head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, inspires his men with his voice as well as with his baton. Mr. Franklin one day at rehearsal was displeased with the lack of warmth that the orchestra was putting into the decidedly warm second act of "Tristan." "Gentlemen," he protested, "gentlemen, this won't do. You're playing like husbands, not like lovers."

A banker told at the Bankers' Club in New York an anecdote about Paul D. Cravath, the club's president. "Cravath," he said, "is as witty as he is kind. When I was laid up with the 'flu' last winter he called on me one afternoon, bringing a huge basket of magnificent grapes. 'Are they white grapes?' I said, for in my recumbent position I couldn't see them very well. Cravath answered in the deepest and most solemn tones: 'In serious cases I never bring black.'"

In one of our foreign districts the teacher just out of normal school was teaching her little class of German children the word "hat." She drew on the board the crude shape and figure of a hat. She was quite zealous. All must be clear. To make the lesson more sure and the hat more natural she added a feather. "What would you say is on the board now?" she expectantly asked. "Well, Karl," she indicated, "you may answer." "Please, teacher, I would say it was a shicken," Karl beamingly responded.

Georges Carpentier was talking to a girl reporter. "The modern Frenchman," he said, "is well up in sport, but the Frenchwoman is still rather retrograde. I know a young Frenchwoman who called a friend up on the telephone the other day and said: 'I'm sorry to trouble you, dear madame, but can you give me a good recipe for cooking clay pigeons? Jacques has just sent me word that he is going out to shoot some, and he is sure to bring a lot home, and I can't find a single word about them in the cook-book.'"

Colonel Emery of the American Legion said on his triumphant return from France: "The French fashions of the summer were bewitching, but the transparency of the French girls' blouses made some of our doughboys gasp. They told me at Deauville of a young French actress who said impatiently one day at a rehearsal: 'These stage directions are ridiculously old-fashioned. It says here I am to conceal my sweetheart's letter in my bosom. As if one could conceal anything there with these transparent blouses!'"

The children had an old-fashioned music box. Their music was the airs of all nations; and mother, in the room below the nursery, was shocked to hear "The Watch on the Rhine" played at frequent intervals. So she called the little ones down. "Helen," she said to the eldest, aged nine, "do you know what that tune you are playing so much is?" Before Helen could answer, up piped Billy, a lad of five. "Why, of course, mother, we know it's the Germans' song, but you see we play it when we're tired and want to sit down."

"John D. has been so much maligned," said a New York banker, "that it is pleasant to tell the truth about him now and then. Well, it seems that for some years John D. had been anxious to buy a tract of land to round out one of his estates, and the owner of this land didn't want to sell, but the other day John D.'s agent came to him and said: 'I've secured that tract for you at last, sir, and what's more, since the owner was hard up, I got it for \$17,000 less than its real value.' 'You did, did you?' said John D. 'Well, then send the man \$17,000 in my name at once. I'll buy nobody's land for less than it's worth.'"

Cornelius Vanderbilt objected at a dinner in New York to an American rule of politeness whereby men pull out and then push in ladies' chairs as the latter seat themselves at table. "That," he said, "is carrying our table manners too ridiculously far. It reminds me of the Texas father. A Texas father was dining with his son in a Texas hotel, and in the course of dinner the son got into an argument with a cowboy. The cowboy called the son an offensive name, a very offensive name, and the young fellow grabbed his knife in his fist and started around the table to be avenged. But his father seized him by the coat-tails. 'Aint ye got no table manners?' the

old man hissed. 'But, pop, ye heered what he called me, didn't ye?' 'Yes, I heerd all right, but that aint no ground for yer fergettin' yer table manners. Put down that there knife and go at him with yer fork.'"

In a Western city, just before an election for city officers, one of the candidates, a Mr. Grow, a very fat man who aspired to be councilman from his ward, made a house-to-house canvass soliciting votes. At one place his knock brought forth a young and frisky dog, which leaped through the open door when it was opened by the lady of the house, and ran the candidate off the porch and down the front walk toward the gate. The woman at the door, knowing the dog to be harmless, called to the fleeing candidate, "What are you running for, Mr. Grow?" And Mr. Grow, with the office in his mind even in the presence of danger, called back between gasps, "Councilman of this ward, madam!"

A negro woman was on trial in a police court charged with assaulting another negress. The victim did not appear, being in the city hospital, all jammed up from diving off a porch on to a granitoid paved court. "Luella Washington," said the police judge, "you are charged with striking Mandy Gobbett on the head and throwing her over the railing off her own porch. Whatcha got to say for yourself?" "Judge," Luella replied, "Ah nevah struck that woman, Ah nevah touched her. Ah had reprimanded her foh throwin' garbage out back, an' she kept right on doin' it, an' this maw'nin' Ah reprimanded her again. Judge, Ah come down stairs from mah flat

up above, an' was holding up mah right hand jes' like the Statue of Liberty, jes' like Ah'm holdin' up mah right hand now, reprimandin' that woman, an' as Ah come close to her, that woman jes' jumped head first ovah the railing. Ah nevah touched her." "What did you have in that hand which you were holding up like the Statue of Liberty?" the judge asked. "A hatchet, judge."

A certain Barber County man was in Topeka several years ago and when dinner was served at one of the hotels roasting ears were on the menu. He is extremely fond of corn in this style and he ordered some. The corn was fine. He gave the colored waiter an order for some more. This was very quickly disposed of and the waiter "repeated." This happened five times before the hungry man was satisfied. As he completed his dinner with a glass of water, he was at peace with all the world and turning to the waiter he remarked: "What do you think of that kind of a dinner?" The waiter grinned and remarked, "Well, suh, boss, this yeah is the highest-priced hotel in Kansas—don't you think you'll save some money by boardin' at a livery bahn?"

"My husband suffers dreadfully from insomnia," remarked the little blonde. "My husband had just the same difficulty in sleeping," responded the brunette, "till I cured him." "Do tell me how," inquired the blonde. "Well," the other smiled, "I noticed that though he was wide awake most of the night it was almost impossible to get Edward up in time to eat his breakfast and get off in time to catch his train. So when he began to toss

about in the middle of the night, I'd get up, pretend to look at the clock, and tell him, 'You slept splendidly last night, dear, and you needn't bother to go to sleep again—it is so near time to get up that you might as well stay awake and get a nice early start.' "Oh!" exclaimed the little blonde, with a light of understanding. "Yes," nodded her friend. "In two minutes Edward would be sleeping like a baby, and six hours later I'd have to rub his face with a cold, wet towel in order to get him up in time for breakfast."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Summer and Winter.

SUMMER.

Two summer weeks—oh, short the time!
How swift the sweet days roll!
Then every morning brought a row,
And every night a stroll.

These two were never seen apart,
No matter what the weather,
For rain or shine, indoors or out,
But brought these two together.

WINTER.

On Campus Street, they meet and pass—
A bow and that is all.
Says she "The fool I met at York—
Hope he won't come to call."

He sees her how, and lifts his hat,
Politeness to the letter,
Says he, "By Jove, I've seen that girl,
I wonder where I met her!"
—Columbus Jester.

She—You've been drinking whisky. Amateur Distiller—Thank you.—Carolina Tar Baby.

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Produced Under the New HEXEON Process

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How We Overcame the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat

DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

CYCOL will save engine owners this tremendous amount of money lost through wasted oil, wasted fuel, preventable repairs, because it is free from destructive "sulpho" compounds. These have been removed by the new Hexeon Process used exclusively by us.

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Happy New Year!

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(For Forty Years)

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New York and Tampa

MANUFACTURERS

PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement of Mr. Sidney Coe Howard of San Francisco and Miss Claire Eames of Cleveland is announced. Mr. Howard is a son of the late John L. Howard and Miss Eames is a daughter of Mr. Hayden Eames of Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Minton of Trenton, New Jersey, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Gertrude Minton, and Mr. Nicholas Boyd, son of Mrs. George Boyd of San Rafael. No date has been set for the wedding. The news of the betrothal was made known at a luncheon given by Miss Minton's sister, Mrs. Harry Evans, last Wednesday in compliment to Miss Audrey Williams. Among those at the affair were Mrs. Minton, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. James Jenkins, Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Jr., Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mrs. Christian Miller, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Henry Oohloff, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. John Cushing, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. Philip Foster Brown, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Seta Stewart, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Caroline Avery, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Isabelle Sherman, Mrs. Ethel Lilley, Miss Ahery Ransome, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Louisiana Foster, and Miss Betty Gayley.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery gave a dinner Sunday evening, entertaining more than a score of guests.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas entertained at dinner Christmas evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Thomas, Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, Miss Virginia McMullin, Miss Grace Thomas, Miss Jeanne Bocqueraz, Miss Marie Louise Bocqueraz, and Miss Mary Emma Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin gave a dance Friday evening at the residence of Mrs. Eleanor Martin for their debutante daughter, Miss Mary Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kiersted gave a dinner Friday evening preceding the Martin ball. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Miss Emily Carolan, and Mr. Robert Coleman.

Miss Margaret Scheld of Sacramento gave a dinner Friday night at the Fairmont, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Mr. Edward Harrison, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Kenneth Montague, Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. Dean Dillmann, Mr. Frank Kennedy, and Mr. George McNear, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan gave a luncheon Sunday in Burlingame for their little son, Master Billy Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker gave a dinner Christmas night in Burlingame.

Miss Geraldine Grace gave a luncheon last week at the Woman's Athletic Club for Miss Ruth Lent.

Mr. Raymond Armshy and Mr. Gordon Armshy gave a luncheon Saturday in Burlingame. Among those attending the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Jane Hayne,

EL ENCANTO

Hotel and Cottages

Mission Ridge, Santa Barbara

V. etables, milk, cream and eggs from our own farm.

Mrs. William Fullam, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. James Jackson, Mr. W. W. Crocker, and Mr. Douglas Alexander.

Mrs. Sydney Peters was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Miss Josephine Moore, those attending the affair having included Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Robert Miller, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Mary Emma Flood, and Miss Elena Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. James Armshy gave a masquerade ball Tuesday evening at the Marin Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. Webster Jones gave a luncheon last Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club, her guests including Mrs. Forrest Carey, Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. S. K. Pittman, Mrs. George Hind, Mrs. James Armshy, and Mrs. William Horn.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt entertained fifty guests at dinner Friday evening before the Martin ball. The affair was in honor of Miss Eleanor Spreckels and Miss Mary Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent were dinner hosts Friday evening, those in their party having been Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. Douglas Alexander, Mr. John Parrott, and Mr. W. W. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling gave a reception Christmas Day at the St. Francis.

Miss Frances Lent entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening for Miss Laura Miller and Mr. John Knox, those in the group having included Lieutenant and Mrs. Hubert Anderson, Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. John Boyden, and Mr. Merrill Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre entertained at dinner Christmas evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui were dinner hosts Christmas evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth entertained at dinner Christmas Eve, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Katherine Ramsay, and Mr. George Leih.

Miss Constance Beardsley gave a musicale last Tuesday.

Mrs. George Whitaker gave a dance Friday night at the Century Club for Mr. Stanley Whitaker.

Mrs. William J. Gray was hostess at a luncheon held in the Palm Court of the Palace, complimenting Mrs. L. Lowenberg. The following ladies were Mrs. Gray's guests: Mrs. L. Lowenberg, Mrs. Prentice Cobb Hale, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mrs. George H. Cahaniss, Mrs. Chester H. Weaver, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown, Mrs. George A. Volkman, Mrs. John A. McGregor, Mrs. Sewell Dolliver, Mrs. John Landers, Mrs. Ira Kahn, Mrs. John F. Sahin, Mrs. William H. Barrows, Mrs. Charles H. Jenkins, Mrs. A. A. Brown, Mrs. H. C. Judson, Mrs. Alfred E. Anderson, Mrs. Clyde Payne, Mrs. Joseph Fife, Mrs. Jewitt W. Adams, Mrs. D. O. Walker, Mrs. Joseph M. Litchfield, Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. William D. Keystone, Miss Christine Hart, Miss Margaret Mary Morgan, and Miss Jessica L. Briggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble Hamilton are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Further light has been thrown on Abraham Lincoln's deathbed. This was recently brought to the fore by the statement that there was in the almshouse on Welfare Island a man in whose bed the President died. This was disproved by a story which showed conclusively that Mr. Lincoln died in the bed of F. T. Clark. It is true that the Welfare Island man, Proctor, was present when Mr. Lincoln passed away, but he was only one of the group in Clark's room. Recently Mr. L. C. Lepage of Rutherford, New Jersey, verified absolutely that Abraham Lincoln had died in Clark's bed. Mr. Lepage was a fellow-clerk of Clark's in the government service in Washington at the time and he received from Clark a piece of a towel stained with Lincoln's blood. He has been with R. G. Dun & Co. for more than fifty years and is still in their active service. He says there is no doubt that Abraham Lincoln died in Clark's bed—not in Proctor's—though both had rooms in the same house opposite Ford's Theatre, where the assassination took place.

Ralph Waldo Trine will address the University Fine Arts Association at the Hotel St. Francis, Friday afternoon, December 30th.

Giving numbers and letters instead of names to the streets and avenues is a practice peculiar to American cities.

During one period of seven years more than 8000 earthquake shocks were recorded in Japan.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street, San Francisco; Mission Branch, Mission and Twenty-First Sts.; Park-Presidio Branch, Clement and 7th Ave.; Haight Street Branch, Haight and Belvedere Sts.—For the half-year ending December 31st, 1921, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, payable on and after January 3rd, 1922. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividend from January 1st, 1922. Deposits made on or before January 10th, 1922, will earn interest from January 1st, 1922.

GEO. TOURNY, Manager.

CURRENT VERSE.

Whirligig.

Fokine, the greatest of ballet masters,
Sat suddenly on a canvas hillock
In a Peruvian forest
On the Hippodrome stage,
Wiped his brow and exclaimed,
"We are tired, we will rest."
Perhaps he was thinking of Igor,
Or the premiere of Petroushka,
When his Czar commanded him to the royal box,
Or perhaps he was thinking
Of the rhythm that runs in Russian feet
And how to graft it to Americans',
Or the opening, two nights away.
It was late, he remembered, and the dancers
hungry,
So one Michael Matvieff,
Late of the late Czar's bodyguard,
Now ruler of the Mystic Forces
Of the Peruvian Forest
And interpreter for the ballet and Hippodrome,
Being six feet five and a strong man,
Was sent to Jack's for sandwiches and hot coffee.
The headwaiter had seen and overlooked
Many a thing in his day
(And felt such days were over),
But never a feathered Aztec
Ordering two hundred sandwiches.
But they came to an understanding,
Michel, once of the embassy,
Handling these things well,
Explaining how time and ideas
And certain men and circumstances
Had brought these changes:
How he, pet of the Czar,
Son of the richest man in Russia,
Diplomat, soldier, patron of art and opera,
Stood there in brown tights and feathers,
Ordering two hundred sandwiches
For tired ballet girls at rehearsal,
Touching the affair with respect,
Down through the red streets of Petrograd
To the Marseilles dock where he was longshore-
man,
And thence to the ballet,
Because he had loved dancing.
And the headwaiter took his tongue from his
cheek:
"It's all alike are you Roosians,
You got nothing in your head but feet
And big talking.
Government nor minding business
Means nothing to you
If you can run after some one dancing.
We had a Roosian here once,
He wasn't even a good bus hoy,
Always running off to the theatres
To see people dancing
Or making of speeches in Brownsville.
That's what we called him—Brownie.
You see his name was Braunstein.
Well, he got tired of working,
Went gack home to Russia.
I saw his picture the other day,
And there he was, big as life,
Dressed up like a soldier,
Making a speech to a crowd
Somewhere in Russia.
They tell me he's a big one now,
And goes by the name of Trotsky."
—Murdock Pemberton.

Cargoes.

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet, white wine,
Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green
shores
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moldores.
Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke tack,
Butting through the channel in the mad March
days
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.
—John Masefield.

An Old Love Letter.

I was reading a letter of yours today,
The date—O a thousand years ago!
The postmark is there—the month was May:
How, in God's name, did I let you go?
What wonderful things for a girl to say!
And to think that I hadn't the sense to know
What wonderful things for a man to hear:
O still beloved, O still most dear.

"Duty" I called it, and hugged the word
Close to my side, like a shirt of hair:
You laughed, I remember, laughed like a bird,
And somehow I thought that you didn't care.
Duty!—and Love, with her hosom bare!
No wonder you laughed, as we parted there—
Then your letter came with this last good-by:
And I sat splendidly down to die.

Nor Duty, nor Death, would have aught of me:
"He is Love's," they said, "he can not be ours."
And your laugh pursued me o'er land and sea,
And your face like a thousand thousand flowers.
"Tis her gown!" I said to each rustling tree,
"She is coming!" I said to the whispered
showers:
But you came not again, and this letter of yours
Is all that endures—all that endures.

These aching words—in your swift firm hand,
That stir me still as the day we met—
That now 'tis too late to understand,
Say "hers is the face you shall ne'er forget";
That though Space and Time be as shifting sand,
We can never part—we are meeting yet.
This song, beloved, where'er you be,
You heart shall hear and shall answer me.
—Richard Le Gallienne.

"I think I have a cold or something in my
head." "Probably a cold."—Cornell Widow.



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To meet or entertain your
friends during the Mid-
Year vacation, the Palm
Court at tea time offers a
distinctive attraction.

Let us tell you about our faci-
ties for serving your tea-party,
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groves, overlooking the sea. Central
dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold
water. Good tennis court. Six miles from
Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean.
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Applications being received NOW
New class to start Tuesday, January 3, 1922
Write TODAY for catalogue
The office of the school will be open every
evening from 6:45 to 8 o'clock, excepting Sat-
urdays and holidays.

FOR SALE—One of the finest stucco houses
in exclusive district of Palo Alto; 12 rooms;
3 baths; 3 fireplaces; hardwood floors; sleeping
porch; furnace; wired for electric heating also;
double garage; servants' quarters; beautiful
grounds. M. S. TRONSLIN, Palo Alto, Cal.

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STRINGER STORAGE COMPANY

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Alston Hayne have returned from Grass Valley, where they had a house party over the Christmas holidays. With them were Miss Eleanor Welty, Miss Dorcas Jackson, Miss Katherine Chace, Miss Virginia Murphy, Miss Betty Knight Smith, Miss Jacqueline Keesling, Mr. Henry McCormick, Mr. Ernest McCormick, Jr., Mr. George Boardman, Jr., Mr. Bourn Hayne, Mr. Alston Hayne, Jr., and Mr. Scott Knight Smith.

Miss Margaret Scheld returned Saturday to Sacramento, after a week's sojourn in town with Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have returned from a visit in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron.

Miss Dorothy Meyer has returned to Mount Vernon, Washington, after having spent the holidays in New York.

Baron and Baroness Alfred de Ropp will return next week to Los Angeles from Santa Barbara, where they have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webb.

Mr. John Drum returned Christmas Eve from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan, Miss Eleanor Morgan, and Mr. William Morgan have been spending the holidays in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich left Saturday for Saratoga, after a visit of several days in town.

Mr. Douglas Alexander is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson in Burlingame.

Mr. Frank Carolan and his niece, Miss Evelyn Poett, returned last Friday from the East. Miss Poett is spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett and will leave within a few days for the Atlantic coast to resume her studies.

Mrs. William Crocker returned last Wednesday from New York.

Mrs. Macondray Moore has returned from Pebble Beach, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham spent the Christmas holidays in New York with Mr. Bruce Kelham.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin and their daughters left Saturday for Burlingame to take possession of their new home. They have been spending the week in town with Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cline have taken an apartment at Filbert and Pierce Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowe, Jr., returned last Thursday to Southern California, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Mrs. Chileon Howard arrived last week from Montreal to visit Mr. and Mrs. Langhorne. She will leave for the north next week.

Mrs. Jane Hayne and Mrs. Alvah Kaime returned last week from a trip abroad.

Miss Adrienne Sharp is spending the Christmas holidays on Long Island with Mr. and Mrs. Colgate Hoyt.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker returned the first of the week from a visit to the Bourn ranch.

Mrs. Joseph Tobin will leave in March for Europe to be away indefinitely.

Mrs. Hope Slater of Washington is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker in Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and their children have gone to Santa Barbara for a visit of several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Talbot, who are in Europe on their wedding trip, are spending the Christmas season in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ferguson are spending the winter at Dr. Hewitt's residence at Sea Cliff.

Lieutenant Emil Pohli is stationed at Mare Island on the U. S. S. *Saturn*.

Included among the recent arrivals at the Palace are Mr. Overton Preston, Tasmania; Mr. C. F. Thomas, Woodland; Mr. W. P. Dwyer, Sacramento; Mr. Donald C. Bull, Marysville; Mr. John Beatty, Modesto; Mr. A. W. Heavenrich, Madera; Mr. John R. Campbell, New York; Mr. George W. Star, Grass Valley; Mr. E. G. Rowan, Los Angeles; Mr. J. E. Wrightman, Long Beach; Mr. I. W. Alexander, Fresno; Mr. Gerald Da Costa, New York; Mr. W. H. Dravey, Mr. S. A. Shreve, Ogden; Mr. Harry McClelland, Stockton; Mr. C. H. Hilmer, Boise, Idaho; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Barry, Schenectady, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Swaney, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ager, Salinas; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Steadley, Carthage, Missouri; Mr. J. F. Green, Petaluma; Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Robson, New York.

Recently registered at the St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Young, Napa; Mr. H. Krenenbergh, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Kleemo, Sydney, Australia; Lieutenant R. S. Bulger, U. S. N.; Mr. Peter A. Muller, Detroit; Mr. Dewitt Dean, Columbus; Mr. Ben E. Crouch, Chico; Mr. L. Newman, Newman; Mr. Lewis Pierce, Suisun; Mr. H. S. Sackett, Minneapolis; Mr. Joseph Alhorn, New York; Mr. E. Allen, Stockton; Mr. Glen L. Codman, Mr. John W. Sward, Mr. J. M. McGee, Mr. J. R. Tapley, Dr. C. E. Johnston, Los Angeles; Mr. O. A. Robertson, Sacramento; Lieutenants W. W. Wensinger, T. A. Hoppe, U. S. N.; Mr. F. P. Jacobs, Mr. Charles C. Day, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Harrold, Cleveland; Mr. Paul Ringsmith, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. W. Stephens, San Rafael.

Hotel Whitcomb recent arrivals include Mr. A. B. Rilovich, Watsonville; Mr. R. J. Ryan, Los Angeles; Mr. C. E. Stone, San Jose; Mr. George S. Terry, Carmel; Mr. A. A. Wrand, Kansas City; Mr. E. A. Goff, Kenwood; Mr. A. A. Verkuy, Hanford; Mr. G. H. Bender, Martinez; Mr. Robert B. Scott, Groveland; Mr. H. E. Meyer, Sacramento; Mr. H. K. Smith, Chicago; Mr. W. B. Wellman, Los Altos; Mr. Lee Davis, Reno; Mr. Charles L. Mariner, Los Angeles; Mrs. R. V. Vogan, Miss Lyla Vogan, Toronto, Canada; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Montgomery, King City; Mr. C. F. Burrell, Chicago; Mr. W. A. Drake, Watsonville; Mr. C. B. Adair, El Centro; Mr. M. B. Hartman, Fresno; Mr. J. R. Anderson, Astoria, Oregon; Mr. J. C. Walsh, New York.

Transylvania was once called the gold mine of Europe, but the supply of gold now obtained thence is so much decreased that the title is no longer applicable.

The construction of 500,000 cheaper dwellings between now and 1930 has been provided for by the French government.

Paul Elder Lectures.

Will Irwin, newspaper correspondent and author, who has been delivering what he calls "a straight-from-the-shoulder talk" on disarmament to enormous audiences across the continent, will appear in San Francisco at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Thursday, January 5th, at 8:15 o'clock. The subject of his lecture will be "The Next War and the Washington Disarmament Conference." Mr. Irwin says, "The next war, if we are going to have it, is beginning now; and if we are going to stop it, the time to stop it is now. We need pacifism, but not sentimental, eleventh-hour pacifism."

Thursday afternoon of the same date Mr. Irwin will speak in the Paul Elder Gallery at 2:30 o'clock on "The Trade of Writing: A Discourse on the Profession of Literature from the Standpoint of One on the Inside Who Does It." Charles K. Field will act as chairman for both the afternoon and evening lectures.

Irwin's career had its inception here on the local newspapers after his Stanford days. During the war he won the title of "The Ace of Correspondents," and for six years he has been one of the most active figures in this field. His San Francisco engagement is under the direction of Paul Elder.

The Nobel Peace Prize for 1921.

The wide difference between popular fame and the more restricted celebrity which rewards the labors of scientists and savants is illustrated by the Nobel peace prize awards of 1920 and 1921 (says the *Portland Oregonian*). That laurel went in the former year to Woodrow Wilson, who was and is known to all the world; this year it is bestowed on Dr. Elis Stromgren, whose name we will venture to say is not included in any of Thomas Edison's test question lists. Who is Dr. Stromgren and what, among all that has been done or attempted to be done to restore peace to the world, has he accomplished that the Norwegian Storching should single him out for the prize? Let them say who can.

Dr. Stromgren, according to available reference works, is a Swede by birth and at present a professor of astronomy in the University of Copenhagen. His hobby is the origin of comets, a subject on which he delivered a lecture in Chicago in 1919. The lecture was not widely published and did not provoke much interest at the time. Probably a thousand Americans have heard of Einstein and his theory of relativity to every one who remembers the name of Stromgren or that he was an authority on heavenly bodies of any kind. It is said that Stromgren's work in behalf of peace consisted in efforts to reconcile the scientists of the once warring nations—a field in which it would seem that much remains to be done, in view of the reported refusal of certain eminent American surgeons to meet Dr. Lorenz of Vienna because of the latter's Teutonic origin.

Until more is known in America concerning Dr. Stromgren, criticism of the Storching's choice may well be reserved. But the disturbing thought occurs that he may have been honored only for the negative virtue of having been first in a not very meritorious field. May there be a wider opportunity for choice in 1922.

The Oldest London Newspaper.

The *Morning Post*, which describes itself as the oldest and at the same time the youngest of the London daily newspapers, entered upon its 150th year last month, the first number having been issued on November 2, 1772. The first editor of the paper was the Rev. Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, who distinguished himself so much in duels that he became known as the Fighting Parson. In the closing years



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of the eighteenth century and the opening of decades of the nineteenth a group of distinguished men, including Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, and Mackintosh, became connected with the paper, and gave to it that reputation for literary and all-round excellence which the paper claims to be the pride of its present staff to maintain. During the past 150 years the *Morning Post* has had seventeen editors, including the late Mr. A. K. Moore, Mr. W. Algernon Locker, and the late Mr. James Nicol Dunn. It has lived in six reigns, and statesmen, dramatists, and men of letters have been numbered amongst its contributors. In politics it is extreme Tory and anti-labor of the old school.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Tramp—Would you please 'elp a pore man whose wife is out o' work?—*London Mail*.

"I 'ear your 'usband 'as turned Bolshie." "Well, not absolutely; but 'e 'as a lenin' that way."—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

"Do you really helieve in heredity?" "Most certainly I do. That is how I came into all my money."—*London Mail*.

"Listen bere, nigger, why does you all call that the slivver of yourn 'The Crapshootah'?" "Sbake, rattle, and roll!"—*Judge*.

Publisher—In your story I notice you make the owl boot "To whom" instead of "To whom." *Author*—Yes, this is a Boston owl. —*Boston Transcript*.

He—I'd like to know why you girls get engaged to several men at once? *She*—When you have only one match, doesn't it go out?—*Hamilton Royal Goboon*.

One Bum to the Other—It's a pity that strike is over. So long as it was on we could persuade people that we were workers. —*Christiania Korikaturen*.

"James, have you whispered today without permission?" "Only wunst." "Leroy, should James have said wunst?" "No'm; he should have said twint."—*Winnipeg Tribune*.

Mrs. Blackstone—Is your husband fond of home cooking? *Mrs. Webster*—Oh, yes; we have dinner every night in a restaurant that makes a specialty of it.—*New York Sun*.

"Hi! Waiter, there's a fly in this butter." "Pardon me, it's not butter—it's margarine, and it's not a fly—it's a bluebottle; otherwise your statement is correct."—*Weekly Telegraph*.

"What's the matter with Smith? Got lumbago or spinal curvature or something?" "No; he has to walk that way to fit some shirts his wife made for him."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

He—If you refuse me I shall hlow out my brains. *She*—Impossible. *He*—Maybe you don't think I have a pistol? *She*—Oh, I dare say you have the pistol all right.—*Amherst Lord Jeff*.

"George, you weren't listening to what I said." "Er—what makes you think that, my love?" "I asked you if you could let me have \$75 and you smiled and said 'Yes, dearest.'" —*Boston Transcript*.

"You say you doted on your last mistress?" "Yes, mum. I certainly did." "Then why did you leave her?" "We couldn't continue to be friends on my wages, mum."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"How is it with you and Mr. Windy, Anna? Did you explain everything to him? You told him about your rich aunt, of course; and after that what followed?" "He eloped with her."—*Berlin Der Brummer*.

"Come, Dorothy," said her father impatiently, "throw your doll on the bed and hurry or we shall be late." "Daddy, how can you?" reproved the child. "I isn't that kind of a muvver."—*Kansas City Star*.

"It appears to be your record, Mary," said the magistrate, "that you have already been convicted thirty-five times of stealing." "I ges that's right, your honor," answered Mary. "No woman is perfect."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Mr. McNab (after having his lease read

over to him)—I will not sign that; I have na' been able tae keep Ten Commandments for a mansion in Heaven, an' I'm no' gaun tae tackle about a hundred for twa rooms in the High Street."—*London Opinion*.

Edith—But why did you become engaged to Jack if you don't intend to marry him? *Mabel*—Well, poor Jack is very sensitive, and you know it mortifies a man much more to be refused than to have the engagement broken.—*Boston Transcript*.

Marjorie's little brother asked what she had learned in Sunday-school. "Well," she replied, "I learned that all our days are numbered." "Pshaw!" exclaimed the little questioner, "I think that anybody who ever saw a calendar would know that."—*Detroit News*.

"Jones is certainly popular with the ladies, isn't he?" "Oh, I don't know. I heard that lady in the brown dress making some mighty vicious remarks about him a while ago." "Probably; hut, old top, that happens to be his wife."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

"That you, dearie? I'm detained at the office on very important business and I may not be home until late. Don't sit up for me." "I won't, dearie. You'll come home as early as you can, won't you? And John, dear—" "Yes; what is it?" "Please don't draw to any inside straight."—*New York Sun*.

The City Nephew—I'm glad to see Aunt Hetty dresses her hair sensibly instead of wearing those silly puffs over the ears. *Uncle Talltimber*—She tried 'em once an' they got tangled up with the telephone receiver an' she missed more'n half the gossip goin' on over our twenty-party line.—*Boston Globe*.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

Mr. Fiske Kimball, whose brilliant book on "Thomas Jefferson and the First Monument of the Classic Revival in America" appeared five or six years ago, wrote for the American Historical Association a notable paper on "Architecture in the History of the Colonies and of the Republic," now reprinted in the *American Historical Review*. It contains many curious facts (says the *New York Times*), mostly unknown to the public at large. Who would have thought that the New England Puritans would be great, generous builders? Yet the planters of New Haven were blamed for spending too much money "in building of fair and stately houses." Elias Hasket Derby, a famous Salem merchant, and his wife, Elizabeth Crowninshield, had a real Renaissance passion for building. Derby's father left him a handsome town house, hut be built, one after the other, three more "splendid town houses." In the South this would be more intelligible; and we are not surprised to learn that the Miles Brewton house in Charleston cost £8000, a pot of money in the '60s of the eighteenth century.

Contrary to the usual impression, Mr. Kimball holds that a real American architectural style didn't come till after the Revolution; that in the earlier buildings there was little here that didn't originate or have its parallel abroad. Thus, even the log cabin, whether of the Indians or the settlers, is semi-mythological. Neither Indians nor first settlers lived in log cabins. The first English colonists built huts, English butts of branches and turf, wattle and clay or upright slabs, after English models. The log house was no necessary shelter born of the wilderness or the frontier. It was the ordinary rural house of the Swedes and Finns. They brought it over here to the Delaware. The English settlers adopted it in course of time. It was cheap, and it was better than their own less substantial buildings. The houses of the rural English of the bumbler class at home were more primitive, and long remained so, than those of their people who emigrated to America.

The "primitive" and "frontier" architectural conditions lasted in secluded English regions long after they had disappeared from at least the old Colonial plantations. English charcoal-burners still live in huts such as sheltered the first arrivals at Jamestown. Most of the immigrants bettered their economic status. The first frame wooden houses here were as good as those built by persons of the same social class in Europe. Those of the English peasantry were mostly of wood. The colonists continued the English custom. The substitution of shingles for thatch was an improvement. Thatched roofs were not seen in the colonies much after 1670. They still exist in England, "picturesque" survivals, but not models of comfort. The square Puritan meeting-house, the white barn with the pulpit at one of the longer sides and galleries around the other three, has usually been described as an American form; but it was the ordinary form of the Protestant church. It began with Luther's Torgau chapel, and was common among the French Huguenots. It was familiar in England. It was the type of the church of the Dissenters in both countries.

In short, the Colonial style substantially agrees with the English style of the time.

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The characteristic American architecture didn't come till after the Declaration of Independence:

"While minor craftsmen for a time continued traditions essentially Colonial and English, the leaders sought to establish an architecture which should not be borrowed from contemporary European styles, but should be founded on the authority of the ancients, in whose republic the new states were felt to have their closest analogy. The initiative of amateurs and laymen such as Jefferson and Nicholas Biddle established the form of the classic temple as a single unconditional ideal for all classes of buildings. The Capitol at Richmond was modeled on the Maison Carrée, the Library of the University of Virginia on the Pantheon in Rome, the second Bank of the United States on the Parthenon at Athens. Jefferson even housed the professors at the university in little temples, and Biddle built himself a residence on the pattern of the Thesaurus."

While the classical revival began abroad, and had there as here the temple as its final ideal, America embodied that idea first; "and by greater literalness and universality in its realization America reveals an independent initiative." The Virginia Capitol was designed in 1785, the Madeleine in Paris twenty-two years later. The Bank of the United States, 1819 to 1826, was ten years prior to the Edinburgh National Monument and the Regensburg Walhalla, "the corresponding foreign versions of the Parthenon." This classic style of the early nineteenth century had a great part in the present classical revival, which began in the '90s. Not the Colonial style, but republican classic architecture in these two phases "is a true contribution of America to universal development."

Commemorating the visit of Marshal Foch to the United States, the American Numismatic Society has struck a medal bearing the portrait of the marshal on the obverse side and a figure of Victory on the reverse. Victory has a shield on her arm with the service star of the American forces. The coat-of-arms of France and of America make the background of the figure. The medal was designed by Robert Aitkin, N. A., president of the National Sculpture Society. The front copy of the medal in gold will be presented to the marshal, and copies in silver and bronze will be offered to members of the Numismatic Society and the members of the French Institute in the United States and the Alliance Française. These medals will be sold for \$10 and \$5, respectively.

New Haven is putting forward a claim that the last soldier to die in action before the armistice became effective was a New Haven man, Thomas J. Walpole, Jr., who was killed on the morning of Armistice Day in an outpost engagement. He was a member of the Ninth Regiment of regulars. The French government is to erect a monument to the last man killed.

Australian natives tear down telegraph lines to get wire to make bracelets, earrings, and noserings.

Man conquered the air. The young lady at the piano next door hasn't.—*Detroit News*.

The National Game of the Japanese.

The national game of the Japanese is wrestling, and during the season Tokyo seems very like New York to Julian Street, who describes a meet in his "Mysterious Japan." "Men of large affairs have a way of disappearing mysteriously from their offices," he finds. "Officials of banks and large corporations are vaguely reported to be 'out of town for a few days.'" Prince Tokugawa, president of the House of Peers, suddenly becomes a difficult gentleman to find—unless, perchance, you happen to know where to look for him. So, too, with many a man of smaller consequence. Tickets, like admission to the world's series baseball games, are not to be had. But the games themselves are quite different from ours. There is not the nervous rush about the meets that there is in the United States. Matters move at more comfortable pace. Mr. Street also notices another difference. "The Japanese do not yell 'Kill the umpire!' when displeased by a decision rendered in connection with their national sport; they do not throw bottles at him, and it never becomes necessary to give police protection to an umpire whose judgment has not accorded with that of the crowd. The Japanese, you see, have not adopted every detail of Western civilization."

Austria has no fewer than 263,000 civil servants—in other words, nearly 5 per cent. of the total population of the republic are state employees. This disproportionately high bureaucratic army, with salaries increasing from month to month, is as much responsible for the gigantic deficit of the republic as the necessity to purchase foodstuffs, coal, etc., from abroad. After much reluctance the government has at last resolved to introduce a bill in the National Council to put an end to this hypertrophied bureaucracy, but as the government will not apply coercive measures to reduce the number of officials the effect of the measure is doubtful. The chief features of the bill are an embargo on the appointment of new officials, the employment of present officials wherever new clerks are required, and the payment of bonuses to officials who voluntarily leave the civil service.

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